

## In the Garden of Dispersion

Behemoth

on ye hill  
where ye sun behind horizon hides  
there is nothing  
except our breaths  
and crux of events  
and some crux ov our hands

on ye hill  
where shadow wings fell  
wind rose ye to song  
and we plung'd in its deep  
and in plaitiv waterfall depths

evanescent recollection ov atavisms  
secret ov living in ye death posture  
and then...  
the ye seal in the garden ov dispersion  
closes ye mouth  
closes ye eyes  
closes ye ears

in fields ov eden  
under ye first tree's rotting root  
there's feast  
typhon's feast  
and night came moonless  
but yet ye light appear'd -  
picture ov sigillic angels  
grafting in our holy body and mind