

Atrox, Nine Wishes

Deep down in a smiling bucket swimming clouds.

If it was up to me this house would be almost seven hundred years old and more than thirteen kilonewtons.

I would sit in a rocking chair, creaking along with an out-of-tune piano and an orchestrion that always plays the same tune.

I'd be able to walk in the ceiling. I would eat nebula for supper. I would wear a necklace made of stardust.

The well outside would be an eye that stares itself blind at the moon. The water would sob. There would be no bottom.

The shadows would converge when the clock struck twenty-five.

Oh how I wish I could walk about on the walls. And how I wish there were more hours in a night:

When I can't wish for more - the vision of scarabees crackling mandrake roots in soil breathing ghosts.

haunting you with their fumes of horror till your soul tears your body apart and escapes.