

Trance To The Sun, Modus Opera

There is a whole in the wall that I watch you through
Dank and lined thickly with pale seeds
You are a sickly brittle crustacean
When I cover the hole with my ear I hear you
Mumble about the silence and I know you are flicking your fingers towards the whole
I am not afraid of you
Although I know you know I'm here
You cant see me
You press your lips to the whole and run your tongue along the seeds
You hiss for me through the mouth in stone
I am blue
I am malignant
I am terribly filled
You implore
You beguile
Tease you
Whisper about the sunlight and giggle as you scamper in the shadows
Promising me you feel it
Rubbing your twig wrist against the wall until it bleeds
I don't do that often although it is my favorite game
Do you see how kind I am?
I sing you lullabies when you are weeping
I roll pearls and razorblades through the hole to you
I call you insect insect
You are weak
And when I ache I fuck the mouth in stone and I tell you it is your hole I am fucking
You cough and cry
Through the dark the seeds fall onto your face and soon I will have a garden