

## 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?