

## These Arms Are Snakes

### "Seven Curtains"

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7 lights and 7 chords of everything.  
Colors form in 7 shades.  
Vibrating through the glands in my nose and the back  
of my  
head.  
Remnants of a past eye consumes.  
I am sound. I am light.  
Just behind my spine lies the snake waiting to dual  
invertebrate.  
It sang back the past of its collapse and addressed all  
his dense body needs.  
Involuntary systems proceed.  
Ejecting his soul out and straight to the light.

Aphasia has taken the mind.  
I am secret.  
Ask me my name and I'll give no reply, I am no longer  
concerned.  
I absorb. I am light. I absorb.  
I am secret.  
I am no longer body or physical.  
I act only with mind.  
It sang back the past of its collapse and addressed all  
his dense body needs.  
Involuntary systems proceed.  
Ejecting his soul out and straight to the light.

I am cow. I am sheep. I am strung up horse meat for the  
path of mystical mystique.  
May I lay in the streets by the soles of your feet?  
And you may walk freely over top of me.  
It is all that I see that vibrates inside of me.  
Color, shape, sounds and in space.  
From the memories I keep, to the sky which I reach,  
there  
is no bounds to which that is free.  
I am peasant. I am slave. I am the mountain and cave.  
I ingest words and put them into phrase.  
With no mouth which to speak.  
With no tongue in no cheek.  
I can sing tones of Kundalini.

May I lay just beneath all the thoughts when you sleep  
and  
caress the face that you will soon leave?  
I press upon those which I admire and hold in this heart  
that no longer beats.  
I'm alive in your streets.  
I can meet you in sleep.  
I roll through the blood that your arm still beats.  
I am light.

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