

Apocalyptic Dance

Bethlehem

In coldness of my dark bowel
a yell after mercilessness
bequeaths a trace of eternal destruction
to my decency

Uneven throbbing shadowfire
streams with raised melancholy
through twisted channels
of my forbode grief

In the black storms
of my mental agony
the deliverance ripens
in form of a godless dusk
The faceless ancient
grasps with stony miming
into the cradle of mercy
and severs the blood stained flag

But still it seems to me
that the lightbringer
spreads a shining shroud
over the shadow being
of an owl which died in chains

As the rock in me bursts asunder
the round dance of the colouring
grows up in my twilight