

Desert air on skin
The chill of empty space
The nomad's grin
The sand, the wave and the cold
Will drive him back in
Will keep them close to him

and they will hide inside
Behind blind mirrors
Trembling in tents
Hearts weak with fear
He knows, he likes to keep them near

and at the night
With a pride too big to swallow
and with leprous hands
Has them hum and dance to him

for they have boiled his faith into abstraction
and coiled up in their sickrooms
Their bodies stir-stir-stirring in blankets

Like a mothers withered breasts
They still set him to dreaming
of quartering steel and of climbing fire

with a dripping honey hole
He'll be winning them over
and with calculated neglect
He likes to know them there

and they will know that they may only know
The laws of Things
Never their meaning
only their laws

and they will bury their holy blade
Deep in devoted chests
and after such knowledge
What forgiveness

Desert air on skin
The chill of empty space
The smell of emptied bodies
The sand, the wave and nothing
and nothing□