

Halo Of Flies

Throes Of Dawn

And all the good people
From the streets
Came to witness
The miracle of death

All the children were there
Inhaling the foul air
Smiling at death
In infant glory
Their eyes shining
Bright and ignorant

And the flies were there
As a black halo
Above the body
Of a broken hero

Someone said
You are so beautiful
With a hole in your head

And the street became a sealed tomb
Filled with your silence
The mould built patterns
On the surface of your fading eyes
Your hands still reaching
For the azure sky

"Life is a brief drama
For the amusement
Of the true masters:
You will learn
To despise your kind:

:For when you fall:
We shall all walk over you"