

A.A. Bondy **"The Twist"**

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I see these creatures in tired action

I hold the blade with the midnight arm

My brother dreams in real violence

My brother, dreaming through the red

In ritual positions, I kneel before his love

Far away from the world

I follow all these signs and wonders

I walk on by the suicide doors

Under the stars in animism

I'll hold the mirror for the ghost

In ritual positions, I kneel before his love

Sometimes in benediction, a mouth to sing the flood

Far away from the world

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