

Korova

"Lucid Silence Day Parade (To Jesus Race On Steelmasts High)"

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On the Autobahn to Sulphurland's yellow smokelit Skies
Smells (along) a Motorcar with Windows carved of
Angel Eyes,
Through which seen Landscapes change...

And through the drysunned Valley of Chimneys
To Hellscraper-Town Code 666
The Powerlines flash golden,
Hung up high on ancient Steelmastgiants
While red Pupils watch the MedianStrip
And sink into deaf Daymares.

Stiring the holy Anthony Fire,
Loading the Files to new Worlds beyond,
Where Limen falls to Zero,
(the) Cherubims play Trumpet with their Asses
For the Glory of the Summersolsticeborn
And Cat with Horns.

And all Horizons are crammed with Crosses
As the Windscreen-Iris widens
On the Lucid Silence Day Parade
To JesusRace on SteelMasts high.

Around fragmentated Images
They rotate with the Woe of ten Wars.
Each one drags the most martyrial Cross
And of Course mine is heavier than thine.

The Harlequin with working Cheek-Bones
Grins his Pranks to amuse those
Crowned with thornesque Pitybullets,
Nailed upon a silent Horror
Between all these restless Dreams.

"Wi e rld ki e
Ll th Wo ll m
A er s g He en
Ft eein av ?"

Around fragmentated Images

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