

Second Coming

Bethlehem

Black hopelessness
venoms the hidden unholiness
of your withered virgin

speechless remonstrations
grinds the arches
of your risen dominion

dark superstition
drinks coagulated blood
of your blasphemous lust

the age of the glorified god
yields to a cold endlessness
which, with vivid stiffness
awaits my resignation

the second coming
the faceless lash
in the unholiness
of my destination