

## Iris (And The Burning Aureole)

Nightfall

Oh, how much I love your eyes  
I'm waving like moonbeams on a nightside  
sea  
whenever, wherever mine crosses yours so  
amenable I do feel, until I myself I hide  
behind the sand-dunes on the shore of the  
absorbent sandcastles.  
Broken into shivers, memories still haunt me.  
The knight in golden armour turns into  
millions of vacant sinus ; inner sickles  
trying to find a way out of the flesh, the  
planted one with memorable experiences,  
tassels in white faces...  
Iris is a sine qua non for us indeed, though,  
absolute darkness reminds me of the age of  
ignorance. But, now as I recall all those  
I've seen so far through this burning blood  
red veil "oh, it makes me soften,  
I realize how terrific it'd be to sojourn two  
thousand years with you ; your inept  
dreams...my cerebral mansion".  
I'm a creature of terra firma ; as an urn I  
hold and kiss the ashes of my dying race ; as  
I grow up, Iris grows too, but, how can I  
speak to the dry ground about the wet saliva  
of my eyes ?  
Wisdom's cavern stands far from oceans,  
that's for sure my dear.  
Here I feel the crucial crux of all our  
dilemmas, all those things won't ever  
touch our flesh, let them go, let them fade  
behind, let them stare at the Iris' narcotic  
sight while the flaming aureole will offers  
us pleasure ; the pleasure an infant gets  
along with its mother's white, fluid bribe.