



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, slain and able  
to look inside.

and He came, via a stable  
to write inside.