Stars-Dusted.

Encompass direction

signs solemn scope past Cancer. Pisces. Aquarium

whose watery characteristics replace the

sound drenched cities heavenly focus.

whose horizon's home sketched reds with smog.

This gold-monger possesses following, blesses the sky's with lights.

Sand an expression

beneath sun broke its gaze

lay lonely under deserts,

erosion sifted from silt.

Sssshhhhook!

and

Sssshhhhook!

To hook the honoured ancient personification of the Gods. Distributed to the world.

Painted lovers into lustre stitching bands to the index of a piece of art

she holds stars in the palms of her hands,

turns to guide wide innocent eyes into sanctuary.

Immortal background to immaterial prosperity.

In actual fact - radiant.

Dances our static conceptions to satisfy

the vain-s that fathom greed and passion.

Shines the shadows of prophet's footsteps

walk perceptions of belief.

We worship the timeless expression.

Oppression is glass-cases

obsession

the central illusion that cascades an

evolution.

Starlet stature stays significant,

vigilant, kept the tribes alive.

Idolised pharaohs-the gold mongers fed the cats with light.

Desire to honour our stars with gold

gave sarcophagi to the living.

They came to own the sun in turn paraded them with infiniteness, traverse through our kingdoms tiny universe

Until revolvers shoot the captured story for the globe.

This gold-monger possesses following, blesses the earth with light, of which has tarnished sky's of guidance bohemians camp to see each night.

Turn to gold in the sunlight.