

Still Moving Sinews

Dark Tranquillity

No-one survives such an attack
and we all stood like monuments
baring the nails in her back
Still moving sinews
in a graceful impression of life
shyly the arms, shyly the breasts
fold fear die

Ten fingers driven
through the heart, through the
core
as I stare into those strange,
magnetic eyes
and wonder: (for you/me)
are there demons there?

I knew it all the time. The misanthropes
were right to crucify themselves
in the
need of a saviour. Still moving
sinews
struggle fearsome with a lifeline
forlorn,
caught in the nest of the impending
dark fate.

Semi-worlds, lifetight lodges
where faces stiffen,
plagued with the frost of disease
Our capsules barely meet

The worms of disorder
like living black numbers
that drip from her parchment skin
Joined in sweet fury
to anoint the decay
fragile and reddened in lifelost
array