

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.