## Virus, Stalkers Of The Drift

Feral aeroplanes Stalkers of the drift You float inside the hollow waves Like sleepwalkers on the ocean highway

See the blind cavalry In their concave masks All lined up to fowl the beaches Dead faces painted in the sands

They mimic themselves
Hiding in the wastelands
Empty figures on the crests of the dunes
The desert sculptures paying homage to the wounds

With broken limbs they dance The snakes and their proud owners On parade out in the iron rain The sun retreats as the caves drink the rivers

The feral aeroplanes Chasing the winds upon the ocean highway Gliding on raw silk Cheered by broken clapping hands