

Through The Vast Deathyards

Kozeljnik

In these deserted scarfields
beneath the poisoned flourishing wisdom
Within thorns that joyfully spill the dirty blood, day by day..

.

Rain drops still tear the filth from my skin,
below the fallen body, ground opens and welcomes....
I wish I was gone decades ago..

This, now the focus of my delights,
skies from deep under, dark world closing in..

Oh, these are the vast death yards I step onto
As seen through the hole, before the birth time,
as now shown.. they come to me, again...

I am elsewhere, here and forever!
This is hell... melody of the inside,
night of lights in mind, it breeds... the hell I know..

!Y(K)OUR(I)SEL(LL)F!