

Among Hungry Curs

Astrofaes

He started his way, having left the place,
Where the Law had been created,
Where there is smouldering cover of snow,
Where the first ray of fire is piercing the dusk.
Nobody has chosen the way for the Gods,
Having clearing the horizon of stinking souls.
Dagger, fire and ice yet haven't removed
The crimson tracery
Among hungry curs and snakes.
Will the chest breathe the air among swirling worms?
The way to Abyss is close.
But even in the abyss of destiny
We are catching at the edge of Death.
And in a bright dusk of ravens flocks
We are seeking with our hands borders of the Universe.