

Idea. Form. Essence, stuck in quagmire of darkness.
A part of light, stained with mud,
Covered with herpes of the nightmare.
In the well of truth that black star finds its reflection,
The star, which sometimes arises over the ruins of thought
Already on the brink of death,
At the altar of perished days the past lighted its memories.
From the pit, where now there is rotting and collapse,
You are drawing with your weak-witted hands.
Deserted black world,
The disk of sun chocked behind the reddened edge.