

The Quartered Dependence

The Nomad

Narrow dream in the lost storm of words
Dumb herds of sonorous grumbles
Killed colonies of utopian sheets

A vault of narrow corners
A pulp multiplied with unyieldness
A sight of dark vacuum
Wild, infernal desires
And you spun by a prose of mockery

I rose as cold as abyss
I emerged with invidious smile
Of my creative body
Empty your eyes at dawn
Shy splutter of illuminated tears
Your body trembling and small
Again you fall down like a broken glass

Covered procession of besmeared cares
Threatening whispers of masked brothers
Silent lusts beaten by a torn heart
And fingernails driven into a coffin lid

Fabulous angel somewhere on a dream screen
Old fruits of bitter words
Minds stuck to the gospel of threats

I hiss like a pulpy grain
I sprout in a concrete grip
Yesterday I was a stream,
today I'm a dam
Overturned I'm vomiting in a whirl
Night rocks the gray curtains
Your little flame goes out
What do you crush an infant for?
Driving a nail Into the eyes
Why do you lie building a sand race?