

The Burning Dawn

Enthroned

Lying wet, the object I saw
in this red morning, on a bed made of stones.
Legs in the air, like a nympho slut,
burning and sweating poisons...

Open, cynic and cut
her womb full of exhalations.
The morning sun reflect
on this putrid womb.

As the skies looked down the carcass
the world gave back a strange choir:
chanting Satanas:

Crawling... in pestilence obscene.
The Burning Dawn rises in my eyes.

Forms were erased and nothing but a dream.
A slow outline to come on the forgotten womb,
only by a sight of memory survived
yet similar to this refuse.

Crawling... in a devotion obscene.
The Burning Dawn rises in my eyes.
Swallowed... in misery.
Cursed eternally.

O horrible infection, foul of my eyes,
vermin of nature, passion angels!

Such you will be, ô worms of life,
after thy last sacraments, mildewing among the bones.