

in the beginning there was chaos  
in which the germ of the beginning and the rights  
they emerged from the tangled elements  
not brightness, not human being but dusk  
from which earth and day came into existence  
brightness- a daughter of darkness, not of spirit  
the black sky without its jewels stars  
gave the glory to its father with brilliance  
first parents Erebus-night, eternal night  
and their fruit, mankind, constrains the tribe  
the toys of elements, the children of dreams  
their gods are only illusions  
human rights crushed in the fingers of the might  
long centuries the sleep of mother earth  
the sleep so coloured real but fog woven  
and awakening will come from dusk