

## Dead On Arrival

Ador Dorath

Short and sudden discomfort  
I must decide  
Raging insufferable thirst  
Durable and sour like fresh fruit  
Neither water nor wine could vanquish it  
... and then it comes...

Dreaming about...  
Dreaming about dreams of reality,  
Or vigilance about dreaming... ?

My skin is contracting and swelling  
This makes my hands unable to be kept still

Ripe poppies in mountains of Laos  
White hair phantom - half man and half ghost  
As a portrait of goddess with denuded bust  
Necklace made of golden poppyheads

Girls start playing the flutes  
The first is beautiful and gorgeous  
The second is tempting and charming  
The third frights me and whispers somewhat in my ear  
The fourth kisses me, but she tastes like crown of thorns

She denudes unawares  
This vision is so real  
Touches me, fondles me  
Shutting my eyes tight, is this just a dream?  
I know it is not!

I wonder where do my thoughts belong  
Everything looks so bright, so clear  
Everything is simple  
At least this time

Like butterfly in chrysalis  
Resemblance accomplished by metamorphosis

Open wide a window for this time  
Until it is closed again  
And the punishment for this determination will take its turn

The window is closing  
And the dark is all what is inside

The Mother of Happiness, The Mother of Doom  
Glittering in the glass of wine