

so tight the keys, so huge the stick
into the hand, to split the one to get the two-faced
a hermit or a demigod, the first nostril inhales omega
then the other exhales alfa

will I navigate down there?
golden bough
will I cross the roman gate?

on balance between thin devotion and frail reason,
both share the same mission,

advance towards the arch, on time of internal war,
any force, any effort, but without apparent faith
backwards to the door, when the sunlight melts the dew,
every day, every night, every era in the sign of Ianus
received as Saturn, in memory of Ianus
founder and father.

enchancing domain of tip high, the huntress sang to the pale moon
now as then, in supreme hyperspace the ear is thrown away

alphanumeric code to decipher, newest event to translate,

Di indigetes, divum empta cante, divum deo supplicate

on balance between thin devotion and frail reason,
both share the same mission,
will I navigate down there? will I cross the roman gate?
both of them will be right

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