

Abba Amma (Babylon Destroyer)

Current 93

I wasn't sure
As the sky was toffee
Feeding birds
To the horses
Killing the clouds
And I cut off my face
And made skittles
With its teeth
I ate the graveyard whole
And holes open like candles becoming dogs
Well there are
Bluebirds
Blackbirds
Deadbirds
Totembirds
Baked in pies and praying to die
I made them rise
From their pies
And married the moon
And killed my face
And threw its quincunx into space
The cats are like furry constellations
They lap up the Milky Way
Speak tongues with windows open
In the fabric skulls
We wear like bonnets
To cover up our empty eyes.
Behind such emptied eyes
The everything bubbles and laughs.
No empty sketch
But quite as vast as children's dreams
Who sleep outside of manmade cogs
No barking disturbs the sketch of Kosmos yet to come.
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King of dust I swept up
With pan and brush
In a rush whilst the berries explode