



The dead see scrolls
(one in particular)
and I share a glimpse.
Who is worthy to open the
scroll
the double-sided realities
sealed seven times over?
My eyes fill with tears
for no-one is found
to answer the angel's behest.
Then an elder speaks.
Enough now. Look.

The dead me scrolls
(it's shockingly regular)
and leaves me with limps.
Who is worthy to endlessly
scroll
the fragmented trivialities
revealed in copies moreover?
My life runs with years
talents in the ground
to earn zero interest.
Undoing months with weeks.
Enough now. Look.

Judah's lion was a root and seed of David,
a power beyond all powers as a lamb,

and He comes, worthy and able
to look inside.

and He came, via a stable
to write inside.