

The Girl Who Was... Death

Devil Doll

Don't trust him
When he turns his back
He looks at you
Don't trust him
When his eyes are closed:
He still looks at you

I fled, I fled
Devouring the space
But the shapeless bulk
Was chasing me -enraged-
Breathing my footsteps
Unsated with killing me
Slowly
Nailing my incandescent thoughts
Along the border
Of insanity
In a place where
A procession of fleshly numbers
Slides incessantly
Into the ironic waters
Of the cosmos
Seeking to remember
The sense
Of the impossible word:
Escape

"Who are you looking for?
What are you looking at?"
A light? "a star"
A boat? "an insect"
A plane? "a flying fish"

"I'm looking at somebody
Who belongs to my world"
"This is your world
I am your only world"

I can't remember
When the fog
- unravelling
The real and inexplicable
Contradictions
That crowd together
The human brain lobes -
Imprisoned me
In the spider's web
Of the one who touches
The minds of the mad
Curbing and churning
The confetti of their thoughts

"Without corpses
There's no war
And without war
There's no victory
My dear!"

I will not be pushed
Filed, stamped
Indexed
Briefed, debriefed
Or numbered!

- Nightmare -

Welcome, my freind!
Here whole generations
Of ghosts
Have raised
Their eyes and wings
Each morning
To unbounded space
With the innocent joy
Of crysalids
Greeting
Their final metamorphosis
And in the evening
They're dead and dropping
Like lifeless flowers
Swayed by the plaintive
Whistling of the wind
You must learn, we are all pawns
On this hopeless chessboard;
Your move!

"Maybe you don't know my face
But well you know my name
- My name is death"
Dressed in white, smiling
The girl who was death
And loved me so much
Desiring to bring me back to her
The only way out
To no purpose

"Why are they trying
To kill me?"
"Because they don't know
You are already
Dead!"

Face to face
Shut up
In the cage of time
The man and I
Joined by fate
In the degree absolute
The challenge
Without return match
Where the price to one is:
Living
And pain to the other is:
Not dying!

The mask! The mask!
I must take off
His mask!
Now! Now!

But just as victory
Seems finally
To favour me
And the unknown
Persecutor appears
- Frame after frame -
In a slow instantaneous
Electric shock
Here is my contorted face
To reveal, sneering
The final dramatic
Deceit
When victim and hangman
Exchange roles
The triumphant freedom
Of a thousand dreams
Evaporates
In the reality
Of a new incubus
- Once again -
Made of
Smiles, masks, lifeless confetti
Be seeing you!
Wandering through the catacombs of life
Desperately I plunge into the whirl
Wandering through the catacombs of life
Slowly I fall into the whirl of
- Hell -