

# The Spiral Scar

Aura Noir

One heartbeat rips  
The spiral scar.  
The spiral breeze.

I grant my lips,  
The spiral greed.  
In all my praise, with all my trust.

I swear my claim in a crest of rain,  
And a column of radiant desire.  
My gloss forlorned, my play of horns.  
And the music of sweet fire.

The mourners they weep,  
Thought greets the feathered King.  
The veil of rot now sings:

"For in the beautiful insane, lies the Equinox scarred.  
With souls of flies and spiral hearts.  
Yes, it is I. Glowing in your hand.  
With all grace of hell, marbled in sand."

The serpent leaps to face  
The quest of flesh and bone.  
And to reap this spiral tone.