

## 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