

Yesterday I Already Died Today

Bethlehem

Even now where I adjoin the wick
Architeuthis princeps finds himself
On a Quest after the religious Satan
for a naive sin in a desolate accomodation

And when the child with the bloody mouth
Was denied the last kiss
It wasn't an answer to the last one

Fountain go to your Brother...
Then not a collar comes there of
Is he still red from the ice melting?

Why does the young copy have to like
the anomalies of a machine heart?

by now there are strange shadows
that move where once lonely foot steps
performed the dance that cried for heaven

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