

# 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