

In the quest for shudders I was as the absence
melted in my hand
As clear as my gleaming sorrow

A spectral fascination
For irony to serve
are the glorious those who triumph
in a kingdom of eternity?
...a castle of sand
whose roof has sheltered my
I sense "the absence of triumph and lust
abruptly rising to cover the glory in sand"

A whore gave birth to the flies
...who flew away with my beauty
A virgin gave birth to my masks

I simulate the absence
"To enter a kingdom of
flesh - a ghastly worn shadow
A fiery picture of poet in hel"

Forlorn I was as poets should be
I am as chosen as the weaver himself.