

Peristaltic Movement

"A Worm grows in the Womb of a Dead Woman"

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Dead after the pleasure, that naked body now it stenches
Absolutely rotten? In her life would it indeed be so
strange

Lost perennity, last fallibility
An everseen form of life?

Through her death- there lives
An aberrance we cannot assume
Where lies fading the source of all our life
A worm grows so graciously

We this worm- eaten in the mourning
Assuming dead voices
Meeting everflowing dead suns
We, this unfertile hope
That a new day could anyway begin

From the bowels of this fermentative carcass
A brutal anguish it stenches
Foul dead humankind
From thy decomposition we break out putrefying

Nasty creeping by abject gestures
Devouring all that dead flesh
From his own decaying cradle
Men's birth is their own abortion

So repulsive to recognize
Anathematize by repugnant ways
Where inexists that old kind nature
Kiss those lips once gave you pleasure
This naked body whose fertile dead womb- we dwell in.

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