

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