

Virus, Strange Calm

Under the lip of land
Underground tongues lie for you
From its arid breath
The fetid air seals the doors behind
The lamp swallowed the dark
The shadows' mutiny
Now swaying by the signs on the roadside

See through the fibres
The dance of love and fear entwined
On the face of the veil
And the emptiness beyond
Among the proud ruins
Spreading out their limbs
Grass growing from the inbred gardens' grin