

## **Flames In "Dead God In Me"**

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To slit the grinning wounds  
from childhood's Seven Moons  
the palette stained with the ejaculated passions  
(of forbidden, hedonistic colours...)  
Strike from omnipotence, all-seer, all-deemer,  
and haunt my severed country  
with your dripping, secret games  
You picked the unripe lilies,  
deflored and peeled the bleeding petals  
made known to me  
the grainy stains, the crimson lotus  
of the Black-Ash Inheritance,  
the semen feed of gods and masters  
The worms still in me,  
still a part of me,  
racing out from leaking rooms,  
swoop from broken lungs to block the transmission  
to put an end to the nomad years  
father you  
are the  
dead god

in me

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