

## Christ Agony "The Triangle"

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-prayer

-sonnet

Care-chamber sleeps, sonne of the sable night, brother  
to death, in silent darkness borne:

Relieue my languish, and restore the light, with dark  
forgetting of my cares returne.

And let the day be time enough to morne, the  
shipwrack of my illaduented youth:

Let waking eyes suffice to wayle theyr scorne, without  
the torment of the night untruth.

Cease, dreams, th'ymagery of our dayes desires, to  
modell forth the passions of the morrow:

Never let rising sunne approve you lyers, to adde more  
griefe to aggravat my sorrow.

Still let me sleepe, imbracing clowdes in vaine, and  
never wake, to feele the days disdayne.

-throne

The purple of the moonlight throne  
desecrated with blood

abode the apostles in madness

The might possessed heretics  
only the dark ritual is libiratedÂ...

The ornament of moon's beauty

In it - my semen will give birth  
to the glory of the night

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