

# Dies Irae

Devil Doll

Oyez! Oyez!

This is a gala evening!

Veiled angels  
Crowd the theatre  
To see a play  
Of hopes and fears

Motley mimes  
Toss about the scene  
Held up by therads  
Sinking in the deep

Onstage  
In a corner  
Hidden behind myself  
I hold my breath:  
In the airless air  
Shards of crushed rainbows  
Fill my limbo  
Placed somewhere  
Between world and toys

"Do you want to play with me?"

In the soundtrack of my survival  
The furious small hammers  
Fully uprooted  
From their key-shaped  
Skeleton  
Cruelly explore  
Every cranial path  
Always closer...  
Always more painful!

The sharks' fin  
Is sighting straight for me:  
Creatures or spirits  
I beg you!

Maybe it's the delirium  
Of my morbid ratio  
Os that voice that lies  
Deep in my intimate self  
To allow this swimming  
Through the lymphs of victims  
While dark reigns over  
The sons of putrefaction!

Father of sons all deformed  
That like a ghastly stream  
Surge out  
Through the rusted gates of time  
- A deaf dumd eyeless throng  
Laughing forever  
But smiling no more

The god absent  
Or still

"Haec verba audi: Vitam aeternam!"

Like the shaman  
Who ingratiates himself  
With the deity  
Of the animal he hunts  
Seeking possession  
With the spirit of the beast:  
So the innocents  
Pervaded with the spirit  
Of the great predator  
- Princeps huius mundi -  
Though burnt in our pyres  
Will transcend time  
Soaring over  
Physical extinction

Domine te voco  
Iustum mihi ostende unicum  
Talis monstris ob spectaculum  
Stupefactus ego moriar...

... on meurt a moins!

Hooked hands  
Stretched out above  
In the ultimate endeavour  
To clutch an atom  
That does not sink

In the day of wrath  
The hungry marionettes  
Wake up - come alive  
While birds of soul  
Usher in  
The rays of chaos..

"Fatal infection... far all!  
Epidemy! Epidemy!"

Dies irae!

Feeding on fragments of gangrene  
Teeth crumble  
Toes fall apart  
We crawl like earth-worms  
That rats and birds fight over

Scored by silence  
Spirits creep  
Out of the secret nooks:  
Scatter in the streets  
Each one  
Choosing his own  
Beloved prey

Among the trees  
Holding her out my hands  
"What about a walk?"  
I avoid the sharp splinters

Of her sweet shattered gaze  
Step by step  
Into the labyrinths of doubt  
Every shelter: a trap  
While distresses I witness  
The twilight of my heart  
You spread around drops of light  
Unaware of the rustle  
Of invisible syllables:  
"You will not get out  
Of eternal peace!"  
And the virgin blade kisses  
- Freeing -  
Your white throat

No pain  
I'm quite sure  
She feels no pain!  
The voice  
Still throbs:  
"Each man  
Kills  
The thing  
He loves!"

In the purple flashes  
Of the blazing blood  
Slowly we vanish  
In and around ourselves  
Cells of spirit dissolve  
Bit by bit...

"You will not get out of eternal peace!  
You will not get out of eternal peace!"

Suddenly the void  
Fills your first born  
Vibration  
Just the still splendour  
Of your icy wards endures  
I see you through my tears  
Tears that nobody ever will dry...

"You will not get out of eternal peace!  
You will not get out of eternal  
Peace/kill/sleep/murder/death

The last word of my script  
Is now disclaimed  
Time is over  
And there's no whispering prompter  
To ease my scenic solitude  
The crawling shape intrudes  
And while I open my arms  
It seizes me in its jaws!  
"This is my body, which is sacrificed for you!"

("Into thy hands I commend my spirit...")  
Out. Out are the lights. Out all  
And over each quivering form  
The curtain comes down  
Like a funeral pall  
With a rush of storm

While angels  
- Pale and silent -  
Rising and unveiling  
Affirm  
That we are witnessing  
The tragedy  
"Man"  
And its hero is...

The conqueror worm

Yet I would lose no sting  
Would wish no torture less;  
The more that anguish racks  
The earlier it will bless  
And robed in fires of hell  
Or bright in heavenly shine  
If it but herald death  
The vision is divine

The still look  
Curled up in the strait-jacket  
Fading of tears  
Behind every kiss:  
A potential Judas  
Desire of biting  
The vital artery  
Mine  
Or of the first passer-by  
Insects with legs  
Torn off  
My nails one by one  
Shards of glass  
In eyes of cat  
Smile. Or simply: ivory  
Good night  
Plug disconnected  
Some flowers  
In the first month  
Then just:  
Earth