

Carpathian Forest, Cold Confort

A spirit rose from the earth
Slowly leaving...
Their candle-flame lonely, and so needing
Like dust in the night the prayers rise
Under the sick image of Christ
They talk to the nothingness
Old wounds were never mended
Something drops from the (autumn) leaves
Again it rains:
In a dry corner, salvation again declines
Sleep like a skull in the hard ground
Nothing for ears nothing for eyes
Without a shadow, waiting for nothing
The dark room, the moist tenement (of earth)
The cold kiss of release, great light
He was never man enough
In a world of cruel faces
He discovered that he was never man enough
He discovered nothing
Far above and beyond...
All in the name of god
The eyes refused to look ahead...