

The Black Vagabond And The Swan Of Two Heads

...and Oceans

Still the fields are in motion
Not as pictures but as time
Hunting the white plague
In the absence of my body

I watch myself drown
in the blue aura
Of mine and I see
The swans leave the pond

But still the words circle
Around my head like flies

The gnashing marble teeth
Were disturbing my slumber
And there I was in the middle
Of a game called chess
But my vagabond initiated the process

Yet the fields are in motion
Not as time but as clouds
Falling as silver rain
And washing away the heavy blood

The gnashing marble teeth
Were disturbing my slumber
And there I was in the middle
Of a game called chess
But my vagabond initiated the process