

I often dream of huge numb buildings
jet-black sinister architecture
being installed when nobody sees
Their appearance so sudden
that few would take notice

And when I wake up
I imagine being crushed by one
imagining it's weight it's silence
and the absence of excuses for a havoced life
and the privilege of a 22-kilometer tombstone

Jotun

A body of black
that carried no reflection
defying it's own room
un-earthly eggs of decreation

There would be colonies
mushroom-scattered forever out of context
rising spores from a dying world
to pollute to chase away what's left

Sun-white pulverised desert stone
and serpentine lizard mouths
Pales away the pyramids
rewriting 4500 years of history
raping the statue of liberty
outplays the acropolis
inverting the fjords
invades the N.Y. skyline to
dream it's own existence in one single final word

Jotun

Can we identify them
as the flint buried in our reptile skulls
or the time-bomb coded in our dna