

# The Rape

Aura Noir

Merry, you may be.  
For I am the flesh in your tounge.  
Create to yourself, images of these  
glass-eyed figures,  
and expose to me, your skin -  
whorish as ever.  
They speak to me, your pores, your veins,  
in a rush of melancholy.  
In a stream of misanthropy.

Remove the carpet, so I may be  
united with the shades of these.

Blind  
my eyes,  
still I will see - presence, visuality.  
I grant you  
my pale hands,  
still I will feel - shape, contoures.

Please leave.  
In me you wont find any pity,  
as the dog that howls for the light in my eyes -  
the stench or your nakedness, no smell for a mourner like me.  
So, please leave.  
In here you wont find any pity.  
Tour kisses were as hell itself.

Be silent, for I am the flesh in your tounge.  
Only I can wear  
vast costumes of time, and still be  
present.  
'So, hereby I rape thee.'