

## Flames In "Jotun"

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I often dream of huge numb buildings  
jet-black sinister architecture  
being installed when nobody sees  
Their appearance so sudden  
that few would take notice  
And when I wake up  
I imagine being crushed by one  
imagining its weight its silence  
and the absence of excuses for a havoced life  
and the privilege of a 22-kilometre tombstone  
Jotun  
A body of black  
that carried no reflection  
defying its own room  
un-earthly eggs of decreation  
There would be colonies  
mushroom-scattered forever out of context  
rising spores from a dying world  
to pollute to chase away what's left  
Sun-white pulverised desert stone  
and serpentine lizard mouths

Pales away the pyramids  
rewriting 4500 years of history  
raping the statue of liberty  
outplays the acropolis  
inverting the fjords  
invades the New-York skyline to  
dream its own existence in one single final word  
Jotun  
Can we identify them  
as the flint buried in our reptile skulls  
or the time-bomb coded in our dna

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