

## **REvention**

The mist lifts; reveals supreme solace.  
I have never walked this road  
nor seen burning light pour perfectly  
between cracks of battered pavement.

Redemption redeems nothing  
but the soft touch of reassurance.  
This being the lie of tattered musings,  
I embraced wounded, winding trials.

REvention unto the rogue hunter  
swallowed by ruination's demons.  
The time is nigh for next birth.  
From ashes, phoenix philosopher,  
create the elixir of unfaltering fate.

Seas of storm clouds need not part,  
for rays bleed through white scepters  
revealing shades of a never-ending path  
being neither cruel, nor forgiving.

I have never walked this road;  
never dreamed among the damned.  
The distant horizon holds a future  
of greatly flawed soul perfection,  
traversing beauteous battered pavement.

— *Timothy Giles*

## **Gate-Broken Dreams**

Drowned benevolence of  
brightly diminished dream.  
Deferred only by briar  
aging across window pane.

For what devastation would fracture  
the darker domiciles of fate?  
Are not our dying dreams creatures  
basking within broken gates?

— *Timothy Giles*