

The Rape

Aura Noir

Merry, you may be.
For I am the flesh in your tounge.
Create to yourself, images of these
glass-eyed figures,
and expose to me, your skin -
whorish as ever.
They speak to me, your pores, your veins,
in a rush of melancholy.
In a stream of misanthropy.

Remove the carpet, so I may be
united with the shades of these.

Blind
my eyes,
still I will see - presence, visuality.
I grant you
my pale hands,
still I will feel - shape, contoures.

Please leave.
In me you wont find any pity,
as the dog that howls for the light in my eyes -
the stench or your nakedness, no smell for a mourner like me.
So, please leave.
In here you wont find any pity.
Tour kisses were as hell itself.

Be silent, for I am the flesh in your tounge.
Only I can wear
vast costumes of time, and still be
present.
'So, hereby I rape thee.'