

In the rhythm of the hammers the large vessel sinks,
while the bodies struggle, chained by their desires.

The seed of the beasts, mingled with their blood like a
black liquid manure milk,
swallows their bodies and their reminiscences of empires.

In jubilation the barbarians have broken up the writing
and the wizard 's books.

The wounded mire swarms and pours out, in search of its
angels.
The skin of their dreams is wrinkled, soiled by the work
of despair.
Ad libitum.