

Septic Flesh, Narcissism

The chalice is full of sea
fallen leaves upon her face
A map of green continents
Once part of the same tree
Away from where they belonged

Near sits a part of my twin moon
captured from the mirror waters

The sacred drink withdraws oblivion

This is the only way to meet
my full of craters sister
because her grim presence
stands always against
the golden rays of my sun.
How many friends I had,
how many enemies.
Now only absence
Love, its purest form is Narcissism
I remain and they remain through me
but only I exist.
Youth preserved, embalmed from history

In courts of exotic domains
sirens play with the strings of the rainbow
in a harmonious elegance
the story of a king.