

Telescope

Septic Flesh

Inside the mouth of a massive dormant volcano,
a lens is gathering distant fingerprints,
of flying objects that swim in ultraviolet
like dazzling clandestine submarines.

We wear the pearly necklace of the Milky Way.
We chase the dusty tails of run away galaxies.

Looking through our telescope, the Cyclops eye.

Let's make an empty moment of honouring silence,
for the recently deceased unnoticed stars.

Looking through our telescope, the Cyclops eye.

Black holes are violating the spatial matrix.
And comets feed the hungry grasp of gravity
Ancient astronomers observe the upper tapestries.
The body of the universal soul.

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