

## Dead God in Me

In Flames

To slit the grinning wounds  
from childhood's seven moons  
the palette stained with the ejaculated passions  
(of forbidden, hedonistic colors...)

Strike from omnipotence; all-seer, all-deemer  
and haunt my severed country with your  
dripping, secret games

You pick the unripe lilies  
deflored and peeled the bleeding petals  
made known to me  
the grainy stains, the crimson lotus  
of the Black-Ash Inheritance,  
the semen feed of gods and masters  
The worms still in me,  
still a part of me,  
racing out from leaking rooms,  
swoop from broken lungs to block the transmission  
to put an end to the nomad years

Father  
you are the  
dead god in me