

Leeches & Deception

Sopor Aeternus

The old monk of a somewhat Thelemite, or "crow"-related order
dressed in a torn, old gown of jute,
had been locked up in a tiny box inside a wall
this cubic room was painted in dark(est)-red and midnight blue

When the door was opened again,
he was screaming terribly,
as towards the end of his self-imposed isolation
he must have suffered from most horrible visions and/or hallucinations,
presumably, they had been caused by previous days of his ritual fasting.
The images he saw must have been atrocious indeed.

The white-haired, bearded monk was in his forties I believe...-
that's 4 and 0 for the earthen sphere.

Do not make stupid jokes about the old man in the gown of jute,
because what might look like a cliché is necessity and truth!!
!

Do not make stupid jokes about the man in the crow-
related cowl of jute,
because by transforming himself he might be saving me and you.
Do not make stupid jokes about the old man in the gown of jute,
because what might look like a cliché is necessity and...truth
!!!

After he was released again
a trans-/bisexual vampyre-
demon was crawling after him out of the same box.
Though this demon/creature should have been dissolved,
instead he had just split himself in two halves,
dark-red, fat and swollen like a leech...-
it surely must have been feasting on the poor man
while they were both locked up inside the wall.

A ritual:
(I become a witness of an unexpected ritual, a demonstration.)

On the right side of me:
a magician hissingly exhales,
directing his breath on a spongy, spherical thing