

# Altar of Plagues, Found, Oval and Final

A balm in your hands, it has begun to hide.  
Once more, (left as) the one awake, a script knotted in a hand.  
Absent and building, and looming in the air  
hung and thin between (sparks of sunlight).  
The dark and the dark, all the hours.  
Numbers and worlds well-tuned.  
Not all things are well-wound ? there are joys.  
But I am bound, to follow you.