

Arcturus, Master Of Disguise

(“No! this face is only a mask, a wicked ornament,
illuminated by an exquisite grimace,
Look and see, atrociously contorted,
The real head, and the sincere face
Turned back under the shadow of the face which lies.” -
Charles Baudelaire)

He is profanity in sanctity's guise
An alias assumed I do realize
In their eyes, his cause -
when enticing and cunning in impact
is still a criminal and evil act

So look for him vainly,
He, the incarnation of magickal nature
He turns unrecognizable even to the experienced eye

You obsessively pursue him
Failing to see, that was why he came to be
one who annihilates with such impunity

He appears your friend, but
the Saint hides many Satans
He's contemptuous, you know
of your Godgiven stupidities
He calls you in question with
affected modesty and create
of you an object of derision

You think him to be pariah
whom company does exclude
But in the midst of all frenzy
He is - feasting in a transitory mood

Passion is a strict lord
He is also its humble slave
When bereft of common ways,
He strides before you on water
He makes clowns of kings,
charm the guests, rides the ball
Is the master of disguise

Prince of the thousandfold face
the charming jester's smile
which invites reason to demise
and imaginations rise
Inscrutable yes, venting his spleen
Somewhere night and day between
Is the master of disguise