

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