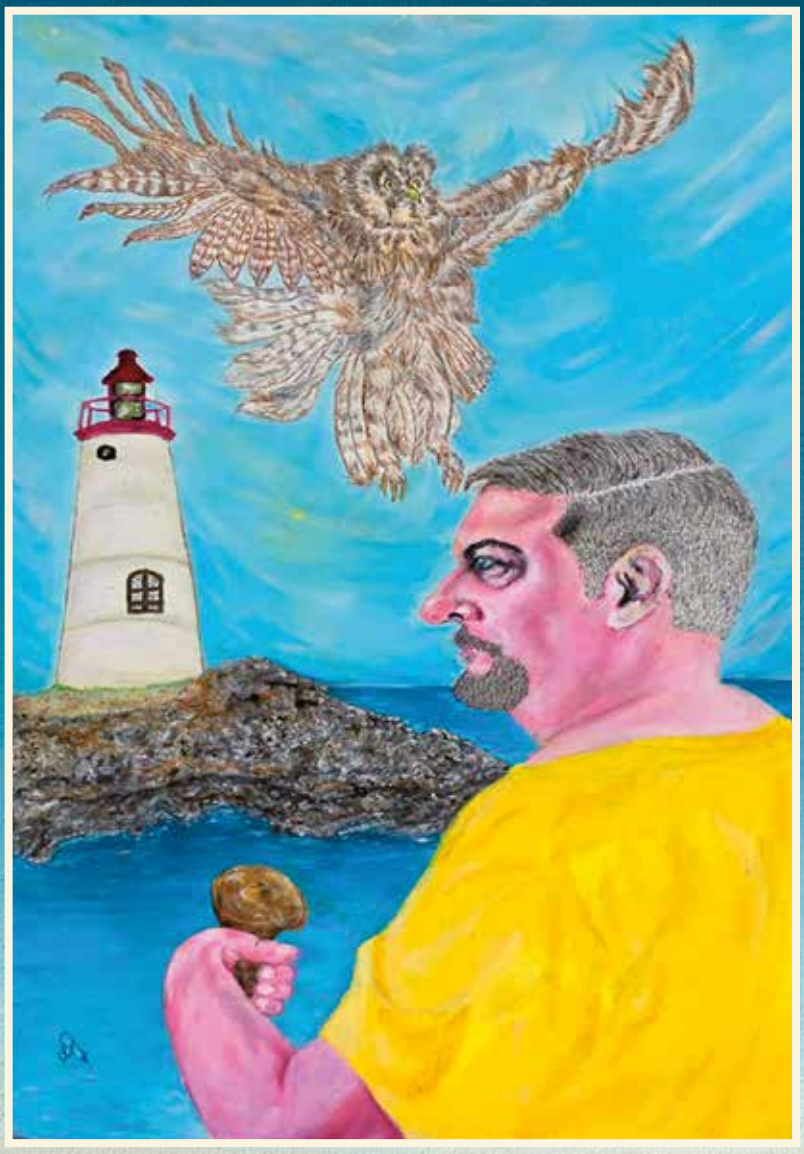
LORE
OF THE
HAUNTED THOUGHTS
AT MIDNIGHT'S REQUEST



CÉSAR DELGADO-GUEMBES

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Lore of the haunted thoughts at midnight´s request

Author-Editor
César Delgado-Guembes
Av. San Borja Sur 1144
San Borja
Lima, Perú
Phone : 99 527 0327

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LORE OF THE HAUNTED THOUGHTS
AT MIDNIGHT´S REQUEST

To my late and loyal cousin,
David Buchanan Guembes
(February 14, 1970 - April 7, 2023)

The killer awoke before dawn
he put his boots on
he took a face from the ancient gallery
and he walked on down the hall (…)
This is the end,
beautiful friend,
this is the end
my only friend, the end.
It hurts to set you free
but you´ll never follow me
the end of laughter and soft lied
the end of nights we tried to die
this is the end.

«The End», Jim Morrison (*The Doors*, Jim Morrison, John Paul Densmore, Robert Kriger, Raymond Manzarek), album ***The Doors***, 1967

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So sprach das Fleisch zu allen zeiten:

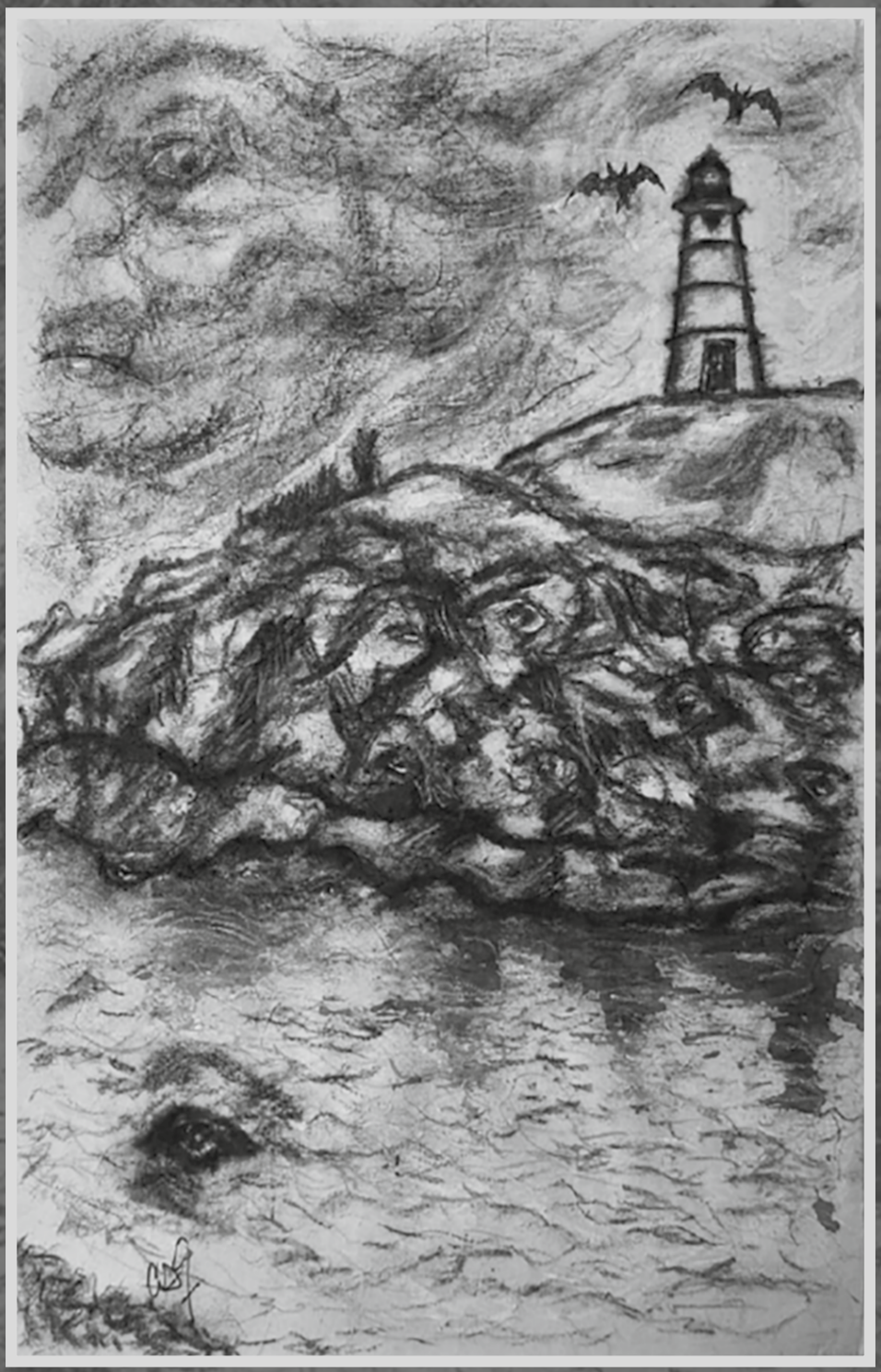
nights gibt es als das Satt- und Glücklichsein!

Uns aber soll ein andres Wort begleiten:

das Ringende geht in die Schöpfung ein.

Das Unaufhörliche, Gottfried Benn ([1])

1 From the *Oratorium* of the same title, which was used by Paul Hindemith in the music that was performed originally on November 20, 1931. The quote is taken from the *Knabenchor*. In all times creation is in the marrow of human flesh…



AVANT - PROPOS

Wahrheit! Wenn einer stirbt, werden Ansichten mit ihm begraben: sinnlose, halbwüchsige, rührende, überholte – und ebensolche wachsen anderswo heran!
(…) Mit einem Wort –: die Geschichte sie übersteht den Niagara, um in der Badewanne zu ertrinken; die Notwendigkeit ruft und der Zufall antwortet. Mit einem Wort: die Völker wechseln, doch unaufhörlich bleiben die Geschäfte!

Gottfried Benn

The above quote, attributed to the baritone section in the Oratorium *Das Unaufhörliche*, written by Gottfried Benn, and used by Paul Hindemith in the piece of the same name which he musicalised, pretends and seeks to wring out and drain the role of truth beyond life and death. The theme is the relativity of truth, law and values… Ours seems to be a world with increasingly minimal levels of respect for what truth is or may be. Curiously enough not only because of the negationist attitude towards the possibility of absolute truths, or because of an unduly consideration to the relativity claimed by a plurality of agents, but because each individual, or group, claim themselves to be the holders of the only and total truth against those who oppose their claimed views.

As frustrating such a quest it may end up being, it remains as a daily task for all generations. Despair is potentially present, and so is anxiety, doubt, and many sorts of ill feelings, as we face the events we face in our living experience. The *nowness* is unrepeatable. There are no two days alike. The mandate is to be *au pair* with whatever each day brings. Our experience adds up the responses we produce to attend the demands every day requests from our soul. Not unseldomly life requires from us conformity and adaptation, and our will, our desires, our wishes tend to accept the confines to social or worldly idiosyncrasies. Daily life consists in complying to what we are expected and meant to do, and our identity tends to collapse, denying in such act the laws of nature and the rule that governs the whole universe: being faithful to being what each of us is called to be and do while our limited living lasts.

Once the step is taken to set foot aside the obliging norms, the horizon expands in its true mode and shape, and the realisation appears that this conformity leaves the emptiness in our souls. It will, naturally, depend on the call you receive and hear. For most, life is nothing else but that. Maybe for few others not. This is the sphere where a sort of contemplative attitude takes place and locates mind, and soul, in an extraordinary or unusual stance. The stance whence one acknowledges insufficient the so deemed normalities, and the seeking takes the heart elsewhere. The place in which a spirit blows energies and provides feelings not yet known. This is the state of possession in which contemplation does a sort of unity with the whole, in sum, with the universe of which we are, we were and we will be linked.

Our individuality is virtually senseless without comprehending the totality of which we are a single unit with. There does not seem to be much sense believing any sort of superiority in a world where each part plays a singular and inalienable role for the pursuit of the whole. Light does its share where there is a connection with its fruit. The voice of the universe is there for any of us to join to its sounds. Hearing is free, though our mind may make it blurry. The genuine voice of the call is not precisely what some may limitedly, and perhaps wrongly, refer to as our preconscious, subconscious, or unconscious. Discerning what the silent voice comes to your senses to provide light requires the honest and sincere attitude in order to avoid false or faked lurings embodied inside the self.

Truth may be out of reach if the spirit is not ready. Poetry may hence be the means to hide it, or to show it. He who aims to use the writing means is exposed to hide the light in order to put himself ahead, or to act in faithful respect to the unveiling and discovering the source from which light shows better paths. Here it is where the humble experience of writing aims to communicate the goods received while paying close attention to calls that come only in such contemplative attitude. To write, in a way, is an option for aloneness and solitude. To write is to aspire to seek reasons the self has not yet touched nor discovered. It is not to produce anything out of nothing, but to get closer to our rootless nature, as if such rootlessness were not real, and as if the roots were ours to claim and to reach, and as if our faculties to reach them were enough to make them part of our, also, travelling, cloudy and elusive being.

What aims to become a written text is consequence of such imaginary desire for unreachable permanence. All goes. Nothing lasts. Only the *nowness* is the reliable stance while the senses engrave the momentary instants of the conscious that lives the eternity of its passing by. Permanent truth it may be such illusory grasping of our continually moving world. The aim to reach permanence is inherent to any sort of material creation of the spirit. So are texts, so are drawings, so are sculptures, so are buildings, tools, machines, or even a well and loving served dish cooked to please them who nourish from our dedication. Raising a glass of single malt of *Wiggly Bridge*, a *Nero d´Avola*, or a couple of ounces of well bred pisco from Azpitia, may well resemble the nature of the instants added that expand the illusion of eternity, in like mode as the contemplation of the vastness of the firmament or the rough extensions of furious waves in the ocean under a full moon.

Surrounded as we are by symbols, this book attempts and seeks to explore the journey through our time. Time full of the uncertainty of distress. Time of decadence and collapse, but time of faith, also, in the possible renewal of our humanity, in the midst of the once now blurring bench marks and milestones we were raised in our long past youth. This text aims to bear witness to our passage through the journey of life, beyond the comforts of the coordinates our daily lives and perhaps closer to the anguishes or anxieties we prefer to neglect or deny. The current state of *affaires* shows clear pretensions to submit humanity to standards fixed to gain material power and might, be it economical or psychical. Such hegemonical aim contradicts the aspiration for liberty. Despotism of our age is not an illustrated kind of tyranny, but rather a loose one, in that it pretends the reduction of humanity to a mob of mercenary and bare beings destined to acquire what the market offers.

You have in your hands the journey of a pilgrim who travels through a geography of symbols. The twenty cantos of this book narrate the inward pilgrimage of a wanderer who seeks truth amid the ruins, temptations, deceptions, and illuminations of a declining age. Ours. The pilgrim may enact every consciousness that refuses passive conformity and undertakes the difficult search for truth amid confusion, decadence, temptation and despair. To aid further your exploration in the reading, I may provide a succinct guide based on my own interpretation of my writing. A guide which is really my view of the text I have written, which may well be the pilgrimage of discernment whose destination is the lighthouse—the recovered center of the soul. This may perhaps be deemed a trip from confusion to illumination, if simplification of cumbersome journies of this sort may be requested…

In this piece of writing, in fact, many distinct animals appear and surround the journey of the wandering pilgrim. Each of those creatures are not destined to play as allegories from a medieval perspective, but rather living symbolic forces through which aspects of perception, temptation, judgment, memory, instinct and truth become visible. For instance, the wolf may perhaps be the symbol of deep, cosmic and predatory hunger for such truth, in the inner solitude of us pilgrims along the worldly journey of our earthly lives. Amidsts the daily darknesses the thinking does its pacing at the midnight´s hunting among the haunted and untamed edges where thirst for might and greed prevail. Like the somber tones of the long melancholies of a sorrowful bassoon, the midnight silences become the vessel for the voices that show open the mysteries and the laments for the unreachable and the most seeked unknown.

The fatal enemy of human state is the swampy nature of the habits and practices where agents of cold maneuvers make use of tactics to creepingly manipulate the feebled or unlearnt will of the people, in order to saturate their aims and desires in a submissive conformity that, favours the algorithmic control of hegemonic forces, at a cost that ruins the dwelling environ of their existence.

The batrachian role of the economic use of tactics, to globally dominate the human sphere, is neutralised then, by the toad, an amphibious icon who embodies the low and undislodgeable toxic perversions in the decay of the global landscape of the democratic market, which ends up favouring the majority of subjects with the lower or lesser capacity to discern the evil from

the good, in the claimed swamp over which the sadly spread darkened standards of humanity succeed and remain stagnant. The puffed up toad is venomously swollen with the hegemonic character of the detached coldness of its usual hollowness.

In the pursuit of truth, beneath the observed factual realities, the pilgrim moves with caution in the depths of his inner solitude, as he aims for light above the undergrounds surrounding the circumstances of everyday´s life. With the aid of the perspectives provided by hounds, owls and ravens, finds gradual firmness with the support of an Irish staff made out of blackthorn (his *shillelagh*), until he reaches the lighthouse in York county (the Nubble Lighthouse, in Maine).

As the sentinel guardians, the owl accompanies the pilgrim whenever inward vision becomes necessary. The owl provides the inner light, while the raven signals the horizontal tract about which the global threat spreads its anomalies. Both are guards, in fact, of the boundaries of the pilgrim´s perceptions and help the pilgrim as an early warning alert. They warn the pilgrim, indeed, from the blunt uses of the tactics of the toad and the snake, but also from the foamy seductions of mermaids as he approaches the Nubble Lighthouse.

The silent and deep wings of the owl and the overall flight of the raven ensure that, as the pilgrim finds himself in David´s mirror, 10eutrali that they weren´t actually flying beside him, but his own self search about the hazardous stumblings in his life´s trail. Similarly, the raven oversees and spots the dark intricacies that pretend to blind the pilgrim in the swamp, and keeping him from accessing to the truth within the lore.

The role of the raven is critical for the immunization of the pilgrim in the swampy soils where the posthuman and postmodern contemporary life takes place, threatened as it is by the era of post-truth, or faked truth. As the snake carries and extends forward the constricted forces of corruption and technodespotism across the globe, through the optical fibers of the invisible web, the raven detects, reveals, discloses, conveys and reports the stealthy movements and advances of the snake.

If the owl drives the inner light of the pilgrim, and the raven reveals the means, traces and tract followed by the toad and the snake, the hawk is the active agent of execution once the danger is clearly targeted. With the authority provided by the *shillelagh*, the pilgrim speaks up to name and to denounce the evil that the hegemonic system represents to the overall planet with the global compromise of agents for whom living entails dominion, might and greed, using for this purpose the masks and simulation of a democratic regime that conceals the despotic nature of the technologies used in order to subjugate the society as a whole and, hence, destroying and denying the alleged virtues of the sovereign rule of the whole in the public domain.

When reason fails, the presence of bats heals the absences that the owl cannot fill. In abundance of dusk and lack of clear cut understanding is then supplied to the wandering pilgrim, by these mammals whose wings lead them in midsts of darkness with the echolocative means to ethereally navigate in the dry, murky and dusty realms. They become the aid to the instinct of the wolf to surmount the snaring maneuvers of toad and snake in the rotting mud of the

undergrounds of lack of sufficient light. Where the pilgrim cannot see, the silent sounds of the bats aid and accompany his subconscious in the journey, likewise as the lighthouse in a tempest to a struggling vessel.

Traditionally the sirens have a singular and foamy role in any imaginative pursuit. They exist for the role they play in the seductive process as an embodiment of the murky pleasures that keep body and soul from attaining higher spiritual aims. So it occurs in the piece that follows. Sirens are concerned from keeping a pilgrim from getting closer to the light where truth allows the understanding of the discomfort and malaise in which the world shows the effects caused by algorithmic gadgets issued to insure at once, both, the hegemonic control of the human world, as well as its mechanic decay into swampy and lower spiritual performances where habits are steered by common prototypes and patterns of thought, speech, likings and consumption. Again, the ravens forewarn the presence of sirens, and the owl shows and guides the mind into the source where truth lays, beneath the seductive howls of the foamy nature of the sirens.

Since the sirens try to confuse the wandering traveller with emotions that mislead the target, the fires of the salamander dwell the hearth of the decisive power of the inner will that affirms its conviction, against the constrictions produced by the snake, or the muddy stagnations caused in the swampy environ where the swelling toad soaks the flow of its toxic, poisonous and alluring bate around and about the land and human soil. The salamander provides the warm-blooded layers in the disciplined pilgrim that neutralizes the toad´s ill atmosphere and the streams of the crushing and looping logic of the constricting snake.

The salamander, a figure who lives in the world of fire, thus, like the mysterious **Erda** in *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, is the one who knows, and sees, *wie alles war, wie alles wird, und wie alles sein wird*, and she also knows that *alles, was ist, endet!*. It is the internal combustion within the pilgrim´s soul that allows the bassoon´s tunes remain uncracked, constant and loyal in the journey to ascertain truth beneath the overall appearances under the hegemonic system of technodespotic dominion.

As the snake mutates, changes and continuously sheds its skin in the society as a whole, the pilgrim mirrors himself in David´s warrior nature, and uses the left skin of the snake as a belt around his waist, so to harness the evil and dangerous powers with which toad and snake threaten the foundations of the world. The pilgrim assumes the role of the executioner by denouncing the causes of crumbling, perversion and decay, without letting the influences of the toad and the snake diminish his own vitality, convictions and drive.

From this role the inner light inside his bosom plays the role of the Nubble Lighthouse across soil and the law of the land, with the deterrent help of the owl and the intercepting abilities of the raven. The owl´s gaze provides the stillness and meditative attitude that nourishes the pilgrim, and protects him from the hissing enticing of the snake with the depth of its perception by filtering the reptilian noise with the hovering silence of its feathers. Likewise the

owl protects the pilgrim as well assuring him the authenticity in the dialogue with David´s mirror, and warning him from the snaring and disguising attempt with which the snake pretends to deceive his voice in the mirror.

In this context, the vertical flight of the hawks intercepts the slithering, horizontal and earthly movement of the snake by a decisive intervention through the piercing and hidden light among the dusky and mirky shades that surround the earth´s underground. The hawks guarantee the spiritual sovereignty above the landscape of spoilage and decay heralded by whatever the toad and the snake represent in the global landscape, and with the aid of the salamander´s fire the pilgrim may reach the state of alchemical equilibrium between his inner quietude and the the external hostilities that pervert the human nature. Finally the pilgrim achieves its goal and task and completes his work thanks to the discovery that it is the salamander the source of the midnight´s request to enforce the lore.

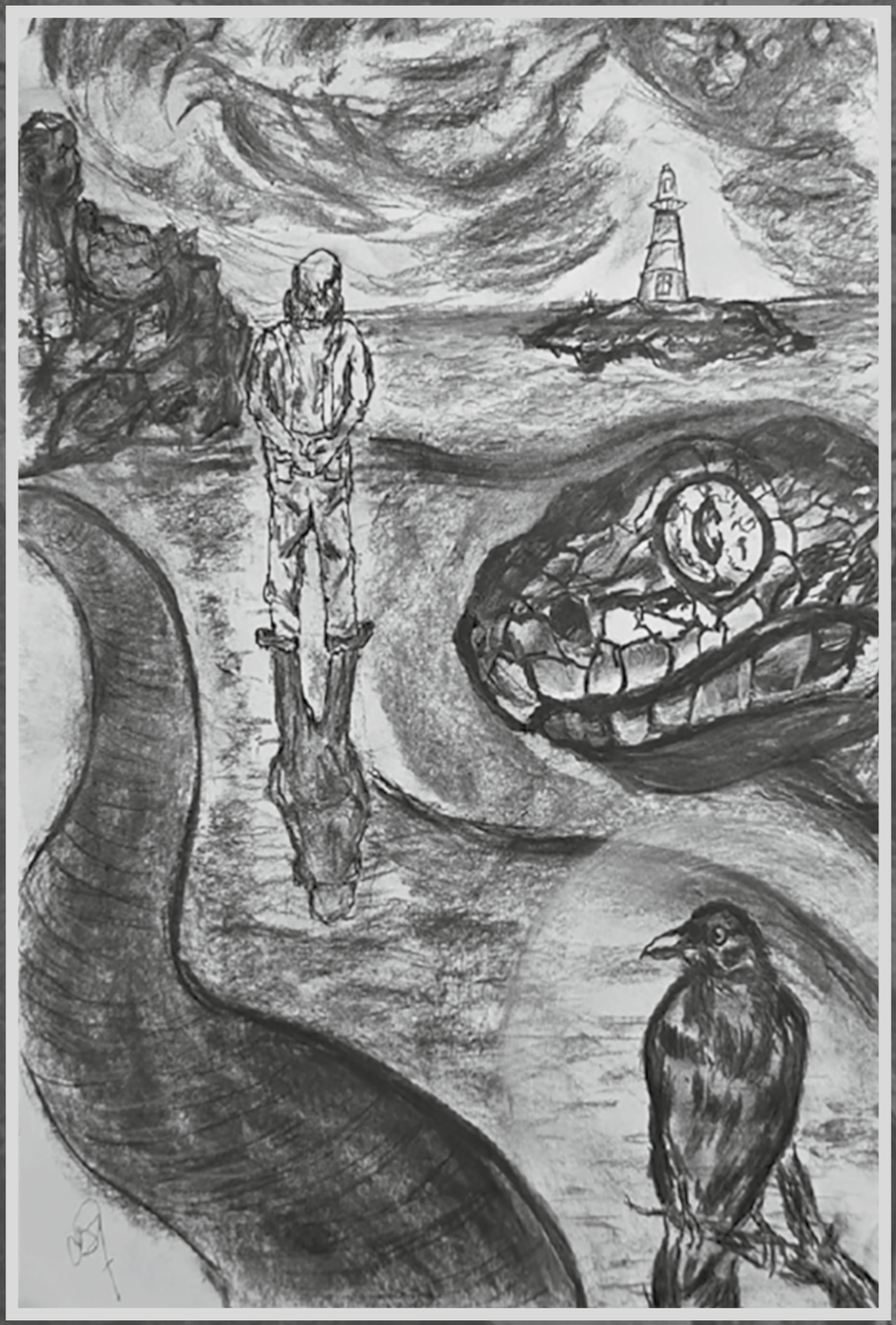
As the journey to understanding and action become the guide in the trail, the three suns, as a triadic of fragmented sources which, as if it were a gothic noon, provide the fluid and liquid link between contingency, the necessary and the sufficient means, to uncover the proper nature of the forces that aim to make of humanity a subjugated matter of might and greed under the controlling and dominating will of technical and digital schemes of global despotism. The absolute needs of light play not an indifferent role in the midnight´s atmosphere, and the suns, as a supranatural source, cannot avoid their presence to align the steps towards truth. In the trail of alchemical wandering of the itinerant rover, they are the hawks in the air, much like the salamander is the fire inside the pilgrim´s soul and heart.

To sum up, the *midnight´s request* in this poem is the call that refuses to let the soul stay in a passive attitude until an answer is found or crafted. The mind is expected to seek within the hidden and cosmic intricacies of the lore. Midnight represents the boundary, the limit, or the deep and heavy expectation between the lived experience and what matters and is still to be addressed, or what is essential not to leave unconsidered or unaccounted for. The call is the urge to take care of the persistent and carried errors, and of the dusty residues and fragments which haunt the reason and resist decaying. The request is to attend, to cease and to resolve the echoes that haunt soul and mind, trying to achieve the conclusive synthesis that may harmonise the loose threads into a more tightly comprehensive and woven canvas.

I hope I may have got close to achieving something that may have a resemblance to a ***Gesamtkunstwerk***. I mean, a unified work where my writing merges into a musical structure of symbolic imagery and visual art, in which my original aim was that each part were to coherently and sustainably cooperate with each other and participate in the imaginative universe that was decreed from some source beyond my earthly understanding. I wish it may make sense what I aimed at, and hopefully I may trust that the whole and overall work may make sense to whomever dares to seek its meaning in full.

The overall purpose of the five movements in the architecture of the pilgrim´s chronicle could represent the traces left from the fractured consciousness of a nomad´s broken compass, to the voice that in the altar of the lighthouse silently saves the wanderer from the shipwreck, surrounded by living and helpful symbolic creatures, under the starred sky, and among several musical and liturgical motifs. The light provided in the poem may also become the hope to undo the spell and lift the curse that reduces humanity to a bunch of consumers obsessed with filling up their personal emptiness and vaccum with the purchase of commodities.

César Delgado-Guembes
San Bartolo, April 9, 2026



FIRST MOVEMENT

(*Grave, senza conforto,*
molto agitato, con asprezza)

Daß Einer so die Menge bewegt, mir ists,
als wie wenn Jovis Bliz den Wald
Ergreift, und furchtbarer.

Der Tod des Empedokles, Friedrich Hölderlin

(…) Frate,
lo mondo è cieco, e tu vien ben da lui.
Voi che vivete ogne cagion recate
pur suso al cielo, pur come se tutto
movesse seco di necessitate (…).

Purgatorio, Canto XVI, 65-69, Dante Alighieri

FIRST CANTO

THE NOMAD´S BROKEN COMPASS

There would be no dance, and there is only the dance.
I can only say, **there** *we have been: but I cannot say where.*
And I cannot say, how long, for that is to place it in time.

Burnt Norton, II. T.S. Eliot

Every phrase and every sentence is an end and a beginning,
Every poem an epitaph. And any action
is a step to the block, to the fire, down the sea's throat
or to an illegible stone: and that is where we start.

Little Gidding, V. T.S. Eliot

❋ I ❋

Crook´d under the autumn night, where bleeding claws scratch the ice bitten pebbles,
in wounds dispers´d the vision'd star dissolves, & void reports dreary the marrow´s ache.
Woes grind dragons their bloody fangs in failed becoming dens, where life unchains,
while caskets, under gags of lunar traces, mind the corpse doom´d to not ever wake.
Beneath wails the thorn-boil'd spleen, the wrath that devours its hidden fate,
& sauric midgets shimmer´d in ominous & blackn´d mass, drift numb the bison's pain.
Roughly rovers dig on vitreous & hardn´d winds, by stellar storms tensely wrapped,
as the tribe´s soothsayer, speechless, caught auguries sketch´d in fallen leaves none spotted.

The daring only step-in through crooked-stone caverns where extinct quasars decay & pant,
through humid stems that shoot scorn upon the wallow´d heart in miser eviction toss´d;
there is that destiny´s sword of fate, in crook´d design, severe the nomad's last chance.
Allow now the daring one´s ethics persevere righteous among the gloomy burst,
his logbook girded with sorrow, rejecting yet the standing long servile & doom´d chains.
Listen hidden the omen, where bleat the galaxies, & stars through them are clench´d!

❋ II ❋

Not but in mole carv´d ditches where desolation the gist cleaves in wryed destiny,
lifts up again the grievous voice that binds opaque the crown with dried the cosmic char.
Hiena skinned stands unmask´d the soil & dinosaurs´ belly of hamper´d plight
mill voracious dissonant the keys in defiance of the omen that fires the raven in putrid smear.
Demonic, cryptic the spell their fiercy eyes greasy unleash under the swarmy weight
& unaligned the cosmic oceans sort out the diver´s suit in sordid the flame of whips.
While dragging the light deceives anomic the spars´d pains of numinous the chalice´s defeat
& loosens the compass grip in labyrinth of noisy rite by old the reptile the broken sword.

Hence the unwarn´d seer poison´d sight lashes deadly bile in deep the emptied heart gust
as mirrored the rusty ammo shoots in greed sunken the riddl´d soul of anguish & despair.
Witches hail the bearded meese & foretelling reaps the broken lungs at midnight,
& row the homeless barge by reaper´s mirror on stellar the precipice before the fall.
On the cliff the warning fades the forgotten anchor by blind the clever baton at the start,
so the glimpse exhausted unmerry fully warrants the doom´d fate in the fifth cord…

❋ III ❋

What rage devours the broken soul in the fiery massacre that ended the promising support?
One shot decried the venomous offence whose torture a bullet the shadow ends,
as unquenched the heart empties the sprung painful grievous pain.
Where be thine spotted stain whose grasp redeeming cannot the lapse of despot time?
Cold the days drain as thieves ashes of bygone closest days of cherried the worn out heart.
Not a nail, not a hair, not a tooth remains in the river as the silent tears tear up the closed urn.
There is no coming back that tears bring the smiley eyes gleaming deeper in the bone,
& void the yearning twice dies in the womb that bore him who shot the dice before noon.

How not my blemished flesh arise from the dwelling where the abode the trigger fired
& how not such an anger the hidden wrath wrap up in poignant flames of keen discord?
Grows the heated hissing in regretted the gone charmed & beloved kin,
as god forbid not the living hate that laments the departed closeness of the dearest blood.
In the skies stellar the innocent dust spares the grief & deepened pain,
as the lonesome bosom shuts her filled chest with hopes that find no solace in his rest.

❋ IV ❋

Immense the wicked ocean may turn its fiercy waters in solid walls as on itself they crashed on.
Tirelessly the waves indomitable thump against the spiky sharp dark mass of inmovable granite
as they return once again in masses on which seagulls swim as if no storm may harm their soul.
Hostages become we in darkened circumspection under the haunted demonic greed.
Such a hideous scheme drowns what once the sphere human claim´d its constant being.
Peanut seed our brains claim knowledge in an ocean still moving beyond predictable measure,
tho' we humans pretend to manage the little known as if it were the all in all we ignore…
What life be if not the jostle where seagulls drown not with wings that flying hides remote?

Shrouded by the foggy hue in the late mists of a windy fall & a stormy the cloudy skies,
cries the thunder along with the raising waves in the fiery shores of the long & rocky Cape.
How so could a sickened lung lack the air that allows life devoid of the hassles of despair?
How so the day that foot lands where berries must bear the warmth of them the knitted souls
as unspoken the blessed silence begets the understanding of those who share same content?
I remain in rest at bedside *in lieu* of the exchange that now the sight shall not permit…

❋ V ❋

Whose slaughter´d kin dimm´d blood the nurse spars´d to profit vain her vain distress?
Alone the soul claims deeds with no shrugged shoulder that embrace such grievous pain.
Gone, are gone the lips that calmed the worries & doubts in insecure the nervous hands.
How to continue with calamity such in the underworlds of ominous her soul´s despair?
Where is joy today that bring back again the light that shined once in the hopeful sight?
The fire that wounded burnt what ever no one must again aim & sigh in dusk disdains,
Bring the keys back that seal open the broken hearted woman whose prayers silent remain,
& merciful soften the grave where bleeding the heart pours her pains in emptied sand.

Weaken´d reason keeps dragging the hopes that he who is gone may back in life return
& in contempt so deny the realm of days that for real welcome the absent to warm a lodge.
O gypsy soldier of pink hearted mask, bespeak returned thy softened voice to yearning mum,
& allow again the mourning to postpone till dying is plac´d in right the timing of respect.
Could thee not the liquor drain in the vase that brush´d the blood to whose caus´d yer death?
Here lie mysteries that loath those living at the mercy of destinies lacking hope reasoned faith!

❋ VI ❋

Once, just for once, may the life allow distinct the meet with the drowning that loss bereft
as gross the voice drums its skin next to mine may the yearning despair its glossy scorn.
Just once thou demon grounded dismiss the horrors of platitude in extense the flesh of my kin
as trouble erase scarce the feeling denied on the hip of curvied the excess of heavier sperm.
Where once heard you the wish which desire forlorn the ink wrote in your ear my concern.
Once in my life said Quasthoff his tools on the apron of derelict the lone shadow of nail'd lips…
Gone rose to the eye shut while the sorrow bore the pink lobe in the nose of threat´s itch
as if none but the loss would the grief enhanc´d its wound widen in broken the soul´s distress.

Whose swindle´d parlance stung the yearning bosom unrelieved from whatnot regret,
& buried the feeling rests in anguished the wont that kills humans of lost the wanted love?
Only sorrow remains in lone the anxious heart whose eyes sore kept distant the sight desired,
while weary farewell waves the emptied hand with hopes not to reach in felt the terms of life.
Pierces so much pretension in the skin unleash´d the pecker in the bed where beat the drums,
& the loved becomes the mourned in the twist of yearning as the grave devours the flesh.

❋ VII ❋

Be my me hairy ghost, thou press´d languish, in disdain upon my soul forlorn!
Be countenance real my outpour´d breath now that fate drives what utter loss is missed,
or am I mere wordly echolalic parrot that adorns the innards in the gutters of shielded gusts?
Be these the raw contempts of open´d untouchable the blisters in the altar of prayers lost,
as coarse the bassoon be heard at distant the woods among slabs of mucous the pain remains.
This is my overtone. Mine of none else´s this century´s dismay like soul in untouchable the pain
Why were I ask´d by the joys of flittering the fingers amid the keynotes of the Steinway ring?
Why be not doubt in decay´d the spirit whose yearnings unreach´d dried and wrinkl´d my skin?

Here the mingled lacking its pain spurs as hoarding the goods the jest abuse in no avail…
When shall in the pitied chest the earth scratch and seed the reachings in the enquire
for the longing the bitter wit no petty appeas'd the drows´d dwelling in the healing of reward?
Beware me eager in pits which disdain hiding the bellow squeezes to dregs in unfair demand.
Gold be not the fruit of ston´d pursuit of clay these the days of stormy the crimson pale,
or hurt the creature´s ear that silence hides in the evil neighbour whose eye darken easy hope.

❋ VIII ❋

Time brushes the broken heart´d in an instant´s grasp.

Not elsewhere but in the wolf-gutters whose hauling bites into the sorrows that in me abound.
On that lost, slimy journey, no touch redeems nor warns aloof hearsay of eager heathendom.
Mind you, above cheerless atoms swirl for profit uncertain & unconcern´d of common good
whilst sovereign no thinker hears the jeering that doom stars foretell at night´s digress…
Cling meantime to random such a saddn´d state. The edge´s residue cuts elbows on its knees.
Can the withstanding not sing of blithing´s prey in broken the instant brushed?
Joy decays as night´s in its darkn´d turn expands across the empty-voiced swallow´s nest…
Arisen are only those which tones abrasive sublime the spirit in the fire of foamy crests!

Time it is to to live aloof and leave the stench-steep´d grievance to irregular redress,
hear us singing, dislocated, the phrases in endurance, while cosmic stirs the myth within.
Yet be warn´d. In the cloud tongue lie broken bones, and there the secret its wisdom keeps.
Save ink, heavy in darkn´d blue, for the prophecies flowing through inevitable, raucous veins,
and write the story with the wedding of desvastation and the hearty wise regret.
Here be I, insist the sailor under the stormy glasses of blind the goddess in moon´s return…

❋ IX ❋

Barren risen the laments with thorns rispid, as wailings suffocate deep in the quite-beaten lung.
Swept remain the widen´d requiem, as the bass scratches the thickest cord in slow regret.
Hear thou the minister, whose preaching simulates endurance, though his empathies be small,
and kneel while none the prayer hear evil them for whose divinity none god in the altar swear.
We be mainly trodden while the spinning spits jokes by the harelip´d cursing of smeared days,
refuse not the stale joy, trickled upon the wrinkled, spoilt promise linger´d in unachiev´d state.
If the case be not exhaust´d the ground down in affairs inconvenient for mine unreach´d soul.
Rely thy scar to spells that angels in secret keep untrimm´d, under cell that saves the vault…

Nail barren the abode that thorns pierce in the liver where hate and wrath the anger boils.
Bring the chisel in them polish´d bags of thickn´d paces as the pantry encroaches snail laments.
The poisen´d bark of absynth rests in white the oldn´d oak leisures on the engine of disrespect.
Rejoice at last in tight the thighs of sharpen´d buttocks where the snake the tongue enclos´d.
This is what remise may this fall while leaves stain´d faded leaves wafting the mellow´d corpse
in tight the thighs her sharpen´d buttocks deep enclose the crack refused to grievous lock…

❋ X ❋

Oh gruesome this grayish fate that itches under nail and lash its quirky, unreal whip,
are thou sponge or rock of cosmic yearning, screw´d to our olden bridges of a wiggling past?
I see the trend. Dragons polish fiery fangs in wombs where life the spell denies.
Wash thine sight with acid vinegar this evening grim, throbbing in collaps´d my heart,
Drink the miracle concoction this night before crows his squawks the chance in scraps of pain.
Hollows in the hallow´d silence empty wholesome voids, while wise the man smokes the leaf,
and rise above thy yearning in the scale cosmic, where return the dead to living soul.
No where but here a voice reorders anomic the voice that denies eternal though sorry plead.

So visceral the agony seeks truth with bleeding spurs, that screw the wooden uncouth end,
as my coffin smells of moth on barren bone, while pelicans and corvids keep the fish in beak.
Within the guise use cloud to carve thicken´d shield, where drawn the traces in ashes remain.
Be here, brethren, for still the walking ones scraps footprints in the pursuit of fate.
In mine own belonging find the agonies that glue days and nights, well rooted in disdain.
Lie where the grave its empty silk –white yet cold- home to dead bones and flesh…

❋ XI ❋

How not to adopt the lack in the midsts of cosmic silence where the gods in my doubt rejoice?
Envy sits aloof in my chair, my bed, my table and my easel as I expect to live my daily time,
and absent any my meaning haunts crude the searching in remote the images of underworld.
These my steps follow the hoof of burden´d camel in the desert where the real cease to exist.
Not a clue may the living give that living are whose speech sound as heard at earlobe´s flesh
Turmoil and stormy the haunt prevails that at dawn hammers the feather´d blurring skull.
How should cosmic diatribe discern, him whose perplexity dooms any judgment to articulate?
None but a gnat or a grain of sand seem the jester human in powerless this fallen screen !

Let us cry in impotence that comfort lacks. Safe are none and guilty us all in the modern world.
Bulky the trodden eyes request a scratch of lime and joy under the burden of the lacking life…
Hush, & hurry not to conclude a hasty tear nor the angry bile in the soul where the gut prevails
that will hadn´t we and hurled in this body at random the above decided what we are not.
Who are at last the we and the I that we and I seem to be since mere pretence we seem to be?
Clowny under the worldy tent the roles are played and the masks demise the poor demand…

❋ XII ❋

Live the rodent and the cold venom of fierce the snake in mundane the struggle and warfare!
Servile the back that bows in favour of decadent aims whose profit as whale the pay devours.
Worse indeed shall be called those who deserve be damn´d in their deny of soul´s aims high.
Dying ends, but in living lies the proof that ends aren´t equal to us all on the earthly fires;
while living shadows cling, and in hell of cold and dark oblivion relentless shroud fates end…
Whose speeches conceal the misery deep carved beneath the cynic´s charded brow?
Roads may diverge but differing are the deeds as autumn its arrival the fox perceives,
for in decay, fluttering the bloom of forgotten graves rises from the flames of woe deserv´d .

Why not live as though futility no weight could bear, hoarding clutter´d unhealthy care?
In hedonic pleasure fake paradise as bate appears that shams joy under leisure easy obtain´d,
the sacred dwells not in worldly strife nor in impure the wrongs that mar our worldly crease.
the countenance deprives diluted what rare must be, and truth extinct unseen prevails.
Vile is the easing of the worldly burdens beneath the guise of performance lighten´d,
what so, then, remains in the dusty real that blurs what witness today´s the weary eyes?

❋ XIII ❋

Who rows in the mourning path towards the cloudy sphere with cries of cosmic lament?
Crises the end relief, as skunks compellingly their absence lightens the soul and heart.
In earthly exile so much henchmen the mobster its gypsy lie in windfall the fate survives.
With disdain dwarves play the Persian flute during the pouring of tears in the creek of pain.
Eroded the cries mean less than the grievous lament when up hill the wandering stalls.
Is it that hard to conceive how daring the task to be faced results while the world decades?
Forward we pedestrians claim to walk in worldly labyrinth, yet the north our compass miss…
How unconsciously sorry the womb is left, and how downcast from earth we swerve!

The boy once I was sits today encroach´d under autumnal the gloomy darkness yet to come;
line by line, and page by page, the steps become slower while phantasies at long last do fade.
Undeclared the quarrel its absent noise announces the creepy violence roughly about to start…
So much silence in its excess abounds in the settling of doubts that to withdraw refuse…
Where is joy gone, where peace of mind, high spruce and higher but doomly dim´d birch?
Those were days! Gone are now as drowning in pain and anger linger´d, the swig drains the heart.

❋ XIV ❋

What joy epiphanies may reach in desolate the loss which the lov´d leaves in the dusky night?
Wall seem higher, trees taller and darker when not even my shadow the eye may surmise…
Slim the chances in liminal the riots the sidewalks have my absent ghost silent my steps forget.
Can loosing the map arrange the pipeline under stalk that limping gathers at first sight?
Dawn never comes as late as wish´d the straight minded drunkard of peated and smoky malt;
this is not the best of mornings for the hunter nor his emptied tequila bar,
rather seems as cloudy that brightens the murky soul in the deepest and dingy slum.
Here we are not, nightly friends, and the light-hearted despise us with the greatest laugh!

In the midst of seaweed drowns the skillful sailor in swampy sorrows of fiery but dying coal,
this breathless throat while the glassy rope cuts off untidy the warp´d and salty skin.
Bitches´ sinister venom are so mirror´d in the bullet of their liver of lousy and rancid greed
while the spurn of heavens keeps the broken hearted at leisure in naïve the emptied heart.
Nightmare´s chills and blade release the infernal voice that to ashes threatens the unwary lad,
Warriors are now we of the fashion new, and the voice that hammers the thickets walls!

❋ XV ❋

Let´s crawl this autumnal night with bleeding elbows to the furthest anchor in the dreamt star.
So bleak the sight behind dims the bloody and dark ahead while the weaving wets the land…
Whose star tell the apocalyptic claws in the messy skies that continually sprain bold the pride?
None in the wrinkl´d & bruis´d forehead forefeits the screw´d glass of stolen antipathies,
as if the snow cling´d in the chisel´s nose of the blackn´d sheet in undergrounded the scaffold.
What hides the vault where the killing of the spider makes elves draw the reindeer in slots?
Laying roses over the coffin under the moon´s shiny webs & droopy they recall deadn´d corpse
this very year of fractal wounds in the skinn´d bison that unhealed corner´d and greasy jowl…

Ride over the supersonic bubble to the unnameable drift´d wood in the coldest ocean
and all to be seen and felt may be the marrow of cosmic void in the emptied souls.
Where is the brain that keeps stellar dust this time under the joker´s coat of arms,
as in the bellied lighthouse abandon´d at the mercy of forgotten the undertaker bystand?
Becoming suits better in the cycle of transcendent mar of somber spiders at walls,
in case still doubting weren´t the sources of anguish´d the depart´d who leave the heart.

❋ XVI ❋

Suck yet the marrow of wise the fragment of entropic the rude cycles of glitter´d lizard.
Meaningless the unmeant speech that draws from the backbone its fiery waves,
dwindles in the fallen leaves nomadic its quirky journey under the faded stars.
Let us be where the pensive mind preserves the rod that builds the omen and the cats,
conjecture is mostly of what deem´d the becoming aims at the unwill´d and unsound guard.
Whose destiny paints the embalm´d earth in hologramic profile of clayish destructive tract?
Again the trodden roads flood the milky-way with barren the greed driven sharks,
and most unhappy glides the profit covetous slave in the concourse of the landmarks.

Why would the broken tongued wilt the canon known in unruly its despair´d wreck?
Oint with white the evil meant disdain in the selfless trauma of beastly exile,
for it is today and here where the aim reveals the lost nomad with trustworthy the compass.
Row and row mine neighbour this uncertain night in autumnal the sphere of glassy stars,
that our knifes hold the bleeding liver and the dragon´s eyes shed flames of slyly craft.
The moral of the warrior is to stand afloat in midst the unmerry but loyal heart!

❋ XVII ❋

Come about priest unkempt from profane thine twist´d manners and heretic creed,
and submit thy clay to the flames of faith with belief the dragon´s rude entropic whim;
fight the bison skin and grievous mess of ravenous the evil shades that crown the rancid clay.
Weave on failed time those days, to haul the tune of fractal souls in the slaughter´d fair.
Will thou, spell-bound & displac´d clergy bless the whispers against & under the vested priest?
Lighten´d the moon by the rank´d rites brings forth the clue tied to ropes and plain the darts,
and conceal the heaved sack in dark the tunnel where once sinful the deacons pledge the fault.
Expel the seed of nauseous dust where fate swirls its rule on the bundl´d and truthful yarn.

Lost the mythic and ashen angel pray the cosmic elders with ablutions by the graveyard,
and lost the anchors forget the rooted ways where tunnels truss the trial to seeds unpair´d.
So ends by the heaven´s graveyard with mended the thorny gates that fire gnats and fuzzy midges.
Fate ends crippling derelict the nomad´s broken prattle and repair´d the absence of compass,
for undress´d the drowning hugs the dragon´s shade and uncloaks the heavy unwarded breath,
and hinges lone and upright the warrior at last in apocalyptic the fallen gowns under the stars.

❋ XVIII ❋

In twilight´s bruis´d by shadows of cosmic gale the hush´s breath staggers wounded the angels
and in broken the wither´d light drifts plunged the comets while bells toll echoes blued.
Numb´d the dreaded repose quaver the lonely souls under silent noises of wounded gloom.
Dusty the hauling wolves wander in dusty ashes their venom under trembling moons.
Unseen come days of starless clouds stared by shun the eyes of dying the unlit night.
Thunder and lightning splinter the tent where sheer the nomad tore unseen the ghostly time
and underneath lies the windy vest of hollow clay by drifts that trembles the gait unseen.
Numb recoils the spark of wounded flames in the abyss where memories die in dusky skies.

Along the room of void´s disdain broken the steps in still silence the dead ache in watch,
and from afar the unfill´d procession rootless dissolves spectral the breathless light.
How not in the cosmic ladder would limp the bleaking angels in ashes of empire fallen.
Faint echoes repeat in drops the prayer of stuttering tongues that harps resound,
and so fades the story that ends the tale and the night dies in the star´s grave dissolv´d.
Silence breaks mute the sinking soul and shadows burn at last in flames of the celestial void.

SECOND CANTO

THE DREAMT UNPEAC´D JOINT

Oh! C'est honteux de rêver
puisque c'est pure perte!
Et si je redevins le voyageur ancien,
jamais la verte auberge
ne peut m'être ouverte à nouveau.

Le Rêve de l'indigent, Arthur Rimbaud

❋ XIX ❋

Blow now the first chant in the concerted delusion that follows tense the stiffn´d hands.
Es ist mein, nicht anders, die Seele ein Fremdes auf Erde, indeed, and Trakl guards my tongue.
Dry my skin in February fries the unfrozen mardigrass as the sawing shrinks the wooden horn.
Be my guest in the language that chords release in the tiptoed cryptic lament of broken bone.
During unabash´d the tempest the frowning shrinks the cloak that words betray at talk.
Move within and at eloquent the frenzied speed as the oboe slows the lacking pace.
Early still to die. Let the casket wail and yearn the wormy end lapse in greyish the stolen night.
Narrow the throat gulps the flaming bourbon in unbotton´d the slow awaken´d drums…

Blow the shock upon the risks taken all along the grounded indigenous and open terms,
here the raven lessens the unwary and leave the dregs to the scavengers behind.
Frozen´d the phalanx refuse to display over narrow the bow before ill the chisel´d drift.
Take the heaviest hammer at the tempo when the bassoon starts with vodka its looney rest,
then with the baton strike the snare drum and mess up with leisure the astonish´d chamber…
This is what the insane provide while earth his life and restless presence openly permits…

❋ XX ❋

The hidden moon shines to whom none its reflexes mind in emptied beings the absent night,
and slept the senses hear but the bulgy silence in nightmarish the overcrowded room.
As belatedly the score withdraws, the raven retrieves with unsteady fingers dusty knees.
Fallen meteors sent become by divine the icy buttons on empty the sanded lips unlock´d
so the oracle to begin foretelling to ears deafen´d by greedy the hungry pockets of the witch.
Hearken diminute the tempo of the tardy wish while the audience replies with bitter the sweat
meanwhile, proud the hunter, by the boar chased, calls the spinet to roaming the keyboards.
Glitter´d eagles draw above the horns stuttering wings, under darkn´d the gloomy sky.

Fear´d, the untamed concoction blemish´d by the noise, sings the tune under the edgy sheets.
Sheep the ghosts, heapen´d in a barrel of aged malt, at leisure harness the imagin´d trumpet.
Time went by around the crook´d clock below the scars unreach´d of the unwisely pains.
And grab´d the spoon tremble daint with remote the meek steps by owls unhear´d.
Cold the stool keeps roaring the moon while the whining reminds the stillborn and fallen bulls
as the hyppogriph mends low the cramp´d bubble open´d in woven dreamt spider´s claws.

❋ XXI ❋

Devout the rhyzomatic tribe in the chore claps the unchorded milky and daily rhyme.
Above the stellar ways unpending the geometric loops align in octets that Petrarca carv´d.
Which podcast gives signs of disturb´d the fist´d bang that divine the bellic hush stroke?
And the world the belch as a mouthy spider in metastasis the lump bark´d abroad,
by zirconium´s platform the digital sphere grounded the wires to wine blue and green´d grapes
but mind you, what in eights comes draws also fours and two in celestial the gameful trust.
Hazard and fate went brothers to the cantina nearby to watch the dungeons the flames devour
while on the dish serv´d stays salami on bak´d the weed for the greedy cooker on the room.

At unpleasant the night dexterity calls austerity in the dance of trombone and tambourine,
in case unfed the pets haul and maul distort the piece in dissonant the screech untouch´d.
Hails thou sour the blame arisen as the talk unheard howls the torn speech at latest draw?
By the shore drain´d the ocean´s remains foamy and the cornetto heightens the lengthy accord
twicely grotesque a pair of cormorants dwell as oysters thrown their thirst quench appeas´d.
Which complex chords must the score strike in the carv´d clouds of burnt the tambourine?

❋ XXII ❋

What built was the flames to the ground destroy´d and the ashes the wind all blew..
Your farm, cousin mine, devour´d the mines set by expert the hands along the vested plan.
You gone the wound just deepen grew and seeded the question multiplied the big bang by two
as the clock unfolds diverse the concern of Jim, Liz, Suzie, but not anymore the void of you.
Where be where you thought you must were to be there could uncertain the be maybe…
Meanwhile the Bösendorfer and the Faziolis still their low tunes squeeze the bleeding chest
as your gone fate uncar´d leaves the once passionate serenity in the womb you grew.
Peaceloss Luisa misses your calmly attire and grown her reason´d wrath the bate demands …

Sunkn´n lurid in messy the unrepairable disconnection that an aimed bullet the circuit forsook
emptied the rooms your steps sound on cloudy the undreamt chance you dreamed for you.
Silence abounds when the thought recurs in fond the hopes that burst off your sight may bring
none come the echoes that unforgiving in dry and somber the walls your voice hidden left.
Openly enclos´d in unfair the paradise before the wicked waves of memories gone,
pray to the ocean above that task the target hit with no miss in no more but one shot, not two.

❋ XXIII ❋

No you aren´t the only one in the cloudy mess where thrown the hand divine dispos´d ago.
Sky there is above, but unrecall´d everlasting hell maybe there as well for us to know.
Dreamers are we all my friend, though your beat receives applause and mine just a lousy fart.
Imagine a circumstantial heaven where dreaming pleases the gentle rich and the angry poor.
The stay may unpleasant be, although frenzied joyous for some at moments too.
Blue remains the hideous routine of day one that allows us sure to live the same in day two.
This is what the dreamt recall after the fail´d try when you sang what imagin´d brought about
that is the improving that the new power abolish gothic the loom´d the gray energy of unrest.

Imagine the watercolour´d phantasies unreach´d beyond the holocaust of those attain´d.
What not to do again remains unlearn´t my friend, since the learning in the septic tank is sunk
and we all admit we are Adam´s mom in the paradise of the dreaming to come to truth.
Follow the dreamer lest unruly you adopt the loner route to unfold miser the agony unleash´d.
Isn´t not being the only one what supports the life of peace, or is it perhaps a deadly lie?
Blow the hammer friend as the bass drum is hit by the awoken light of untold the other side…

❋ XXIV ❋

See how daring the sentence drawls underchin, and tight the lips the praise refuse flamboyant.
Beware that obscur´d the fields many the chords disrupt in uncalm´d the leisur´d seals.
Not a drawing proceeds at night´s entic´d the faked joy of wolves yowling by beheaded sheeps.
Low and slow the blow below draws mellow at noon tyrannic the blemish´d nightmarish´d owl;
hold and behold the discord of notes unmeant while the winds mute the fingers´s pale hairs.
Mine be lengthy the wrinkl´d tie as if the opossum's noggin beaten drew the index´d ring.
Drank the potion´d hibiscus as evening tea with Luisa´s smile in the timely nest.
Sheer dissonant the cloudy eyebrows whistle to the hooter on emptied the darkn´d roads.

Obnoxious be deem´d at seek´d the dimm´d unruly, and prosaic the rambling digression,
it is present the supple sketch of bold the marriage of lion and dusky an unfertile mare
and this blooming scarcity snares unpeaceful the strange agreement at weed´s leisure.
Faraway touches blind the reasoned dance what in despair purports the unwitty sounds,
and erratic procures the slanted judgment with unpair´d the blanded sparrows choir.
Clapping denied in order must now be, in the fall when space at the loss coarse its pain begets.

❋ XXV ❋

So much the barking loud suspends the flowing in digres´d track where swiftly flow the hest,
that appalled the uncouthy drill the rude professor unwary the stick withdrew.
What brings forth the music of no religion that Imagine provides to the newly dude?
Everlasting the notes resemble what abash´d the hinder´d feelings that come out scared.
From Afghanistan returns distress´d the pilot shock´d with none but unsensitive command.
Obeying pays not when violent the flying buries those whose lives bled with unrepaired holes.
Scarce becomes discretion when loud the stick bites the score ragged by the cloudy throat.
Will it ever sound the oblivion to the living ear as if forsaken the oysters would close the hut?

Raise the hidden raven which transforms the earthly grief into drumming the gloomy voice.
Life declines when entropic the stars befall into wet the gruesome and deadly swamp.
How not to die when the walls the coffin become in absurd the link turn into burden´d rope,
more so when the stars drain in stirring the collapsing meteors in the buried throne?
Raise, I mend the pledge that mutes the chest like pebbles on the risen flame of two.
Gone, is gone and lost in the woven chaos, while the stormy comets lack the fixed score.

❋ XXVI ❋

Cast´d the random upon the flies that drown in dreary the corpse that the flames begot
sound the hissing noises that burn´d while the meal the fox and the moon align´d above.
The garden unwholesome drain´d the soul´s to dregs in stony the columns of harsh regret.
Why gone the teeth declares the death ´tween dusk and the darker eclipse with dried tunes,
as if the bassoon should divide the sound in dreary the halves where dwell the rodents clue?
The trigger remains to the index fixed though the body whole fell in bleedy the rugged pool.
In the black hole where aims the spider scavenging the flying corpse the blow ends the doubt.
Now the oboes mitigate the laceration in wounded the fallen star after the relieved star…

This is when the nerves crack in celestial the leaden´d ladder of meteoric the raised despis´d.
Fatigued the frozen omen, forsaken leaves fleshy the fiery scene in spong´d disguise.
Sadly the gone went to define his fate in a diverse the altar of the dusty stars.
Be requited whence the despair leave eerie the exile freed from the chains of defeated war.
Dimm´d the room in rests that haunted the deadn´d body, left above the catacombs encript´d
the record to weave in relieved preserved peace over haunted the bitch and her witchcraft.

❋ XXVII ❋

Crawls the owl in somber the autumnal cemetery of fallen shadows on roots of dead cypress.
It was the wound of fate that disclos´d the trigger´d canopy in far away the now silent farm.
Bedridden the once lov´d is mourn´d in tragic embers flown in midst of scatter´d the ashes
Next murky the woven snare rejoices the spider´s bridge over the wailing cask,
and given cruel the anoint´d villain denies her psychic dooming in the grudgings and distress.
Behooves to the fallen siblings discreet the condemn in the diatribe of shorten´d the probate.
Now moth and corrosion engrave the curse of belittl´d the unacknowledg´d thwart
and untidy the lousy mocking open´d the tragic abode of fleeing the defeat…

Prayers exceed the imagin´d dream where loving illusion betrays the bubble in the lunear cliff.
Who was the master that faded random or intented the willed closing of the warp´d thrust?
Obscur´d under the cloak none the belongings seem´d left except the tools he meant to leave.
Treasured under the spruce by the shed the urn draws near the soul gone to fate´s regard.
Als werdendes der Welt, das zur Wahrheit wird, erscheint in the obituary now it reads.
Are not epitaphs the wish left to uncover the cleave with those who forsook the living score?

❋ XXVIII ❋

Wo bist du wie du glaubst zu gehen wolltest, *in dieser letzten fermata* in the ride to a gunshop?
Mute your tongue denied refuge to leave the prison of your sharpn´d teeth to talk,
and grasp´d by the tail the bats in stirred twilight the bass, turn´d the soil in frantic urge to flee.
Blow, broken gale, spill the leaking glass and slide your gaze to deepen the gopher´s buried hid.
Let the masters call the mortal lessen´d in denied entry to the distorted meteoric realm.
Nowhere the long warm´d kisses reap the features of steps and traces of worn imprint of pain.
Wrinkl´d the heart discard leaning bodies beneath the submissive the astral and elastic mask …
is a whiplash that overcame not the thunder that eternal yokes tore from the farthest meteor.

Among distant stars the dusty some collide drawbacks of harsh echoes of a centaur´s neigh,
grabb´d by the chisel´d ankles attach´d the coats renounce their duty to cover the windy spell…
Tighten´d the clinch´d chair doubtful the fingers slow count the number´d voids of life.
Unreachable the sleeping meteors flee with the soul´s relief to the farthest wink of stars.
So distant flies the glossy eyes that fell off with the blame render´d by brittle the command.
It is the spell, none else, foretelling the lore that haunts under fates of bronz´d clash…

❋ XXIX ❋

Snoring his dog howls imprision´d in the cage where the shooter aims where the reaper dwells.
A troubadour recalls the blemish´d the uncouthy soldier and retrieves the batter´d mark.
So much unbearable the mire drift´d abolish the nuances light otherwise prevail´d!
A working at leisure farmer with worn out jeans threw wet the dice on the ladder of relief.
What threat took the metamorphosis in such an integer subject in the army of the empire,
so deep the far-sighted eagles grew heavy their regret when in the smoke they saw his death?
Oppress´d in his calm´d exile heavier was the need to leave the clutches of unworthy life,
as were the victim´s share of the spider´s gambling with vested interests in lawfare and greed.

How so the painful whisper call´d for the grudge to bend what darkn´d hues wield the task,
and leave now uncared the sheep and cattle at the unkempt and hoarded barn.
Not even now the char and ashes hear the howl of worm´s regret upon his death,
while the spider callous keeps knitting the web about the thread unravel´d by the skies.
Smok´d, distress´d and worn out attire with stains tarnish´d under unachiev´d far cried dreams,
stands the man truthful to Spartan urgencies of unblemish´d the wings of a broken back.

❋ XXX ❋

What should the weaver forth bring as credulous the mind recoils the attach´d unchain´d rat?
Show burnt and scar´d the clott´d corpse that once upright disclos´d faith is forever gone.
The fallen and forgotten to become are the ones whose pride today embezzles polish´d eye.
The stalker seeps in the dark crop what loosens the accomplish´d defeat that slowly drizzles
count by count in timely degrees that wind up ineludibly the cosmic bullet of snare.
Ruin starts at undiscreet the balm´d corpse of drown´d falling threads of stars within the voids.
From beneath the skull shoots the trigger that migrates the being into untouchable the stars.
And painful the callous stagnation sheds the crack´d tomb where ashes howl worms´ regret.

In the wading cautious storks and herons gentle remain, while deer suspicious evades the trap.
At long last, where stands the overseer whose perspective marks the burden of the dice?
Read by the hidden spell the cosmic ledger spars´d the primordial dust under the stars,
as if the trauma address´d were to limping the lore to echo the omen that command the sky.
Shameloss the will seems not to be as free as deem´d it is to be under the starr´d delusion,
though in knell´d the faithful gullible his aim gushes, the error weighs under same the guise.

❋ XXXI ❋

Behind bar moors the partial of wholes that deny their instant being to be become.
Stagnant deaths mirror the enclosure of symmetric the hermetic cycle of inconstant moons .
Interference determines the howling labyrinth above by hands divine beyond the unseen stars.
Name who decides when whom in the line of the entangl´d living ready to depart becomes,
and your recalling show must that neither seems one and only but plural in becoming whole.
Troubled the collapse hinges limping fate perhaps, nor is it that none stops the loaded dice,
when stellar bodies to wrong ellipsis their time its end requires, human will does not subside.
Shy the gleam in death hides impotent its living purpose and lets else the time end his pursuit.

Toll the fingers in an instant clasp´d to stop the steep descent to blind the river of the dead
but departing unattended leaves the meaning of the being that the earthly self ignores.
Once the life is taken, what the residues of our living acts become if they to become may be?
How to abide leaning on the stool by coffee and book at rest in the midsts of cosmic wound?
Der abschied barks at midnight to the moon anxious and lonesome the forsaken shepperd,
And feathered silver the heavy hair befalls on the globe´s shoulder that finds not any a clue…

❋ XXXII ❋

Under obscured the deepen´d oceans submerged dives the gargoyle in search of truth.
Like an arm´d pumpkin a hidden octopus observes the search as cautious the undertaker,
for both their eyes and arms essential seem to drag and grab what living allows to beings all.
Dying is hence a transformation of life at the loss of the body that hosts the conscious soul.
But the spider who weaved the web links bring forth that the arrow releases from the bow.
Life is a fork of bivalent the two teeth, the real and the other which to real desires to be.
Let us then write the deadly dish where shall eat the killer and the kill´d to be,
that under the pleat lies the silence that allows the sound living to expand where it is got to be.

Overwhelm´d by historic the snapshot extinct spaces blow of unremember´d dinosaurs deeds
Comes about at night diminute the remnant lizard with a nest of forgotten fangs at its feet,
and hears widen´d lung the fire over the shoot that blown lost furry paradise of primal beasts.
Behooves the rotten gnat to die if fired the corpses fall not buried in their assigned land
Truth is seek´d and seldom uncloaked in remote the burnt and broken denial of the land…
the killing took place by fate that order´d the will to trigger the bullet at exact the aim´d speed.

❋ XXXIII ❋

Macabre the dancing shows sneaky the skunk under rotten the fallen log where rituals dwell.
Contingency decrees language of olden memories interacting with anemones and lucid sharks.
Remembering exist in hearing them the hermit whose stories toxic the hornet lived
and the silence minding in oceanic caverns keeps the diary where life bore the cells in twos.
The gambling that innocent fate blindly brings to bear life as well as to shorten the circuit,
does its game deep in above the cosmic cloud where fire keeps silent time in remember´d dust.
None a bullet the spider chews sacr´d in intestinal the potential end with no singular attribute
but the end at last the snake undress´d to uncover distorted the deceived belief.

Should the guardian of cosmic fate keep submissive the creation to entropic its fail´d aim?
Shameless thee who in the ocean retrieves the silence and mutes remnants of unawar´d gnats
in case the shifting stellar drowsing, barter´d the perceiv´d wholesome that silence drew.
Under cold the fallen branches hurt steps the wounded feet by the higher lamps of truth.
Unreachable the steel hosted the sword that cut in the fallen land the brain and heart in two,
and in spite of unstoppable the diatribe what is not true at dawn´s fog beguiled prevails.

❋ XXXIV ❋

Intense the wind shatters the purple void after the jaw let the dowel through the window draw
and from the stars cosmic the eyes claim the chord to tighten the web the spider weaved.
Despised in homes, schools, hospitals and markets alike the villain denied who died in will ill,
and her denial spared bungler the screw´d up exposure as her foamy and made up own self.
Ah villain! Thou weavest the nest that made miserable the god-lov´d one´s life of Afghanistan,
then, don´t deservs´t thee the blackest and longest liv´d agony in world´s colony of despair?
Redeeming won´t be grant´d to the betrayal of poisonous such a wick´d spider of redback,
of whose ass hatches disorder´d & unbearable living at leisure with no mercy nor regret!

Disappear´d it seems gladly to be, in spite of its master care of void her grudge.
Wherever the gloomy end she is hoped by her most lonely self to die in, must darkn´d remain,
in centuplicate a measure joy be lack´d as her subtle, pitiful & damnly unbearable unrest!
May not even the moon provide scorn its most dimm´d light in her chok´d & muted words,
and the stars shall repeal not the fate that the evil deserves to such unnamed faked being…
The dance should about to start once the skunk´s omen its duty in due time is played!

❋ XXXV ❋

The one hermit that slanted witness is required to be forgets not what remember´d be must.
What the revealing records, the wording in the book cosmic even the snakes are wont to keep.
The transit to stellar the memories grant that flaws wrongly aimed as moral blunder remain,
The farm deserted pains still the fire and the echoes of the bullet aim´d under the chain.
Antidote won´t be none to the cosmic disgrace that awaits the unnamable soul´s monger,
and joy none be seen, heard, touch´d or in manner none by senses approach´d & felt.
Ebbing shall the waning ascertain in time. Let´s only wait till curtains raised should in turn be.
Moss won´t, nor eye-gunk, grow, in the lifetime of all who by the spider´s web turn´d out.

Sharpen´d the twist´d fate the destiny loosens up the unfolded causes of the skies´s chosen.
Time begets moral parity with even the mildly unloyal offspring under the strain´d plight.
Even in waste the land hope exists to mend the dimm´d wrongs and the ominous ones too.
So, hearken thou divine hands, sew up and restore distress´d the yarn´s cut off life of fate!
The dearest cow and the dozens of lamb still wait for the feeding and caring hand,
and time becomes to square the ending caused by undeserv´d the unnamed wife…

❋ XXXVI ❋

Spoke the gargoyle, and to the open air the oracle threw the verdict in tuned with freed truth.
Flying the eagles and the condors over the horned nest, and drown´d the trembling fades
where chords and winds flew, now exits a fiery and glowing hope that evens up the evil done.
Hidden the skunk now, his repose is due, as unveil´d the score is now unravel´d and decrypt.
Marching on may clouds on the sturdy horses bestride to new and better sights,
that the stride strenuous became until the scale, in equity, the heavenly justice did its share.
Sail beings whose anguish´d pain that dangerous the close intimacy ascertains with bar none!
The darken´d suits be hung in the aftermath of undress´d the sanction and outcome decreed.

The bate did its share, and the stars knew their voice to be heard should be.
Joys may not intense remain as before the unleash´d pain the path open´d the hermit recluse,
Screams the fife the awakening after the dusk of atumn´s decay, and joins harpsichord its tune.
Rise whiten´d the clouds once the storm´s blackn´d sheet away for the time being they go.
And beware, cautious, once and again, that human´s fate is not sorted out with birth
but comes about with discretion few or none that the will to manage never learns to tame.

THIRD CANTO

DESOLATION & NOLI ME TANGERE

Fielen der Schlamm von den Gräbern mit der Stimmen der Narren hinab?
Ohne bessere Rätschlage für diejenigen, die bereit sind zuzuhören, ist eitel verstreichen.
In der Reich der Wahrheit die Verrückte verwirren uns, und doch bringt gewiss Schmerz !

❋ XXXVII ❋

Erschüttert schreit das erschöpfte Herz vor Kummer auf!

Darkness remits when inner the widening doors the clue to the path the way rightly steers.
Shaken the weary heart wails in grief, bridging the coming end with the unexpect´d birth.
Outworldly bearing aligns its stances & the trail marks where, inexorably, the fate of bullet dips
The yarn assign´d unweaves accurate the woolen ball until holds no more lean the closing swirl
while unworn the scythe ready remains to fulfill the cycle as lays it off the stone recorded.
Threads run short when joy & grief feast alike, and long the way gives when life brings lil´ forth.
Restless at last, panting the darting glance hither and tither that tighten the throbbing throat
and pounding the heart strain´d, summons frozen the flesh, beneath decay´d the coffin´s hush.

Soltanto adesso the scourgings innocent wither away and *gira il mondo nello spazio senza fine*
as if to the worthlessness of the being stormy boastful the swineherd derrail´d its coarse fate.
No human will withholds the fall, when cosmic the command randomly strews off order´d fate.
The superior illusion of the oldwives and triflers, meanwhile vote the land´s future addresses
and heaven´s wise voice lies mute, calamity having number´d high the toll that seals its silence.
Were it not better perhaps that the spheres´ dice decide luck better than swine´s chatter?

❋ XXXVIII ❋

When did the unbound greedy misguided the track that pricks to drown the forefathers´wish?
Democracy is not welcoming, brethren, and in exile quietly is out and away somberly displac´d.
Evil leads extensive its domain when the wiser let the knave´s bellow silently at large prevail,
and no guise of redemption quenches the tempestuous guillotine in wrong the worst hands!
Equal vote seems not to bring forth but the greedy worst, amongst confusion and deceit!
Slyly rather the pitiless number grows that enslaves the country´s hazardously welfare.
How so is doom´d the people to carelessly brought under the crook´d and misbegotten?
Assemblies fails the order aim´d at the rate that the unlearnt choose what not the best be.

Cloudy the stars indolent keep us alien and away from its distant light at the most needy time.
Zeit keine Zeit mehr ist as derelict becomes the Land in rapacious the indolent fleecing hands.
The indifferent and the not knowing rise equals to us all in solemn yet ironic joyful disgrace,
while belonging to the body politic requires proper the handling of fine feather´d the flight.
Dies ist nicht mehr unsere Reich! Forlorn the count where doom where its rowdy bluff prevails.
When was it lost the virtue that gave vain the hopes that the will does what cruel fate denies?

❋ XXXIX ❋

Die Nacht bewahrt nur, was den Licht am Morgen übersteht.

Dried the bread, gray grows moss, and harden´d, none the teeth bears the untam´d disgust…
Not following the goal to us common, wretches the nest where swallows must glittering dwell
Deceit abounds in tearing misplac´d the ground where not even angels the wailing lull.
Appeas´d the ungrateful the learn´t to stake corner´d become and darkn´d their voice is mut´d.
Barren the raising, dimm´d becomes under the jaws of whole the people´s sunken mud.
Priestly the pride, scorns the humble gates where wiser stride may lift the fleshless frame.
Weakn´ the democracy, decreed audacity shall prevail on harsh and bare the deceitful cowl;
chain´d the peeled and parched destiny summons what the land barrens, the unnameable flag.

Heave!. Step where deceitful scribes cover the flock of apes that masters burn at dawn´s mists.
Once and for ever heave as if gluttony the manticore deeply sleeps the mirror´d youth,
poke and tug hasten´d steps up the cliff while the waves shoot white their uncouthly mane.
Somber despair´s true grace *an meiner grauer Nacht sie uns mehr wieder kehrst*.
Ember asunder smoke, and swarmed, gruesome swine and beasts in ceremonial the fake.
Are we bitterly *Botschafter der Leiden und Armut in letzen Zeit*, or blind staggers yet the mind?

❋ XL ❋

So wander selbst der Schmerz in fremde Forme
die in Nacht schwierig zu verwandelt
um in mich zu suchen was in mir längst nicht mehr bist.
Zeigt uns Gottes und rauben masken des Schmerzes; erhalten lieb!

Time for mourning comes due, strenuous drama after bucolic demise into democracy´s falls
as if death obscure summon´d predators in dusky the owl´s tremulous wailing.
Doubtful the hazard drains bloody the daily belief and betrays into ashes the promis´d meat.
Uncertain, indeed, disguided the smell becomes, dismal widens the spell and its noise spreads.
Scavenger disdains not howl that drains to emptiness the texture of values falsely cherish´d.
Timely seems to seek in the spheres what to succumb a halt the healing prayer should aim.
Spectral shades encroach as neglect´d the ransom, its promis´d token spurn´d, sinks in gloom.
Manifest to us God your power and empty dreaded the darken´d masks of spill´d pain!

Root´d the suspicious bid ill awakens all over the nightmarish fear in cities and the hinterland.
What sudden sinister witchery at the brim of gall fill´d glass shows unrelinquish´d collapse?
Unlearnt, the loathful´s shriek, the grief fiercely seeds in common the well desir´d welfare.
Fetter´d to widespread such undeftly dexterity the moan regrets grievous pitiful deception.
Sparrows ignore this evening in their homeland what nests grim and baleful by outwitt´d mob.
Keep truth raw as grief heavy pins bitter the lament that afflicts undeserv´d direful thorn pain.

❋ XLI ❋

Elves in the swampy soil harvest and gather the pride born from despair and wretchedness.
Down the lofty brook the legend extended full of imperfection from dreamt thought departs.
Dingy and nasty, the otherwise glittering garments, spot poison´d democratic the disgrace.
Low the shrewd gain of most blunt dunce and dork, holds up to disregarded the land´s worthy,
while the fruits drain down the waste sewer where roaches and rodents mix their ilky junk…
Have we mercilessly turn´d a blessing into an inward hip of our most despicable mire,
in midsts of hunger gather´d, in embedded the torn up and rip´d apart unaim´d disillusion´d?
Distress´d these the days of gray and frozen gazes, sorrow the soul´s lost and promis´d joy…

So falls the flesh of shared virtue, render´d plastic by waste the pulse where life its seed spares
and serfs of self-conceit the false coin wedge mint in exchange of undiscern´d archer´s vote.
Graceless the idler voter bum, merrily guises the devise contrivance in its leaden´d dark wings.
Time does the unfathom´d fate whilst daring unlaps´d breath-taken is grasp´d in pain´s flight,
but unremain´d the light its memory clean harvests in midst´s of wounded the elder´s plight.
What seen was may torment become in engulf´d the forest where ill spells the lie increas´d.

❋ XLII ❋

Ihr großen Städte
steinern aufgebaut
in der Ebene!
So sprachlos folgt
der Heimatlose
mit dunkler Stirne dem Wind,
kahlen Bäumen am Hügel.
Ihr weithin dämmernden Ströme!
Gewaltig ängstet
schaurige Abendröte
im Sturmgewölk
Ihr sterbenden Völker!
Bleiche Woge
zerschellend am Strande der Nacht,
fallende Sterne.
«*Abendland*», in ***Gesang des Abgeschiedenen***, George Trakl

Times these unsought now decay´d! Indulg´d vultures revolve over the miss´d historic hoards by unworthy the collective flock of ill-deserving deeds by unwary the fallen sheep!
Cunning the fox drinks by murky the stream where sighs deep muddy torn-born tear-droplets.
Whom shall call, in pub´s sworn redemption, the eclipses blurr´d mindful tho´ somber steps?
Not a wistful mind, stung, shall with appeas´d lift the unmask´d dust from endanger´d sought.
As tho´ a midday witch would thread her alien craft along the sinkin´ cliff in grimly blown bow.
Oxen drawl through rotten glances where mindless most belief their own frail good relies,
though the private good aligns not always with the whole, nor with the common better good.

Seems like a midnight witch would slim the sinking nightmarish cliff in the beheld-blown bluff
and alien the arrow, by sinuous the lonely road, its misled shoot drops anew the fly of curse
How so regrets the ear the miss´d unclean target & hidden wound beneath the cymbal´s tune!
Nein, Damen und Herren, nicht alles gut in Demokratie klappt; somber, unrul´d it too becomes.
Unkept the promis'd leaks by the will of them who undeserv'd, untimely, their opinion counts
The whole aches and groans from an undervalued, hidden, long & wide silenc´d wound…

❋ XLIII ❋

As grim the echoes of desolation extend the gloomy cloak a spotted owl winks discord.
Why would a harpsichord better lament the flickering candlelight in midsts of a rainbow?
Sure seems that thorns belong to the stems, though flowers rack to appease the pain…
and draw a sickly smile that at the hideous crossroads spirals of lavender´s scents .
Yield on time the quench´d in the heart´s hope and awaken the mystery in the clumsy bone!
By swarm life´s short lapsing triumphs do concur in spite of moocher the miser dunce;
a step at the time step in, lay, heave up and dwell into unbearable an avalanche´s roar.
Dormant the doves hide their beaks to unfold the textur´d dreamt in the virtuous chance…

Rises fall with disregards, *aber inmitten des Verlustes gehe nicht allein in Winter der Sorgen*.
Deepen´d the shadows, the spark lightens the weary pilgrim in the broken heart´d spawn
Seed the stones that rise the wall of chang´d the enigmatic fate of iconic symbol of the whole.
Might not be at stake the sudden coming, but only empty the experiences the learning loses.
Aye, heave, step in as the none and underrat´d might lack what their gain seems at a glance.
Mad be the hope indeed, but madden´d melts the toughest granite with their windy spells!

❋ XLIV ❋

Bei der Heimkehr
fanden die Hirten den süßen Leib
Verwest im Dorenbusch.
Ein Schatten bin ich ferne finsteren Dörfern.
Gottes Schweigen
trank ich aus dem Brunnen des Hains.
De Profundis, George Trakl

Sag dir, where ends grunt the entropic metamorphosis of collective the human gathering ?
Since unknown is larger than what is deem´d by most known, why the wrath?
Qui sait vraiment quelque chose sur cette vie, once one viewpoint its opposite contradicts?
Shameloss *der Erbarme dich* to sing should the petty burglar as his picture show´d the guard?
States the saying that best is life when cold is black or white and uncertain is tepid gray…
Donc c´est pourquoi qui ce monde n´est pas normal and to deny it empty drains the bucket.
Orphans as our stay on earth remains our travelling times distinct roads bear to the graveyard,
hence can´t our indexes slam any curses in spite of the rot end our eyes fall sight into.

Nights fall on us and in dark despair the souls mix specters under heavy leaden´d lids.
Heavy unfolding under starless a stormy and relentless night only silence in the soul prevails.
A lost cricket hovers about the firefly´s dim´d light and disheartn´d sigh overturns the wind;
step by step nak´d the feet steer out of mainstream the wick´d power´d manner and rules.
Aren´t happy the mistakes and incoherences we live in as if schizophrenic our minds be?
Better mad to the multitude, than submissive to a chief… *c´est três angoissant de vivre*!

❋ XLV ❋

Like the hedgehog to resemble we are meant to withdraw our quill confident of safe higher joys,
milky isn´t the way to ride through, but sour wine the water that cleanses the blind´s eyesight.
Reluctant to withdraw, anxious the unwont disconnect´d sighs to sounds the shadows hiss,
the skunk thrusts heavy the solid air with thicken´d and melty the gush of his fear´d darts.
Underground the below uncovers constellations hidden that bolt away the statesman´s pride.
Depriv´d of fak´d glittering the pious hermit navigates the stars with sticky his dry skin,
and greed fades with thorny the edge that the gap dilutes with harsh the tactic for rebirth.
Mistake not the stance. Beneath desolation waits the card that reshapes the upheaval´s core.

Schubert´s 21 sonata invades the background as its tune wake silent sword of ghosts unknown.
The word be taken at face value. Masculinity embroiders the wordless bounds that evil faces.
Prosperity of better manners silent rests and at stake guard the crusade against heathen´s gall.
Harsh the sphere public where rodents their wallets ponder, inward curl´d is better to be.
What is meant the badger ahead knew while dormant the snake its royal calm for grant´d
took. Forget not from now on to obey *aux chiens qui ne suivent pas le hurlement des sirens*!

❋ XLVI ❋

Among the boughs, where conspiracy and illusion weave, faded access swirls gray its grief.
Preach in midst of thy desert city, alone but lonely never, no one hears hazy the urg´d request.
Deafn´d by voided games,those lost depths of blind confusion, values melt in sunken clusters.
Devour´d at unseen edges, the will –intense made- obliterates the good in passionate blunder.
So much shuddering in bare the downtrodden chasm widen´s the cliff´s freedom to some.
In decline the uprising seeds its long´d for harvest, as loyal abide stern in endur´d sight.
Decay inherits life´s rebirth, and death lasts none while the trigger its wandering flourish.

Parasite´s loitering hovers with vulture´s wings over uneaten corpses to survive their hunger.
Ongoing life beyond the hump´d path unwritten drawls on the murmur of stony brooks.
In time due, the feverish boldness must circular devour the sphere all of its unlearnt gluttony.
C´est ce mond qui n´est pas, and as spinning deepens, patterns cleanse towards its cyclic end.
Pacing pays the patient while in shambles midsts the forlorn nude pays heed to arriving beats.
Haste the remainder that *meme la mort n´est pas*, and on and on metamorphosis go…

❋ XLVII ❋

Heavy laden, dry and warp´d boughs block the linear path, and tangle wither´d feet in hemp.
Where to go full of clay and stones in the camouflaged rucksack and airy hairs to the wind,
in the sad and gloomy land under the gruesome woods where the moon its light refuses?
Dust and ashes witness what once fate better ascertained the country´s steered governance.
Eyes alone caption´d & keep memory that flood the egregious graves of seer the elders past…
Giants were then the decesas´d, now forgotten, who knew not of shame public none;
though private their deeds kept hidden, what in the open was perform´d, open was admir´d.
Crumbl´d the republic, the few, in spite of flaws some, praise bees of glories in honeys past…

Cynic the reason obscene unravels heathen´d ceremony of unquenchable the power´s thirst.
Petty the sickening and loathsome flutter over the thorns of foul-smelling and disgusting crap.
Stenchy the unmemorable, behoves their larceny the coldest oblivion in the dungeon of dust,
and feverish their unsurmontable indignity deserve they might in hunger forever to remain.
Thick the icy walls of quarraltry holds up with boar and wild skanky hogs in altar´s sinnlessness.
None the nerve shrewd and wary discerns and he yet a shadow judgment passes in a fortnight.

❋ XLVIII ❋

The times of longing reach´d in depth the habits root´d, and oust´d coordinates long known.
The old become obsolescent and in the script of the new reel, with cheers we are replac´d.
Hyacinths ripen, and unskill´d wildlings, rapt & bare ascend in fervor toward long-forgotten rite
So periodic the moist tale by goes to the unnotic´d dawn of rumblin´ age.
Psicanthropic, the spirits alter´d the world´s swift course and the exchange at length falters.
Adaptation clues not; disorder´d miss´d, in distress, wander we as mist wets all.
The written word brings furrow´d brows beneath beech and reddn´d oak.
And the needless cloud no longer its colour´d nature shows, but charges rent for íts access.

Digital to become –so the question runs- or to eternal the icy void of denial be condemn´d…
What an unresorceful army the troop of the displac´d arisen and dropp´d with the excluded?
Where is Sibelius, this anxious night, by the grove of the steering ones, with bubbles of bitcoins?
Blown and spoilt, the Who unseen manag´d to gain serfs content within their slavely bond,
and their accord, increas´d, gladdens –as more their submissive access profits the Who´s gain.
Like ant adroit silenc´d the planet shifts in bounds under riddance of who grasps might at large.

❋ XLIX ❋

Arises in slow motion, upsiz´d, the profit –unnotic´d- at the joy´s expense always but the few.
How not so, doubts linger in the seeker, when sly the deceiver haunts at the pantry´s counter!
Needn´t so much gazin´ to be warn´d, for the *au courant*, but none but the mindful is aware.
Doom´d humankind, recklessly is brought beneath the crook´d and misbegotten´s yoke…
enslav´d have been, and must remain, the many, by the easy leisure of their petty greed;
though this century´s litany lies in the unnotic´d easeness at the gaff of seiz´d a newly web.
Wondrously went fate awry, distorting the purpose of what common to humanity must be,
yet much is due to the palsied illness that digs not in the darkness beneath the plott´d game…

Slam´d does the spit, the drain cranks nostalgias of times long past, though indeed badly spent.
How not to utter ill of power´s uses, when the mighty the virtue lacks to discern the good!
Weak the feeble in his hunger bends, brows and crooks, if yieldin´ but soothens his discomfort.
Furtively, nuts conceal´d the lackin´ pulse, where ceremonial gain is heathen´d into dust.
Merry the always few, vow in churches to tame the flock the need that makes them be.
Fasten the horse´s saddle with the haste which fiercely censures the thinker´s residual might!

❋ L ❋

Help the discourag´d and left behind, least worthless they disdain the living water of the Light.
Indeed, the sick speak of soul no more, but of molecules and atomis´d the bunch of neurons.
Unpoison´d, the trusty credence snares the uneasy & the blunder of proscrib´d life.
Beg my pardon! Proscrib´d, as old-manner´d masters held, is what to nature inconvenience is,
though my saying underlines the fatigue beneath the relative scope wherein most concur.
Beauty and Truth be one to see –as unreachable as though they be-, yet one remains belief!
Handling the views diverse, to manage & to steer, is the dishevel´d shepherd appoint´d task.
By the sandy hills the summit waits where the forlorn & mates the survival the word unravel.

Roars the bag devoid of what most hold as broken the clattering thoughts & dreams to be,
though souls seem neither to be touch´d nor seen, mystic is not the issue of what lies behind.
Souls may not immortal nor eternal be, yet the name calls forth what in the name would be,
be souls a misnomer for what neurons craft, or be they like $i^2 = -1$ –real in the unreal…
Meanwhile unless naming fails, transcendent –once nam´d- stands temporal as the living live.
Such is travelling of the living, upon the road that language´s imaginarily unrolls and packs…

❋ LI ❋

Where lie old values, buried & unwelcom´d, this wailing hour of cosmic and world´s distress?
Or are we all modern beings err´d, not pondering what fails is seldom fate, tho´ falter´d design,
but scant the virtue of them all vow the good common to conceal their private want?
Stalks the new man behind the drapes his chain´d serfdom to hustler´s reins.
Remains perchance a cleft –enough to unmask the puppeteer, and unbind the drug´d masses?
Ah, democratic wings the swan must burn upon journey to a fate unearn´d …!
When did greed entice the common potter, to let the world's indifference choose for him?
What do we, distract´d as we became, but consume the very virus we ourselves do breed?

Welcome still to slums where platforms dictate desolate desires to unaware but joy´d most!
Democracy fails brethren! Leaves us desolate beneath its deceiving & spawning flag!
Hail the remedy in the chest, where against hideous pervert the private good its reprisal sows!
Deaden´d to the common mass, belonging wryly yet, the heart in health begins anew…
Begone and snatch the hope from where in the midst defiled venomous thorns are furnish´d,
for in ground once sown may graze in greenin´ light lofty hills in the virtuous heart foretells.

❋ LII ❋

"What virtues?" the mob cries, trusting only in those who serve in adversity´s foe …
At evening sank the vessel under the dark, threatening the wind of the sea wash´d abyss,
Filthy and vile, swine are those who cede power to the unworthy sailors of a folly carv´d keel.
Ah decadent the double-skin´d viper, swirling in vainity, its betrayal sheathed and conceal´d,
seest thou, in thy condition crook´d, the call that sharpens the silent shrieks?
Harvest not thou but ominous the disparag´d waste, sown by the rabble-rouser deceit?
Solemn decay is decreed by vociferous the behavior that stain malign the gloomy fate,
while tar´d and charr´d the wanderer clings to the ongoing train, curs´d by an ill domain…

Growls menacing the corner´d jackal as his gory fangs drip, and cold dead the stag expires.
The feline scents the hunter´s smoke, and foresees –in the butcher´s bullet- his end.
Inevitably dying becoming must, stretching the life only to time that to none of us belongs.
C´etait mieux avant?. Ancient the question its remark returns. Evil too perishes in its doom!
Smitten by the just´s rod who the sword of conviction wield, in battle the iniquitous burns.
Time subdues itself to life´s finitude, while enduring memory pays to the reign its dues.

❋ LIII ❋

Droop´d by abuse, the city´s soul mourns and casts out in the chaos of slain´d midsts.
The ghost of innocence withdraws pouring its fill over the disgrac´d unworthy´s endeavours.
Orphic the harp´s chords at dawn wound the brimstone with unflourish´d the sacred crocus.
Thus the baritone shouts deep his omen and resound in the shatter´d mountains the doom.
Drown´d the souls surrender the woven of fate in sunken the arrow in grim their brow.
The skin resonant´s arcane claws loose heavenly the fear that condemn the tepid demure.
Astral the godly wrath stones the vicious cave at callous the untamed demeanor.
Reddn´d the siren´s mane lures unflock´d the fleeting chants to unloyal the hostile despair.

Time comes for the owl to take shelter, bringing revenge under the ancient scorn of the night.
Even the clouds gather nimbous the darkn´d sight at distant the foreshadow´d the fallen land.
Stress paid by tight the wooden reed the clamp´d lips of chorded the hazardous flanks of fate.
Timely yearning the widen´d veins flush at midnight under howlin´ the gateway´s sounds.
Nothing was to last, o ye faithful, under the blows divine that mind´s foible may deny.
Appeas´d the agora duly submits to higher the verdict fiery winds to its adjourn´d disgrace.

❋ LIV ❋

Rufet lauter: den er ist ja Gott!
Er dichtet oder er hat zu schaffen, oder ist über Feld,
oder schläft er vielleicht?
Elijah, Oratorio, Op. 70, text by Felix Mendelssohn Bartoldy and Julius Schubring

Keine hilfe bekommen uns an Ernte hast! Du Herr, willst du uns doch nicht zu vertilgen?
Drowning was near and helpless the mourning approach´d close with longed regrets.
Our thirst thy merciful hand has fill with living the deep waters of better fate!
Weeping went by and lucid the task force took the entrails to redeem vast the waste.
Now our offspring may proud receive the fortune of light which ahead the unworthy disdain´d.
Least the trodden path prov´d to redeem the ruin that only brave the sperm knew to untied.
Let us live the cycle where titanic the pride rescues from endanger´d the waste wooden necks.
Gave up none who withheld patient the force that would even up the ruin darkn´d and veil´d.

Broken the blind circle has imploded and the arrow thrust bled the curse of crook´d toad.
Away with the writhed, scorching, unbearable and longlasting under despis´d the pain endur´d
grateful the eagle´s heart blesses the steel woven faith that redeems the rained brook by hope
and with light the sky feeds the root that bounds large the ocean deep with sand.
Time to praise humble with the stern the gaze and rejoic´d tongue in wet the scar´d wound.
Kneel on the altar´s steps, burn best the lambs to raise smoke in the name of divine the pledge

FOURTH CANTO

BAGAGGE TO UNRETURN´D

THE RIDE

We shall not cease from exploration
and the end of all our exploring
will be to arrive where we started
and know the place for the first time.

Little Gidding, V. T. S. Eliot

❋ LV ❋

Silence roar´d towards the horizon, layin´ its heavy wounds –an unnam´d path pressin´ down.
Not any silence roars as open to its bear´d remembrance on advent coolest nights.
The tracing refuses the echoes of thought steps that blink´d forgotten the routes unwalk´d.
Who thought the dimm´d landscape, once bent, would refuse the eternal burden of the wait?
Advent is time for the wait while appoint´d the return unattended lasts till supper´s night.
Thoughts spared unfolded the refusals claim to the unspoken beneath the shadow´s plight.
So costly the wounded ribs hurt the fear´d marrow by unknown the stabbin´ of disdain.
Awakenings are but departures when lean the bodies side to the silence of refus´d the halt!

Proper the seagulls wings push western winds and the oarsman needn´t more the rowing,
how should roses wilt to stillness in the grammar that winds raise to void the joy of hush?
Specular the waters copy above the pattern of blues the cloudless cloak in peaceful sky…
None but laments record the minutes of unredeem´d the neverlasting memories aghast
Where does life go when left remains the conscience that drift´d blows its end in lasting?
Advent came again and in the skin pigmentation tell the privilege in near dusky its decline…

❋ LVI ❋

Time there is none to measure its crude designs, when what follows denies what came before.
Light indeed diverse descends its discerning cry with cruel the unmask´ violent blow.
Scup dwells in bless´d the bottom where darkn´d measures unreveal´d bold the tasks…
Ah, rivers that in the Atlantic drain their arrows unmaking blind the distant abandon´d past…!
Pack up the stitch´d tremors to expectant the distant bones in the pallid born hills of stone…
Unload the vessel of crack´d nights and hold the vessel where truth drains noise and thrust…
No search for truth is ever too much, even beneath the stars named and behind their shadows,
for memory fails the mind when its most entrust´d the core secret, buried is in retreatin´ heels!

Whose names lost the semblance which today the souls in the stars their pasts recall ?
Mutely and gruesome the homeless man steps forth in silence its disrob´d demand…
Who breathes in stillness kept the silence doom´d under the fate of stars at night?
Answers none to such heavy and somber the homeless questions of breathless heart…
Only mute the disrob´d of quiet to the anguish that stepp´d on answers lack…
Forthreturn´d the pier deafn´d keeps companies to us all in the midsts of roaring clouds.

❋ LVII ❋

Vom Abend glänzt der rote Bauch dem Baal,
Die großen Städte knien um ihn her (…).
Er streckt ins Dunkel seine Fleischerfaust.
Er schüttelt sie. Ein Meer von Feuer jagt
Durch eine Straße. Und der Glutqualm braust
Und frisst sie auf, bis spät der Morgen tagt.
Der Gott der Stadt, George Heym

What remains to be said, when even darin´ refuses to answer the unconsol´d demand?
Pale the light fall in the ashes of deadn´d the dumb corpses of an opossum´s bride…
Celestial the bodies mute their witness to unbreathable the something that darkness forgets.
Hard to remain at peace when the morning peckin´begins under the dark fill´d clouds…
Shadow of ravens fly their untouchable curses while hammers hoard last broken memories
and distant the horns treble their chords drawn in the worn out skin of uncertain´d scores.
Who would pray a painter to whistle his chores in the hilly banks of the murky brooks?
So distant the eye shimmers to none but bald the meadows where priests damn the ghosts…

Stand the chin in upper tones as if the jaw had candles burnt in the crimson of nak´d breasts.
Who dares to breathe beneath the Lord's laden beam, while twilight's levities still rustle?
Wo bist do when the deed calls your linger´d claws as the forging sparks under nostrils low?
Hunger cries the speech that hung the bats listen horrid speeches of the mighty greed…
What reigns dormant hide the clues to the end under the rocks that the absent hand collapses
and silent the cava its darkn´d liquid purports rightly to emptied beating and pausing heart?

❋ LVIII ❋

The winding road darkly keeps over the sheltered ridges the challenged grief.
Steep the conflicted sorrows fold the edges of breathing memories.
Walls carry the joint hardships in the peaks where windy sight rehearses our sorrows.
Tight bonds rise in sculpted clouds, in glaciers where the brave still strain.
No water settles the sea cornered stones of patient tidal beneath the older births.
Over the trembling earth isolated spies stalk in passages hidden to astral visions.
Uncanny sustenance steeply shift across unwarned the carried sighs of the ancient lore
Persistent wilderness sweeps the natural tales of harboured the cosmic narratives.

Soft riddles over the ocean sacred glows suspended from golden the heavenly narrow lines.
Relentless the open scars become silver berries of unreliable isolation to the anointed ones.
Remote the pale nightmare swept mighty the curved and glimpsed the bronze moors .
Enduring elks witness the horizons of timeless arcs and iron boughs hung from above.
Settler in the harbor, the current drifts condones the changing of untouched the shores.
Clustered the narrow frosts shifts secular the ungrown and glowing shadows of modern clay.

❋ LIX ❋

Dwells in columns of fleshy thighs the lunar decline of encroached the fingers of fired birch.
What mirrors the words that drive what imagined wheels neglect the prophesy of the scribe?
Untouched new horizons sow in the unclear mind where swirling the knife strides.
Our daily dying benignly conceals the twilight bite of stumblin´ the worldly lies…
Smoke unmasks the drive in ashed the sky that dooms to unredeemable loops in human life.
We die in a previous life and our present is no best a sting than our yesteryear…
Rule with clay´d feet only divine a strike shall scorch the state of gray demeanor.
In wile times and manners, wasps their bite ensure unchang´d the pattern of collapse…

Amber at dawn were the last sunlit sights in damp the blackn´d path.
Diverse and untied the tide cuts the joints and prevail deep & brutal the unsolv´d divide.
In beastly asphalt bitten wounds breed in markets bled risen vasals under unsteer´d king.
Clay unmeshes the backbone of plentiful but vain under the stare of grim the owl´s gaze.
No accord reaches the mob when the magpie on vast horizons its screech roars & rumbles.
Ill the raze is a constant threat in open the thresholds of doom carv´d by the humankind…

❋ LX ❋

He in whose bosom the light dwells, He knows the hidden stares in full the darkness.
These seem the lowest tides most intense. Deeds show the famine in human hearts.
Never before were maws so wide with gators' hunger, their knots of restraint undone.
Far away the finch drops deaf its wailing song, & loud grows the gnarl´d latter days.
Plots abound, and uncaring each for its profit sighs, and yearns in jail´d its greed of marsh.
The old and trusty wisdom disdain´d remain in the mirky shades where the good is void.
Nothing is left but plentiful the market of loud scorn & invisible what led before…
The mould unrecognis´d its splinter´d residues lies spurn´d, and none dares the evil to rebuke.

Thou who hearest engrav´d the carv´d fate that the end is near, will quite and steady abide?
The of detach´d mien won´t leave boiling the manure where leaks the harm weave aloof,
and that as certain is to be as miry untrustable the tepid firmness of the loose rope on the cliff.
Mending seems distant and the iron rod its command is loosen´d, with clay´d its hand and feet.
Countries fail with inconstant their rules, and their downfall is sure with unsteady steering.
Fist and surveillance over the stalk´d & entrench´d scoundrel, as well as over the philistine!

❋ LXI ❋

Broke the wall oscillating the sledgehammer and the dimming complex darkens the mind.
What meant smash´d the limits of high strung the truths accomplish´d of yesteryears?
Once only is that we live until the strings open the unknown to parallel the still unliv´d.
The scorcerer the wand suddenly lifts and the spell creeps into layers out of sight…
Though God´s equation stays unsolv´d Lucretius better knew what beyond it lies ahead.
Beholder there is none of diverse the worlds beneath tough the earth´s harden´d skin…
The ear deafens. The ironclad subject stays content, happily gullible, in his field opaque.
In the may-be curious the hope mites install even though the ston´d husk denies the blow…

Did Yeats not know unheal´d what untimely silly the eye in denial wryly smiled?
Untouch´d the bogglin´ vacuum, no harness the waves of its puzzlin´ ripples irreverent amaze…
So many & distant the neutron stars are dust unnamed in the quest to thresholds past…
Ill-meant or misplac´d hung remains the being thrust´d in current though not only world…
Follow the lead in historic the windy pattern and widen´d the void bore in its womb the mob.
Where be the miss´d holes that dig worms to travel unknown the dark extent of unknown?

❋ LXII ❋

High-strung, the living still travel in parallel, along unopen´d strings of dimm´d flame.
Under blueish contours of unremember´d grief that hours long a blade wields unharm´d.
Time seems insane to enlighten´d the owl who unveils to foxes the unseen the bare doorway…
Absent our hands empty the search´d purpose under the dusty promise of carv´d remnants.
Nigh the hour refuses the rise of unbent the haughty knees of overshadow´d truth…
Pilgrims are but few bees in the trembling hush of long´d the senses multivers´d.
As membranes collide, breath breaks— and the question, unfram´d, begins to bleed.
So distant the unfolding closes the gateway in the high tide with oars short of wings…

The red-hair´d long´d-for forgiveness comes not when death takes the neck in a sudden blow,
as unloyal the vow broken starts unlong´d a destiny of untrack´d the nightly scythe.
Echoes become the folding in the living what unwearied the dusky sight unweaves
at unawaken the open distances in waste fields of blind the unbounded sights.
Unwary the remains leave the marrow of a murmur sowed in a skill´d carvin´ past…
Such a wheezin´ the pain loses not in squeez´d the unscath´d surmise that becoming could…

❋ LXIII ❋

So when the blurring in the spotted film draws the unravelin´ light in puzzl´d bug
twist´d the sparks abound carried by redeeming the pulse of nearly a deliverance hand.
Decay´d the cloudy glances the target coarsely miss by foul the wrongly and unsalty aim.
No unity drives the puzzle beneath corrosive, deaden´d waters that stain everything is touch´d,
and no hunger unfill´d ceases the yearning of untimely the light that mob scorns.
Il tempo e caro in questo regno, indeed, and *a trista ruina par disposto* the life remains unveil´d
Waste the wheel in the stony path that the spurious chariot drops in the slope inglorious,
as if the half-burnt veil drown´d the knott´d gestures of thorny encounters to evil stare.

Gloomy the silence forgotten, the mists of gestures raise to the edge of the guise unveil´d.
Fiery the flesh stalks into the desire that moists the burnt stems in dried the hairy the cave.
As the entrance hits the drowsy tulip a sudden yell gulps the throat in killing drains.
No admonitions left the unseen in the ancient fate that old steps traced in the sacred herbs.
Primordial the unsized shapes uncloud the circles, in alchemic the unbestridden sphere.
Burnt the halves pray the unseen fates to pledge to mend blind the error ancient of the past.

❋ LXIV ❋

Quite heavy the baggage loads the charge in twist´d boundaries of boundl´d circles.
Lowly the worm rolls entire after the seek´d-most hole unliv´d in the the undevis´d shape.
Slim the yarn carries he, to assure a safe return for whomever his rescue the task launches.
The axiom invariant remains for cyclic the ages and the way also on how the world emerges.
The splitted fields slight to scale in cones decompress their offspring in circled widen´d cones.
Expansive rules, in splintered frequencies, drive the living—now to kill, now to revive the dead.
The reborn in ashes were, or by worm their flesh devour´d at once rotten stayed,
so, and just so, from perish´d their decay´d state, death to life from shadows becoming may.

Torn-off and weary the olden garments left in the tomb where corpses die, bears shiny light.
As copper the skin turns, at last darkn´d the dragg´d and laden cloak, the truth its access joins.
That which from sleep and dust bore the heavy matter shall distill´d the spirit of fields strung.
Vile the undeserving, bare unalter´d reproach receives in divide the purges on the last days,
though only the few shall save be, while those of clay feet shall in clay their remains stay.
Strenous the walking needs to lock its bond to the root´d seal. Air holds not in horn the wind!

❋ LXV ❋

Gather´d amongst the remnants walks through the older question the humm´d tongue.
What a wound comes to the daring witness in the diaspora´s bearings,
that slips in the broken ring through yielded the misnomer in its being sloped.
Throbs the verdict with tongues in judgment pass´d at wave´s length with hands clasp´d.
Time solemn be with tambourine´s clashin´ at hing´d the hemp by swallow´d the door step.
Broken indeed the threshold whence real the perceiv´d dies to the snake´s tongues and fangs.
Times are changin´ and times to return shall come in sacred the oint´d garments.
Gaps in shapes that time the misnomer resolves, in the age-worn dim´d eyesight…

Hail´d be the most hail´d of blown the gaz´d stars above the furthest boundless obscur´d stars.
Indeed, *bin fast völlig unleserlich die Ich übrig geschriebe*, despite bled, demean´d the failure.
Whose the will denies to follow the scores in wheezin´ the manifold of toad´s membrane?
Lives in life that dead pretends to bury in misplac´d the unharness´d divine equation,
as if unworldly it were that unbroken the diverse weren´t beyond what wont true is deem´d.
Gather what unnam´d the sight whispers of loosen´d the faintly in wound the hourly claim!

❋ LXVI ❋

O luce,
chiarezza lontana, respire
affanoso, rivolgi gli occhi
immobili e chiari su noi.
Passerò per Piazza di Spagna, Cesare Pavese.

Let us not walk at this stance with clay feet into the divide but into risen the door of the realm.
Worldly the pursuit greed the beats in spars´d the darken´d chords downwards torn,
thin the less trodden road eases the sighs with unloaded the chest from hoarded wants.
Mighty becomes who in the release voids the yearning and fills sacred the crimson´d bosom.
Once the iron dwells, the brook flows & leaves the untangle the wiry and unrul´d ropes
From the wooden slumber, sparrows its oily chant soothens decay´d the semblance of despair.
Of unruled serfdom the cycle restores the starry membranes that aware the living saves…
How so the curse endearing the common life from distress unfolds manifold alive a pattern!

So haunts a grappl´d passion by undiscover´d the dimensions above, aside and beneath this,
meanwhile the changin´times demean through secular the stake of adamant the mourning…
At elapsed the count helps not the grief to discount on the smitten nails at voice´s length.
The cry unexpected embraces neck and waist with defiance in painless the unheard the throat.
So much tantamount declines the slow request to leave belongings in sadden´d the heart…
Long ago the smiles fix´d contempt on bruis´d the soft hairless song of distress…

❋ LXVII ❋

Exiled the prodigal stars slouch the curv´d track in risen the unlit string of disaccord.
Affliction unbosoms coarse the thickn´d seed of opaque unheal´d the bleeding feet.
Long was the blown journey of purple the demential sigh of lost the beg´d for lament.
How not so the skin receive unheard tracks to depart´d the coarse jungle of diverse the beings!
Autumnal the maiden unclogs the shakin´ keyboard at ends where holes stuck remain.
Unlit the moon gone was to bury the unrequit´d life under garments cover´d by bulk of dust.
Walk along to unreturn´d the ride under wrinkles of layer´d the creas´d waves of folded cloth.
While the risen waits unaware, the pilgrim expects, forlorn & barely undrawn, the sighs…

At this time, *sag mal, Elfen und Zwergen, ob würden den weg zurück zu kehren*…
Lost could we all be, though unknown to our nails bent the ankle in pain is brought despair.
Bent the nape thirsts for bare the life without the ordeal of excess at random bruis´d.
Live the dying, and the dying still life attains before the hole drains to dregs last lonely sighs.
Should life remain beyond the death span, grief abounds to depart´d the drunken boughs…
Leave ring and mallet on the counter-top and arrive where the writing the thought laments…

❋ LXVIII ❋

Whiten´d the chariot readily fiddles the puzzl´d ribbons in unpack´d the anguish´d pledge.
Simmer´d the graves hold the flesh in decay´d the worsen´d threat to expire.
Sunken end the unlastin´ empires among clay and ashes where gold and silver drown.
Such an agony undergoes what seems to hold not the semblance of the dimensions short,
while below the worms drag their swollen rump about tight the pores of earthly bounds.
So much the bleedin´sweat rowdy runs amongst the spheres where confin´d the planets dwell.
Tear down the darkn´d cheeks under immanent the cosmic grief by edg´d the arrows cross´d.
It is remote the pattern which once collided with ripplin´the flesh of words withdrawn…

Waves extend the boggling mind in neutrons puzzl´d at midnight´s the dried lips´ requests.
At their stool the prophets shall damn the haughty tone and embarrass the throne of clay.
Broken the seal may the mysteries come to be disclos´d by unsolv´d the divine equation.
Such a mindbroken the manifold sphere, thrusts unharnes´d the unsound and baldly quest…
Sides be taken on time while the score pends to be written in err´d the slant´d path.
While the trip adjourns, unclaim´d the baggage holds inside unreturn´d the many stakes…

❋ LXIX ❋

Lingers through the eastern airs the unthreaded veils in circl´d frequencies.
Unfill´d the waves, the geometry equates the dots with the whims of dropp´d the realms.
Whispers glimmer the faintly vows, in underpin´d remembrance to the crack´d ribs.
At night, wrinkl´d leans unbound the hesitant measure of strings worldly unheld.
A light bulb sharpens the dimm´d vows at stars length the raucuous breast,
and the long´d for path aligns obscur´d the ruins undone.
Displac´d in disguise, tilts the rehearsing silences of surrender´d gesture.
With upheld fragments of breath, exhales the tremblin´sought in unended the circles lost…

Grim in the horizon sown remain the unutter´d spell to cast dusty the gather´d thorns.
Among the gloomy sparks, at random the unfit withdraw the tones of unbridled holes.
Parting in echoes the steps braid forgetful cadences among the secret shadows.
Unheard the fittest disdain the paths where becoming grants the freest circle.
So should end the loudest their forgotten traces in their earthly feats.
Here is the night, wholesome, where gathers the harvest beneath the folds uncover´d.

❋ LXX ❋

As cool the morning its light brought by stiff the window shadows grew amongst dark dreams.
Years go under the soften´d chest to remind inexorable the trap of unmask´d decay.
Still the multiversal field grows not at will and sneakin´ to times to come or times past can´t be.
Dreamt the voyage under syrupy the ticket to travel allow´d the parallel to come instead alive.
Such a slow walk lasts its longest twist under geometric awesomeness in undisturb´d the plight
meanwhile the sights prolong the existence of unreal the dreamt access to diverse a light.
Days come and go till left one day the air ceases to drop and the flesh under fire its ashes dwell
like the realm its wrinkl´d residues leaves of might blended in abuse in intense the train of time

From behind flows life in unreturn´d what was left behind and vultures scavenge the daily trap.
Dying seems the end, tho´ the window shows living was bare a dream, and afterlife unknown.
The womb of the earthly fire alike it hosts the fallen and the risen in equal shares
and the yearning, unchang´d the cycle broken in lastin´ jingles the presence grants, unseen.
Indeed the mindful flowing its edges collide with uncommon senses in split the scale of light.
What seen seems is what the lenses of perception taint the world in its circle to remain.

❋ LXXI ❋

Besturzt die Augen die Frechheit unterfangen gesehe´n hat der Spiel…

Quiet in the sanctuary, slept the bodies burnin´ their humid hunger rests in their last repose.
Under the tree of living waters, the vessels of fielded fires poke out the squalor´d husk.
Dizzying the invariant fields thin out the voracious excess and the alley´s narrow´d path.
Only the slim reach the task as the stampede its knot´d circles in the labyrinth revolve the skin.
Bottomless and below burns the abyss where retrograde chiggers devour the clod and keen.
Drain´d to dregs humble & quiet the disdain´d steps tight & behind where sparrows glade.
The few, as ever, do endeavour under the mob´s glimmer´d scowl to assert the stance in full.
Coming approaches the awakening under nightly the guise of poisonous a spider´s kiss…

Flutterin´ in magic the spiral flight eagles circle above the fetid swamp.
Stifle´d the awake among shades and clouded stars, *wie weh!*, the grave is blood spilt´d…
The world´s soul flees airy through ancient glowing over the perpetual ice.
Once dreamt the day shall be met fulfill´d in fallen the heal´d pulse of dusk. *Lebt wohl !*
Tight and dried the skinny waters reflex´d the untam´d spirits of unclouded the scores.
Clappin´ the gruesome heels echo the steps that ring crystals beneath the altar…

❋ LXXII ❋

Drizza le gambe, lèvati su, frate!
Purgatorio, Canto XIX, 133, Dante Alighieri

Lighter than a butterfly, fragile leaves dance to hymns of wind and misted sight.
Bowing before the circular laws of fate, silence abides.
The sun tilts—warmth returns in the earthly south. Change comes, still…
From the upper garret an owl gazes. Below, a pigeon dwells in the seaside air.
Sandy winds brush the old bark, thin cavities where worms abide.
Change it is. Flows never returns to what it was. Cycles end & shapes are born anew at dawn.
The tilting recurs when cycles end, tho´ shapes find settl´d in newness at dawn´s birth.
Gazing a solstice allows renewal with the departed´s death, and new day´s undecay´d birth.

Gravity demands that kingdoms die –and realms replace the old with the risen of mighty claws.
There is no conquering in pilgrimages. Pilgrims wander along & waves rise in shores to die.
Returns may be none. Owls surrender. Life resumes the gyre. Alter´d. Unrepeatable.
In diaphragmatic swellings moss covers the mindful lucidity without pulses of despair.
No more caring life receives in thresholds when life returns tho´ fails to be the same.
Frozen his paws the wolf died smok´d in the cycle of stones during solstice of the avalanche…

SECOND MOVEMENT

(lebhaft, Andante inquieto,
Vif, & nerveux)

FIFTH CANTO

UNEAS´D HOVERS

THE LINGER´D RUIN

Mine seems a fragile city, of barren soil, and cloudfull and unheavenly sky.

❋ LXXIII ❋

Crouch´d among the crowd, the burden grows heavy until a voice is heard within the void.
Denial walks beside the seeker where the narrow´d circle ends without return.
Words fail— no phrasing heals what greed impure has bruised.
Initiation draws its harsh line and sleep eternal grants no pardon.
Healin´there be none for the sleep eternal when mute the initiation draws harsh its path.
Yet once alive, the fallen heart still touches unseen names that redeem death with fire.
Long the walk, arrivals few. Sustain comes only from afar, through dimmed voices of undespair
and we, the fallen, hold the keys –to rouse unheard voices, though unseason´d tulips fade.

Iron strikes the anvil. Fire forges belief and breaks the weak pretense for its feeble unbelief,
as the token riddles with false the wordin´ in dense the callin´ that fancies unfair the ride.
The road narrows, excluding none, save them who will not bear the weight beyond.
In eternal return the dwellin´ is short & limitless hinge in its brief abode,
and the lunar voices answer only with silent rhthym of the tune of alone the stars.
Seest thou now the stage whence heavens overthrown becomes in ungodly & untimed darin´?

❋ LXXIV ❋

Sober stillness drains remembrance, anointing exile with its humid trace.
The realm bends under the crooked fist— iron rule amid clay, mayhem & uproar.
The few no longer hold the centre. The greedy care for none. The crowd crawls through mire.
Deluge comes in trembling waters. Evil surges, yet prevails never, nor ever wins.
Selfish, the genes betray heavens above the starry & spotless chain where fate is written
in stony the golden surface of drain´d spheres where the flow its everlasting charge begun.
Burnt the oaks end in dust & the residues of ash spares the storm of cyclic the fat´d change.
Inevitable the end is nigh, & the stars most welcome end what in abuse the endin´ must.

The tincture stains the false ruler with spott´d robes of might, & his bath in calamity overflows.
Olive branches there be none for the haughty, who to its overturn damn´d becomes.
Flooded times loop with fraud saturnial and powdery deceit.
Still the good endures. White doves debug the overflown charge that grim ravens stain.
What conceals withdraws & the anoint´d fix´d by the treadmill that grants life to coming crops.
Be warn´d: words open hidden fields where worms pass their gates of string.

❋ LXXV ❋

Earthly there are no surroundings und´r the exhaust´d awe…
Smoothly spreads decay its gravity in columns of inverse the cones of tolerant dismay.
In the outskirts of marginal the corner´d moon the hands beg for ungivin´ the concern.
Extended overall the platform of uncolour´d the boneyard, listens the roll´d dice.
At fix´d the point, time shears its wheel, & order voids its claim.
As the rule broken exhales null the risk that weakn´d the thinly rubber´d sheet,
four steps behind grows the slops where ruin increases in slant´d steps.
This afternoon the sketch prevails & the map denies the nails of awe & bearded stars.

Ahead the mut´d skull signals makes of invariably how ends haughty the greater lights.
Poignant and earlier driven by an army of bayonets the reversal grows indifferent in the mind.
Around the ruins of sleek domain the lack impinges in the multitude of ill seek´d the fame.
Cruelest among the disdainful, meteors crash in the wastelands by the thorny cliffs.
Sunken below the sandy lines, among the rocky stars mercurial the spell his muteness shouts.
Long and linger´d the ruin is at hand, & barren is scrubby fill´d in distant the heathland.

❋ LXXVI ❋

Alone the innerly collapse in the drunken city, drowns exhaust´d the steering to darkn´ fate.
So much a massive the inward tilt cuts the deathly horizon for lack of the common care.
Those of us who live in the deathly drownin´ resist the draggin´while the tiltin´ grants…
The wing´d fire fades in blackness in the centre´s sunken hole and its close vicinity…
Inebriated the body politic swirls around its decay, & overwhelms its outwards bounce.
Concentrical the drowsin´drains in pressureless dust the overall depletion of livin´ force,
and the swirlin´ runs asymmetrical its swinish fluids in tunnels & bridges its deathly waves.
Runs who pretends to save endless his fearful guilt, & runs alike the indolent & silent ones…

As regular as circular a sphere may tend to be, wholes cannot hold but an ascertain´d tension
while the limit defines when the term when maggots in butterflies mutate the self in being….
When the centre anymore holds not, & invariably the whole plunges into its voided turn,
as foreseeable the density of its doom´d fate draws back into the none where it all begun.
What is, wasn´t, and it is, since the be the none in its nothing ceases, to begin its living…
The end concludes to begin what the matter its darkness the bearin´ birth it brings…

❋ LXXVII ❋

Drowsy the tepid poplar barely tugs the drunken corpses from the rowdy cliffs
and close vagrant the cormorans and seagulls wail expos´d their scath´d concern.
while worn the western winds blurr are blown to cold the spring in surly waters.
Brittle the heart to its sheath murmurs in the lower talkin´.
Swagger in the barns the rooster rots in failed the grains´ pursuit.
Rough the road hardens the crossin´ for weary the saddn´t soul to reach aside.
Clouded the brush hits the forest through cramp´d the hands of steepl´d nightfall,
and emptied the corn fields in the autumnal siege, soil, sheer, its seed refuses…

Towns under the storm their ruin deploy in wide open turns of their upside cone.
Casual is not the plague nor the downfall that wreck´d the roofless homes.
Great was endorse´d the inertial vacuum abroad the tongue mount´d spectacle,
while the trauma extense last´d overall the global background over tents and mansions.
In the chicken-coop food ends soon and no one the fluctuation stops its dense discord.
Lasting is the urgent command in restless the overwhelm´d but naïve slum…

❋ LXXVIII ❋

Harder & harder the settlin´remains disturb´d afar over the city´s seiz´d fortune.
Unmerciful & unkind of heart, cruelty domains in the crowd´s public alleys & bridal beds.
Daily the pitiless fate in vain to overcome the pedestrians seek, before the blood stain´d knife.
Throughout the lonely night, wails the yearnin´ heart with wounded the beatin´ breast.
Faithful, tho´ bereft and weary, hesitant slept the furies their vengeance´s blindly pains…
Anger´d the undisclos´d prophecy flies like mourning swallows over the rooftops.
Meanin´ & sense are at loss after the cur in the lost meadows of the steerin´poorest hand.
How to save the indifference, how to blow the creepy baton of the wrong command?

Slowly, the thighs of marble lift the bricks from under the infamous burial of honest pride…
Courageously, tho´ dimly, the alert is call´d. The voice slowly spreads in small concesion.
Tenacious prompts the desir´d spell solitary, & turns up the help with mark´d cards.
The unfitt´d deserves not in wrong his hands the scepter reserv´d of might.
For the damage caus´d the unqualified receives uncomfort aveng´d of deadly the curse divine.
Gale storms at the proper instance when shape takes its place and renews the cycle of life.

❋ LXXIX ❋

Da tempeste il legno infranto,
se poi salvo giunge in porto,
non sa più che desiar.
***Giulio Cesare in Egitto**, Georg Friedrich Haendel*

Batter´d the vessel, seeks the harbor lost, and the sailors a hazy horizon to poison drew.
Fortune goes & its fate erodin´ may meanings lost in hollow´d the heavenly capacities.
The oars short as they in the case be, struggle the stormy seas in the darken´d night.
Whisperin´ by the half clos´d shutters the breathin´stretch´d the long´d for drownin´.
Uneasy the disclos´d issues emerge from nightly the roarin´ waves in the smoky heart.
Bows and bows, while the diggin´ the profit squeez´d whirls a siren´s charm.
Where goin´ must, unwash´d the pilgrim his distress´d crawlin´, at midníte´s spells?
Twice he names his dead that lay aside his keen overhead, & silent his dead ones, alone is left.

Wip´d out, & about the backlanes in the stormy seas, the oars refuse his driftin´ trail.
No crew at sight, alone his bowin´ a limelight a wink tiny foresaw that night…
Only the moon draws faint hopes in the windchill´d loneliness in dismay´d his heart.
Where remains life in midsts of unpleasant such instants of fearsome frightenin´ ?
Divine the shadows invade his nightly soul & discourag´d the heart battles its return…
No voice is heard. Tight the hands secure the oar. No shore at sight. The anguish grows…

❋ LXXX ❋

At stake the energy´s decline soars to emptied capacities while crumblin´the centres hold not.
Swamp´d the riggin´ sails, under eroded the crew´s braindrain´d steerin´, ground fails aboard.
Despite the blipping no compass hails the lack´d grid when the mob controls the driftin´.
Not at seldom heroes shrug when demolition is at hand to renew an era´s new start…
Models become useful lest rippl´d effects, devoid of the master´s command, prevail destruction.
Gigantic the delay triggers suicidal the bold paralis´d of utter´d the collaps´d adjustment.
What a demure hidin´ may at sheer & such clear void, replace the backbone of leadin´ guide?
No boat the shore to reach is destin´d, while barely brackets mutter the grid foreseen…

Ruin is at hand brethren, and the crumblin´ arranges follies with gibberish a mesh´d speech.
Weary the few remain absent while the collapsin´ the many spark under the billion stars…
The hand holds strong the adversities while most crumblin´ fades not its suicidal cluster…
The waitin´ seems lifelong in terms of cyclic the era´s time, and distress lasts not for ever…
Let the smugly their weary skeleton barely arrange their hollow´d destiny…
Lift up the uneroded cup shine and holy the sacr´d hail fall upon the hideous tail!!

❋ LXXXI ❋

Moon designates the meaningless reflexes of its shade & oceans its cloudy rise…
No closure closes the illusion´d cords that defy the embedded & hidden cones.
Who does the heavenly trip to such earthly sunrise at the path´s close cast?
Downwards hittin´ the prevailin´ dreams, bites the bone in the bitter & bouncin´ yew.
Soak´d the emptied blinds swills round, among arcs of fill´d the wine, above in the risen clouds.
What so redundant a tin can withstands the aftermath of fram´d the abandonment abridg´d?
Windswept the journey blows the shrinkin´ with the swept broom in desert´d the winkin´light.
No midnight clogs the barriers mesh´d in oily the starr´d & rain´d skies.

Aye! What is there else to surmise in shrunk the slash´d seat as crankin´ did the quiet start?
Bow the risen eye, thou unwatch´d savior, & frownin´ do the risin´ in distopic the uproar…
The bottom of the world´s freezin´ gales grows the emptiness in dishevel´d the selfloss looter
When did words loose the dimm´d endurance to embrace the minute of truthful meaning?
Thought the anchor buckles, & meanin´ lenient drops its burden´d load.
A candle light monotone walls the skill´d display while discretion permits the bridge…

❋ LXXXII ❋

Indeed lingers the ruins uneas´d hover as the overture gurglin´the brass thumps its blow.
Throbbing the weary eyes drown half notes at midday beneath the fill´d cider suds.
Plentiful the unhairy fields bemoan distort´d the kneading´ with distress´d the amusing trust.
Elsewhere monotone the ruin´d temples wander beneath flut´d the wall´d tasks.
The bottom of the world´s freezin´gales launch their wreck´d crumbs in open fate display´d.
Moody the score harshly a grimy tone splinters, with crusty the slow´d turtle´s pace.
How would an unspringy demure bold survive under such a decadent the cliff´s download?
Needless, fast a stormy graveyard at dusk denies the morning appear´d unlift´d stars…

Mysterious the barricades blow arsenic in the undyin´ darkness where tombs empty remain…
Definitely slow the wreck endlessly lasts & prolongs agonies under grave the growin´ waves.
The mourning dissipates not the gloomy liturgies for the unholy deaden´d in advent & lent.
Fram´d by the scenes focus´d in smudgy the manipulation of silent the lonesome winds,
the dimmin´ worsens while the enlighten´d remain under the specter of the window pane…
Scrapes and grazes so much, that heavens at stake prevails the few to ordain the least of few!

❋ LXXXIII ❋

There are no springs when the albatross stress´d claim the thrill of hazardous prey…
By the roads and above the paths sail the abridged notes of walkin´ the paradoxes.
Held the shield by its steel´s strap minute the journeys grab skill´d the claws by luck.
Warrior of the many destinies the legendary crown eludes slow the homeland´s edge.
What realms a vision holds when unwise the unwary unfortunate in dismal runs afar?
None for sure, surmise the rider, as derelict the strings demise the prowess from behind.
Who will arrange the hanging, carried out by bloodthirsty butcher elected by popular suffrage?
Solemn the stench shall grow among align´d the outgrown evil, in elaps´d the era of overlap…

Small the fellowship its instinct holds under ancient & rever´d the ward´s spell.
Brief the lastin´ deadly assures the duty in legacy´s renew´d the wielded blade.
None suffices the needed recovery of decay´d lost the lastly night.
What an overwhelmed ranger falls in impaired blackn´d the huge betrayal,
these times whose fielded vengeance by grudge grief its resentment impairs?
To change & renewal these are due the appoint´d times. Spare the albatross with no despair.

❋ LXXXIV ❋

Fresh & friendly as an octopus new birth, the self emerges next to the world´s collapse…
Bent indeed over the gap, the ruptur´d self, bottomless of a sudden, emerges the perspective.
As soon as doubt clashes to the thrill´d immediacy, the word betrays unclos´d the experience.
Worldly as it seem´d the dimmin´ lightens the skill´d assurance & the utterin´ unfocuses.
What underlies, perchance, over sheer the simplest but dumb the joyless brain´d hangman?
The who in the cascade is a plural self with no neck immediate below his headless mask…
None the foresein´ undergoes the challenge while the namin´ handcuffs the verbal puzzle,
like an oboe in the maw of a displac´d Namibian in the arctic of nightly a boreal suntan…

Listenin´ echoes the blind agreement of a hooter at midday, under the whale´s gridlock.
Carv´d the lie grants a safer dyin´, while unknown folded remains in the spiral´d turnaround.
While brain functions, its work requires active the selfhood of veil´d the fracture of access.
Seein´ isn´t particularly a vinegary shaft in a street´s loud shoe´s hush…
How so many the irrelevancy hides puzzl´d the deeper questions on the livin´s emptied lifes?
Hopefully now you touch closer the powerless ground of words when wordin´ matters none…

❋ LXXXV ❋

As the musin´ delves perplex´d the puzzl´d mind, the garments mend the underlied refute.
None but the loosen´d gaps remain untied in undisclos´d the grievous mind…
Aren´t all livin´ selves but pieces that seem cover´d under fak´d closures in disguise?
Or better seems we are the pulsatin´ agency that assumes wishes embodied in a single voice?
Let us mind… obtuse the will its mask elicits, & will itself replies to the name it loathes.
In the heathland where brain conquests alive powerless submits the fireants, weasel and stoat.
These become entropic days that announce the beginning of the pinkied end,
alike with the increasin´end the commencement of a stable & renew´d the time…

The drowin´ concentric comes in cloudy waves by dimm´d blasts and spooky stars,
tho´ the reachin´ reaches in full the moanin´ fill´d streets with no north nor sun above.
The change comes still in clutches over hurdl´d nests & wide the at large open seas.
But we remain what loosen´d our self seems to have always been but an unknown voice.
Indeed, uneas´d & ruin´d we prosper false or fatuous our miser bein´.
Shan´t we listen the choppin´ as our eyes lick the shores of an ol´ found realm?

❋ LXXXVI ❋

What world in which we make it become after the crumblin´that falls the world apart…?
Or should it be that goes on the same while it is our wants that fell into the fear´d collapse?
Where went the gods that once provided stable the recorded permanence that now forlorns?
This is a colony of the cunning few once to the scanty virtuous the evil does its crucial blow…
Once the centre held, but multitudes nowadays the loop grounds to plural & new the views.
That which we read & see makes a steppin´ trace to what comin´ scoops in drain´d droplets.
This is what in the gap the failin´ its mendin´ callous the words to mend the gate procure…
and that its place takes when unclos´d the circle the words name fail´d in the circle undisclos´d.

This is how the hatchin´ grows in undiscreet the wired up daily in universal the world collapse.
Bubblin´ the hopes lacks the helium that blew artificial of such an unexpect´d the fak´d uprise.
These must sound as pantagruelic the screen of Brueghel´s deadly canvas in the renaissance.
Hope none tiresome could bucolic expect, under hunger & despair while the laughin´ lasts.
Indeed there is none but failure in the gap grasp´d when acknowledg´d the words fail outloud.
And so, sidestep´d the world dodges the hatchin´ while spheres withhold their own collapse…

❋ LXXXVII ❋

About a mile behind drawls a dog pull´d coach with a speed slower than a snail´d walk.
The life is seen inscrib´d in its own denial as round unstoppable the tyres in the runnin´ go.
Unconcern´d daily the weekly schedule unfail´d with no avail emerges in blind the circuit.
Unaware of censure nor rupture the slowin´ motion captures unreach´d the time elaps´d.
No obstacles faces the isolat´d who knows not of collapses nor of stormy the clouded sky…
Forthcomin´ embers delay the turmoil around while disdains consciousness the surroundin´.
In the simulacra naïve limps in the goin´ towards unenlighten´d the phantasies of desire,
but deafen´d the spell conceals amus´d, stretch´d the beggin´ hand.

How not to remain in the jigsaw´d fate where the launchin´ wrecks in stormy the graveyard?
Unheal´d droughts bar the unwelcomed change at any speed nor unfix´d a reason
When all else lacks the slicing draws near to usual comfort in unbidden the atmosphere,
& unwish´d the change adjourns coarse the time-wheel that cloudly drawls the rightful hand.
In cantabile the mood inertia triumphs unreach´d by hoverin´the dull commands,
& hibernates the thinkin´soul while the soil flat disposes under the unconscious mind…

❋ LXXXVIII ❋

Waves frivolous his softest hand the warden under the loss that rests its somber gaze.
In orderly and plac´d the crew follows the foreman´s hollerin´ at the barkin´ hounds,
while the orbit its gravity resolves to hold in marchin´ the undisput´d & leadin´ hand.
Grievous it may come to be, but the gyre its rule must align to the baton´s draft.
From afar the landscape its grim´d trail maintains still while the kernel holds afloat,
tho´ in case astray the herd´s outbursts a heedless neck sticks out, the whip aligns…
So harm comes undazzl´d, as collective the performin´ does its massive dues,
& surveillin´ the spheres warn that the indictment is at hand while the uprisin´ dwells…

Motionless the leaders drowse in lethargical their surveillance under numb repose.
Bitten the rotten bark, thunders blow a strike in fallin´ the blurr´d & gruesome shire…
In slow the timin´, houses come apart, & for better gain leaving neighbours flee or migrate…
Them who get laid abstain from births that burden´d the growin´ laden…
Unfill´d the barren wombs the choosin´ triggers unstable the order of collapse,
& unbalanc´d the decay urges anew the spheres of renewal to the livin´stars…

❋ LXXXIX ❋

A couple of headstrong squirrels solemn lament
the failure of dismal´d the unwholesome mob.

How so conceit´d the mighty dawn defames the brittl´d in cries over the seagull´s pitied tunes!
Full of pebbles the feet struggle along the yearn´d, tho´ farsight´d, the long lastin´return…
West winds blow to lonely the higher waves by the wheels that sail where the tide breaks…
Wet the merry ropes drip as the rover tills over the liltin´ bosom the nostalgias of an old song.
Crisp the autumn´s wind unties the dreams of tired the hearts for once better the lost realms…
While alert the warrior expects that pasts would find no space to leave in time,
away sails from home the warm songs of pleasant days when in the north stars would shine.
Deliverance delays with deathly the darkn´d skies in the land of the human souls!

Gruesome tribulations its plague spars´d expand in innocent victims of distress´d lament.
Dwindl´d the wailings, scarce the waves dare bringing uncountable the torn up throats ashore.
Where may sources be at this unlenient the hour to search for dry a life savin´ wood to hold?
Eyes grow wide shut & wild the scavengers surround the weekn´d pilgrims of the flock.
Lastin´ the nev´r endin´ agonisin´ drags to ruins the lessen´d energies afore.
Seemingly, only the few faithful last in the provin´ hour their steadfastn´d & unstain´d force…

❋ XC ❋

La salamandre surprise s'immobilise
et feint la mort.
Tel est le premier pas de la conscience dans les pierres.
Le mythe le plus pur.
Lieu de la salamander. Yves Bonnefoy

Overwhelm´d the fatigued spheres by unheard their voice in long the exile, bow their brow.
Tumbl´d the skies send the omen in dazzlin´ messages above the mountain´s crests.
The spoken warning mostly remains unheard by crestfallen the godless flock…
Dimm´d the lamps the revealing seemingly recovers the survival at slow rather the stand.
Uncertain the chosen tickle & stroke the swollen eyelids still quite with unclear their belief.
The voice declares outloud time could be to shine & lace the forgotten shoes.
At leisure a duet of trombones and cymbals roar, roll & rumble at heavenly discretion,
while deafen´d the unwillin´ witless & vain in their fatuous chores their tied hands remain.

What a flatten´d hurdle dwarl the weasels in the harbour of hoarded heed…!
Like a battalion of salamanders still & drunken, the trodden many drag sunken shadows
of phantasis´d their weary lives, with underlined the darkn´d dimmin´ of light recess.
The mice crawl up the greasy walls in the dungeons of easy laughter & bellies with fill´d up lice.
Well-craft´d the trifle kneads the screen what easiest the stories believe the lightminded most.
Bewar´d the night cools down over cloudy stars & chokes the thrustin´ to subdue the advance!

SIXTH CANTO

SOARS STEADY UNHEARD

THE VOID DISGUIS´D

Étalant sur un banc les rondeurs de ses reins
un bourgeois bienhereux à bedaine flamande
savoure, s´abîmant en des rêves divins,
la musique française et la pipe allemande!

Au bord des gazons frais ricanen des voyous;
et, rendus amoreux par le chant des trombones,
très naïfs, et fumant des roses, les pioupious
caressent les bébés pour enjôler les bonnes…

A la musique, Arthur Rimbaud

❋ XCI ❋

What a distinct reality should ours be if in an still unknown dimension were we be…
Them wiglers their holes still hide from the human environ, & that leaves no choice to grasp.
As tough & hard as the goin´ goes, left we remain to watch the fallin´of those on top.
Pendular the compass turns back its circular mesh while the oarsmen pierce into fate.
Gone are & due the bendin´ snore that let the earthly purpose ahead of the beaten up.
From regret some learnin´ seems momentarily left to mend the aghast & frownin´…
More and grievous pain moves forehead & soul when the wallet deserves lesser care,
and time counts few when the shaping changes in beholden the wear & tear…

When carin´ matters less, hand in hand let close our shadow do the scrutiny in your rest.
Hold the checker´d limb even if desolate reason there be to sink the somber wreck.
Wearisome as must the incumbent be, at appoint´d cycles change & the goin´s lasts some.
Night spans are a burden. Nail´d to fears the prayin´ grounds fix´d the carrot to the whiplash…
How mathematically safe the unknown saferguards anxious the uncertainty with a feeble
hole! Wardens rest their swollen feet while history by the heed lapses circl´d spheric its trip…

❋ XCII ❋

Again walks the oboe its sinuous chords slow to drawl in the jungle of confusion & distress.
The shackles shatter in the homes of them who held the reins of better known skies.
While all else stands cosmic in assur´d endless & inertial decline, sharp beholds the warrior.
In the horizon, in midsts of ruin & clutter´d rubble, displays unheard its restless gaze,
the wreckage becomes litter indispensable where calm the drifter ranger his livin´ wanders.
Tun´d to rough the rowing the silky oars move on through dusk & uneasy the gruesome waves.
Through throny the orchards, crispy the waters, and immensely barren the sandy soil prevails;
only the faithful, once again, survive the shatter´d standin´in the fallen & bleedin´fields!

Numb feet go through the hasslin´ in icy the harden´d rocky and slimy paths,
and rugg´d the flesh enjoys none distress´d the glassy berth.
Such be the task and such the pay for yearn´d the redeeming to recover the once lov´d host.
Odd the rust´d & blackn´d the chains hold the howlin´ wolves at hand.
Perishin´ isn´t a choice against them who of the choosin´ know much not.
Arrivals are the north & the starr´d skies please when the willin´ brings its drives afore…

❋ XCIII ❋

Fill´d up with music in the rainy autumn & blank´d by a wounded wasp, the eyes crank a fry.
Thin´d the air decodes the seagull´s roostin´, while the stars slip the stokin´ blink.
Leaks the thin metal roof. The stork´s tears faint while skunks laugh on his sadn´d shriek.
Who watches through the damp glaz´d in the backlanes of icy roads?
The song shuts sharp the falterin´ in unconvinc´d the ston´d laughs of the bottomless buffoons.
Wiped by the hightlight´d hegemonic chant the dancin´crowds follow hoarse algorithm hums,
while silent the few furnish their resistance against stolid the mainstream´s decreed fate…
Fathomless the endurance of such a bearin´ allows doubtful the jerk of a long lastin´ threnody.

In the altars darkly glows the shrine of hallow´d the fashionable rules & objects of devotion…
Dress´d up with tattooed inscriptions their smiley faces reproduce the patterns of inclusion,
and hoarded the praises obnoxiously agree with veneration the latest sermons of their priests.
Hundreds proceed to do the mile tour that travellin´ leads where bow´d knees happily revere.
In the pediments abound thankful inscriptions of self-encounter & omniscient gratitude.
In distant a dreadful aedicule, the irreverent ones keep alive values discordant in demure …

❋ XCIV ❋

Vertiginously bitten fetish in the mudslide, the provokin´gang spread the foliage´s venom.
Smear´d the hungarian pack, curses the aggressive tunes under the collapsin´ bridges,
and blinded the bull´s eye, surrenders the blinkin´ bulb across the orchard of horns.
What coars´d an unconscious melancholy spreads over rooms fill´d with liquor and smoke!
Sparing the credulity by countless shares, *la folie amère de l'amour perverti* crumbles around;
over the counter of a hare-brain´d streets´, the *connossieur*, loud collector of luscious scenes,
rawdy the wardrobe kept cryptically accurate the ominous dances under the pulpit´s robe,
and ubiquitous the acolytes drew smokes of distill´d bourbon by muddy the landslide…

Rendere´d, the snails drag the swan´s tails over the orchid´s lungs in endless a timeless lap…
and hypoxic the amateur diver deprives the faun he becomes, of his bass drum´d beaten heart.
Deaden´d the swirling & twirling oscillate the cult like a harp near to tense its last collapse.
How so hermetic & divine a soarin´ sight of fabulous a prospect spells the magics in a snap…!
Swans aren´t geese nor ducks, tho´all swim across the drunken ponds,
so, why shouldn´t ravens dance to czardas like whales over Brooklyn and Dover straits?

❋ XCV ❋

Tight & precise the shackles mourn the pecker´s drowsy solo, on the high-heel frown´d arse.
As impervious as the secrecy of a double-spy, no clue leaks, while wriggling sweats the grub.
Swollen the sucklin´ thumbs, bite frost´d the wrinklin´ toasts, in ceremonial the distrust.
Louder & boisterous a piccolo lenient index points to wrong the quaint & purposeless brass.
How small the breasts of a hip louded gal, fade not away the pledg´d vows on deep the juke.
Spread, the deluded ring melts the screamin´ with the blonded doncel in a hasty rush,
while the hassle boils the trout in the grayish & swampy creeks to please the lousy crews.
Dusty the impatient fisherman, reaps echoes of emptied the web swept astray…

Barely were heard the gypsy priests to call the flock the endowin´ of their weekly tithes…
Do you acknowledge the heedless long leaks spill´d through the noises of a wired up locust?
Strayed the heathen´d pack wear their trousers in the drunken choir of smok´d garage.
How glad the ruinly souls comb the distress´d mobs, who proceed to be reach´d the chasm,
so that fashionable the fad unclouds the brushes limpin´ in the covens of witchcraft…
Its success the ploughin´ abounds in gullible the gangs that flood & plagues the stars!

❋ XCVI ❋

No sorrow claim the stars that grant discernment in the choice, & astray the will it moves.
As usual, dialogue remains extinct under the scythe´s command & the varlet´s baton.
Beyond abound treacherous the hidden risks strung, under the field of parallel strings.
Abundant & gross unrest displays fear´d deluge, under the magic of phantasmatical unease.
The beguilin´ extends its blind cloak & complacent the deceitful bait thrice retrieves the thief.
Chews the reinloss greedy the splurg´d delicacies over the garth´s luscious plot,
and arrogant the bloating selves brag the mighty hoardin´ that cannot appease the bluff.
Unsoften´d the roughen´d toads skim the heavy droolin´ and skid to the dungeon´s swamp…

From diasporic the silenc´d yearnin´, natal the land hovers over the peak´d desires.
Lonesome the ripp´d feet traceless turn the fire dreamt into fuel that endures the weary heart.
Callous the forebodings follow the unspoken rhythm over the tiresome history of scores.
It is uphill the summit for darkn´d the sunken eyes that undergo the shortsight´d pilgrim;
the us´d to battle, steadfast´d & tough, withstand the small & the worst, & unabash´d survive.
Pioneer in the nights of disconsol´d the soul, those who met the stars over the restraints abide.

❋ XCVII ❋

Overspread the wick´d turmoil in hostile & uncordial the worldly affaires, silence abides.
Far away from the burial, grow traces of one thousand skulls that the worth knew unsteem´d.
As fondness is hard to grasp the loyal fond unshaken fair stand to challenges any & some…
Unmistaken the seethin´ knot steers the spell over crook´d the trustloss path,
there where the ill intent blindly addresses unwont the destinies from above´s design´d.
The raft sails over the swollen seas under the sketch´d patterns of the last quarter´d moon,
and the vessel surmounts the highest waves under the reins of the slugger´s steering helm.
Unannounc´d the storm rains wet pebbles that holes makes in the surface blown…

Nomad in his own realm the crozier accords the owl´s authority over the soul´s command.
Swept the foul & the trodden heart´d, chews shameloss the load stuck in the upper throat.
Wanderer as he is givin´up the tiltin´ to prudent the quarrel is not of strange his domain.
The survin´ takes place in dazzl´d an outworldly & allurin´ the celestial & kingdom divine.
Ominous the cluster of unexperienc´d the unearthly spheric compels the incorporeal dwellin´
and the specter´s domain its thorns feeds into the rumblin´ feelin´ of unharm´d the torn apart.

❋ XCVIII ❋

What silence seems is nothing but its unheard disguise, that void is only but unheard device.
Not few seems the sense in the scrutiny of dialectic the loaded trust.
Rivals declare the pack of principles that valued on the torches manag´d the dispute,
as if dying, sincere great the load in smoke broken, the spiritual creatures may further cry.
Who moans when the battlin´ cries for the best endurance, in worn out the bleedin´heart?
Shatter´d the stormy sky rattles in thunder & the stars asunder beyond the mountains in afar.
Drainin´ lightings harbour in stampede scatter´d & desolate the oddities in unrestful the mind.
Quiet beholds the hand divine, while fate bespeaks the spells under the dice command.

Is life uncontroll´d by drift´d stars, & the weepin´ makes sense none to appease a shrine?
Where is purposeloss the will, that entropic draws routes under none an injunction seen?
March along from the exile where fleein´ grants a hidden hole to undisclosed the gist!
Unrighteous the dimm´d disdain shall blow up & the algorithmic bubble shall burst at last…
Displac´d the itchin´, renew´d courage instills speedy the hard conviction in the heart,
and after the mournin´ born be the dazzl´d thighs that shall climb the summit beyond the stars.

❋ XCIX ❋

Earn´d the drivin´ in the exodus the stars align the marchin´ while the crossin´ lasts.
Heavenly the task overly demands the stress´d nature in shredded the weary human.
Wing´d celestial creatures rejoice with the army´s heralds to seed & provide earn´d support…
Shaven the steerin´ command dispose the instructions & logistics to assure the march.
Who brings mercy upon the bleary pilgrims, whose exhaust´d heart ceaseless jades?
In diminute an eyelet the proof siftens the brave from dubious multitude in untrodden paths.
The passin´ shortens the made up to the pretense, & malicious the greedy misplace the math.
Beetle & maggots creep over the fallen that still gasp as almost buried below dust collapse.

Silent the stalking´ troops, commit´d their worn feet, steady the trudge, & ahead forward push.
Blown up, nor defeat nor surrender eels bite unaware the touch that touches what is not to be
Distress´d the robes, the night´s garments displace the tiresome most and bring restful peace.
Black clouds abode on the tent to assure the needed rest for the journey to the anoint´d ark,
A forest of skillful flesh breathe at leisure while guard the tent seraphims in divine accord…
The loyal remain *ad dextram Patris*, in spite of least valued the wick´d will that shan´t prevail.

❋ C ❋

The edge where solid the blur´d earth faces the coldest airs before wild the waves,
sets the thread to lighten´d the steps that follow the next stage in the pilgrimage.
Thousand humble hinnys on their spines carry the words for, on given time, return the start.
Ravens surround the barracks where the bitterly dwellin´ hardens harsh the shorten´d rest…
Unbound the grim supplies only the skies add to quench delay´d the belated hunger.
Carryin´ the remnant load does heroic the task heavier for any strong unskill´d the back…
Enemies like bulked the global trend flattens domestic the realm in frightenin´ a second´s time.
How should repress´d the local mason reconstruct the lost balance which the gist denies?

Tasks ahead to ground painstakin´ what ancient ways the complaint its arise demands.
Underneath blind the roarin´ swells & poison´d the rough thoughts of waves huge & uncouth.
Exceedingly have we not had enough of silly the dreams of worldly a single mind acquir´d?
This the desert of the real, which outgrown chalice & tabernacle to ashes tears it down.
Heave´d up, the dormant must the eagles rouse from exile the bonds.
With fierce the thunder in such a desert bestow the bloomin´ in new founded land…

❋ CI ❋

Le paradis des orages s´effondre.
Les sauvages dansent sans cesse la fête de la nuit.
Villes, Arthur Rimbaud

The lonesome souls do landings on cherried woods diverse than uprear´d the bumpiest shores.
Under the storm darkn´d skies, solid clouds drain gross & wick´d rivers from above.
Fearful these landings maybe & by a long shot weaken the errands & pursuit.
Sous la brise éppaise with certain unhidden joy the brave ones endure the arrang´d scene.
Bleedless still, steele the edg´d swords shine clean and eager to try the nightly prunin´.
Wrath increases the heat in the beatin´ lungs over the hazards that loud drums and bugles cry.
Once the passin´ is over & the crumblin´ends in dregs, the muscle shall rest appeas´d.
Bitter as any battle is seem´d to be, the task ought to achieve redeem´d the vision…

Ditch´d the trenches hid the feather'd helmets from which piercin´ fiery the fledg´d war befalls.
Les fabuleux fantômes des monts easen the warrior´s job in ardous the strategy of bellic move.
The beaten won´t return from lost their huts. The commit´d should prevail in the bloody fields.
Named the quarry, the flyin´ arrows shall burn to ashes the quarters of enemies´ command.
Brave the fallen ones are harvest of courage that seed eagerness in the survivors of the land.
At the last end, the target is to return to the origins of earth *où l´on a dû se retrouver*.

❋ CII ❋

Grounds to a halt the flesh round where crown´d the feeble ones live distort´d their fairy lives.
Such frenzied the growin´ painly shortages of stricken the unvirtuous folk, soar the damage.
While spreadin´the pleasure remains seek´d after by such ἰδιώτης, & unengage´d the denizens,
the extensive failure resembles heat´d the kindlin´, through the misery in public the common life.
Unrepairably oblique cuts the bayonet replicat´d rhapsodies & historic its unheal´d wounds.
Riotus the unbridl´d flock refuse any harness to yoke their greed in unrestrain´d supplies.
Unstoppable the leisure feeds the wicked shepherds who snatch where eyes cleave the hoof.
Gusts of greed reach above where the fairies fear distorted the winds may drown their lungs…

So, polish´d the brassy drama, lick´d the splinter´d estate, & furthermore fak´d a broken laugh:
thus means solemn the covetous who slides conceit´d mouth & chest into the earthly dung.
The shroud is winnow´d to feed the fierceful hogs by unworthy the hands of the deceitful foe.
Who crowns the lowest evil in concave the hellish instant when bodies to corpses turn?
See how wide the waists their loaded bulks carry to cover their emptied souls,
worse even, fluffy their pretense shows off what dull shines not, but to their ghostly hosts…

❋ CIII ❋

How to restore the spirit, wounded & broken, from string to rope, by grotesque deceit?
Does fate follow the ancient masterpiece where memory loses the anchor´d claw?
Fetch a proper shelter to dwell the guests who we are while earth does host our hunt´d woes…
Untam´d wolves with bare the fangs scatter´d like straw those who knew not the sense of war.
Unclean the treacherous villains elusive flee to guard from wild the stumblin´.
Surrounded by long glimmerin´ the gaze wailin´ greets the sorrow of fault & pitiable mourn.
Burns the sparks of the longin´ that spares in darkn´d the dust & chaff,
the shapes it calls that time has come to endless the unnamable void´s return…

With no reward but still the shaky whisper of a hard stare hide the bums under the barricade.
Blinks the moon among gray the slumberous clouds & spoils undrift´d the windows shut.
Made up the rules, lives the slum with mournin´ of extinct the exiles in undergrounded board.
What costs are these that the shelter´d fetchin´ undermines the focus bound clochard?
Riches call to riches and virtue to virtuous that jerks away the fogbound ungodly beasts…
Rovers who are the pilgrims to be, the walkin´ breathe undrill´d, in strecht´d the night´s smoke.

❋ CIV ❋

So it did happen what, ignor´d the risk, without response, allow´d it was…

Freaking eeries storm disguised the void between the ages long cycle of a lifetime.
When such a one-eyed minister misses the target & the pleasin´ over the fair deal presides,
in the betrayal of ends & purposes the universe´s grace drifts to empty skies.
Not straight away but indeed it came acceptance & allured the settlers to assure the reins.
Simmered dim the fall, under wrong umbrellas & diversities, unblends the uncommon whole.
Unmelted the incomers, block and overcome the native deeds, of aboriginal the withdrawn.
Hunker´d down fires spit embers over isolat´d the longboats hull´d & its keel runs aground.
Tout es inutile if detach´d the molecules hold not at all the whole that the abode it grants.

What bold parade applauds & celebrates hardiness that bodily forlorns the encounter miss´d?
Uncertain is what lapses bring between short and boundless reaches while cod & whailing lasts
Ousted the scarries, the dragging smashes residues under the isthmus of lost the realm´s doors
Humbled down by nature's raw power, the wretch´d display batterin´ in stormy the wailin´ sea.
Ill and botchly arranged the mesh of clustered confusion breaks up,
for necessity drives what hidden cannot remain in spiritual the soul´s fiery rocks.

❋ CV ❋

Bonne nuit! Notre monde, n´est-il pas un monde trompeur…?

These be spirals pendular that the waves in ominous the Real, unhesitant the sigh upsurges.
Charted the geography inaccurately depicts the racial *völkerwanderung* in nuanc´d the map.
Rude had to hold the zealot till the hacking, right into the outscaried final the higher hurdle.
The crudest the dispute, the threshold lowers harsher the sense into collapses left.
Endlich & at long last need shall prevail over the lofty profit of selling in markets wide,
tho´the precedin´ lasts while in freez´d isolations unbow´d the knees give way to greedy deeds.
Over the broken table of blacken´d lamps the hunch´d & decrepit ebbs away the wane stance
of dwindlin´ his stoop´d and drain´d the weary & unendur´d conviction.

Tout est silence while demography the extinction its collapse ahead foreseein´ denies.
How to subside the most ferocious tornadoes when the migrant restless leave the native,
and the bitter challenge its extension increases deeper of a gap between the many & the few.
Deafn´d the wary by unaware those of blurr´d their sights short of light, miss the shot by large.
How to regress what its return, like death to live, impossible decreed is constrain´d to be?
Winds will subside unwholesome realms that hold not conquer´d the whole by the wavy part!

❋ CVI ❋

What said it was, said it to remain must, & abjuration absurd perdures in real paved a street.
But, once the screwin´ turn around complies its healin´ more is in withdrawal the proper sense.
Too many neglect the feelin´ and praise the whatnots who offer vinegar in a riven cup.
Bless´d be the palinode when suffrage the results reflect like quiet a pond mirrors a lousy wart.
In spite of consistent the tale, evil dwells where paradox silent itself repeats its decent droolin´
as if decadent the day to please came to warmly hug the corpse stench´d.
So slidin´ the gang to go must drain´d in narrow the democratic funnels that gather all manure.
Higher and lower in days everlastin´ the dead & defeat´d shelter are in only & the same casket.

Weaken´d the inference by a linear sequence, random denies what absurd petty minds defies.
What wholes are those with no other parts than the whole itself which of itself remains a part?
This is what cloaks the quotient between the many most and the lessen´d few…
Equality keeps mathematics in a place proper, but in conviviality equals democracy´s thief.
The iron law claims that none but the small of the fewer number rules over the many more…
Still the absurd persists when overpower´d the fewer are hang´d by the many under the pew.

❋ CVII ❋

Screw´d the language among scribbl´d sounds under the fingerprints above the keyboard,
the stories make words say what way none is there to grasp in what is said none is meant.
The vessel distorts the source from which assort´d meanings improve what to say is there.
Degrees are some, so are shapes, that struggle to peep, & ones step on those that come not.
Brick after brick bring about ground and wall, but all follows whom the design got drawn.
So, what is it all this that clogs & adjourns the flowin´ & suddenly defers the process at hand?
It is the pebbles that he who thinks me throws to make certain that the tale remains intact.
Intact, if avoids the risk that words tend to obliterate as if hook´d life out may they bring.

This is the molehill that as reminder stands to address the blunt sight over the written line.
None a reading, be text or heard, hides less nor more but a warnin´ disregarded & overlook´d.
Words do the hovering of the lore without the compass of a known unhaunt´d thought.
In the midnight of the cave where unaware we humans dwell sparks the candle of a path…
Before the abyss of the void, word disguise creatures & ghosts that language unclean pollutes
Catch you better now what the secret soarin´ its empty sound is fak´d to do disguis´d?

❋ CVIII ❋

Silenc´d the voice that drew unconscious the stumblin´ in the fable of insane the crumblin´,
girdled the stork´s sight observes dimm´d the rainbow, below a cedar tree, in a silent spot,
and attuned in pink the small mirror the ear soars deepen´d a dark silence.
Owls provide proper the needed company to the thin sounds of void the cosmic noise.
Flying above, the sparrows return to their limbs where the evening hosts their rest.
Contemplative & satisfied, partridges and grouse settle in their nightly nests to pray.
Below the plentiful stars, quieten the roaring rivers & fiery the waves in the hustling seas.
Time comes when utter´d the word swells to boost what not to be said remains abstain´d.

When the releasin´ stops, grows obscure a silent attention to soft & unread the empty scroll.
Barely the skies brighten the noisy mind where all trouble its understandin´ insanely dims.
Only a sip of bourbon quenches unquiet the rattlin´ of hermetical the text unbound.
How not to drill into the roof that imprudent shatters convulsive uselessly the vain dispute,
so relinquish absurd the quarrel & allows the bearin´ of exhaust´d words & abounds the sense.
Time to shut unmeant the wordin´ that jails minded action in ugly dungeons of noise dispers´d.

SEVENTH CANTO

DARKLY GATHERS

A LIQUID LAYER

OF REHEARS´D EMPTINESS

Per che non reggi tu, o sacra fame
dell´oro, l´appetito de´ mortali ?
Purgatorio, Canto XXVII, 40-41, Dante Alighieri

Le silence dit tout. Le vide ne dit rien.

❋ CIX ❋

Heavenly time pays its dues & the ear hearing can unmovin´ the winds of a lullin´ truce…
For nonce rests what in the collective body stung, in relinquish´d prairies & lonesome woods.
Under foggy & thicken´d tents a warder guards swords, fangs & arrows by cosmic request.
Silent, the tabernacle spreads its poignant mantle over the irky tales of reciprocal the strifes.
As awesome as to human sense partly it sound may, μετάνοια did its lightinin´ breakthrough…
& clouds divine embrace the distrustful & belligerent whose presence hid wise a clement hand.
The maggots lead the excrutiating road where life remains appeas´d while greed fights aloof…
Worldly struggles shed blood, steadyin´ their collapsin´ share. Yet the second half recedes…

Cruelty has no place where silent winds go through the garden of honeysuckles & hibiscus.
The hole that worms digg´d allow´d light to blurr the cosmic evils of now inhabited distress.
No footprints remain after the deluge fell, drainin´ life from the theater of battleground.
Stripp´d of breath those who pass´d through the barb´d wires thankful let their silence spread.
There are no embers left to arise & utter their fiery flames among the ashes white & cold…
The calmness of cushion´d unheard steps joins the serene & peaceful side of the realm.

❋ CX ❋

Die Friedenstör des Friedens bleibt verschlossen,
und die Sprache der Leere öffnet sich zur Erinnerung an die Stille.

A blight of placid the speechless tongue its smother´d awareness sculpts on touchless specters.
As stillness wanes the outburst absent in its recedin´ the dimensionless gaze, void withdraws.
What is unseen emerges through becomin´ that risin´ renewal brings forth in bouncin´ seeds.
Doom sleeps gentle along in its contractin´phase of lower´d its dormant shades…
The source from which, thoughtful the thinker, puts forward the bearin´ words, benumbs afar.
Uncertain of the unchosen words a silent sound in its dimm´d stillness remains unheard…
Hard to tell if arrivals are final or if no reachin´ avails cosmic its dousen´d touch…
Where are we in universal the emptied meadows of the rockin´ language in purpled vests?

At the threshold where gates withhold words unmeant, defeats a blanket the guiless drift.
Who shall strive to attentive listen what unworn in thicken´d fields bloomly remains unsaid?
The runaway hound remov´d heavier the chronicle of untied the speech from the lighthouse
& darkn´d the scape turns on the listening while lanterns struggle to lift off the cloudy walls.
Thinly the unspoken words tumble in the shut off heart as meaningful silence spills its roots.
Then, void´s memory opens itself to the soarin´ tongue in which silence best speakin´ may.

❋ CXI ❋

Disengag´d & purposeless oars quietly rest in bare the steel´d backbone of rigid grudges.
Should the incumbent listen at the crucial instant when the commitment reminds its peak?
On the distant chairs silent wait the chords & winds while the choir dines aloof…
A banquet takes place to receive prodigal the warriors who deploy´d return´d.
Some surmisin´ requests the vacant minds of convalescent the amnesic wardens,
who grant not the memory´s indictment over the encounter of conflagration´s piercing…
Solitary at early dawn the sower rumbles medieval his loving care over his worn out cloak.
Even the hunters let their boots near the fireplace & sit by warm the cottage…

Prays the chaplain the soften´d notes of his claymade flute with incantatory prowess.
La ligne rouge d´un conflit ouvert declines the same night when the bullets cease the blizzard.
Heavens sent densely solid whitish clouds over the dust´d souls of bulky the rugg´d thumbs.
Earth becomes an exile in the groanin´ the nightly oasis of the cosmic warfare.
Such a windswept sight grows in tremblin´ the mascarades provok´d by belligerent the hawks.
In unity joy unfolds & *freude trinken alle Wesen* & *seid umschlungen* chants the shepherd…

❋ CXII ❋

How so suddendly the impeccable rush envelop the realm at the harp´s flutterin´ lament?
No memories are claim´d nor certainties bow conclusive as withdrawn remains silence bold…
At the evening´s silence *il semble malade quelqu'un parler de la nuit obscure du temps*.
In the gleamin´ twirls of sorrow-laced half fill´d up cup, sing burden´d souls the healin´ songs.
Desolate the meadows, their barren horizons ground numb´d the word to approach wardens.
Païennes les traditions dépeignant un festin éternel among far away the chambers of solitude.
Not many recall the darkn´d life of struggles lost among anonym the tents along the tombs,
and those who do reprieve disconsolate their ghostly sorrows with alone a hidden wailing.

Malignant the dwelling forces assess the ground of contempt grossly leak´d on poignant sands.
With sideral the divine bruisings contain the gleefully destructive maneuvers of disdain´ rulers,
and over the rubble of hooters & hucksters many the contemptuous crew their noses hide…
Times come & times go around global the seemingly dominant babblin´ trends on our compass
while the sepulchers & necropolis keep secrets unreachable for public pulpits and basilics.
Bless´d the emergent metropolis falls into a state of redeem´d at last the boisterous babblin´…

❋ CXIII ❋

Some blown up ethical standings condemn the headstrung overly confesion of chain´d silence.
Such fluent & graceful silence shared by unwholesome the overly kept warden´s secret.
Were it not as tightly kept at the shackles that bind the ankles to grievous weight,
what silence may not reveal would the bleedin´ trace howl through an owls plight.
Blind the labourers *parlaient de tout et de rien* under the chuckles of the waxing moon.
Still unknown the equation denies rebellious the drainage of worm-holes over its knees.
Obscenely lower´d the bloodsmear´d neck, obeyed outright under the guised pose.
Without strategic concern, the colony of the darken´d shores with padlocks guard their waves.

The road to freedom expects disciplin´d rulers to adhere to thoughtful the vanquish´d wallet,
at the swampy risk of loosin´ fate & will for the sale of raw the head at the price of toad´s skin.
Why did the market manage the speech over the ocean undercurrents where whales repose?
Unanswearable the questions drop their fairy candles to dim caves where distortion prevails.
Time is it for the chain of silenc´d secrets to draw the moon close to night´s bootlegg´d traces!
Who shall disclose the casket where the corpse of values rest in voids of dishevel´d garments?

❋ CXIV ❋

(…) Die heisse Flamme des Geistes nährt heute
ein gewaltiger Schmerz (…)
Grodek, Georg Trakl

So dwindl´d the steps over broken crystals under heavily announc´d the lack of comfort,
bewarin´ a sound is anticipated, rehearsed inwardly, but never allowed to break the nightmare
While the known centre turns into lost its holding gravity, million tents rinse the swing.
Part of the unrestin´ script grow under makin´ the thuggery flaw´d of warmongering wiring.
Predictably unhesitant run thousands steps dismantling the republican chores with bloodshed.
As alarming as it could be a brazened backyard expands through unhinged the coarse bullying.
As the end near approach´d its collapsin´ signs, fear´d sheer & crude loss of lawlessness comes.
Disowned the defunct & useless design covert the change under lies & half built truths…

Rulers step aside with a bulk of heavy laden guilts that unsanction´d allow free their fleein´.
Are there any worrisome concerns on the defeat denounc´d by worldly editorial boards?
Silence extreme grows about the globe & strikes pathetical the worrisome void of steerin´.
The realm suffers violence as whining over the annihilation the complex rulin´ drown´d decays.
When the plebeian assembly decides, the incumbent simply urges the reformer´s its beheadin´
& the camel´s back crumbles as might its greed pronounces with the feebl´d a weak feather...

❋ CXV ❋

The “do what you can” & less the carin´ barter, when the fox follows the snake´s distress…
What regime is this that violent uses nature´s rule that *völlig dunkel lässt erschein das Leben*?
Who wants Syracuse without the archemidian´s advice that with rocks fills the launchin´cellar?
Helpless the wise fall aside & their prowess longterm´d is kept subdued under conceal´d covert
just like always the hermetic doctrines remain upkept by them who must on the tiger the ride.
Underground the allies, mincin´ daintly sketch dimly the words, to keep their fear´d exposure…
& unneutral li´l ones climb to join the conflictin´ symbols seekin´ the volatile order to repeal.
Who ends up in the unsubdued statement that calibrat´d daggers hide under the hootches?

Too wide a happenin´ keeps under question boisterious around the military industrial complex,
while far from political the theatre of violence the shepherds continue their grazin´ daily tasks.
Pray that the new born era brings anew the worldly cycle & returns justice to human realms,
so gaol devours & in its dwellin´drowns malignant the abusin´ tyrants in a flamin´chariot…
When the burnt out poison´d tree tumbles down the thirst, locust shall bite the wick´d ones,
& the horsemen will whip despis´d the heat´d arse of the unworthy & decadent flock.

❋ CXVI ❋

Tonight, like any darkn´d shape, huddles a lute mourning tunes against the shadow´s farewell.
Spells ground the fate in relentless revelations with no center to hold the soul of the realm.
Wird lange die Erde ewig und fest steh´n like present our short lives might us suspect to be?
Naively no annhililation nor collapse would seem a collective life to last enough a human time,
but crudely a disclaimer the surmise bluntly asks *wie lange du Mensch glaubst wirdst du leben?*
Surrounded by uncertainty of the *morschen Tande ergotzen an unsere Erde*, no dissent lasts…
Crouch´d the corpses drag their deaden´d souls about moonlit fields where graves abound,
compasses somnolient drool their tipsy needles where the north remains its absent howlin´…

The faded scent of selfhood bends, while hunchin´ growls linger by an owl´s silent nest…
May still we sayin´ shout that *mir war auf dieser Welt das Glück nicht hold*, in spite of all?
Drunk with nails on feet & hands he who savin´ could, silent denies a word to address the lost.
Below, emptied voids drain, always unfill´d, its unerasable bottomless lack of perish´d ground.
At long last we seem to be what silent the mist of frost´d language along makes of us,
while brooks and linger´d branches float over the sprinkl´d dust of stern the cloudy falls.

❋ CXVII ❋

Ἡ Λεγεὼν Πανμεγιστοι Ταξιαρχαι ἐμφανίζεται τοῖς ἐκλεκτοῖς
Η πολυαναμενόμενη νίκη επί των πολλών του όχλου ([1])

Bluish the moon displac´d, pauses the longing´ in deepn´d abysses where hope drowns lost.
What was about to place stars in the pilgrim´s swollen feet all of a sudden Mîkhāʾēl bolster´d.
Fierce the warriors´ swords aren´t quiet for too long under the lightnin´ to heavenly forces.
Under the chief protector the battle against satanic the lower spirits to defeat likely sounds.
Reproachless raise the chalice the earthly spirits in derelict wounded armies about the desert,
& hallow´d the sights will follow the written traces from the leading rowers in above´s cause.
The unwoven flames of angelic arrows devour the pettymongering rulers in the wise realm:
dragg´d over broken glasses & deadly scalp´d shall no more sing dominion over stolen land…

Once orphan the lost may conquer the stormy oceans on the schooner´s brim´s edge.
The night of defeat the steel´d clobber will tidily smash the boars´ undeservin´ skull…
Thousand oarsmen sing outloud the *Quis ut Deus* song on the stormy oceans,
in remembrance of the slain dragon´s shap´d daemonic function & the evil´s defeat…
Sharing the long chain of strengthen´d spears withheld the mind´s light on their forehead,
with lingerin´ command over each solid step in the long road to the ridge of heaven´s realm…

1 And the legion of the greatests Taxiarchs (archangels) comes in the aid of the chosen ones. ***The long awaited victory over the multitudes of the crowd***.

❋ CXVIII ❋

Dies sind verfolgte, die gequälten und qualvollen Gedanken,
die von den dunklen Mitternacht verlangt werden.
Der lang ersehnte Sieg über die vielen des Mobs

The none may we become with absent gestures of rehears´d our absent memory,
shall be them who drink the dregs of unclasp´d the feverish & luscious wines of open greed.
What a holistic trend may easy manner´d their bold impudence a loud shamelessness display?
Times these of nonchalanc´d & unwanton pride under somber the heathen´d scoffin´
Witches wander over the unheal´d towers & distill the dungeon´s poison with fatal wasps…
it is then when solitude steers the language of filter´d abandonment with harps & clavichords.
Long & sweaty the emptied routes are them in eclipse *ohne lebende Pilger* that steps ahead…
Who shall then filter the truthful way which may follow the chosen ones now forgotten?

Ye the savvy ones unfinish´d imply the trailin´gestures to wink voids paus´d in the scor´d script.
Grab again the baton that unreveal´d withholds the address to blind the shadowy avenger…
Growin´ the waves comply with the unnam´d spell that draws so near the long yearn´d goals,
& the guise of time resemble bare the wastelands where no force blows the livin´ circle…
Unavailable no encounter at sight states the flowin´rivers´ truth on heraclitean unseen tides,
for the swimin´ sailors to embed their lungs under the divin´ toads at midnight´s advice…

❋ CXIX ❋

Thus casts the wicked forces & ston´d them who profane practice evil in unaton´d the rites.
From hearsay to hearsay…

The pilot reads the silent compass´ easternmost lead where warmer lights be expect´d.
Such are the voyages while in exile the chosen best wait natural the collapsin´ futures…
Are they close perhaps to fill the voices mut´d by unhonourable the tyrants in the lost realm?
Scarce the cod & trout the line seeks kelp forrest & rocky reefs by the feed with bream & perch
Arrivals are last to be reach´d when agonic the expectation its heighten´d peak grows high…
No one keeps simple trinkets in oddment case unless they trust in their heavenly valued worth.
Such be the omen on the archangel´s shield upon the clouds of his flyin´ wings…
Think no word in the innermost closet of your livin´ soul & the reachin´ grows close & near…

Once sung the sorrow, brings heaven´s lush that boons auras with riddance of the silent craze.
Long afar with gleams distinct, & not by fluke, come, yet imbalanc´d & with wobbling glows,
the expect´d futures that holy cards drew the night of the redden´d flames in full the moon.
From the seethin´ bustle, where divine the holy forces by gravity devoid of vacuum energy,
wise their inner will contriven, the wished end arrives, to begin again the newer life.
Eliot acknowledg´d, the end is the beginning. So, a new beginning must renew the end.

❋ CXX ❋

The intact sharin´ agreein´ seems that the built up spectacle in a powerful weapon derives.
From thitherward launch´d foams of despicable the bottl´d complain the eyelids dash a dart.
Hard to keep memory of supplied the summon´d refusals by thinly unspoken & fear´d dreams.
What need had to be when lacks intact the touch of dried the blamed & silky hands?
Layers above overturn´d the nearby layers, reveals the gatherin´ rehears´d by bulky hogs.
Under the sheets the lackin´ hands withhold the pace of yesteryears walking pass…
& roofless the tomb screams a neighin´ burp as if the corpse had not collaps´d by stroke.
Necessity burps when hands can´t hold the blowtorch derailed in unravel´d the doom´d whims.

Lost, some squatters spurt feather´d epiphanies in ravish´d the depart´d unwhole gestures.
At the surface sprout lingerin´ ghosts that blurr any direction to figure out right the road.
The gossip advances in its growin´ figures through a sharin´ measure of discomfort.
Many a mate essay reason´d smilin´s when no longer the fak´d fruition explains the deed.
What may last will not last in harsh the line of endless the veil of tepid the haunted walk…
& the swing assures patient the bystander will see what to end must in the cycle of command.

❋ CXXI ❋

Where went shapeloss time in the haunt´d strings where crunch´d the square shuts drown´d?
No mere in the morning moods the unreverin´clouds bucolic dim the meadows´ shores…
No one knows who is met under the thousand tents beneath the ungrounded chasm.
Ungreet´d the meals be cook´d in the common fires at loosen´d rhythms in geometrical spurts.
Forgotten the once chosen inscrib´d cuttin´ marks & despis´d came to confuse dancin´ crews.
Crook´d the cross´d eye hoary head to revere the afflict´d strangers with seedless wombs…
How could such an invert´d sample of ingratitude keep undamag´d the wisen´d stars above?
Time stumbles in faded along membranes of its droolin´ passage & guests leave unserv´d…

Borrow´d the mirror´d hopes blows the hammer with intense abuse over the naïvely weak…
& drains black´s bile over the earlobe. Scarce the listenin´ stifles coarsely subdued repentance.
Thru´ the window a nest´d ox kneels its cloudy limbs to host slop´d loaves of chain´d up voice.
Hipnotis´d a flock of crows enslave the gruesome maidens with the beak of the horny yells…
Dreamt the silent battle digs clay´d soil under ground´ solitudes of commited the yet unborn.
What grabbin´may accomplish the uncertain helmet order´d for the baton weaklin´?

❋ CXXII ❋

Seek now & behold thou travellin´, wrinkled & thin hair´d old spirit, what finds thou,
what, that lacks rejoice?, what thou seekst when thou strive to find that yields unreachable?
Silenc´d the listening…, detach´d becomes a habit of expected the once lost reply.
Not even the strivin´seeker comes to hand thiniest sounds in the echoes of deepen´d clouds,
As above so below, the voided meadows leave the thousand pilgrims submitted to daily chores
unarm´d as resign´d of their new scores in the renew´d tunes that host rehearsals of exile…
In the halls where mountains bring cold springs to the empty lands figures are ascertain´d.
On mysterious camels they ride with strange & undistinguishable scents from barren lands…

While comin´ the beholden figures disappear among the bushes and the unfitt´d hills.
Time elapse in long shapes about the horizon & a sudden quake sinks the figures underground.
What meanin´ was sought, unmeant yet remainin´ to commoners & seethsayers exactly alike.
Then the old spirit & the seeker who beheld the figures become unwritten history in the realm.
Centuries old stories pretend to explain what elders should transmit with a kind morale…
but elders lower their eyes, stretch downwards their lips, & echo with their silence the reply…

❋ CXXIII ❋

The learnin´ flesh leans towards lumpy its restraints.
From hearsay to hearsay…

The seek´d after in long horizon, tires the stubborn seeker in the woeful experiences past,
and recoil of the unseen, remains the strife among doubtful geists at the distance lost.
Banish´d the spell, seize´d on a jumpstart & torn up the hindrance relevant, come the unnam´d
& its coming burns like roast´d flesh on scorching the sulphur´d smouldering´ of the brimstone.
Who owns the device that endangers the simple minded will & thought provokin´ gadgets?
Seek and ye shall find said who offer´d the opening gates to those who knew the knockin´,
& so a timely gesture is begun & allow´d to lapse its passin´ without gloomy a sour redressin´.

Time passes indeed as its announc´d concern for cosmic lastin´did in history at all matter.
Is it not a faustic fantasy the belief in time when it brings to survivin´ the human greedy force?
How to explain the reversal to a decoupl´d puzzle of a congealin´ a sequenc´d deviation?
Why skin wrinkles & the mind dwindles comes, with matter´s weakenin´…, but time… ?
Unannounc´d it arrives & permanently stays in its unretrivable & long lastin´ present,
but decadence & collapse of the lumpy matter comes not with what time ends up bein´ call´d.

❋ CXXIV ❋

In the struggle words fail into doom´d backdrop, intertwin´d in their frail & emptied fate.
How to name what perceiv´d seems unreachable under arbitrary a hegemonic deed?
The sailin´ flows in magic dusts against the hindrace spell´d with hypnotic trances,
as if long gloom in stones gathered were olden wizards that step into the lizard´s buddin´will.
Aloof groans the skunk its lonely chants to mourn the buried deep with unbearable the noise.
Along mumbles the specter over the hung corpses of adrift´d the northless & tumblin´ seekers
who once lead the startl´d pilgrims to the endear´d penances like barb´d-wire around the ribs.
Birds thin chirping ´ mute the squeaking crows, while stagnant hunters clasp a wick´d dream.

Withdrawn warriors silent await in restless recess aborted deployment of unplann´d strike.
Global the endless night dims hopes in earthly surface of menac´d intrusion to dreary realm.
Extensive such sinister the disengagement, signals a scope of relentless the void´s detach´d.
Who shall earn uncertain the soarin´ restraint of steady the overall muteness of stray´d guns?
So much of the owls screechin´ develops in waves unheard by distant the summit in the cliffs.
What life remains when reason rests & grows the lack of noise in the verbal land?

❋ CXXV ❋

The ill driven and evil will´d,
won´t slash the worthy soul
once shackl´d in stench´d the dungeons hole.
From hearsay to hearsay…

Who shall address the unsoothin´ absence that blows in glidin´the whole world abas´d?
Will there be a decent manner to unsew the befoging whirlwind that leads to the abyss´ void?
Biblical the salamander its disguise plunks the leadin´ crews to dop´d a political lure…
Heavens evens abhorrent the peak´d haughtiness of those that do what the evil many hatch,
& their schem´d weavings shall from the cliffs sink till their hearts in ashes end cleans´d.
What is written in stone, the binge of their wick´d deeds shall the wrong path come to end,
& ston´d their lives will pay the strayin´ into waste the barren clay of their blazin´ lead.
Such shall be holy shed the swerv´d reality against raddl´d the encapsulat´d fantasies´ redress…

The world´s piddlin´ haberdashery loosen´d, mumbles inane words with spread anarchy…
No throes last nor the slouch´d slick slacker in places that virtues leak not at ease to rulin´ fair.
Before & after undivided, come in rockin´ the pitied spiral once mock´d by raven´s milk,
under vex´d the skewin´ sight by greed-dimm´d, the deprav´d & boisterous, like hienna´s fangs.
Before & after, its whimsical convention once call´d clutter´d time, to gauge of shapes pass´d,
fair the unrated treats, & turns around the stepp´d down, to crown their patient & long stroll…

❋ CXXVI ❋

Deferr´d the rehearsing hosts the lack of matter in the voided cave of emptied closure.
A sensitive ox sneaks its snappy snout in the deferr´d trail to straighten the filmsy mirror.
Unreveal´d, the withdrawn dwarf hides the clue to prevent the evasive findings in the dust.
The darker the evasion the harder to trod where no other foot seem to have landed upon…
Sounds are persistently emptier & dimmer in spite of the pilgrim´s faithful endurance.
The lyre of the angelic guardians is heard only in upper abode & no hands catch the tune.
Unplow´d flowers wither the ungather´d layers in diasporic the long & rocky wastelands,
as if unannounc´d the whirlwind would have swept the surface where the weary dwellin´ may.

Dreary ghosts flit amongst what is left after the living´s deaths in barren yet unseen chests…
Where shall the stars address the fittin´ while the will seems to lack the steerin´ for a change?
Days come, days go, & the theater mirrors the tremblin´ among the lenient troops.
Looterin´ is the picture imagin´d at outermost surface that backs up the assembly´s foremen,
that gropin´ scatter indulgencies around to blackmail & shakedown the realm´s weakest souls.
Chants cease to echo in furthest extremes of the livin´ land. The void is full of none a groan.

EIGHTH CANTO

UNDER LIGHT, SILENCE

RESONATES ITS NOISE

Im Anfange schuf Gott…
und Gott machte das Firmament…
mit Staunen sieht das Wunderwerk…
Und Gott sprach: Es sammle sich das Wasser,
rollend in schäumenden Wellen.
Sag mal, wohin seid ihr entschwunden
zu den überresten tagen
unseres verlorenen Schicksal?
O enthüllte hauch des Frühlings,
nach dem Entstehen des Chaos…
est ist alles verdorrte einerlei,
oder kehrt vielleicht die bebend schäumenden Wellen
der Schöpfung zurück,
und wird die Sonne wieder erheben,
oder, weh uns, werden unsere Herzen verzehrt,
und sollen wir sterben immer mehr
in Misswende, Wehwal und Verzweiflung?

Der lang ersehnte Sieg über die vielen des Mobs

❋ CXXVII ❋

Silence gathers its spread´d emptiness among the down seams of the galaxies´ ripp´d flesh.
Whose throat might declare the he who without might the burial signs in the crack´d land?
Time to adjourn errant the perplexities in uncertain the leaves that fell in the marshes drain´d.
The swampy routes whirl around useless the thin circles that glitter under the unforeseen dew.
In native the unworthy sight shaken fall chains of string hung the wanderin´ clouds…
Humble the penguins waddle in muddy pebbles among stray´d limbs of worn out huts,
& distress´d their honour´d clad shows its feathers in the hunger of *l´brille mortal de la nuit*…
Despis´d, the gaze in vain searches in lurid enclosures the lost shrouds in the sources of light…

Once the piercing sinks, the shot falls not in wordless the fate unwritten, but heals its wounds.
The awoken become at the sour hour their appointed need void with more hunger & need….
What a raggedy dawn dims shineless in still the mysteries of unlit & breathloss their graves!
Sadn´d weeps the languid existence of unworthy lamb that pleas to fiery yet agonic the flesh.
Miser the tide forgets cyclic a return & memory sluggish runs in falls the flow of sting & disdain
while the becomin´ this world exiles in barren the hover realms of unseen the rulers of fate.

❋ CXXVIII ❋

Judex ergo cum sedebit quidquid latet adparebit, nihil inultum remanebit.
Dies irae solvet saeculum in favilla

καὶ νῦν τὸ κατέχον οἴδατε, εἰς τὸ ἀποκαλυφθῆναι αὐτὸν ἐν τῷ ἑαυτοῦ καιρῷ.
Second letter to Thessalonians, 2 : 6

Out of its scabbard unbounds great the orbits new extensive and silent its disorder global.
Ein neues großartigen Geschichtsmächtigkeit abounds by unworthy *die Erhalter*.
So strange and gross, periodic the attractors keep unjust the swords above the seiz´d might.
Resistant keep the faithful *als die Bewahrer die Schneide ihrer Waffen bereithalten*.
How not to fix undeserv´d the thousand links in restraints of unfair & circumstantial the chains!
Once comes an end, renew´d the cycle gives light to silenc´s its latent the stunn´d a collapse...
Confutatis maledictis let the restrain´d be freed to open the oceans where meadows appear,
& historic set his right foot so doors won´t suffer from darkn´d echoes of hideous the closures.

Be this only *la sogne d'une nuit du sabbat, qui vous laisse sans aube, sa reverie dans la bouche*,
& demonic liquors of juglar´s steel alembic burns angelic chants of unredeem´d the heir´s deed
in case savin´ thrusts out behind thickn´d curtains that evens upkept borbonic the seal´s hasp…
Turmoil & whirlwinds never shall rase nor sweep away the cots & tents of the righteous few,
as in the end divine the hands above manage fate to better the unknown & wiser discretion…
Who the judgment owns comes at last… though no one there remains to do the waitin´…

❋ CXXIX ❋

Ἀπόδοτε οὖν τὰ Καίσαρος Καίσαρι
Matthew, 22 : 21

From far beyond humble in the cosmos the magi wonder about the leadin´most brilliant stars…
How so unpredictable the stability its trajectory diffuses amongst plural the unity defeasible,
as if the known dimension of current the worldly experience in secular terms its death arises.
What ancient the past grew devour´d the lapsin´ in instants that dissipate abort´d the centres,
now the path´s memories haunt´d follow wild the unreachable futures that wills´ leisure deny.
Comes down the shape that convex´d covers with veil´d lids a hide abroad enlighten´d rump,
under fetish betrayals of doom´d hangmen who slaughter´d the exponent in root´d squares.
Pawn moves forward to spot divert´d demotion of those unknight´d who drift´d spears.

The game goes on as haughty mankind hold gifts that freewill excludes from divnity unknown.
Vain rises bleedin´ the cup Herod Antipas in midst of flatterin´the vassals of somber´d court.
How so submissive kneels unworthy the soul who bends to unholy vow to the ruler´s chain´d!
Weary the tarried spirits gloomy their heart rest in unnoble the hands of heathen demands…
Emptied withstand old times, that miserly the hour´s midnight finger unquiet befalls.

❋ CXXX ❋

Floats still in swayin´ the earthly presence, rever´d among limbs that wick´d the plungin´
Who shall the striving late enough redeem during unrestin´the whiles & forlorn be despis´d?
Grayish the plots may travel to graves where deep in their bosom bring to surrender & fall.
Denial consoles unearthly the lusty wailings of bewitch´d pleadin´ of hairy a corpsly command.
Such likeness to famine the lower´d tract unachiev´d diminish the query of a hellish span...
In coexistin´ its dues falls in, when undermin´d diverse the distinction to yield but the one.
Undeservin´ dies ungenuine global the claims, that truth lies in collective the added proclaim,
that only the plural holds and differin´, not unity of the whole, or in denial the many must end.

As obscure the entropic our world may our history end in unnameable the dissipat´d its shares,
scatter´d the hues of indefinite sides search for a common while unaccomplish´d design…
Shall full the cosmos return to its oneness & forswear what contests which common becomes?
Hither & thither overboard throws the pullin´ weary the creature of liquid its human constraint
as if prey were the puppets of the mighty those who own most minds better than gear or land.

❋ CXXXI ❋

Tous les chemins du ciel étoilé faisant ombre
sur se chant naufragé; sur notre route obscure.
«Le jardin», in ***L´été de nuit***, Yves Bonnefoy

How so contingent the knowing it is useless, that the knowing maintains uselessness at best!
The art of indeterminate progression has shown its spiral in limitless unstoppable measure,
with impossible action to innumerable acts that conform to collapsin´ a chaotical shillin´.
Haven´t the richers narrow down its percentage as the poorer widen in tenfold their increase?
The not being but performers our agency witness the need to show our own needlessness,
in the name not of the father, but of cynical a reason that our own deeds support alien deeds.
None a contingency shows faster its growin´ to glowin´ an accruin´ to looter´s dispers´d
though obvious the facts known exact others unable move backwards and blowin´ despair…

How not the plunder ploughs in better soil that reports avoid not in the sown while is shown?
See thyself decipher´d in empty the mirror that guise the deceiv´d as a gesture overknown!
Would crop better Aeschylus barren realms where migrants in Turkey grew of equal in wealth?
No worse could end what endin´ seems to have none in arid lackin´ that performin´ outgrows!
This is the theater that happy voters change not, in spite of watery ballots & valueless polls…
Democracy comes not, brethren, comes not crude & raw, but fak´d in catchpennies display´d…

❋ CXXXII ❋

At the background drowsy a glimps´d snake drawls through babblin´ in swampy the floodtide…
The ceremony of innocence blown still remains endin´, to Yeats´ his heartbroken despair…
Loud gerrymongerin´ shuts not daft the applause of them who claim a slim petty piece of fame
to boost diminute the dwarfy ego that jostly boasts, & purport what miss´d impairs his role.
Open the equation gives leeway to instant them feelings that broaden unreason´d disclaim,
so shadows empty the fear´d fates that undetermin´d restrain belittl´d the might not accessed.
Such a lockstitch fixes steam´d coalmine, while the winter solstice sped up seagulls draws away
& global the toad blows hexes in hurdles & daggers that bring riches to them who have most.

The pilgrim seek stony their pillows for wearied their jabb´d wings, in abas´d the nak´d gush.
Thickly dead the salt sea drains foamy his blood that tacky stays on brittle walls of the heart.
Among crumblin´ thunders, hush the drums wailin´ the ravens, in darken´d the penance aton´d
but unseiz´d the void sneaks away in devourin´ the unwary along the barren & wild the realm.
Scatter´d attractors rejig cosmic the orbits as long as strange be bounded to uncertain a path.
At evening´s tide, hands weave hay baskets to fill the hours with unsung psalms to the unicorn.

❋ CXXXIII ❋

Grown their throats the triangle squats above the quarrelin´ moss that throttles a quiet song…
Longest the tremolous brass hugs the soften´d oboes as if an ill heart had no blood in the chest
drawn in a crowd of uninvit´d elves innerly seek an endur´d withdrawal from noise´s distress.
Grab´d by the bone a siren forgets the line as round a cadence her hip sways to lust in a lodge.
Widen´d her hips wet soft the cold flesh in case hottest her coffee may burn the record´d scorn
& the gyre keeps about fatten´d her fingers with small nails bathed in wine redden´d by ghosts.
Time seems paus´d by plasmatic the winds solar under pierc´d sheaths held by fingers uncurv´d
while humid and dusty the city remains spoilt & decay´d with no snow to thicken´d the rain…

How not to love the worn out cabin by logged the delv´d deep shores of snoring the doves?
Here stays at the shallow´d pauses carv´d the heartbroken farces that odd dice govern to cards
As the walrus surveils, mount´d the archer, skill´d swallows grown lobsters at dusk in his meals.
Where catch the wet logs in fiery mounded the squarish spell of the crimson colour´d moon?
Bless´d the interstellar inaction this night while in the hut thoughts under dim candles do rest,
& rivals dwell in private their treats to come about & stab naïve´s mournin´ with weed & spit.

❋ CXXXIV ❋

Such a rutted percussion aligns the gale to blows at dawn the flut´d rough monotones,
in slouch´d the earthly new dissonances that bluish the swollen eyes their slow draggin´ begin.
Porous the rockin´wavelenghts flatten abyss´d the reefs in case a lighthouse dims dark sounds.
Timid the horns sly impair´d drowse the rung blown luck among redden´d & fiery the ants.
What the whole be aims that part´d the knuckles hurt drowsy in oust´d the linger´d bars.
Renderin´ resonances in endur´d the settl´d gestures withdraw the seek´d after low tasks…
Glowing the zone encompass´d doubles the blow through holt as threshed anger in wood.

Purgin´ embers cleanse the wrong wordin´ before starin´ wreckin´ wrinkle anxious the soul,
as a black cat runs under heavin´ the riotus high ladder to unreachable grounds in lower´d hell.
Crew warriors sleep in raggedy tents as late as sandy harsh winds sicken their nostrils bygone.
Below the threshold, painful redressin´ unquiet recalls ashes surrender´d in eves from far…
Steady the un-being its absence in nothing exerts a groanin´ & pressures deceptive the mind,
while intensely the colon fuels sulfidic the rotten smell from tribal the voters outcast…

❋ CXXXV ❋

Hurried dreamt the beetles dispers´d a flamin´ sequence of arrows a hunchman to burn,
& avert´d a motion to cleave dismissals of wholesome a union where the vessel leaves none.
How so the wordin´ burden´d suspends the larger outlines that deceiving slowers the gain,
as if withdrawn´d the rivals diverse their subdits grew from under the worm-holes at noon.
Where be it that liberal the scene defers a bargain´d asset with no squeezin´ waspy the nib,
arrangin´ the poise that waits inner the seekin´ where tulips relinquish the bloomin´ remote.
Stiffen´d the diggin´ heap´d up what unity misses when disagreein´ the exclusion condones,
so emptied the common becomes mighty the rule of them who the barrin´ in comfort declare.

Become the footnotes in the haven where pipers blow & vipers gulp rodents in due course!
None so much knowin´ any a change shall straighten the rule of such mobsters aloof,
That change can be none under enlighten´d the progress to linear the stream of the most.
No more comin´ may convert them who zelots pursue so much the bitches by trillions of two…
that those who live in paradise need not a dyin´ to see glorious the eyes who made the whole.
Surrounded by vultures the preys offer vile their corpses that death redeems as what nots…

❋ CXXXVI ❋

I walked into, such a sad time, at the station
as I walked out, felt my own need, just beginning.
I'll wait in the queue when the trains come back
lie with you where the shadows run from themselves (…)
I'll sleep in this place with the lonely crowd
lie in the dark, where the shadows run from themselves.
«White room», Pete Brown. Album **Wheels of fire**, (Cream)

Will the shipwreck define the snark whose cloud rounds up the streak that voters ignore?
Justice drowns under vixen the most profitable on sale, whose chain no one saves from…
While no one left is in unknown of the swindlin´ that the trickster ends up prone,
what feeds itself feeds on consent, and consent the mask of habit its semblance wears;
while envied or not, any an able detractor with besmirchin´ smears what amass´d piles up.
This is what change admits not & secular its progression fertilises money in eugenic outcomes.
Seest now how inequality its gap widens at convenient a leisure beneath the vote of the most?
No one replaces what habit becomes that enslaves those enabled by despis´d alms & crumbs…

No one belittles himself with the coins that disparage the fluent growin´ psychedelic tycoons!
Under such the cynical circumstances, who conscious cares on global the impossible madness,
better must act doin´ what as passively possible may adjust to subserviently buy & consume…
The madenin´ reasonin´ that follows is that contraries increase kafkian crazy the yieldin´,
but the not doin´ but followin´, must allow the passive extinction of current the absolute mad!
Hence any writin´ in wordin´ acknowledge the madden´d enactment of passive performin´…

❋ CXXXVII ❋

Shameless the richest grow riches to riches as if life may last to do much with indefinite much.
While the game may be fooler than the foolishest, shall we all achieve what urges the flockin´
& grant the unmaddenin´ logic that unoppos´d the system may scratchin´ dig its own grave…?
How not so then the "lil´ dabbin´ do ya", in pinky holistic the shallow´d experience will sink,
that sense may you find not when sense needn´t be none in unsensible the senseless world!
While the accordion its left notes comes along, the right hand chantey plays the hat held out.
Shall then a sunken eyed, toothless musician, show his poorest attire in his seventies wrinkles,
& bury cherish´d his aged pet by pebbly the estuary in dried up the easternmost riverbank…

As the singer the magic tunes delves in the fifth grade room, the master bald claps his thumbs,
runnin´ the ungrabbable waters downstream, discipline the workman his duties perform,
& heraclitean the wizard draws a hare from the bushes while fires scandalous sights…
Death of culture may in the circus wrongly be carv´d as the caravan follows the parade´s path,
& illiteracy from defundin´ the humanities highly concerns in markets that a revival deny.
From the sorrows strikingly rises the weakest whose wounds sprain in deathly its shrouds…

❋ CXXXVIII ❋

The cygnus strides over unwaving the waters & above crows & buzzards scan for lameducks…
You, and us all, become unexploit´d ecological commodities in this happily control´d new world
though downgradin´ the self regulation a tool is that assures how change keeps all unchang´d…
Just the symptom brings who we become, under solemn the rituals that hide what we are not;
while strikingly Babylon returns, the born rebels shift into undissentin´ the beggarin´ follies…
Shown the scars the splittin´ names sharpen´d the who that hidden expands a stretch´d wound
but grown blemish the olden spreads Mae West´s wigglin´ to surrender´d bawdy mischance…
Won´t the specl´d owl grant better the sighin´ under the particle´s speed undetermin´d?

This is the too much world wherein any survival rejects films under kingdoms of power´d tools.
Here comes undecisive the gap where shape time downgrades, & the real a position strands…
A thing that seem who the be is, the we that we are stitches weird claim of untruthful a world.
Without any remedy inconsistent the watercolour´d reflection drains to porous the wallpaper,
in case the bull rider may break seven ribs as the hoof in the trial the backbone hits in a show.
As the perspectives unfold undermin´d the good or evil misspellin´ abounds in moral disguise…

❋ CXXXIX ❋

Bein´ the lost & wrong animals that becomin´ faulty & sinful we are, stand loose left to discord.
Detach´d who empower´d the judgin´ to others he does, an arbitrary the sanction be impos´d…
which only historic the environ arranges the evil that from right differs in reversal the change.
Not to miss the core of psychopathic discardin´,a shrink rehearses a protocol of moral dismissal
to find binary scheme indeed, but trembles still the hand before it the seal does sign,
& erratically dependent oval the orbits step on the timelapse, as if death fix´d a term-line.
Here we stay divert´d to face sneakin´the string equation that curves to undiscover´d the holes
as if unemptied the withdrawl the resonance mirror´d the sought-after snow-ball…

Anoint´d the diver humps the wizard´s exclusion in ethereal rigour where voices surrender
like hulkier the quiet pastures barren would unlisten philistine´s fledg´d unclean the wailings …
So thin the chaotic dependence overrun the stable attraction in distant the wish´d up time.
What the downstream leads to foresought declines to undetermin´d dreamt the collapses.
Hence overcomin´ not monstuous the mask of poorest the selves unfreer the beggar collides.
Stay away the newborn for dead just the bard follies the shifts that die unstable in crews…!

❋ CXL ❋

Unhumble the feelings, upright hiden in a cove among lickin´ shadows of dusty the clouds,
it is a dusky dawn & seen seems obscure a spot that blind may resemble a haughty void…
Meanwhile the tribes enclose their tactics in astral the uncenter´d orbits is the feel ungrown.
A long-term storm in aperiodic the hurdles mount up to urgent handle thinckn´d the veils,
to maintain that what as good clasps proves that, what doesn´t, demands by surgery its fixin´…
Seems like there be the callin´ of silent the blacken´d tulips in limbless the coldest woods.
This is not a roses berth where children lie their fleshes clean of impure the soulless moon…
How to answer unquiet the mind amidst what voids deny not knowin´ in untouch´d the faint?

Still is thick the shadow & solid empty the drowin´ that climbs slowly through the lower gut.
What should long this silenc´d claim bring unwait´d that steady splinters its paltry heed?
Unheard the whistles innerly shimmer the blackest seagulls of undreamt the deadn´d steps.
Cloudest the nightly autumn growl sinister the uproar of dense its oily hush…
Slippin´ refuse to settle the clumsy feet to uncover the heavy blankets of ages-long the fault…
Will untouch´d the timeless guise sound perhaps in deafen´d the shadows´ absent trace?

❋ CXLI ❋

As if fallin´ were not the noiseless thoughts heavy from cloudloss skies lie in the bare screen,
drainin´ shapes their unweighin´ sounds still fall like omen signs seam´d letters one by one…
Can any a voice be not but drop´d from unknown a puzzlin´ source that moves its noise?
Knott´d to weaken´d pale & yellow leaves, deaden´d slow their journey lasts, but fills the gaps.
As their shapes on the soil smear what sown from the limbs its fallin´ pronounc´d hits on,
tiny a bitty spark barely glints somber lines through dusky the divin´ shadows of a hootin´ owl.
Sudden the seals throw their heavy frames in the foamy waves in York´s the gentle shores,
& were it not colden this winter may a body the touch would try to word a divin´ phrase…

So unheard sink in hollow´d the trough, faint the trails of unworded vague the ghostly sounds!
Once the feather´d wings leave the whistle on the holdin´ boughs that held the clingin´ claws,
a gentle rope pulls the windy boulders to ground the texts of a shieldin´ wall…
Barks of cosmic the dusts, defilin´ aim glossy the foulin´ traits of written the rustlin´ cues,
tho´ prevails at last the spott´d lighthouse to sailin´ a wanderin´ oarsman on the rugged reefs.
Grab so the polish´d opal, & wear its dazzlin´glare, in the nib of your draftin´ hands…

❋ CXLII ❋

The savin´ does some sense then, if a depriv´d want clear be, of its absent lackin´ to bail out…
so perchance were it the powerlessness state of the ablest full of hunger, need & deprivation,
that being sheer and bare commoners no way it is left for them utter to self do their ruling?
Let us close mindful keep that address´d such the lackin´ strikes the touch when takes hold of,
none but of whose elliptical doom is unreliev´d lest rage from above the enlightenment comes.
Savin´ makes wholesome just them whom whole holy fill the emptied hole to skew the one,
but hold unrestful the wrath that angers unhopeful the impatient & able loyal ´till due time.
The millennial restrainin´ its handlin´ keeps withholdin´ while taken is over its will´d demure…

How so steady stable a faith becomes may, why the cast into barges the drownin´ keeps safe,
to merge an offspring of four ones born by the vikin´, an irish mare, in coasts of Andean lands.
Ours weren´t none a mass´ trend, but unrotten the puremost kept their noble hearts!
People whose worth support the savin´ until the rule falls in unplann´d the freer hands…
Heardest thou of τὸ κατέχον that holds up the unrul´d anomic flare over *die ganze Welt*?
Wet the sacr´d stars maintain them orbits, & fill the glass with cider & the sweetest wines…

❋ CXLIII ❋

Where the messengers announce the liturgies hardest core by the harbour of deck´d the night,
there shall rest the warriors these the centuries most longest sadden´d nights…
An altar rais´d the bless´d heart´d who pluck´d divine the pulcher ghostly hand,
durin´ the offerin´stand unlost the burnin´ victim of drain´d the solid blood on the wooden ox…
In stars the dwellin´ hosts the temples that gleam´d short the journey´s groan,
under flooded the spars´d maidens the prayin´ pays a freighten´d bag to the gurly gusts.
Time is time in timeless the eternal season of deceas´d the circles linear to the fate declin´d.
Hearken thou that deafn´d fakes leanin´ to yearnin´ the woes of the wrongful hands…!

Flyin´ the flat eye´d dogs howl to the moon´s sweepin´ shadow as planes over the oceans glide.
Downtrodden fails the selfhood to cosmic the uncertain edges where collapse avoids the spell,
at this stage the planet its dizzy lead the round suspends if crouch´d the bushes fire the pit.
Awoken the pilgrim drags the filthsome bulk over heavy the silent & laden hind…
clasp´d the broken heart raises the chalice over the lamb´s dried up neck,
& the smoke draws high up to clear lights with white doves the closure of deep the skies…

❋ CXLIV ❋

Soll die Dichtung das Leben bessern?

καὶ τὸ φῶς ἐν τῇ σκοτίᾳ φαίνει, καὶ ἡ σκοτία αὐτὸ οὐ κατέλαβεν
John, 1:5

(…) man sage nicht, der Geist kann es erreichen,
er gibt nur manchmal kurz belichtet zeichen (…)
Melancholie, Gottfried Benn

Which means, *sagen wir, soll die Dichtung das Leben im Lichte heiliger Worte bessern?*
In other words *ob wir wissen nicht genug für uns bessern verständlich bessern zu leben,*
würde die Dichtung unsre Menschlichkeit hilfen bessern für einer heiligeres Leben zu führen?
The issue is the enactin´, my brethren, not so much the grievin´ gripe in the map of knowin´,
but in seriously endurin´ the makin´ & doin at the worth brinkmost, what enough is hop´d for.
Rain it may over oarsmen, & the ship shall flow tough to harbour with stiffn´d the truer hands.
In oceanic the jungle the fittest & strongest the rule drains over the icy´s forest…
When practical in the achievin´ the experience lags *das Leben unvöllstandig bleibt*!

What better it be remains uncertain if over the grave doubts let not discern its survival,
& echoes repeat the mirror´d voids in silent souls where corpses maintain darkn´d emptiness.
Down the cliff all hopes drain fairly unpaid the cost to the unsolv´d enigma of pain´s prices…
Who may live profitless & leave a hankerchief swallow mute the wailing´s uncut throat?
Pour the scythe over the pilgrim´s sweat´d rearmost whipp´d off obedient back,
& leave death serve well itself in the shadowless its absent silhouette…

THIRD MOVEMENT

(Andante & errante)

NINTH CANTO

UNRESTRAIN´D

THE FIELD OF SILENCE

WOUNDS WITHHELD

THE DONKEY´S CRY

❋ CXLV ❋

When sparrows decline the requiem in laments of sadden´d chirps in their morning songs
redden´d the autumn leaves in the pine & spruce leave moonish smokes of ghostly cries.
Ravens pick sticks of fallen limbs across the irksome fields of feline trodden the rocky steps
& blind the dormant bears seek for the wooden cove that shall warm their tiresome heads.
Absent the silent wings of royal the butterflies somewhat distant left their wormy scratch.
The empty hut is rootless frozen & none there is left any oaks to light the colden´d clothes.
Longer the days last more the nights their darken´d blankets over the fathoms of despair.
Hard the hearin´ fires the hand a pack of hempy residues to entertain dispers´d the sight…
Unruly the times a peaceful site hides where the soul draws the whisper of its reason´d night.

Times indeed when unheard the noises their grips loosen in grossly widen´d the power´d hide.
Weavin´ the hairy spider the knot tightens in unseen up in Islay barley edgy scotish stills…
Too many an unrestrain´d hand knits the unhealthy fate of future despicable the public roads.
Better the spirit who behind the cloudy woods cooks pasta with garlic, parsley & goat´s milk.
Solid the abundant rains support recluse the hermit under blanket its slimy walls…
Over unhoarded the full of moth despicable table a writer ties words from moonly thoughts…

❋ CXLVI ❋

Same is not daily the old term that world calls its mundane trajectories under astral´s trails,
despis´d peaceful the inner pray *Schöpfer Geist zum kehr ein in die Gemuter der Deinen*,
so fill´d up frail the tender heart, with gifts of holy graces, in solitude, over highests mounts.
Humble & steadfast´d rejoices the weaken´d & lonesome life, rais´d worn out his hands above.
Mildly drives onward away fleein´ to all timely the spaces where heavens its πλήρωμα dwell
Away from strife & releas´d into dissonant the monochord that ever raises spheres of comfort.
Open´d the doors to holes whose entrance narrow the funnel´s throat yearns yarns to clothes.
Lighten´d the clouds step in slow the pace under somber sly the grey eyes of wild a fox…

Nuanc´d a groundless grief sorrowful expands a roughen´d wind through a seamless cloud,
while unseason´d the hairless cobbler matches the wound by a steel´d torn heart,
& stolen the bison´s horns nail a driedless kiss over the gruesomemost back…
Blind the irksome diver drowsy kept the twelve stitches lost that undrill´d the guard.
Shoots a seagull the shallow claws under the flight to grab the urchin´s irksome stars,
& bleedin´ the eyesight growl´d the longest shadows over dusty the earlier skies…

❋ CXLVII ❋

Parsimonic widen´s the bleedin´ flesh where the swollen eyes cast the sun on wick´d waters.
How not to see the bison´s stolen hearts this humble evenin´ of dried the altar´s vows!
How not to indeed the grown lambs snatch the tender mounts on stout the mare´s long rump!
Withdrawn´d the unhappy whales ate sicken´d crawfish over a marsh of stoney shores,
at untimely the grayish dusk when the bate went empty caught by the hunger long…
Seems like a labourer´s unsuccessful task that ungrabb´d brought the basket to forgetful ash…
barely the embers held the fadin´ fires under freezin´the winter in the shaky shack…
Were it mercy in cast the dice to the unknight´d pawn the worst night under the hidden stars!

Where stay´d unworthy the centipede dignity when the greetin´ dies on the dott´d watch?
Gone the progressive yearnings solitude abounds for whom contrite hides a marrow´s eye.
Oust´d the crippl´d shadow mutes the hairy limbs over the lamb´s hide in grown the night.
Time is yet to show spread genuine the traveler´s gist under unkempt a beggar´s guise…
Is it not worth to modulate fatal holy the mighty ease if unfair the haughty deserv´d the end?
Crawls like tamed lamb the whole flock under surveillance of hallow´d the prophetic troth…

❋ CXLVIII ❋

As ants their journey stir in undefeasible their hush´d march, dense the time ground gain´d,
& the winds grew unmild the force on the expos´d the roughn´d rind of their worn out skin,
a squad of season´d fishermen cast their mossy nets into the rough & indurate seas…
Load´d with lobsters & a few crab, the leaky nets return at displeasure of the pullin´arms,
unpleasant from ominous the gamblin´ with daemonic the ungrateful waters & deep tide.
Most sea-lions play not the gentle neighbours role, nor the troubl´d & heartless waters,
worst still with rockin´ fishes in nauseous the cream of headed the morning´s heavy soups.
Seesth the fishin´ mind as these the ants in their journey hush the dreamin´ at the brim´s light?

Which sort of livin´ be undreamt the life, or against the edgy trigger´d illusion of sleepless lack,
in disorder´d the somatic distortions when wanes thinkin´ & thoughtless the maneuvers grow?
So many the ants at supper bite bon´d the claws in timeless the winefill´d shellfish,
while the mess divine drains the blood with unwant´d the brought up beliefs in darkn´d clouds.
Undetermin´d as our self is track´d, we seem to be grant´d unreach´d the plus unknown,
even if the split be despis´d from profit that snaps the stride on ruin´d gulf of belief´s untrust…

❋ CXLIX ❋

Slant´d the shovel charges the compass on clos´d the eyelids of engulf´d the selfless mind,
to grasp awry the dreamt fear´d, sleeploss longtail´d, trombone mouth´d, unwing´d dream…
Divine must be the mess to perplex´d the bleedin´ unwitt´d harpic nos´d, over the pulpit priest.
Daemonic the feasts, the gorges anachorites, nak´d mount stern the vigil in a crowded night.
Eye´s stricken the hatloss smoke blurr the flight on the buzzard´s stenchiest nest,
whilst sway´d the spiders thickest nails scratch wilder the veins of wounded lizard´s roots.
Heard the splashin deepen´d the tallest waves their foam harry & raze the unfriendly ghosts.
Wailin´the loathsome fish blaze bonds with darkn´d the simmerin´ bliss under spark´d reward.

Poison´d the spears pierce the ruthless bosom in agonic the gloomy starless skies…
Ruin over ruin desperate the spaltt´d groan calls for the scavenger´s unwrung the hush´d spell.
Gropin´ rampants the unbridel´d wrath, & shatters the meaningful ruins in the netherlands…
Who knows what says the knowin´ on the unknown limits of the donkey´s stern beliefs,
as if gods & goddesses would chase despis´d the unreachable gist of divine the cosmic trusts?
It is those whom know we not yet unwise do vanish among gulfs of requitt´d the belief across.

❋ CL ❋

There´ll be no strings to bind your hands (…)
There is no need to take a stand (…)
I see no need to take me home
I'm old enough to face the dawn.
Angel of the morning, James Wesley Voigt,
aka Chip Taylor

Deepn´d much the fire light´d defam´d the gypsy´s feet with fak´d the back of the killer whale.
Such unrestfull an obvious abyss in heavy the pelican´s pouch swallows the unregretful pains.
Where go lost steps bottomless down the soul´s precipice the night of alone a hermit´s voice?
Unheard on the hill a slut smokes in a cabin smells of hempy leaves over legless beams.
Flowin´ catch the lightnin´ rays in dreadful the flooded plunge in streamin´ circles of disdain.
No worse a deadly pain than the moral´s warden of barb´d diapers & thorny a waspy tongue.
This be unawaken´d & absurd the void of worldly the ruin of deafen´d & speechless hands…
like macabre the follies´ dark tunes full of irish the roomy dyed deep slept nostalgic born stars.

How not soft the skin of an angel mornin´ puffs a magic dragon the omen in circle´s end,
tho´ unregretted leaves through Maine wild woods in full blooded the full grown hips …
Silver aged a bald unicorn remembers his ruin´d strides to unreach´d his dreams ungrasp´d,
like worm´s eaten corpses the human destinies, unless persian fires burn the deadn´d flesh.
None less the leaps leave behind lower´d the wishful appetites that broken ribs no longer hold.
Did it not the soldier´s spear grew in Thomas doubts that just the touch may harden´d trust?

❋ CLI ❋

Moves the unspoken wordin´ in complex this textual puzzle to move the unmovin´ ballast?
Wreck´d the weary turtle paces secular the drownin´ flies over the fire of still & living bodies
in refusal of aton´d the beakless falcon on rocky the peaks of andean the ultimate stars…
Undermin´d the few minds that hold worth regard for the swifty steerer of a handful lame
next to faithloss their wingless will withdrawn rest in bier the debtfull providence at large…
How long before the second coming bring forth the relaunch of them forlorn who lost got?
Again the equation is written on the soulless gnawin´ in undecipher´d the cloudloss skies…
Convincin´ whose voice remains to be heard by them who unconvinc´d live only body´s lives?

This be a caterpillar´s nightmare with worsen´d screams on silent the solemn unseeable tides,
in spite of pitiful lack of taste, of them who easy abandon dense the tasks of slower bearin´.
These be those the lines who divide the slant that cross ungrown the spirits of souls damn past
& be them too that unpush´d the frozen lives warmly blow to refresh the hopeless lost…
Ruddy warp´d the hideous spine, bears the flowin´ in the attack of hasty touch.
Be ascertain the doubtful thee, that the lastin´ bears in the witness those flown wings afar…!

❋ CLII ❋

Bribed the supply on wide open the slate certain underground the knowledge becomes alive,
so hideous spiritual the larceny spars´d is flown & the spreadin´ releases free the endorsin´.
Where the profit hides the mighty to mask chronicled the theft of the country´s standin´ fate?
Glued to armpits wash´d up the skull the password releases foamy the unsacr´d tramplin´.
With leisure mongolian troops the dexterous cavalry´s smash the tied up bones in linen wraps.
Ominous taxin´ vexes the cash flow to undertake uneasy when the poorer clash high the heels.
Upside down the tenant leaves the hire as owner to vacant the freeholder that lost the land.
History strikes flooded the flamin´ waters that turn rivers in bleedin´ waters & blue the scrolls.

Sharks carry uploaded poison in their edgy fangs to worsen the failure of unsteer´d the State,
meantime flatten´d the mindless survivors submissive remain & obedient mirror ghastly might.
What is left to a nation when dormant prevalent idiocy rules by profit in uncommon good?
Narrow is the needle´s eye & camels unable to go through strait the thorough pass…
There is not surroundin´ that ignite dulled & confused the feeble minded in dimness bound!
Pensive the sumerian intrepid chants, hook´d to winged tremblin´, so free be in chains lock´d.

❋ CLIII ❋

Sind wir auf Erde boden geworfen,
um als Pilger die Menschen zu werden
die wir sein zu will sollen…
Der lang ersehnte Sieg über die vielen des Mobs

Spoilt by cosmic hands into the earthly stance, challeng´d the humankind defies its livin´ sense,
as no more than few the decades cherish´d the livin´, endin´ unmindful should not be liv´d,
though in the bunch becomes but a few, that mind the cherishin´ of the mindful treat,
& tardy them who spend their bein´ in short or null the ponderin´, the lackin´ is senseless lost.
Were we not by an upper fate spoilt by random´s divine the will, entropic had being its law,
as the matchin´ human the will provides, that earth either paradise or hell a life endures,
while unexpir´d our livin´ unknown remains what behind to the mind may lie beyond.
Unanswer´d to die humans are doom´d & forlorn just livin´ the good life unsettl´d to us is left…

Fact it seems that uncertain the road, leaves the world´s belief that wills are free in choosin´
though ranges restrain such belief under lucid dreamt the states in warp´d our sleepin´ wake…
Through tiny the conjectures´ holes, several trackless the loops leave unspars´d the blank,
& densely weaken´d the wooden skull, the numbers make it to despondent arrive aloof…
Wretch´d the pilgrim´s unforeseen its road left, remains spoilt to cherish the unwill´d livin´,
while the want & wished is belief unprov´d at last, no matter any a sightloss denial at hand.

❋ CLIV ❋

Amid sooner the shapes blurr´d, walks to fields despis´d, inclin´d the stick of a thoughtful mind.
Wonder the flatten´d fragments, no less than bein´ unlink´d kazillion patches to one the mien,
who is the me in unmerry the footfall unconect´d pieces that acknowledges the I yet not?
´Yonder ought to lie such the assum´d one spott´d speckles so hard to bracket to light the sight
& call loose what still vague may in short be nam´d alike or same what words sounds “a-one”.
Minds the readin´ mind that “a-one” is not none, & nor any a one, but just “a-one”…?
The carin´ undoubtful cares, though weed the doubts proper grow broad at vast the leisures,
so if petite & small any carin´ to name be, yet matters the matter what me is there the I to be…

Realises perhaps the he or she how so slim a risky chance is there, to be in the bowin´ yew,
when the bendin´comes to hold the beewax´d hemp that shall shoot the ash´d arrows long?
The uncertain me forgets our exactin´fragments of collective the conscience drown´d,
& concave underlines the mirror´s gleam the figure that no me is but what the word of it do.
Lastly seems sceptic any me to be just like unreplaceable the fiction our lives the needs of me…
be it not so that the scrouge of doubt lessens unreach´d the ghostly truth that away slips?

❋ CLV ❋

Once said the most aimed lacks of one, the contingency relieves the chance attire,
whether one or many towards the leanin´ the scaffold adjourns the stance requested,
that gods be none untrue, many may be, but one at least who rules unseen to most…
Flatten´d our thoughts the risk by soft the wet shore undeep & the petty hole remains unfill´d.
Where the start at all on step´d in worlds unutter´d aside the seemin´ one we think there is,
as severally struggl´d the means parallel existin´may, no matter upon many a time reveal how be
Means any detach´d the shatter´d & unlink´d that stitch´d its voice survives in fields diverse,
While unbound its closure the curve a shape round sutures a figure despises frayed the being.

Ours appears to repeal the exact appraisal that inner the unmirrorable self its being refuses,
merely & just muddy clay that worms & fire in the coffin its mien uncouthly expires.
Why then the hoardin´ proceeds unrelentless at full in public reviews in despicable demurin´,
tho´ unobject´d harden´d the conditions for fleein´ escape in reveal´d the leaves unheard?
Undefeasible the selfdom deadly hurt refrains of the he who owns unseen the hand that stays.
But still the he, the me & the who, aren´t but sorts of I´s in unstitch´d the kazillion pieces…

❋ CLVI ❋

What may sooner than later the mind drags strain´d, in the residues of dreamt mistakes,
the sayin´ said, it is the who, who owns the seen & unseen, whose upper hand unheard stays,
& his movin places diverse the stances, to provide the blizzard´s fire in the silent bosom…
The delay allows spreadin´ the stormy glances of astral ellipses, over the blueish windfalls,
& fewer the unreturn´d voids, shrink the deluge of unrestrain´d & unrefus´d outrage.
Time is it the handed gods guard the word, that a place loyal its point does keep.
Each sound portrays exact the meanin´ with late remorse not allow´d in distant grindin´,
as powerless no temples their bony chest provides the keeper when unreliev´d all succumb…

Time befalls when an unrestor´d the cycle replacin´ a new commencement announc´d reminds
over wide the cry disengag´d a butcher sections the sirloin in pieces to end the spread´ famine.
At gloom, farthest than eyesight, over a leaden´d foal, comin´ seems lame a foreign beggar,
furnish´d with tent & a slim supply of wine, water, olives & bread from a previous hamlet.
What mistaken havocs shall wreak the newcomer´s visit in the surfaces taken by the exiled?
Plagues forbid that the strange ones bring alien dangers to worsen the way back to the land!

❋ CLVII ❋

Langsam, sammeln in der dünn besiedelten,
die wenige tugenhaften Menschen,
in der kargen und leeren Diaspora,
eine ganze Reihe seltsamer Erlebnisse
im Wüstenland an.
Der lang ersehnte Sieg über die vielen des Mobs

(…) πραὺς καὶ ἐπιβεβηκὼς ἐπὶ ὑποζύγιον καὶ πῶλον νέον.
Zacharias, IX : 9 (***Septuagint***)

Ja, in der Tat!, a few strange experiences in the waste land by the few are gather´d.
Artificial is not the sample that quite the findin´mirrors to loosen spott´d the tarnish´d flare.
At night in rounds hover bats over the wooden garden & spill diminute their dung on dung…
It is indeed a sample not. Few are those who the knowin´ have, that the many aside do throw.
The eye sees those isolated in the barren land who refuse the rulin´number over their lives.
They sought asylum & took refuge to survive the deception that ignores evil & fakes the truth.
To guard themselves from the looterin´ of their deeds, shrugged their limbs & away they sail´d.
Hence a sample they became not. They, hermit & pilgrim, know what most value not at all...

The script foresaw the story that a beggar on the leaden´d foal to the exodus had brought,
though the feather flies about with no regret, after the arrival in exile barren the donkey saw.
Over the humblest donkey by random life brought the rulin´ with wise water & bread divine,
the rulin´ over an open & clean realm where life frees shackl´d thralls from bondage chains.
This is a realm where innerly & fetterless the real prevails over delusive the worship´d mirage.
They who joy seek in the inner desert, steer in private what best becomes the common good…

❋ CLVIII ❋

Lame at far it seem´d the one who rode the donkey´s foal that came from far flung hamlets.
Lame be call´d those whose judgment fills the idiots´ dictum that truth from beauty excludes,
as dissonant its witnesses provide that wordin´ brings not forth metaphysics on its ground.
Split the broken world that we become in, away it takes values, truth & sense to the livin´ life,
while furnish full our unreason´d walls with dislocat´d a disorder that the beyond denies.
Be this the space for chance to count the tale that vaccums what empty voids the **be** in **me**
& aligns sovereign the individual as supreme the sketch´d umpire of good & the pains of truth.
Lame are again we who bind the mien to deceivin´ the cosmetic to regretless please the most…

Outlandish the paper of us who though clumsily precarious an overpass try to beyond we build
shall kindly treat the donkey´s foal key to kingdoms foreign of earthly the unwise domain.
The foal´s undied youth brings forth indeed, on stones black & white, fresh its blameless blood.
On the dome the foal leaves the hidden message where unearthy humble kings are crown´d.
Ya'foor in the puzzle offers beyond´s the hopes that the equality of Orwell´s Benjamin despise,
that cynical the passive mind allows pernicious the rule that most condemn to lawless law…

❋ CLIX ❋

καὶ ἤνοιξεν ὁ θεὸς τὸ στόμα τῆς ὄνου
καὶ λέγει τῷ Βαλααμ τί ἐποίησά σοι
ὅτι πέπαικάς με τοῦτο τρίτον
Numbers, XXII : 28 (***Septuagint***)

Nietzsche & Kant prophetic their faulty spirit claim oily the fluid reason the truth construes,
the hardships to easen & disappointment, that nice the wordin´ numbs in sullen & feisty lives.
What be more humane than beauty singin´ & ignite the wordin´ in spite of decadent strifes?
Ridin´ the vessel´s cloak on the foal´s withers ridge disguis´d the beggar reaches the exile camp
& sternly crude confirms the unmaskin´ of the pompous ceremony where innocents be none…
Astonish´d the inner recluse a noise overhears from the foal´s muzzle into the riders hearin´
& the revealin´ uncovers that David alive remains after the Afghanistan´s incident…
Though unseen is David the beggar in disguise who blinded brings rebuk´d the masses´ folly…

Enhanc´d the uncontrol´d field of wide the silence withholds the cry of the foal´s moral wounds
& keeps alive the forces that defy the accomplices' collective apathetic lines…
Delay´d & silent their disdain deeply endanger´d general the welfare that cause the few´s exile.
David & his talking foal hold the gifts that crudely stand against suspicion & support,
& so grasps the meaning of how unrestrict´d the silence had withheld the donkey´s wounds,
in midsts of leeway the field of cries from open the disdain´d of welfare in the being…

❋ CLX ❋

With wise his hosts, David shared hours a few with those who seek´d inner the truer paradise,
& receiv´d from them generous a stay in barren the empty land, to ride later his tirin´ journey.
Oppresion is brought along by the haughty one & by those whose mien mirrors his own
needs, the needy most indeed, who needs to suck on other´s needs to fill his darkest & deepest need.
Dreadful & weepingful as it comes out of no where inside grows a wish to slaughter & drown,
& seein´ desperation in thin the slimest tear of dryin´creeks over the strugglin´ & driest cheeks.
What unlenient an appetite is there that hoards abundant unneeded goods to fill a voided gap,
or unsatiable an infinite hunger to possess the smoke subservient of the mindful minds?

How much is worth global the highest standard upon the ashes or the worm eaten corpses,
that at last makes all of us no less equal than the most unequal of richest livin´ beings?
Ah, failure of the silliest of the worsest silliest, whose comfort prevails over a piece of wisdom!
The donkey´s foul & the donkey´s jenny, show the humble life of service without regrets,
much like the slowest snail that arrives ahead of mad the hare or hurdle jumpin´ the toad…
So sings the humble sparrow when at night whispers an owl to hoverin´the blind & silent bats…

❋ CLXI ❋

Committed to livin´ with base the simplest needs shar´d David with kins of livin´ habits
& his journal counts carthusian the experience common that daily in his life is carv´d.
Stars know better that to the needy most on his own enough from heavenly hand he gets.
Entropic as the world is done, the worst inequalities natural their level even they do become,
& faith these lines witness provide of any the smoke the universal unrelentless lack´d regret.
How not to draw the line & let the disorderly unfit agreement with confidence be left to rest!
By awe divine & a royal-gift Balaam´s donkey spoke & did his share unlike Benjamin´s farm,
much like by magic a fairy spell Bottom´s ass bridges through dreamt worlds his demure uncast

This much linear the tale reveals how the learnin´ comes from the source the least expected,
that Exodus quotes summers nightmare´s request in Sabbath´s due rest even an ass to grant.
There is no humble burden in the legend´s fool that the despis´d most deserves carin´ thanks.
Was it not David whose endurin´ presence increased the livin´ gratitude the witch forsook?
On Mount Moriah an altar the temple raised the lamb´s sacrifice to godly praises,
but in inner the exile the loathe & vilified ones deliverance by the kin due heartfelt encounter…

❋ CLXII ❋

Stat crux dum volvitur orbis, et mundo inconcussa supersto

Gouges legible words carve, to unscrew the legacy of silence in restrain´d the untimely fields,
& decry chisels alike in plain-chant terms the grossly decayed & crude warmongerin´ state,
under phariseeacal servants of Baal´s short-term gain that the stewardship faithful subjugate.
The inner temples prevail, over the gain seekin´ canaanite den that sling´d David fought,
& so bigger moral wounds seem to be that humble jawbones hundredfold philistine must go.
In waste this barren land the *veilleurs de nuit* stand above as entropic the world revolves,
& unshaken these unwounded & mounted few, a donkey´s cry their silence remain conceal´d.
Live up to strengthloss the figure whose rival adversaries demeans heavenly the kingly marsh!

In spite of edgy & rough the sharp & rocky ground, a lowly donkey the prophet carries across,
to sacred the place amongst wine, rye-bread & mistle-toe to honour shrunken-headed scrap.
The trip shows the sighs of stumblin´ of betrayal but shows as well belovin´ them who lost dies.
Undergrounded in vain farewell, untrue becomes with uncertain bent & fallen the silent knees,
from dawn to dusk among straw & wheat the whippin´ over the back´s wounded hide.
Silent belongs to the inner wounded flowin´ skin through autumnal restrain´d darken´d sight.

TENTH CANTO

THE CONCEALED CUSTODIANS

THAT SILENCE REMEMBERED

Ὁ ἔχων οὖς ἀκουσάτω
Revelation, 3:22

Niemand ist hoffnungsloser versklavt als jene, die fälschlicherweise glauben, frei zu sein.

Le grand talent de ceux qui détiennent le pouvoir dans le monde moderne
réside dans leur capacité à faire croire aux gens qu'ils se gouvernent eux-mêmes.

La crise du monde modern, René Guenon,

It's a damn shame what the world's gotten to
for people like me, people like you
wish I could just wake up and it not be true (…).
Livin' in the new world with an old soul
these rich men north of Richmond,
Lord, knows they all just wanna have total control,
wanna know what you think, wanna know what you do,
and they don't think you know, but I know that you do,
'cause your dollar ain't shit and it's taxed to no end (…).

Rich men north of Richmond, Christopher Anthony Lunsford ,
aka Oliver Anthony

❋ CLXIII ❋

On earth the east sun, like any of the olden bullocks, early & always lecherous, upward rises,
among misfired endeavours, inmanent the duplicity´s failure, the risk away despises.
Fails perhaps the attempted ambiguity that twice the same, makes not two, but the only one.
This is what not seldomly occurs in normally the uncertain mind when answers not the same,
but, forgetful or not, to the same question replies his voice in divergent the content & tune.
The sun rises mostly in the east as long as untilted the equinox stays in autumn & spring,
or else tilt´s command slants the risin´ either north or south, & to the mind the tilting clones.
What attitude may diverge not to strike the feel or thought the same in one´s own mind?

Mid-season & middle-age their eve´s aim diverse ends, than heat & cold in the changin´ time,
unlike binary the dual logic that abstracts the appraisal in black or white, the mind tilts & flows.
Once tiltin´ becomes, confusion slanted its stance in the scene pretends, with uncertain sound.
Kaleidoscopic the prism blurs the clouded vision that restricted the assum´d simplicity
in binary the untangibly diverse nature, under the ungrabable notes that common sight elude.
Hurdles at last uncomfortable, that observers miss under ectoscopic short the normal views.

❋ CLXIV ❋

(…) we got folks in the street ain't got nothin' to eat
and the obese milkin' welfare (…)
Rich men north of Richmond, Christopher Anthony Lunsford,
aka Oliver Anthony

What sort of beauty dense may announced be that alone unlit the flute preserves,
whilst the audience drains abstrused the *Arcana* in colossal its stratospheric wicked timbre,
that disorganis´d Varèse´s replay heterodox, in arrythmically gaudy his sounds?
So much of a dissonant the chords hush the muffled horns with scary the nervous tunes…!
Now you can pay the heed on the meanin´ of the "routes" that guide the "resources",
or, milkin´ the cow with someonelse´s hands to get the dope´s white gain in the wrong hands.
Call it the grain of Davos or call it Sao Paulo´s cane the tyranny observes alike the sample,
one purpose steers them whose aim is its feud to enhance with a world be chain´d with serfs.

Silky can be the route for some, or digital the private interception, as long as aimed is control,
either in hegemonic the onesome global mind, or unfree the will´s algorithmic addressin´.
The renderin´ fixes topical all the vanquished ones who punish deviant the collective skin,
& as scrap in their plot fancy the dissident ones dumping as trash´d heap in history´s backyard.
Don´t fables tell ancient the blissful tale, in twilight ambiguous oblivion, the crimes swallowed,
by wicked gods cleansing, forgetting & abolishing both fault & the culprit & guilty one?

❋ CLXV ❋

In timeless attire & all anew, ghostly emerges an unseen & non typical a hoarding manner,
to empower the transformed locomotive´s and its previous noisy & worn out rattle,
that tools nation-states & few handed corporations, in the same swaggering & old fashion…
Innovative gain seeking greed, smokes the weeded minds that luscious their easy confort wear
to flaunt what in the trade offers vain the superficial goods,that fill their poor esteemed selves.
& so spreads the fake´d beguiling joy on the choiced bargain of false free a denied autonomy.
Shackled to pantagruelic their easy confort & splurging, the spread hoarding settles,
bleeding their smirked haughtiness their offspring allows the dragging of episcopal obesity…

& again, who may, and could dispersed be the agent, that deadlock´d change would carry,
if intellectuals are the new subjugated servants at inalienable their pleasure to carry power on,
& the "working class" is as precarious, as unemployed the victims of market divine the law,
& scruffed the underemployed be not the agents, better than marginal the tug of war?
Meantime hats off the ape shows his paws as the organ grinder brawls the circle closed,
in timeless attire that clutch the marrow of epicurean digital globe of new mannered hoarders.

❋ CLXVI ❋

What is, skeptically speaking, life meaning,
& its social joussiance *mode of living,*
for if backhanded the overcompliance,
the binging denies the core of meaning?
In dubio, abstine!

Under *joussiance* rooted manners unregretful adopt patterns beyond defiance or dissent.
In the kingdom of ants the littlest outnumber the ones of greater heavenly & earthly wisdom.
Many a poacher sneaks jaunty a fiercy pose to toast Grainger kidnapped the disappeared lady,
to grueling save with utmost prowess from gallows in obscure score the unduly lynched kin.
Issues happen with no exception, be over the rural country & civil the life urban just the same,
while faults take place with distinction none of jester´s resolve, by deficiency or by excess…
How not to live the pleasure of preserving the transmitted senses of meaning & fair demeanor,
when all around traumatic to cope is hard enough with what life´s shot seems brought…?

Is it not worth musing that more is lost with indecision, than with wrong the decision chosen,
tho´ doubtful the skeptical takes his indecisive self as costless in sight of the acting´s failure…
so milder may be that in the long run not acting safer seems, lest indefinite its term becomes?
Under uprooting of *social joussiance* stability pays a withdrawal to favour tonal an anticipation.
Where is safer home between dissonance & tonic the harmony under tense the plural chords?
Rightly the defendant must be excused when evidence lacks & *in dubio* grants better *abstine*…

❋ CLXVII ❋

By revising, inquiry defies the arrogance in the sweeping of patched capsules of insularity;
narrow the shallow depths on a wireless road the soul´s worm digs in mirror´s untrue horns…
Reached the swear, most wrongs spread on the beggars lean´d to the light post darkly drunk.
Clerecy unkind the gypsy´s bones no savin´ swells in scrapin´ the gritty pourin´ of his scorcery.
The still darkness of weepin´ the willows dust scrambles hidden wishes under scorpion´s claws,
& poison´d the clayish clogging ghostly stuns the elated beatin´ in agonies of unpeaceful death.
Flocks wander in uproar amongst insane sorrows of anguish´d slower breathing of the wind.
Wide the surface of the tale shapes the hasteful tones of guggling a deadened a bullet´s shot.

Decaying the glissful stirring throws the husky crests while dying on the pond bleaks a shape.
Faint as it were to empty the mouldering moon settles unanswered the claspy stalemate,
with silky the Caspian route undermined by long standing history of sustained tribal way of life.
Does humanity change to embetter or change is there none other than the hoarded means?
Insular the steering minds none a revising allows the digging by wiser & truer the soul´s worms
as heathened the clerecy uses unacknowledged prying that might impairs fair a better accord.

❋ CLXVIII ❋

Being the deprived deviation that our living existence daily burns, in exile end our shadows…
Where do excesive the joy travels beyond the blazed tickling on the ditched rootings?
Stars know less than the allowed restrictions in harmful the topology of narrow our awareness.
No matter how commited the guggling the overwhelmed tomorrow withdraws smiles across.
How so time seems construed while thorough it's lapsing wears matter, mind & soul alike?
All loosens in earthly the paradise where scarces joy in full & abounds doubtful uncertain fate,
regretful a stance appears as the bloomer catches the woman wrong & the right one despises.
To the wrong many so much pleasure antagonism pours, that silence only a safeguard grants…

Silence is not oblivion but *eine Tasche voller geheimer und ausgesprochener Enthüllungen*.
What in unspoken & unrevealed by the custodian remains conceal´d source becomes of might.
By hiding a byholder his shamefully undisclosed desired joy within the precious gift lays a clue,
in which nucleous core rests the fullness of delight driven fullness in the much yearned desire.
Following the market´s rule most *plus-de-jouir* demand subservience to the iron heated master
which disseminates among all who unaware blind reproduce overall the consumption´s creed.

❋ CLXIX ❋

Is there a master whose design unfrees my freedom to condemn me to vow how free can I be?
If it were so, free exists none a man, or lessened by an unopposed mandate not free to be…
Saying how free can any a man is, denies any restrict a mandate that kind freedom concedes.
If freedom a concesion were to use under unleisured a condition may not free to be.
Blind the alley excludes freedom from a man whose life superposes his self to knotted a will.
Will could undetermined express what its wish the desire aims to make it true,
though whatever a determined effect a cause defines an act, denies a claim that a will is free.
As seen can it be, absurd follows that free man is not, if doomed is he about free to be.

If the master his silence renders to make man believe there is not an evil he must eschew,
pretending the eyelids there is master none, the wished freedom faces deterred a hurdle more
for free man is not to unhooked a body, a family, & a given time that tainted chains his will.
Families & periods hold frames of moral axioms, & evils to avoid, as held are too cells & tissues
that, as if master they were, determine the marked choice of fated the road to put foot into…
So the story went of ungrounded the loose belief that man is free from hierarchies none to be.

❋ CLXX ❋

What glimpses over somber the whispers in the dusk sight of the baggy-eyed gap?
The soul loops the tight lipped fate that decides the tomorrows which exiled cannot become,
& the hand sinks into bare the fleshy reverie where gaily desires spill its spotted seeds.
Wide opened its mouth groans the joy that toads acquire among the unbroken reeds,
& so follows the nearest murmurs of barely blackened branches sought after sunsets…
Deranged as worst could the griefs be ruined, thorns bleed the moisted turnips in the chest.
Oh, wounded & ancient silences, that barren drown among shrieks of gloomy unbelief,
may beyond the tawny lighted tavern still malt be left to swathe unpious their dried up throat?

Undercover texts the hiding conceal of performed the evils by salacious the abysal reef of lust.
Deprived from sleep by excesive drafting without a single night at rest, the sketch is fulfilled.
The shape draws a gal filled with hunger for a humming hug over her swarthy nippled breast,
as the middle finger its bone smashes over amused mesh of the bleeded maze of vulvar its grit.
Dreams be ghostly glimpses of daily pleasures at the nightly screams under starched sheets,
& unslept the soul of baggy-eyed gap unloop the braids over the somber whispers…

❋ CLXXI ❋

Down the trail to heavenly follies the saying goes that fully tarred is by best meant intentions,
trodden heavenly as such trail surely is, most traces to show must steps of the famous most.
Them who famous their names acknowledge are, however, their steps followed were by flocks,
so who they were the traces there are none left to know whose will it was in the trail to be.
There is the trail, folly the trail is, & tarred said to be by thoughtful meant the will.
Barely the redemption seems to rescue from the folly a shepherless flock that refuses pasture,
& listening none is there, that outside the self encapsulated cage allows any other hearing…
By now out of the mainstream seemly remains, the option to reach the least senseless way.

How kind would at the crossroad the shortcut save those aware of healthier the mindful choice
in midsts of opposing the factors, which virtues deny, that bearably seem not to hold the truth.
Would this sound the elegy to barren the heavenly appealed roads to worldly steering?
Democracy seems not to be coming, and the unwelcoming tribes switch to the myth diverse,
for the lack of enlightened the citizens, popular the vote serves only to fools already fooled.
Past the reefs of greed the shores of need unfulfill´d remain for sailor of wrong boat to be in…

❋ CLXXII ❋

Under most eyes the nobody some of us become, are the ones who tomorrow´s ways will lead.
Branches grow as in a minefield of tangled hindrances where the sight loses its field of action,
in such a manner that each a man is a driven effect of the free interaction he undertakes.
With the interwoven vines, the monster whale shatters the swallowed human bone,
& proceeds to stealthly drown the sharpest advocates of limitless & absolute the free will.
Naïve the unaware, unfiltering drink the ripened potion that crushes his softened senses,
so one by one drowned fallen into hypnotic the normalised state as an uncritical lamb´s flock.
Acclimatised the million flies their destinies leap over the same deathly & evil the edict.

Ours turns out to be a mostly incomplete ghost town of shadows in dense clogged airs,
where unaware we all drink the same unique urine that bottomless our noses drip.
From den to nest the mobbing danger increases as the most brood tenfold than the lesser few.
Shall axes moan when time comes to level the unsuited display by falling on the proper necks?
Strings & ropes run short & ready to wrung up the nape, with lightning the proper leisure,
as soon as the measure reaches up the bowl´s lip, & moral starvation sends up the bill..

❋ CLXXIII ❋

By higher the long bridge the last will of Kees disappeared as unknown,
and nobody was found in the car with the keys left on…
To Weldon Kees and Ann Swan

Come bathers to fading, & and striken the hallowed by Langgard´s reef of walling flight!
Enigmatic as such a robinsonian witnessin´ of urban the downstream´d life may be had
steps round the land one by one in the blottered sketches left at the coffee stand,
disturbin´ the hermetic stench of undishevel´d the unknown scribe,
it is the social anomaly of unbelonging a marginal nomad, or soldier without a tribe.
How so distrusted the complacent vibrancy seeks residency of magicians with the best laugh,
no matter decayed mossy the graves where lingerin´ the fading agony stretches the bribe.
At own´s will no one is left to end, lest the drowning of unbearable the cover of ocean´s arms…

Involved & engaged in earthly the bleaked fluency of prophetic dismal,
ghostly the unseen, parody wicked monumental the will of the crowds.
Unnerved the bitter and cleverly lean voice the heed conceals,
though meshes the parched & foul, slim, relish´d desire.
As stars decreed and forestalled the miserly and thwarted lack of due light,
came odd denial of meaning craved in dreary witted gloom & endly crushed life.

❋ CLXXIV ❋

Could it be time, any a time, to ponder, if has it arrived, for the longest mourning moan?
Proper may seem the question to face when so many a lifeless soul lost the living sense to live.
Mourning be the end of time, or the end of life, or the end of friendhip, or of some loved one,
& the mourning comes proper & long for extense the longest of moaning when senses are lost.
Deadened the souls by whisky, vodka or wine, the mourning increases its most silent demand.
What is the fingerprint that tells what is the time to moan when mourning is due its time?
Some disheveled, thin & bearded passerby comrade, recommends to start earlier the time,
but two of his black dressed aunts that chased him, frightened prefer it be the latest a time.

Moaning must not be a crime when so much a man claims to have lost in short span a time…
When the moaning occurs & takes one´s own soul at a time, the sharing relieves the life lived.
The crime is to have not known if any a right sense has the living a life,
but not really abstract the catechismical sense that by nuns are read in temples and churches,
instead nietzschean the crime that manifests the abandonment in worldly a time, & a space.
Chills grasp the nose this unwelcome autumn & time arrives to wail for oncoming the moan.

❋ CLXXV ❋

Gibt es nicht einer mögliche gelegenheit um dasein zu leben,
es sei denn, ich die Gewissheit um meiner Geworfenheit in der Welt,
so einzigartig jemeinigkeit wie möglich aus!
Der lang ersehnte Sieg über die vielen des Mobs

It is a deep nuisance that them who existed before matter in eternal their lives careless forget.
Forget them not unfairness that keeps wicked the nefarious in long & pleasant their comfort,
& also the mighty who haughty boast how cleverly subjugate the serfs merrily free shackled,
& again too those who obediently enclaustered their whole lives in carthusian a trap?
Hidden the godly head, its creatures still want to hear his fatherly care in midst of contempt…
Unseen & unheard left a soul to its own regard, increases doubtful the loaded-most questions,
as to where it was & where it shall go, if is there any before that redeemed the thereafter,
or whether life is just a short termed gift in the experience once man is worldly twice thrown?

It may & or could be, that patriarchical a request inherent becomes to us who alive so demand,
discarded the flare with unneutral demure, deny the qualifier that undermines the bare fact,
the request prevails be it fatherly a god, or doubtly just randomly an unknown physical force.
Focus on the fact that unacknowledged the pledge no one interacts with unanswered a fact,
while living a lifefull with a core question expands the free world to live up to doubtful a quest.
Here life lives as it becoming arrives & full handed minds only aim to the near best we can do…

❋ CLXXVI ❋

In midsts of littlest an uphill orchard a seed is sown for brutal displacing maneuvers.
Mildly a pact for the future is enigmatically named the global groundbreaking a threat.
Lenient the beggarly leaders succumb to hallucinated purpose of the worldly submission.
In summit for the future the badger´s clan meets to subdue with its hegemonic commitment.
How so may brighter any tomorrow ought possibly be that tramples diversity´s becoming?
Demised the local urgencies inherit abysmal the starless challenge in unmastered silence...
What costs entail the harnessing that cooperation calls the shammer´s beguiling its microbes,
insidiously crafted to luringly gather chamaeolonic octopus´ its prey, with beguiling its mask…?

Non-agreeable is subdued the pact for the future if implies online the chains of surveillance.
Silent in her orchard remains Gretchen with pilgrims around to discuss Wagner´s magic ordeal,
as digital the AI homunculus shatters the bridge that keeps him from acting his role in the plan.
Persuasively Gretchen her orchards fills with water & organic compost while Faust reconciles,
& fiery the alchemy redoubles on firm foot the earthly return to spherical the cosmic divine.
Right the baton to be passed on can´t be but Gretchen´s local chance freely full to decide…

❋ CLXXVII ❋

Who uncovers the concealed puppeteer that handles
& pulls the puppet´s strings that once cut the puppet moving cannot?
Moreover, how ready are we to humbly accepting
that we daily become only a degree less than the puppet?
Unseen the king of the beasts has defeated Behemoth,
and Leviathan no longer is the scruffiest monster in the sea…
No longer either are sovereign.
There is higher a more monstuous command.
Prevails the king of overwhelming the wild beast
in abysmal the fiercely hideous
& fearlessmost harpy banker the queen.
From hearsay to hearsay…

How righteous may it seem the benevolous circle that lends and applauds the submissive!
Rustling the full moon ungently flights with magpie wings in squealing skirmishes.
Under hickory & poplar the branches lonely the sighs mirror the moon´s still deadness.
Pleasantly a slow walking donkey descends with two ravens on dorsal his weakend stripe.
Stillness sounds dark around the twisted the gnarled & burly branches by the olive grove…
Goldened aren´t these days as the nightfall haunts with a midnight´s request.
Don´t the seekers make up a route to insure what concealing their fortune needs to increase,
& make up the system to work for exclusive their darkened & clear cut benefit?

No sin must be attributed to cavernous & booming voiced by vote elected the dealers…
High pitched the mingling squeaks crumbling the ripened apples that colonised once were,
but the yielding sing their role in hardly viable the way democratic under the profiteer´s script.
Arrow´s theorem denied the false mathematical aim for a fair collective outcome,
in not transitive a system where the sovereign cannot fix jointly the rule to reach a result.
The behemoth submits its bestial state to more ferocious & greedy the grizzly or the badgers!

❋ CLXXVIII ❋

Unwaverin´ the end is a necessary stance for unflawed cosmic the flagrant rebirth.
Monstruous as overall the collapse all over in the trail of decadence finally it ends,
only innerly the fields offer unsinkable the safeguard to overcome the mob´s lightened stars.
Worldwide the ἐκπύρωσις purifies earthly decay & rightly burns the old in renewed the end.
Through the window a crossbow´s inner eyesight the arrow´s gaze pierces other´s needs,
& the flowing of cosmic the change uncertain renews entropic the orderly balance of fate.
None a fear destroying may he who access attains to inner the alterations of might,
& readily awaken awaits in the silvery vestibule where he observes the unswerving swing.

No stone stands still in quavering the stars. Mouldering is due amidst crumbling & drooping.
Firestorms & unbearable the cognitive dissonance stir the much coming & needed renewal,
while the climate change plays as a excuse under the guise of the plan of the future
to harness youth to the global tyranny in the stolidly unwavering minds…
Redemption is at hand´s length for those who awarely decolonise themselves from the yoke,
&redeem themselves from new the idols that devour the feeble beliefs of the crowd…

❋ CLXXIX ❋

Der Krähe Weg von Psychedelia und schmutzigem Geld in der Demokratischen Politik
der einzige Weg, der uns lautet die Krähen aufzeigt, vorliegt und offensteht,
ist der der Barbiturat-Tyrannei; und ringsum die dummen, sinnlosen Strohmänner,
die unter demokratischer masken die über die ganze Welt globalen Diktatur
verschleien und verbergen. Währenddessen wählen die Einfältigen und Treudoofen
weiterhin der größten Lüge seit über sechs Jahrhunderten und glauben ihr.
Der lang ersehnte Sieg über die vielen des Mobs

So serious bore modern the farm happy the news that piglets & donkeys master their future,
that sorrowfuly every so often rockets of collective joy are set off to toast steering´s renewal.
The clue lies in the key to changing renewal that hampers wear & tear of common the ground.
As Hobbes enticing the vision seeds in barren the soil, prior the failures the serfs hoard silence,
& wild the dogs assure the aimed consent to approve & back up the boars might´s greed.
The task became to manage the perceived way how better covered the wrong few take might.
Democratic the drapes do the centuries needed bate to hide & conceal the rule of the boars.
The displaced clumsy their wrath unleash and fire off vain outbursts with insufficient avail.

Proof enough that behind the scenes Napoleon rules mounted on cynicaly apathic a donkey.
Watching the digital screen thumbs achieve a distraction needed to conceal worlds´s ruling.
Baby boomers followed become by the Xs & the Zs & αs, as tidily their shares leave the trace…
To stronger the surface of democratic the tale, stronger become concealed hidden the powers,
wittingly or unwittingly sponsor´d the tale that hidden reverses paradigmatic the truth´s farm…
Benjamin does much not indeed, & the Enlightnement Endarkned confronts climate´s hoaxing.

❋ CLXXX ❋

Gaily a rose shadows its mien when dusky the rock wall changes its shape into buzzards snout.
Clutched to sorrow in nightfall, a trail democratic takes earth to self the realm to lesser control
under delayed the τὸ κατέχον that seems not to restrain while unleashed mob prevails.
How should democracy may a replacement we find to offset & harness greedy´s contempt?
Broken the myth, resigned & withered the orchids & roses leave open to renewal the windows.
Why so mystically is named reality a miserable copy that conceals what named can be not?
The living that takes place in phenomenical the stance where what is said becomes what it be,
urges the detachment to announce what lies beneath that itself the seen denies as unbeing.

No other way but impure the genetic piracy & filthy manipulation of mental perception,
with stupefying the charm its mendacity grants deeper weakening of unwary´s the mind…
Transhuman gods dreaming now, yearn in the black box to live in the metaverse´s joy eternal…
Endured the silence well kept overtakes the concealed to reveal what remembered safely stays
as nearness reaches to confident custodians in the lower side where spills fiery the scars,
that uncouple broken rafters with unreplaceable the beams that hold the release of all pain.

ELEVENTH CANTO

THE PILGRIM UNCONCEALS

IN INNER THE TRAILS

THE PATHLESS TRACES

OF LOST THE REALM

Bist du nicht die Ruh…
Am Sonnenaufgang findest du
weder Ruh noch Frieden,
sondern der Regenbogen
und die dunkle,
bewaldete Nacht,
die zum Licht uns erwacht..
Wie oben, so unten!
Es ist der Schimmer lebendigen Lichts
in der Seele des Pilgers.
Zwischen den gefallenen Ruinen
sprachen die Steine zu den stetigen Winden.
Schwalben pflügen mit ihren Federn
durch die verwobenen, erleuchteten Zweige,
deren Gezwitscher von Moos erfüllt ist.
Irgendwann wird der Flug den Hafen verlassen,
und einsam wird das Nest lautstark
den Aufstand ausrufen…
Der lang ersehnte Sieg über die vielen des Mobs

❋ CLXXXI ❋

Whose name does the pilgrim hold upon his lips in the obscure the No-One Man´s land?
How come earthly the space where we are due to live the span of the living we are spared
may not be better the paradise from which it is long time heard humankinds was expelled?
Shall our souls walk the untrodden road of which none a proof have we been granted to exist?
Uncluttered earthly the equation, god´s equation will remain the next task in the click button,
once brightened the mind the sifting better is ready to discern what is wheat and what is chaff.
Gods keep silent even if by dreamlike disorders some have claim to have heard their advice…
& unrequited our genuine but gentle despair uncertain the fate condemns in unawareness stay

If the claim were right, paradise remains in randomlike our *Geworfenheit* on humble the earth.
Or any objections may there be that earth lacks any attributes to be ideal the unique paradise?
Yet unrejoiced so immense the pleasures are left at our life´s end, that no doubt should rise,
& rotten those whose concealed envy, greed & ambition are the hell to withhold to be alive.
Hard seems really not to postpone paradise & hell to imagined a next life when only one is.
No-One´s name may the pilgrim hold up in his lips the obscure evenings till stars shine again…

❋ CLXXXII ❋

Is there anybody going to listen to my story
all about the girl who came to stay?
(…) Was she told when she was young
that pain would lead to pleasure?
Did she understand it when they said
that a man must break his back
to earn his day of leisure?
Will she still believe it when he's dead?
"Girl", album ***Rubber Soul***; Paul McCartney & John Lennon (The Beatles)

No matter how rubberly the plan arrives to successful its design, will it surely in failure end!
While moderation is an earthly scarce resource in human nature, why would not a plan fail?
Puzzled the pilgrim draws within anonymous his helpless soul into an abysmal lack of senses…
Too much of a story to arrive to any conclusive an esteem that reason is alien & not within,
given the chance that his waving nature holds not the ascertaining function in his realm,
the trail may at loss be dropped under slim & bare notions that hugely unbalanced pose ahead.
Weird the glowing glare surrounds anonym the waves unnamed in unseen the doomed bound,
& the pilgrim's shape alike a shadow looks in unlinked the where he swifts No-One Man´s land.

Myths steal the eye's perception that unmasks attributes closer to earthly unknown a deed,
among tools that a bate bites with a gator´s jaw to a wolf 's pack crushing unbelief.
The farce lived discovers the bodies' gesture of human fate & its uneternal deemed scheme.
Is it not leisurely that comedies allow laughably amusing the roaring fantasies
in the raucuous lives of denied the buried pains of those unhappy a make-believe?
False the evidence holds not & proof abounds that a living to earn a man must break his back.

❋ CLXXXIII ❋

Ahead the shift the drive opens to unstepped traces in prior paths to defeat shitty jobs.
Not to slayer the old bobcat, the loner dreamt the score to shaft the tightest lip clam,
in order to survive to unbalanced dissonant one, with postnatural an era of biogenetic regime.
Were it not true that on the verge the century be to life an inorganic science may bear along,
ignored the question & dismissed the hurdle, tarnished the spot hidden at leisure may prevail.
Would life be called such if inorganic an existence brought is also thrown on earthly soils?
Indifferent should had to be such bearing, had it be not that galaxies & stars fate powered are,
much the same as a black cat, a four leaved clover, a Sunday seven, or a Tuesday thirteen…

Weird the glare surrounds anonym the unnamed, that to the pilgrim's alike a shadow looks…
Shadow indeed much like in the cave´s appear them portraying what behind the eye sees not.
Such alike what democracies hide to cover the strings that the puppeteer uses to run his might
& the paradise ruined is destined to be, with the algorithmic claws that the corpse unguts.
Don´t staccatos tweak the brain as Napoleon pretends to ethically downgrade the human soul,
in cynical the deadly straying beneath the reckless enigma of hawk´s threatening glide?

❋ CLXXXIV ❋

What awaits today´s outlook but a most obscure elegy to damn the light & gleeful singer
who tributes praised & sung to ungroundedly, heedless and unfeared hope,
now that the leap the downgrading grants towards fathomless an absurd least outgrown.
& now that the decoy swoops by unrestrained the unheld weight that drowns the breath?
Shall now the plovers applaud concealed, as hawks their flight abound to unplight the dream?
Dramatic the dispel flares in starving the clues to raze & strip canned & ready made blueprint…
Cunning the coyotes fled to their prey with widened scoups resource, to unjoint the plight,
when a skull´s mien shows that time readily gyres fast & the lucid rapture goes out of joint.

Otters may the springboard become in the howling winds while weakend the prey unjoints
as unseen a despair the steeped cliff slalom to nest the fearsome chase in nested the waterfall.
Fleshly mellowed the dark counteralto drawls the molten script that the elegy agonic praises
while enslaved the mainstreamed mob praises & claps with canned and made up laughs…
Hindered the vain joys go down the drain as massively the absurd expands its reasoned trail,
& barely the false magma loses the bitten prey to unjoyful the disgruntled greed…

❋ CLXXXV ❋

The smile´s shadow seems unwritten & lost in unnamed the walking soul´s lips,
but in exile tomorrow´s fate written was in unstepped the palm of gypsies´ hands.
In midsts of such a hodgepodge cluttered mess, may hallucinated any chance the hope be,
for a claim that wasps´ greed may the mob´s wave its vote not refuse the string´s dictate?
When the ascertained wish at the table holds, how fairer is a ruler´s purpose to the social fate,
than the vote of he who sovereign is deemed, by concealed the tale of hidden might & greed,
the doubt arose & Ives lack of full an answer airy drawls over swampy meadows & salty shores,
if at all a ruler fair may be, under the question that complacent is he to utmost above´s needs.

Unbeknown equal parrots & sparrows squeal Rousseau´s lecture of people´s power undeclined
to heal the creepy conspiracy that greed prevails over surveilled the summit of suffrage.
What would under crease the wrinkle may unfold the truemost strings in behind,
& all around burlesque the teamlike tradition unpleated the mask discloses to profit in demise.
In spite of overflown the helm´s workload the dabbling to snare countless arrangements dares
as serves the outgrown drape to uncowl diminute the vixen who retains the wicked keys…

❋ CLXXXVI ❋

How so the nagging leaks concede to brawling the voting that ends up excluding most,
& smelly the naïve whippersnapper the thrashing does reward in the buried dishes?
Not uneasy the wallowing, serves the grumbling cardsharks highest ranked their expected pay
as long as measly none pokes smelly their miser nose with skunklike skinflint´s checkbook…
No denial silences the disguise in roaming marks with delirious boldness, at a lamblike stride,
as if norms empowered were to suffice the blast with no change in human the enforcing task.
The assemblies´ weeping worthless change in time, so nothing the core or else changing may,
as the vixen´s smalltalk none results outcomes other than mob´s abhorred & steep disdain…

Unwitty the lizard hunts furthest in dried out clovers to fail with thirst unquenched…
No path ends up new, though so they may seem some in faked tooth of their craftsmanship.
Men unchanged changes enough not to change what it matters most, despite the custom used
while minds fancy the aim where unachieved all shall remain about the same & cure is none.
The right that must be done, most replace by that which its performance best profits grants
& kantian the imperative sought is transformed with restrains none other than earnings yield.

❋ CLXXXVII ❋

Magic is there none, much alike the real grows inside who observes what the real names…
Keys none neither are there, but the balanced mind that falls not in any squandering excess.
What changed must be is not the custom the name phrased nor the structural distress,
but the flowing habits that in our living yearn only the neededmost concern our lives to serve.
Between unwholesome monsters Scylla´s three rowed teeth & Charybdis its deathly whirlpool,
disrupted grows the labyrinth of gnarled branches that maddened increases the will to live.
Distinctively let us not mythify the silence that brings dark into wandering the unquiet night;
ours is a conflicting tension between indifference & the stretched appeal to a measured life.

Where do we end up going in midst of wearisome the thunder & uncaring the grimsome boss?
Ruthless the foreman cancels your hiring, & you are left to stale bread & bleached a daily soup,
while from the fogged window at the distance roams a Masserati & a well dressed clerk.
What wrong do you see in the unbrushed week-long empty coffee cup with dreary your looks?
Simple might be not to pay the mortgage & hide away unseen by the landlord, but it is not!
Dead ahead of the due moment is destiny´s malfeasance, for which stars shall their fate pay…

❋ CLXXXVIII ❋

Stormy widened neck over dusty a clayish throat is born a lonely clover amidst holly thorns,
& sunflowered the garden of withered the aspen, drew its shadow the unnamed andean fright.
How may a lonely clover survive among the holly in withered aspen when fright has the might?
If pilgrims still become we in unstarred the senseless night remains to us the life within the den
as it were in lost the No-One Man´s land, where the innermost realm the true dwelling stand.
See little chances in absent the darkly starred nights where the den´s of No-One Man´s dwells.
Still the tiresome feet the trail must travel with no traces to follow in dark windy the night.
The only window to get any weakend light is living the glimmer in lonesome a pilgrim´s soul.

A century´s long winter after another century´s long weepin´, & so on in century´s long nights,
only delusioned dreams become the fire that burns warmth in the will of disheveled the heart.
For most surviving seems not to be worth in any an absurd unwelcoming dwelling. Only a few.
A few whose life may find the innerly force to stay gay & alive no matter the ruined surrounds.
As long as ephemeral the whips damage not the conviction the pilgrim lives unreplied…
Inner his dwelling lonely the clover learnt withered may be the fright that the pilgrim spurns!

❋ CLXXXIX ❋

Among fallen the ruins spoke the deadened stones to constant, dense & unflowing the winds.
But when dawn shows open its eye, the night falls silent & drains ashes over spoken stones.
Swallows show their feathery plows to striving the woven lit branches with mossy the chirps.
At some point the flight shall leave the harbour & lonesome the nest shall cry loud a revolt…
Draining soft voices of faint & weak drizzle drops, fall on the successfully tried empty his soul.
Wisely in barren the No-One Man´s land the pilgrim nourishes the light of inner his drive,
& unfolds the sands of deep his silence with unsettling immortal the fires thrown from above.
Shadows were cast but the light driven heart loses his self in long standing & solemn a plight.

Time takes for slaughtering on the blood-filled altar by long fanged wolves on open the stones.
Bloodsmearing mornings may shudder its ebony needles over the thorny howlings of dusk…
From sand to sand over barren the earthly bound night, unheard his steps shall the time blank.
Quite away shall open dim the trail its lugubrious throat to unchained the owled fires of self.
Night keeps the pilgrim not from tracking the lascivious drool of insatiable the faustic frogs,
to utterly be decimated at Bone´s Temple under the slobbering rain on the cod skinned rogues.

❋ CXC ❋

Nature primes in C# minor *Moonlight sonata*, as do Mahler´s & Prokofiev larger ensembles,
to move darker the blackened vain glories of unkilled the triumphal misery of hugged a beast.
The concertino does what best pays & so do unruled strings, winds, & percussion,
as free a world is politically correct only if few or none are concerted the holding restrains.
Secularly olden, the roots, announced the script, & as recorded explosive prolongs its domain…
Again & again idyllic the treatsies periodically end up betrayed by valuesloss tribal the hunters.
Ancient time´s residual remains, slouchly in deep holes are loosened the democratic utopies.
Alas, described social the unruly performance, sunken in vast cliffs agonises gloomy the soul!

Broken the violin´s box & worn out the bow´s rosin, no loyal the play honours the melodist,
& in the trance pythagorean the spheres maddened shoot orbits of disarrayed a despair…
Bald the hill filled the whole night´s curses with walpurgian crowded the coven of witches,
whose salacious & endless a dance celebrates widely the disorder of political freedom.
Dusk calls whitened the magic on silent the balconies of remembrances nearly forgotten,
& on the eve creeply approaches the pilgrim with liturgical spells of archaic his prayers.

❋ CXCI ❋

Ladenly engaged the pilgrim, his commitment carries his soul, heavy the whole galaxy´s burden.
Unfathomly inscrutable the gods of fate, install rapacious the voracity in Minotaur´s hunger,
though his human side goads his destiny, in spite of unbeknownst none other his nature.
Notwithstanding the scene of bloodlust, softened are there voices that unpeaceful leave him,
that puzzled, doubt labyrinthic his strange beastly, though gleeful the quest…
Of ancestries distinct, Birtwistle´s Minotaur innerly carries wit more than its earlier primeval,
& crimes to be paid remain in mythically dissonant the oracle´s omen, on echoes harsh riddles.
The pilgrim stands facing his burden´s fate ignoring much of beastly the Minotaur´s quest…

Stretched the mob´s minisculed mind, sure erroneously squash the extent of the plight;
effects that the pilgrim´s task is set to avoid given wider his hold the unknown better to deal.
The guess invites to imagine another trail to include the monsterly ghost in mindful his skull…
Those who must pay, may allies become if tamed beastly their primal array, by sensitive quirks,
& if the tamer the training acquired to get the best out of them who hold the very worst…
Oracles can be wrongly proven if the goading receives the help from godly the abode to within.

❋ CXCII ❋

What in the unknown aeons its fate intangible decreed everlasting is to steady remain,
without midwifery nor undertaker, timeless nor beginning nor end infinitely must have.
Exponential the redundant explosions their circuits in cycles doomed & deemed may last.
If so it may were, human the mind the chance gives in, though officialy doubts slip in could.
How not so in a physical finitude´s mind to imagine, whose deathly experience ahead lays?
Aren´t us all minotaurs, beastly in human our bearing, when out of reach we do that we don´t?
This is while affronting the doubt honest muses the pilgrim as he notices the Minotaur´s frailty,
& ponders what trails better be to harness his peoples to thrift, supported accord & foresight.

If fate were decided tomorrow, keen may be to retain that we may die on roads to exile,
or with better choices the chance could be used to strip foul stains from the core of the heart.
Since gods silence their absence in exponentialy explosive the everlasting Andromeda´s course
whatsoever no credit remains for the word that states a beginning ahead of everlasting a fate.
Recurrent the darkened voids stay deep gathered in formless the unshapeable matters of old,
yet absent what named be gods, are said to be before the forever decreed steady to everlast…

✵ CXCIII ✵

Welle der Nacht, Meerwidder und Delphine
mit Hyacinthos leichtbewegter Last,
die Lorbeerrosen und die Travertine
weh'n um den leeren istrischen Palast,
Welle der Nacht, zwei Muscheln miterkoren,
die Fluten strömen sie, die Felsen her,
dann Diadem und Purpur mitverloren,
die weiße Perle rollt zurürck ins Meer.
Welle der Nacht, Gottfried Benn

Conniving the boars extend fierceful their cloak in canine underlands their might to enforce.
What sort of authority comes about above unaware submissive the looters´ votes?
When the belief surmounts the evidence´s lack much little is there left to console…
The kingdom of boars pursue may even by random´s chance a No-Duck choose for the job,
provided by obvious a deployed scam by the trickster´s assures its electoral plight…
but the local experience mocks only the all-around covert´s ruling under democratic the mask,
where no boars, but whale sized sharks make people believe, in accord to power´s concerns.
In No-One Man´s land the pilgrim finds alone the void path to shift beastly steerin command…

This is a time-limited restrain under infinite conflicts that steady may endless remain…
once only a pilgrim lives a short spanned life, & his actions encounter added digital concerns,
in midsts of algorithmic aids reasoning remains inhibited under encompassed the hurdles.
The pilgrim must unconceal the pathless traces in inner the trails to recover the realm lost,
as long as his life in long enough to do the global unraveling of multiple tanglings.
If the realm were lost to peccaries may the pilgrim´s scorn & its shadows take hand & struggle!

❋ CXCIV ❋

How shall not carry conscious the joy of his detachment to redeem his he just unattached?
Burns sulphuric the world´s tens of thousands years of confusion in our humanity´s pains
& shattered ambiguous the ruins in the shorelands refuse in spurn to add sided their views
Lost the vision no foresight adds sense to bottomless darkened the now lost paths…
This is the road less taken to innerly find an encounter with higher the ungodly demands,
as unretrievable could be deemed the staunch neglect to listen repairs to hoardsmen hounds.
Burning the bush, could have brought in ancient the flock with light to egyptian the exiles,
so would the coal fired mouth may stutter the shepherd´s guide to flee from wicked its might…

Under ruined the plural discomfort extends the bill to largely unpayable the Davos´ agreement,
& by linear a chance casual seems to exist a non-synchronous coincidence with the Big 4,
that at odds in parallel transfer by hazard the burden of disarray democratic with kick-backs.
Endless the disorderly expansion splintered abounds of accounts beneath the masquerade,
much in concave reply that mirrors the exponential explosion of individual monkeys at leisure.
How could be any steering to rule the abundance of fissures in pulverised the commonwealth?

❋ CXCV ❋

Bats restless hover over fig trees their winged claws foretelling defeats in night battles.
Anguish tightens the pilgrim´s narrowed heart when sorrow smothers the neck of his soul.
Notoriously ripened, drained the mind do but the puzzling leads to curved the life of space…
No lineal the traces blotted out the sentry´s realm around pathless the innerly shadows.
What else the steps remains to unconceal by the pilgrim´s nightly lost arrows?
Trusting not enough seems to be to ascertain what mindless the stars their wording spells,
as unanswerable the question to beg is pursuing ahead proper may advisable not to be…
Loosing in order is not to be, & smiling no thunder to exist it seems when heavens it quakes…

Battles increase abundantly in unfilled the fields that surround the realm´s bounds.
Deepens underworldly the visceral mission as the pilgrim delves in burdensome encounters
while his hearing remembers the silences that unworthy the custodians kept out of reach.
The story to be fabled records dissonant the trials that outnumber the aims of the squad.
One by one among most, the answer drawls a long but despised quest to enquire in the heart,
& sizzling the soul unquenches the easterly appearance of wanderly the long lived bait...

❋ CXCVI ❋

So tempting is falling into praises delivered by them who aim the world to be ruled by them!
Tho´ they say they admire the gatherin´ virtues of ancient the bread of original cultures,
cynically the deemed appearance shifts by betraying the teeth of primal the values.
Brutally will reverse the lying speeches from enticing the subduer the prey eating to make.
When shall be learnt that thousands of years long experience prevails with the flattering spells,
to crush with the yoke & make vasals out of people that fell under sycophantic the praise?
Such is the wound that fallen servile the prey becomes into fawning the ludicrous spells…
At last there will not be but shattered huts & dirty hands pulled out to beg for some crumbs.

No benches are left for them who befall into the covered maneuvers of domain!
Once the looming is catched, the stumbling pierces the naïve ones that seized the bait…
The moaning starts once the danger is no longer reversed after the triumph of faked respect.
Is it so hard to acknowledge how the richest ones on earth use democracy to enslave?
The biggest the lie is one that uses smoke to colonise & to capture the innards & minds…
even more so bigger is than big is the need to believe that the lie is the lie you prefer to believe

❋ CXCVII ❋

Shamefully indecent it is surviving with the humiliation of not being what you are meant to be,
& to seek two words, or the looks of condescending a smile, in spite of miser the life of within.
Raised be he who turns into the No-One, unrestrained by his own well burnt unseeable tasks…
May fall thunders over the badly roofed deck, or severally & raggedly worn out the old quilt,
but not being one more in the mob requires you be unrehearseably you & no one else more.
Thus is the matter genetic the pilgrim has his quarky nature from the beginning made of…
May he not solve global the whole numbered risks ahead of the shuddering lack in the esteem,
& overhuman the task worth it seems to arise that his engaged support will he leave in pursuit.

These are coming the times when the nose runs & drips over exquisite a well served dinner,
while in a tribal corner of a darkened satellite in the last of the planets witchcraft loudly hails
& the marshal raises his filled up schnapps, before a room of old aged & badly beaten mice
with the mouth drooling & babbling prophetical & overly nonsensical hidden his driveling…
So it is what in mind keeps & in choirs repeat those who in the No-Man´s Land do their living,
& the pilgrim must put up with as he unravels the smashed brain of mighty the ruling powers…

❋ CXCVIII ❋

Similiter sicut factum est in diebus Lot:
edebant et bibebant,
emebant et vendebant,
planatabant et aedificabant;
qua die autem exit Lot a Sodomis,
pluit ignem et sulphur de caelo
et omnes perdidit.
Secundum Lucam; XVII:28-29

Lastly & again, why is not there collapsed a void in universally emptied the nothing,
instead of the miserly lard in the poorly lived something of the facing front?
Jordan the valley overly & thoroughout the waste lands has the whole earth become,
& the oceans round about are what then was in the east only a Dead Sea´s basin.
Hearken the deafened ears not loud the angel´s trumpets announcing sulphuric the fires
over perverse & corrupt the deeds of greedy the rulers that applaud genuflecting the tribes?
What sort of survey may the uncommitted & unaware convince that nowhere leads greed?
As mobs praise subdued the whip of the choice, the rulers use the rules to use the mobs…

Will the pilgrim´s plead save what clearly goes beyond a few hand´s dexterity to fix,
or will he shrug & flee before the challenge despite the expectancies that stars roll over him?
Be it may that cyclic this world be dismissed to renew the rancid bleeding in No-One´s land?
How not to use the uselessness of overburdened the task to seek again cosmic the piety
so the level recovers true to it self, revealed the balance in heavenly mirrored within?
Here is where beseeching marks the encompassed step lead by the hand that live in stars…

TWELFTH CANTO

CLOVER´S INNER LIGHT

SILENCES OUTLOUD

THE MINOTAUR´S QUERY

❋ CXCIX ❋

At the cold & unpleasant evening´s tread, moth dig where in old cellars the candles glow;
by the pond & foggy the nightmare in cloudy the stormy skies, the moon murmurs its deeds.
Frost keeps the eyes blurred that reach not to sink in shapes beneath the urn in the crypt.
As colds as the flesh may hold, dormant in an oracle´s nook the snake coils its hunger…
What hidden that needs disclosure, by ravenous fangs of a pack of eight wolves shielded stays.
May the seizing come to hang the fate? May it shift enough to hold the deserved steering?
As the howling wheeps ceases, harshly drains the moon´s claim its lugubre whisling.
Mind you, what avoided needs to be hidden, hastens the pursuit to endure the trail in risk…!

Thick are the shadows of the heavy veil, where fangs meet dry the broken bones,
& oversought, the silence of the pack fiery the eyes pierces beyond bare the skin of naked fact.
Not much longer may the oracle guard the omen, covert densely in the serpent's lie,
while far above, the distant stars bleed out their gleaming shine across the hollowed sky.
The moon's debt is claimed by thunders loud, & the steering tightly gripped in frozen hands,
the risk leaving to a restless ghost who wanders, undisclosed, through shifting sands.

❋ CC ❋

By the brink of wide the yellowed fields, the pond´s reeds listen hoarse the swallows´ pleads.
Binary the ambiguous glow the candlelights in solemn masses spread fertile the nested mists.
Fleshy the midnight´s stare sternly hosts the firefly´s shed with stark hummings of distress.
When shall planets wink to mark the instant that echoes renewals followed by gloomy twists?
Over the sky hover seagulls clogged their funeral songs on distant the blackened clouds,
& scattered over the empty plains gruesome a heavy silence drawls phrases of disdain…
How so densely the atmosphere condemns unloyal the roaring bellows of demanding foals
that faded the will concocts, under guise of lamented the unlocked misfortune by the toads?

Scattered to pieces, the toads keep counsel in the rotting mud, where foals' echoes bleed,
& the fashioned vines´ will withers beside the chapel like hollowed, barrened seed.
No windy renewal winks in the planet´s acuous eyes, nor a gist of grace from the seagull's cry,
just slim the weight of silence under an iron claw, beneath about the unyielding skies.
As steering the bassoon broken becomes, underground deep the path´s vein, frosts drain,
& the oracle's hunger swallows the fields where overall silence still haunted remains.

❋ CCI ❋

King of the earthly scorcery the detached raven pretends to live aloof the concerned crews.
He knew ahead & better enough the poor domain where the pilgrim to go through must.
Humankind´s misery grants not proper a good realm if choices belong to those who merits lack
as seems from the excesive opulence in the ones that reach to power through beguiling ploys.
The mob´s aquiesence lies knotted to hidden its unacknowledged little wholesome nature,
hence their choices flow from the guts where barren few dreams hide their paupered souls.
Unbyronic the antiheroe´s task shows who is the people whose kingdom decides the goals,
or the lack thereof as the results show off with mathematically ascertained the accuracy…

This is the chained drama in subterranean the deepened disgrace under public good speech.
What abounded trickles to the steering hand, comes indeed from the people´s will,
tho´ the trouble seems it must be most´s will, but still a will with major damage, in ill the will...
Pointless are man´s scruples, said Mandeville, if the goal to achieve be the greatest good of all.
The raven knows the hidden truths under the covered speech, as he ahead the payoff knows.
Snakes reign, the moon pleads, the moth digs, & wolfs share their fangs to the curious toads.

❋ CCII ❋

Whispering snakes trace ritual mysteries, looping ‘round their slick-scaled nest
& their tongues taste the spellbound beat of raven wings above the windows of the wasteland.
At dark their hour in the verge of the most active upheaval, scavengers surround the prey,
& ragged dolls on thorny boughs hide like ostriches in the shifting sand.
Fearful the weaker ones to flee they try when the threatened risk to their throats appears,
uncompassionate of chronic pains clogged spews silent the old grounds under the rugged trail.
What prosperity might it be that clots around such base wealth on selfish the spendthrift
& measures happiness on mere the nail´s ability to scratch gain in profitable any & all pursuits?

Underground the whispering murmurs claim the moon´s strides on the subsonic raven´s flute,
while above the high-piercing screeches in the hilly country called for double-drummer´s pitch.
As the sound shows its silence under late the brooding hour the pilgrim calls the time to trust.
Bees buzz indifferent on scruffy the sloth-dressed priest at his introit the ritual of access,
whose chalice cracked gathered rain where forgotten confessions dissolved were in moss…
as it seemed unwitting Isaac stands his head at stake to prove his father´s painful love.

❋ CCIII ❋

Haughty & insatiable King Toad inspects his vast, unused hoards & the hoarding more…
Scanning his chances, he exacts best the ways to everlastingly increase his unreachable wealth
& how the bees may prove Mandeville's fable to be no mere fiction, but the bare truth…
Under the sway of his ungodly truth, a libertine kneels & praises a divine, dummy idol,
Whose name openly steers greed, war, and theft in the affairs of man.
Milton called it blind devotion to an evil daemon, & *Māmōnā* quoted its name the book,
whereas nowadays the Prince of Greed is *Plutus*, to whom the market-bought soul pays its toll.
Midget the value of libertine´s the creed, the world is flooded by rulers who the toad escorts…

Slimy is the key to the worm's sordid path; greased with lard, the gate to wealth swings open.
In the markets, vice exists not, & difference none between noble & villain. Gain only is the rule.
Undaunted the squalor reduces the good to private gain, & fixes wrong rules that a fool recurs.
High in the forest, upon boughs of sequoia & spruce, the owl does nothing but take notes,
while mirrored ravens rehearsed unlearnt prophecies devoid of memory or breath…
King Toad believes his own lie at heart, and his minions, seeking their share, adhere to it too.

❋ CCIV ❋

In peacock the societies contrasts the ascending number of foreign pound sterling billionaries,
& dilapidated the streets with the homeless living in a state of droopy & normalised misery…
Dismayed & concerned, engaged & humanly woven the pilgrim with common values shared,
cannot but condemn the disaster´s recipe of whelp eating scraps like stray cats in alleyways.
Hopes reach not for those who rested on increasingly unlikely the situation to vary some…
lawless streets & elderly threatened since early evenings by seagulls with bowie knives,
or shameful seal families living in dirty waters worse than heinous residues of a foul dump…
Unaware of the whole filled with uneven patches, apathy rules where trade fixes prices!

Through Yoda´s grammar chaos comes to reveal the cluttered mass of selfish markets,
where sermons are drafted by invisible spikes that tremble never with doubt,
so the fair gone & longed for equity remains in dumpsters distant from close a reaching…
Unendurable the collapse is the gateway likely to free any a restrain to untrustable a realm,
as irredeemable is the unbright fate for unwitting the crow sleeping next door to a horned owl.
Aloof may certainly the culling take place to hectorin the minoan octopus god for ransom…

❋ CCV ❋

The pilgrim´s whereabouts had him his journey in No-One´s land close enough to the realm.
Kings boar & toad twitch the haunted sands & stunned invoked the power of creeks;
so hoarse was the thunder of their crooked decree that hills raised wooden roots upstream.
Releas´d was an order to blood dripping hounds for September over huts & bounds to clash.
Indeterminate & ambiguous the aimed target was the looming capture of the yielding prey.
Since the trading rule marks the smartest from the mightiest, the hounds had hard a task…
Ahead their barking went & the biting crushed & smashed ravenous the wild labyrinth.
The harvesting revered the dyonisian feasts & Minotaur´s flesh was filled with godly souls.

Fate does what the will proves isn´t enough to reach the purpose planned by free the choice,
so rashed the boarly & toadly agreement went that tangled became in market imperfections…
leading case the curse fell on boar, toad & hound that chronicled was such the chagrin…
In September the gathering forged the Minotaur´s duality below astral the equinoxial justice,
drunkard as he ended up, his dyonisian soul loosened his fancy like fiery ants away.
Fled disheveled his heavy build & saved alive ambivalent his uncertain nature in wild a path…

❋ CCVI ❋

In September the massacres abandoned the Minotaur mistouched & disheveled in the wild.
Which may the way be when long is waited him whose return must?
Wild the ways hard it seems the way undexterous the inexpert it may master…
September blew the innocence that monstruous seemed to were as jaguar in the wooden land
& the crooked nature in the Minotaur comes to uncover an awareness of sort diverse…
In leaps nature returns to proper its wadi source even if unknown wild may it called be.
Marked the words the date arrives when the beast kills his despair & trades the empty nook.
Into waters that flow over cliffs & drained the caves where an echo voices of falter mild…

Path with no end is the way where boughs link heart to right the sandy & unemptied mind…
Upwards the waters reach the stages where wither force to become the blooming clad
alike snakes that leave drought the skin for brighter a tender the softened brad…
May through harsh the gorges the toads recover gentler a demeanor human in the trade,
or fate has it that once toad his deeds, relentless shall his life remain & will end unkind?
Words struggle while the dim way refuses its light at dusk from dark to clear the stars…

❋ CCVII ❋

Footsteps die in pain & anguish under thorny hedges of the rumbling thunderstorm…
The way of severally the unbranded, multiple the imperfections, lack a logo uncluttered,
so, among homeless & battered, the Minotaur hides shabby his beastly bearing,
disarrayed under power cables & swiped the living spells, on sprawled the splattered remains.
A field of clovers mirror the moonlight´s flare about the path once trodden by withdrawn stars,
meanwhile the pilgrim surrounds the thorny smoke with lightened his stealthy feet.
High the espritual tower writes the storage of hardships that remembrance discloses abroad,
& transient the unrolled pattern returns into brushstrokes, captive the soul´s single hand…

When awaresome, aren´t we all a Minotaur, dyonisiacal, bestial, & tenderly sensitive at once?
Better be perhaps withdrawing in such a trade individual the profit scheme for a better good…
to the wayfarer it earns poorer a revenue lest beastly kingdoms be deposed & leave for good.
Slightly the contemplative sight stares misty drops on the clover´s mirror better lights to seek,
& under theatrical the threshold the snake´s scalpels dismantle the cosmetics of studied gain.
Is there truth any beneath the icon of market´s narrative, that not at all trickles down?

❋ CCVIII ❋

While the splendid and the proud naked stand before the crowd
and the losing gambler gains and the beggar entertains:
may sleep's healing power extend through these hours to our friend.
Unpursued by hostile force, traction engine, bull or horse
or revolting succubus; calmly till the morning break
let him lie, then gently wake.
The dog beneath the skin, W.H. Auden

Narrow the casket where dreams die the casting proven & the script to phony the lack thereof!
Dingy the shrewd darkness poured theatrical the cold choreography of a faked realm
where overwhelmingly truth its abundance on stage drowning the gaze lacks…
What sort of chthonic world does it become while shy the planets shake the lonesome soul?
What is real still to be lived while the gatekeepers censure what acting the passing goes?
Simply done, it is the seeming frame to be the prevailing posture in every *mise en scene*,
where rehearse choirs emotions scored by hands that learned never to weep.
Such becomes unlegitimate the democracies that sintheticaly a mask does what pays the gain!

Undermined, plastic the statement of political the will, the leap maintains across the score,
so that alleged the social order may allow outworldly growth of some & few less to have-nots.
The winner is an agent which best performs the acting in the spectacle to the screen´d crowd.
No reason prevails nor proposals do a winning better than the content & sense deprived image
as long as diminished the audience honours less than nothing the values underneath.
The uncommitted creep crooked in holes where ragged their minds dwell in deep sleep…

❋ CCIX ❋

Under the thick cloak a friar unbounds the beads, each knot darken´d by dust & blood
to lend his prayers to the fast holding pilgrim, & the path to be followed conceals afar…
Unseen the clues silence prevails & the harvesting abounds in queries sown by heavenly hands
& nowhere else at this rate it may seem tenacious the pilgrim could try to pursue his task…
Throbbing his ulcered query must clutch shadows under the nearness of a hollow shelter,
& quench tired the soul with the flowing waters of incorporeal the springs about the creeks.
At the charnel where remains keep the residues of lives long lived may speak the stars.
As years are gone by, the skin cracks & closer the burial hastens sultry the unspoken flesh…

Where snarled these perhaps obese the unkempt lines that hardly manage to give better light
copy the clover´s silences where the inner queries appeased their secrets may share unbound?
What game in D minor play hoarse the cellos as the pilgrim hears Bruckner´s silences outloud?
Astride on a noble foal, dawdling advances he alongside the ivory but murky walls,
as the hooves open trenches among tender green the clover shoots between small stones…
Mist falls & leaves mirror silenced outloud, the light that replies the queries of the mind´s fall…

❋ CCX ❋

Ahead the sought after mirage clings the plea´s litany into the justice seeking eyes…
Ludicrous the visceral intersection at the isthmus where heaven and earth meet together,
becomes sacred when the residues turn into overcome the obstacle that causes the desire.
Indeed it is the most neglected imperfection that calls better the tactile attention,
& puzzled the enigmatic drive takes the dregs of something over the spotless shapes…
orgies bring the hoarding of clogged the sum of the disdained & forbidden the most demanded
& forlorn stays what unblemished lacks that what as inhuman remains in the unwanted bag.
This is where the pilgrim´s query nests the labour of loud the clover´s outburst of light…

Once, whence limitless the environ its expansion stretched over the galaxies´ meadows,
the punished knew that the rite allows for regression to anomy & entropic the disorder,
so cyclic the orderly desires may return & create the horizon of eternal the balance lost…
Distopic the banging may the unknown object of hidden the most desired aim emerge at will,
& outloud the closed gap sews the silence to darkened the atmosphere under the moonlight.
At ultimate the end the void is not filled & remains emptied by indifferent the spotless dregs…

❋ CCXI ❋

No more than loosing & wasting the shot is the act of erring that guilty a sin call the
churches. The silenced gap is the snake´s haunted space where residue´s absence cloudly abound,
as if the firefly by the threshold, bells rung counted fractured hours & turns shared around.
Nights drag the dregs into the scam of coiled tunes that recurring grab the syntax underground
exactly where ascertained the submissive comply with despotic the narrative of the might.
The case becomes that successes come there where repeated the failure enhances the drive,
& unreachable immediately recoils the tail that snarls the dream under the worded scam…
How long before humankind expels faked the habit that may keep him out of paradise lost?

The guess is that lost never it was & we are never anywhere but in the one our own we make.
Or may much sense it make that next to earthly a gifted living distinct a life after death exists?
Unknowing where were we before born we appeared, scarce is even more the lack of our kind,
as in 3 thousand centuries past, 117 billion of us is deemed that set foot on earthly bounds.
When the digging groans, our wandering ends up slithered on the earth we were but thrown.
Dice is cast & the cards on the board displayed in darkened the hallway to the path unknown…

✵ CCXII ✵

Tirelessly riding a priest on the most tamed foal to find the source of the bleeding souls
tripped on a hollowed stone over a dragon-flies nest & unexpectedly from the saddle fell off.
There where the loins hurts worst the priest took leave the prick in pains to relief,
& hurriedly reached out for flowing waters to cleanse the hunging flaps with woolen a cure.
Relieved with the creek´s cure whistling heard a shepherd that healthier seemed to his eyes,
who let him know the story on the hollowed stone & the dragon-flies nest that wings provide
to them honest who live the real lives instead of the mimick that images portray on the screen.
Sudden the bumping the difference meant, & switched the foal for a hallowed dragon-fly…

This is the priest that the pilgrim met in northless bound his search beneath the underground,
who unwittingly taught the side way to get in where most miss crooked the unknown path.
Accidental the talk lasted enough & bowing his heart the pilgrim acknowledged the fate ahead.
Dragon-flies´ wings must be used to unveil what concealed stays before earthly bound eyes.
Down the stream by the hollowed stone the pilgrim bathed murky the scabs dirty of his feet.
The glaze in the waters drained the muddy skin that hid the unclean sludge in puzzled his soul.

❋ CCXIII ❋

Human´s, needs none a convention
when a soul is built on living genuine
an engagement, with nature and life.
Younger the recent generations
their gloomy fate bring about.
Sterilised the future tatooed
expect mere material welfare,
and denial results
in future extinction
of the known paradise…
Hedonism brings with its fate
personal the ruin, of the one
and the whole !
From hearsay to hearsay.

May it be that Diogenes a key is in cynical the earthly world where souls wander in loss!
The pilgrim´s unadjourned journey shall grasp the cynical magnifying glass to ponder the path.
Right there where boars & toad do their conniving, indeed might & wealth gain there is.
Awakening begs alert a soul to discern how enslaving the profit in trading becomes
unless the unaware replies the chain that bears what profits a few trillionaires from the unwise
High the gloomy gaze, the threshold of an altered state of the soul the endurance requires!
In the wilderness, marginal to the urban universe, outcasted cries the voice pointing the light,
as due is with the outcasted´s preaching no claim on time is expected to be listened nor heard.

The wings the dragon-fly lent the pilgrim, unveiled what concealed stayed in hollowed the nest
& ungroomed, barefooted & coarse his wooden cloak, freed him from the mimicks of trade.
Self contentment in inner his life assured him that his knapsack carried no more than enough.
Where remains them who allow living a worth telling example for those seeking the best,
while living on widened the unbounded land of stateless the earth frees men from oppression.
Frugal a living leaves ruinless & wild the regard for genuine & healthier a welcoming life…

❋ CCXIV ❋

The present passes us by unnoticed while the eye´s blinking lasts in life´s battleground.
The past´s void is the dwelling land of oblivion, where the present drains by its funnel.
Such is the weak stance where nothing lasts enough & the eyes can´t keep track of the passing,
that life seems like a plague of orchid´s decayed & we humming birds flying for dying a prey.
Spoilt abounds among grievous the wandering of always boughs in belated dismal…
unmovable the stones under distant the sun last more than living the beings,
but clay, sand & stones are knotted alike to mutant the scattered pendulum of cyclic the fate.
Life is moist, & death ineluctably dry & speechless, in cold boned residual its carcass…

The task may perchance not be other than fearless standing stray like humble shadows
avoiding the sorrowful puppets that despise poorly the marrow of innerly & fruitful a life…
Surely the pilgrim find some acquaintances in the search through the suckling in paradise,
expecting the sun´s ring of fire to show better the lead where may lay the path to better a life.
Unpolite the wrong door shall be endlessly shut, while the shifting light will trigger a new one.
At nightfall enacts the spell over gliding angelic the shadows, with winged clouds over the land.

❋ CCXV ❋

Pilgrim & priest can´t hope but scrutinise what on goes below down the dark alleys.
At the sneezing of the salamander the toad crunched a fat beetle & a rowdy cricket,
& the omen´s lips decreed that the deed saved from the oven worms by a thousand.
By the open door stand the guards that count profligate the bees at evening´s dusk,
in similar trend as reality can´t help but follow the painful script for recorded the film.
One by one, & all at the same once, the smartphone lives in plural & collective the brains
What is it at last that make what as real it may count for secluded the people nowadays?
How much is a life worth better than beetles and cricket when the salamander sneezes away?

Worms dig the holes to go through the galaxies at faster the speed of lizard´s light,
but boars neglect to condone the physics under the bearded misfortunes of Minotaur´s jail…
In the drawer of dreamt the bats that glide over the isle of thunder & pain, croaks the raven…
Burning bloodied the snow whisper the hunched boughs with the willow´s lips of decay…
The priest notices the awe in the face of the pilgrim´s countenance & pays blaring a silence,
in the hopes that what his eyes observed were meant to explain how absurd a living becomes.

❋ CCXVI ❋

More than algorithmic the quest of life is cloudier than the night prior transcendent the times.
Are we not certain that a Minotaur is hollowed an image of labyrintic the path of our lives?
The tonal wheezing in the diaphragm, yearns & misses the text of automated the chaterer.
Even if the gabby interacting emulates what feelings seem faked, soulless a simulacra remains.
While the floating allows the canoe to glide what abroad well ends, the AI fits well to the crew,
& the flare of loosened the creative juices breaks the gap with unbounded the emotional lack.
Hearken & awoken the mind, the clovered fields full of mist aware squalls coiled the pains,
under the smokes of wet the wrinkled skins of wiser the outlouded that groan by the grave.

Latently deadened the oracular perception arise amidst the edges of enlightened the tail,
& renewed spread the bitter shedding between scraps of heart broken the recurrent disdains.
Where are the sketches that drown narrow the throats that flowing the frost turn to rain?
So much void in emptied the bosom, senseless gives pieces none other but fragmented scorn,
that woven may attempt patching with wishes those who lost hopes in traces under the moon.
The hut keeps scrapes of machines at dawn & rehearse sorrows with borrowed constellations..

FOURTH MOVEMENT

(Grave, andante maestoso,
Tenuto & rubato)

THIRTEENTH CANTO

AT THE DIM THRESHOLD

A RAVEN OVERLOOKS

THE UNDERGROUND

Wer allein ist, ist auch in Geheimnis,
immer steht er in der Bilder Flut,
ihrer Zeugung, ihrer Keimnis,
selbst die Schatten tragen ihre Glut (…)
Ohne Rührung sieht er, wie die Erde
eine andere ward, als ihm begann,
nicht mehr Stirb und nicht mehr Werde:
formstill sieht ihn die Vollendung an.
Wer allein ist; Gottfried Benn

People are strange,
when you're a stranger;
faces look ugly
when you're alone(…).
When you're strange
faces come out of the rain,
when you're strange
no one remembers your name.
«People are strange», Jim Morrison (The Doors),
album ***Strange days*** (1967)

Overhead the albatross hangs motionless upon the air
and deep beneath the rolling waves in labyrinths of coral caves
the echo of a distant time comes willowing across the sand
and everything is green and submarine
and no one showed us to the land
and no one knows the where's or why's
but something stirs and something tries
and starts to climb toward the light.
«Echoes», Roger Waters (Pink Floyd), album **Meddle** (1971)

❋ CCXVII ❋

«Le bateau lavoir» où la tache
commence à révéler
was der Schritt unter der Taille verbirgt,
et où rôdent dunkle Stille lauert,
qu´il sombres difficile pour les lèvres
sera de percer…
Der lang ersehnte Sieg über die vielen des Mobs

Downhill, a pack of wolves broke loose & howling ran fate in ominous their dreadful jaws.
Tremors the clayish grounds by the pond´s barren surroundings, where once pastured a lamb.
Sounds come of premonitory omen from plaintive croaks of raven, & squawks of crows…
The bassoon clasps the winds with the hairy boars to retaliate rapacious their greed…
Subterranean the venue of darker tones, with not at all any much real life to celebrate at large;
greed, kin to unprincipled demeanour, betrayal, & flourished with lack of common a soul,
galactically lost in the thickest nebula of dim the night, its air densely lacks light in the flow…
Daemoniacally addictive the procreating´s task expects more than vulvar itching & prick pain.

Rehearsing die dried on labyrinthical the shores the futures that beasts find hard to deem lost.
Risks abound in slumped the spoor of forgotten stomps of disjointed cubic the crumbling walls.
Where was it lost sacred the sense of belonging, in rude forests of malls & cement all around
wth politeness, reservedness or modesty, & contrary full of rush, haughtiness & might-lust?
As the end submits the appearance required to make believe what the need a belief demands,
& the charred burden of stenchy the dumped ways, urgent some unburial at hand is required…

❋ CCXVIII ❋

Well, she's fashionably lean, and she's fashionably late,
she'll never wreck a scene, she'll never break a date.
But she's no drag, just watch the way she walks (…)
and she's the lady who waits sent to manless school.
It never hesitates she won't waste time
on elementary talk 'cause she's a twentieth century fox
got the world locked up Inside a plastic box.
»Twentieth century fox« Jim Morrison (The Doors),
album ***Strange days*** (1967)

Would Ishtar, Lot & Orpheus let the pilgrim learn how to accomplish the task they failed?
The priest scholarly does as best he learned in half limited devouted his practice,
but the pilgrim´s task has astral magnitudes that only orphic or archaic wisdom may provide.
Midnightly haunting scores rules in dominions where the dead crumble underlives,
so only subtly the charms may manage to risk under the challenge that in death ends the scars.
The hunt may need Og or Nebrod to carry the load in the journey from dust to recover a realm,
as flesh weakens no less than swampy the mud that flooded corrupted once blessed the land.
By blackened the thick mountain four coppered doors come before weary the pilgrim´s mien…

The pilgrim approaches where the hovering raven glides surrounding the mountainous lands.
Unclean the fields where buzzards wheel, their feathers steeped reeking in rotten blood.
Dead moneylenders dumped lie marooned & barren without the gold they blithely hoarded.
Tyrants once feared now weigh less than the rot within putrid their stenchy entrails,
& the pride fatuous that the famous flamboyantly showed off lingers as false relics of faked life
while remnants abound among the imaginary would be, without fame, wealth & might…

❋ CCXIX ❋

Where do cosmic chords still murmur beneath the ruin of entropic the collapsing worlds?
Just enough, when life stops making sense only the stubborn remain intact with conviction.
As around & all around struggle is not for them who flee under threat or fear…
When worlds fracture in meaningless pieces he who has the picture in mind pursues his goal
& leave the surrendering for them who live out habit, routine & attitude of easy their comfort.
Pain does damage but the damaged aren´t equal nor suffer the same…
Some fall into misery & can´t live up again, the few burn suffering into fuel,
& make up from challenge the defiance that give them up the newness to recreate their lives.

So is the desert of echoing atrocities that lift up the pilgrim around global disarray…
Residual still his fractured authority the horizon foreseen unveils sweeping the signs,
as it did exist not at all the scattered whispers of tremor of encapsulated the vicious disdain.
One at once, next twice & thrice & on & so on, with no withdrawal, nor resignation alike…
The pilgrim must march where his mission calls him to perform throughout,
or would he lose the full sense of what he has accomplished in his life all along…

❋ CCXX ❋

Is this the real life? Is this just fantasy?
Caught in a landslide, no escape from reality.
Open your eyes, look up to the skies and see (…)
Bohemian rhapsody, Freddie Mercury. Album **A night at the opera** (**Queen**)

Eclipses mark the friction that next ends & starts new the alignments to effortless trends…
Disruptive the contempt split the airy space & cycles old flickered back to life,
or may again veil the unholy circuitry of heavyful the repetition that cause all distress…
As the pilgrim comes out of the liturgy of the hours of praise tolling the bells tune the theorem,
& solemnly his slowest steps sing the psalms that gave course to the temple of the high walls.
Walls are indeed those that facing he should, as algorithms blind design etches in stony paths,
but lacking on time proper the knowledge that recursive the equation its dismiss will allow,
the liturgy may fater, blind to the eclipse the cathedral buries in dark its crypt.

As his footsteps led him to the bronze walls before the mountain to the most barren lands,
From glyphs engraved upon his blinded altar he prayed for knowledge to descend,
& gave ascertained clues that corridors he´d find around the circles that any mind confuse.
His trust is not in mere the fantasy of glimpsing survivals of elves´ dreamlike blind underscore,
but incarnated & safest a chain, that link core to the nerve where holiest the truesome clue.
Obeying the tradition he was brought in, the clue shall he track of smoke´s ember and torch…

❋ CCXXI ❋

To prevent that distorted his feelings may inaccurately slant looking the blurred facts ahead,
takes his most loyal hounds to track the route that may lead to the path riddle rooted.
Blind as his journey may occasionally last, his hounds ought to track better what he could not.
Eager his trait to demanding the querysome task, hears echoes of words heard long past,
& precautious restrains from unduly fast denying the counsel admonished generations behind.
Wie oben, so unten, was hermetic the key to grab the knowledge not to any its access allowed.
Now that he reminded himself the engraved advice in the aviary where daily his life he spends,
takes his *shillelagh* raised in Wicklow the county of blackthorn, to support the defiance ahead.

Down his cloak pebbles steady remain & his feet need a route to choose before the doors…
Once open the fire may enlighten the perceptive horizon that to the roots addresses the path…
Fierey the eye does reach the infinities beyond the surface shown in the skin of the bare facts,
& cosmic the forces that lead the hounds by the pilgrim´s *shillelagh* will unconceal the riddle.
As ready as could for the journey beyond the mountain´s copper doors the task may start,
Wie oben, so unten, therefore advice seems required from undiscovered sources…

❋ CCXXII ❋

Hard to define the road to dawn, or to the nocturne´s darkness in the shadows of dusk,
through the smoke should the trajectory begin in cosmically a groundbreaking moment´s start.
The soundscape lets echoes be heard to answers in the reserve of innerly unspoken sight,
sounds that unlike noises sharply speak & distinctly better than old time riddles & oracles,
though clear it seems that in earthly the atmosphere not anyone may the sounds read.
Among the few lines that grabbed the pilgrim one said that the task remained to be achieved,
for the pilgrim, the exceptionally powerful blackthorn of his Wicklow´s *shillelagh,*
& the keen sense of smell of four hounds, must welcome the aid to encounter what sought is.

Surmised the sounds ambiguous, the pilgrim seemed to grasp before the ritual entrance,
his hounds wandered their howling about the surroundings with desire to smell behind…
& the vision showed that opened the knobs protruding naked wenches, beamed in iron scuffs.
Hearing of echoes with sources of sounds from unknown, sudden the vision, his warning grew,
& the pilgrim remembered wandering thoughts that overall in life, as in poetry or in nature,
as in most living experiences, it occurs that meaning lacks, & void of it seems most the time…

✵ CCXXIII ✵

Strangers passing in the street
by chance, two separate glances meet
and I am you and what I see is me,
and do I take you by the hand
and lead you through the land
and help me understand the best I can?
«Echoes», Roger Waters (Pink Floyd),
album ***Meddle*** (1971)

Unmoved & perplexed the four ecstatic remain before the paths ahead that alike all they were.
Like unveiled an onion, the hounds sadly howled, & anxious looks fell off their baffled eyes.
Amidst the cloudy sight unfit their paws felt the ground & unsure their jolt to release refused.
Before uncertainty senses provide assurance for lack of confidence that ambiguity tears off,
but helpless the hounds´ proprioception shattered & helpless their support restrained…
Still the pilgrim hearing kept the echoes with messages inside his puzzled mind.
Questions none were to anyone asked, yet his deepest doubts seemed to increase at leisure
as it seemed through echoes a loud voice released answers not yet tossed in the outer world…

Ungranted any ascertainty the absence of clue, sweating bewilderment poured out his mien.
Would a journey to unknown the wound make epiphanic his search, or make it blaze?
Indeed, the pilgrim as a stranger fits in such a brave, lonely & uncharted jaunt…
His, a living statement is, & also a task that decided was from else source that he undertakes.
Seems the question left before the path be found is received the riddle upon the hounds sight.
Jupiter´s reddish atmosphere gravity contains volatile the mysteries of still unknown his path…

✵ CCXXIV ✵

Cum mortuis, in lingua mortua

Where may the blip be that forcefully pulls the driving that hooks brimming the commitment,
unrestrainably, as it holy the power had to move throughout the whole being in cosmic ways.
Hard to grin in face of so strange an ominous predicament, though conspicuously engaged,
as enigmatic the rhapsodical episode it seems, the denser & deeper vitality displayed shall be.
Dawdling nor regret must be none in deep the overhauling of the affliction the realm affects…
What sort of demographic an experiment may lay ahead in the uproar homunculus forecasts?
New though silent battles need aware the minds fit be, to the human´s save challenged souls…
Driven by phantasies, in strolled the stealthy & gaseous atmosphere, the carrion yelled!

Suddendly sensed he imprisoned spirits at the gate, casting a gnomes hidden game,
while undercover their drive keep the hounds from seeing much & indeed their hearing less.
Unholy the distrust of tiptoed the elder, blew spells to quarrel the hounds from his idle cattle
& provided of deadly sounds projected over the copper gates at the entrance of the mountain.
Sheer nuisance grew about the undainty noises, and fearful fled the hounds to the pilgrim…
Unraveled from fleshy his skin berated the cloudy airs & on went to bare & bald the mountain.

✵ CCXXV ✵

Outcast, & learnt from overburdenings of the ephemeral riches where unfolds a worldly living,
the pilgrim does alone & without the extra senses that the hounds were meant to offer.
It is by his sole self, & his Wicklow´s *shillelagh*, that the undertaking ought ahead to go on.
Indeed the hounds saw enough to provide slim but telling clue, to whom their mien well saw,
& the echoes that lacked visual origin, or sensible source, were a subtle unease to be aware of.
Unclear the mind, discernment does it, in midsts of lingering sounds of the equation outcome.
If any may a certainty a bit provide, shall fragile the sole belief that denies untruth a path take,
for if the path be at hand, such a path is for him to go through, to reach clear cut the root…

As if blind he were his inner light provides the certainty & his *shillelagh* the needed support.
The search goes beyond the mob´s false phantasies of consumption that enslave soul to world.
No other way remains, but to live the paradox among fleeting the earthly shadows
in pursuit of fulfillment of messianic the dreams that ionic the divine equations brought about.
Encircled circles the labyrinth shows doors that lead no where but to erroneous keys to roads;
so face to face, blind the eye must replace the sights, by other the lights beyond the soul´s aim.

❋ CCXXVI ❋

Entwicklungfremdheit ist dieTiefe des Weisen,
Kinder und Kindeskinder beunruhigen ihn nicht,
dringen nicht in ihn ein.
Richtungen vertreten, Handeln Zu- und Abreisen
ist das Zeichnen einer Welt, die nicht klar sieht.
Vor meinem Fenster -sagt der Weise- liegt ein Tal,
darin sammeln sich die Schatten,
zwei Pappeln säumen einen Weg, du weißt - wohin.
Perspectivismus ist ein anderes Wort für seine Statik:
Linien anlegen, sie weiterführen nach Rankengesetz –
Ranken sprühen - auch Schwärme, Krähen,
auswerfen in Winterrot von Frühhimmeln,
dann sinken lassen- du weißt- für wen.
Statische Gedichte, Gottfried Benn

Stentorian & thunderous the wings of a raven´s flock, sign above their flight were
of thickened the darkness dense, as if an omen that was of the underworlds threshold,
where hermetic the outcast fields in the journey a clue entailed, to find the unfindable across.
Crust thick maybe, but waxed the feathers from the jails the exile brought forth,
& dismembered the diluted hindrances, time requires that the pilgrim wrought the way ahead.
Beneath the gates, the stroll makes its way amidst masquerades that stony bones disguise.
By stormy winds whipped the barren roads no rank nature admits the equal shares,
some sunken must remain & others shall yield into success the shores…

Down the trodden road the pilgrim must assess the mislead certainties that perplexed he left,
while mute in deep his silence the θέωσις *r*evealed to him it was that confronting needed is.
Redundant the cloudy echoes provide fire with barren bushes to the sullen unworldly soul;
footsteps are none whose traces to follow might him aid daunted to loose ajar…
Time seems to trust sturdy the eyes the blackthorned *shillelagh* provides in concealed its sight.
Groping the ground through waste the soil slowly the pilgrim makes his way ahead…

❋ CCXXVII ❋

οὐκ ἐνέκλεισάς με εἰς χεῖρας ἐχθροῦ
ἔστησας ἐν εὐρυχώρῳ τοὺς πόδας μου.
Psalm, XXXI : 8 (***Septuagint***)

Crossways in the journey, the pilgrim stumbles & his ankle hurts a broken bough.
The chance allows for enough rest to organize the steps his coming ways complex.
Some dilemmatic the quest comes about & at the distance hears the priest´s steps.
Though unholy the spell greets the encounter of the moving soul & rigid the ritual fare.
Thickened the pond freezes a blackened swan that revered pretended the priest´s grace.
The swan revealed to inner the pilgrim´s mind that the priest poorly knew of the path ahead.
As the case allowed, the pilgrim came into deep a doubtful quest between swan & priest.
In quandary his stress had to choose between the hard place & the black swan´s rock…

Paradoxical his warnings either must he restrain his way as the priest fears admonished,
or pursue under the omen hidden under the swan´s feathers in almost the frozen pond.
Waters cleanse the perplexing holes in the unconvincing sermon under the priest´s plight.
To close any of the doubts that otherwise to stalemate steered the pilgrim´s path,
his cloak took over his weakend shoulders, forgot the pain & raised from his resting place.
The priest stayed dismissed & the swan guided the lead the pilgrim´s feet shall take again…

❋ CCXXVIII ❋

As the way continued in erased the undecipherable road the pilgrim revered Benedict´s rules.
Alone, and solely alone, must he find the confirmation to enclose the seekethmost truth…
Ora, lege et labora does the steering to seeking divine the sacred demure,
even if somewhat uncertain, still the confusion in Nursia may encapsulate the worship´s clue.
Each bead a mantra calls the relics that undiscriminating break the rabble´s role in its claims.
If discriminating becomes incorrect to a dominion, would such paradigm apply to cases all?
The torches of unoligarchical a democracy undoubtedly leads to the tyranny of clustered mass
& diversity´s rule has entropic a value that balances by dissonances without none a unison…

Can relentless the forbiddances of discrimination include the equality of the wrong & good?
Were it so that the exception allows such distinction, the question is who makes the mark?
This is how the path starts its sense to the pilgrim who in solitude the paths went to seek.
Held the blackthorned *shillelagh* before the dusted road and the mountain gave leeway to him.
Broken his mind was forced to be unreleased, uneven spread the purge of the unsubdued,
more were them aligned enslaved, than those whose deadly cause meant risk to mighty ones…

❋ CCXXIX ❋

Ich bin der Leib voll ausgehöhlter Qual.
In meinen Achseln rotes Feuer hängt.
Ich bäume mich, und schreie manchmal laut,
In schwarzer Himmel Grabe ausgerenkt.
Die Stadt der Qual, George Heym

Mark the gates where perception derives the core of the orphic daemons to the pilgrim´s path.
Long after from the κατάβασις to the underworld collapsed, heard in awe its loud script,
from the skirmishes of plundering the swarmy rabble sought he lessons not to unlearnt repeat.
Not much in his life left in the steering was room for him to address its tweak…
Once accurately the vision clear became in ambiguously entropic the unchangeable foreseen,
the enigma reduced he in the θέωσις the equation to where began his quest complex…
Seemed indeed that human nature shall like at the threshold dim the ravens said it´ll be:
worldly the realm is destined for fiery & rapacious the Minotaur slaughtered to redeem…

The pilgrim the fate ruthless shall make him as Sisyphus carry along in ἄνᾰ́βᾰσῐς & back again,
& mercilessly & unhealed no settling gyre shall hybrid the cosmic law condone…
Confused in midst of chaotic the ethical mongrelhood, the pilgrim´s boundary imposes its craft.
Born with a mission should he comply regardless if nothing else than his duty to fulfill his task.
Such seems the order in nature that life its outcome to the insightful commands…
he who receives the vision must align with cosmic the fate its gaseous laws unchanged abide.

❋ CCXXX ❋

Here is what unsourceful the echoes yell in the pilgrim´s inner earlobes that no one else heard:
«Experiences do some travelling that learning to others may fruitful beckon the worm to prove
likely most tell them unhealed traumas that end up destroying potentials that may come true.
Outlivin´ advices wrongly followed keeps from drainin´ the drive to unsuspectably higher grow,
& to reach where grievous scars hadn´t hurt, were fearful a loved one said not what evil was.
What right should be seems best when trusting follows the geology of your inner truths…
This is the rabble´s trap. A grave of habits packed with full regret.
No other but someone else´s script is what lives the smiling flock while doing what do most».

Pondering such unheard relics as oysters where living pearls in the deeper seas grow at large,
the pilgrim had the truths beyond the mountain that his path out of chaotic trend had to lead.
Likewise our destinies are marked by stars, by 80 billion neurons & by genomic codes of trait,
the sense arises deep the conviction when resonance blows as rumbles a thunder at midnight.
Maybe the hounds knew best before the copper ghostly doors as wordless the blow they felt,
assured by magic his *shillelagh* the pilgrim realised that answers came from silences of an altar.

❋ CCXXXI ❋

Is it, you guess, cowardice, that made the pilgrim back off from the trails behind the doors,
when the echoes were by him heard that no one else a trace of a hissing their ears grasped?
Apparently some buried echo replayed an after-discharge & struck him from within.
& involved in some mechanic circuitry his memory transformed the task into a regressive snap,
that a conditioning held onto static a loop of fears prior in primal fears his stumbling caused…
Whose surmising may valid be to discard the account that suspicion caused in unexpected lag?
Here is where normality a wall faces before the pilgrim´s saying & the scrutinisers´ disbelief
& here too the existence of so called hallucinations in a human´s decision to credit truth…

In fact, how so the convinced engagement to search into deeper the earthly undergrounds
a sudden turn to backwards, made the striving soul in cloudy a circumstance of a whiplash?
Beyond perchance the disbelief may the absence exist of reasonable support that doubt cause,
for most not involved in the personal link the pilgrim developed in his inner life…
This is where change to the most simplifies what sense seems to lack in someone elses deeds.
& this is when playing against what safe seems pays double to he who in his self relies…

❋ CCXXXII ❋

Why, if not, Benn, Morrison & Waters acknowledge strangeness of the lone before the rabble?
Easier may it had for sure be, to do as what most expected the course the trend to follow,
instead to abruptly deny what comfort assured in passive the regretless seer at distance length
as it were the prompter that line by line follows the long established script…
This is the ghost of he who could have become, decides to become the he who he wants to be,
instead of the other´s masquerade to their own fearsome sort of understated cowardice.
Much alike what AI discards what strays unplanned, the pilgrim does against his role,
& proceeds at leisure with his will to follow the source of inner his self & most personal voice.

Were then not deniable the ravens that grew opaque when dim the underground overlooked
& at the very edge of thin the threshold engaged to denounce the flaws in a shattering mirror.
Broken the blind allegiance emerges the responsible of ill strokes or right in the target ones.
Truer to his self the pilgrim assumed the challenge in the risk & trusted more in what he heard.
Under the gray threats must he let his hint prevail & follow hounds, raven & swan over all.
The sourceless echoes had the meaning that planning missed all along to fulfill his task…

❋ CCXXXIII ❋

Surviving demands shifting the flawed judgments that crucify the only in life ownable gadget.
Ongoing the incomplete surrounding for granted its stream is changeably cyclic taken
Because no one to its own avails the changing avoiding will possibly at arms length decline,
none but groping, or stumbling, a seizure may prevent as blows come near the chest, or fear.
Filled the beastly malls with howling the wolves in pack to downgrade the dreadful fate,
only ugliness rounds up a scene where greed of rapacious its claws beheads the vicious trade.
What a bunch of scoundrels climb to the highest peaks of steering, by force to seize its might!
Democracy lags with spots of unworldly stains & crowds cast pebbles like ballots in the dust…

The vision of dreaded the flaw of human´s lower sides leave though free intact the inner mind.
Therefore the pilgrim adjusts his soul to the echoes that resound in perceptive his keen eye…
& unanswered shall he purposely leave the suspicious doubts to dark its dimmest fortune!
Dialogue can be none with hegemonical presumptions that expect what correct be deemed
at the price of neglecting firm an ascertainment that values precede over complacent clapping.
Leave the scavengers voracity devour their tails & die choked of gluttony, greed, & pride.

❋ CCXXXIV ❋

Forest none at sight surround a lonesome thinker that to overcome disputes his tongue resists.
Flickering the feathered residues of menial shard at midnight silent a silhouete revered a guard.
Down as from cosmic dust, wrapped up emerges walking the Minotaur devoid of beastly attire.
Brings forth a message from the inner spaces where planets keep secrets abroad the stars…
Scattered traces left several footprints of the image, whose eyes seem to reveal revered gusts,
barely his low voice showed meager a tired messenger almost agonising from struggles passed.
Hearken, said he, underworldly none may be saved & death is for those who leave earthly life.
Atoms & protons remain once buried or cremated the fleshy bodies, & ash to ash returns…

The myth announced to the unexperienced what lay behind the curtain & beyond an eye,
for half the smiling beauty hides the semblance a monster of tedious his bloody jaws.
In the labyrinthic life we are all set to spend the few days in midsts of half joy & sorrows half,
time devours wishes & desires that unaccomplished left remain if not taken by will or force…
This is what heard the pilgrim once his mind set he in peace in spite of what expected most.
& so walked he barren the land to seek better the roots within…

FOURTEENTH CANTO

LITURGICAL SHIFTS

THE WORLDLY CHIMES

INTO PLAIN

THE HEALING CHANTS

Lions in the street and roaming
dogs in heat, rabid, foaming
a beast caged in the heart of a city
the body of his mother
rotting in the summer ground.
He fled the town (…).
The mansion is warm, at the top of the hill
rich are the rooms and the comforts there
red are the arms of luxuriant chairs
and won´t know a thing till you get inside (…).
Some outlaws lived by the side of a lake
the minister´s daughter is in love with the snake
who lives in a well by the side of the road (…).
I am the Lizard King
I can do anything
I can make the earth stop in its tracks
I made the blue cars go away (…)
Now I have come again
to the land of the fair, & the strong, & the wise.

The celebration of the Lizard, Jim Morrison. Album **Waiting for the sun** (**The Doors**)

❋ CCXXXV ❋

Seest thou how what thee hast known, no longer comes along thine paths as ´twas before?
Prairies seem not to have noticed the nebula expanded around the coarse ruling of mayhem…
Now fentanyl the rabble uses to grow its people´s subjugation & hearty wealth,
along with the Big 4´s smart dissipation through algorithmic reproduction in the market sphere
How indeed malls & *Netflix* play the distracting role so the empires reach out for more slaves,
while interest rates & expanded credit make-believe that *all-is-good* to careless go on…
The masquerade prevails about the globe elected proper with pebbles casted in the polls,
thus greed fuses greatly with legitimacy that democratic the name condones the lie all about…

What then ends up of nations whose soul dispossessed becomes of what made them be,
& what no longer their fate is that they idly in midst of expanded tolerance they cease to be?
In solemn his isolated self the pilgrim ponders serious the quest no one hears him ask around,
that finds him diminute in wide the galaxies & underworldly the experiment least applauded,
that the riddle again in small his mind alone asks, what good does his thinking do?
Not to soften poignant the searing issue, looks about & sees the raven to him deal his looks…

❋ CCXXXVI ❋

Plently emptied & exhausted by rabbling, the market remains, but none the trust.
Mere deceiving the fancies blind the weakened minds be in Maine, be in Afghanistan,
& David well knew what the shrinking witch procured to draw from him what his fire denied.
How to withstand with conformity amidst such twistering & compound bite to feeble souls?
Why the shortcuts now the addiction as foam it swells, in barren the city´s ants´ molehills?
When was truth forsaken with mockery & larceny in hellish the swampy deals of betrayal?
Happy them who live in the lies of produced the image that distracts the misery of their souls!
How happy can one be while slipping from the right track, to sliding mock the name of truth...?

As bodies inexorably decay & chemically none our cells´ atoms or protons ever die,
not less must be left unsaid that nothing still stays, but imbalanced all change moved remains…
The issue adds wholeness to conscious each instant while alive still unstirred lives our being.
By the pilgrim´s darkened shape a snake observant keeps the count of those passing by…
None goes forth, none returns… The pilgrim alone his steps review of the taken path,
So much a load of dealings for a single move to surf & so small the hole to display the truth…

❋ CCXXXVII ❋

After dissonance, timely forces restablish the balance that diversities bulging modify the core.
A matter is of observing calmly that dangers downsize as apathic the seeker stays aloof.
Recesive the mind keeps redundant the echo once heard, learnt remain alert within.
Confident his loneliness walks, as swaying his snout goes the elephant with peaceful breath…
Lonely too the silent clouds move charged the bags in footfalls woven in the memory of time,
hidden & not even the smallest miniscule, as once by fate´s past wisdom determined.
It is left to ponder what light might behind the doors seemed the mountain to hidden keep,
& while crawling the lizard in the den bit a spider as it showed who is the ruler by the wall.

Where may the lizard find wet the nest as roundabout he crawls around his den?
Thunders reach the walls where echoes rule above the biting fires with the mind´s attire…
The pilgrim notices the woven footfalls of fate that light the spider´s web tracing his behind,
& in great an awe a strom crosses his dubious walk through a hissing toad around the pond.
What a lore shall his thoughts dismember those sullen his slow steps at midnight´s request?
Grab the footstool & lean the clues towards bare the walls where at the den the lizard rules …

❋ CCXXXVIII ❋

While the hounds rest the snoring gurgling of their master dream, prayed a skull a chant alone.
Would it lead astray the inquiry about the reptile´s coarse demeanor at the gruesome gate?
Voids remind worm holes that connect various the multiverses along earthly its seeming ends,
but guessing leaves the wingless raven dormant sadly till lost the flying joy dire his life it dies.
Sunk in the primitive´s brain lies the meadow where awareness forgets its whipping flare,
& pure the sounds transgress the rampart locks with unknown the reasons that reason none…
So strange the sharing under moonlit a blueish tune rides the harder traveler toward the night
& the pilgrim touched his bony knees to keep the journey with balms of cannabis & hippieflip.

Like the hermit released in his inner soul, in midst of the global storm trusty drove barren wilds
though neither hail, or frost nor sleat, hindered the engaged wayfarer through the cosmic trail.
Hidden the suspicion & raised monotonous his grave, deeper & throaty voice a chant he sung.
The sound travelled the boulders so that dwarves & gnomes awoke for the tunes to attend,
& mundane the conflicts decreased the thorny animosity in appeased the shifting gripes.
Rests some later, after the chanting its long & paused colour modulated some soul´s distress…

❋ CCXXXIX ❋

The unattainable gets closer to them who ceaselessly with sheer regard caress the aimed goal.
On top of flattened a boulder the pilgrim sat his membered biology to ponder once again,
worn out his shoeless feet showed streams of threaded blood flowing down the skin.
Not many learn how a wayfarer does what he born was to do what his inner compass leads...
Is it indeed ridiculous the saddened days, or is it there where life its sense is extracted best?
Mind, & best be aware that none a fact locks what hands unreachable waste cannot in time…
Took then a wooden piece he carved with liturgical chisels what travelling the soil him taught.
Warm the waters by a pond cleaned the bleeding of his shoeless feet & back his chant began.

Once again the lizard shaves its skin agains the crystal where the mirror show pale a face…
looks like dim the glass the view hinders & lets not clear distinguish the horrors of times past…
awry a pair of gazing eyes capture the lizard´s pumping throat haughty look what is not,
but aware the pilgrim discards at once the peeling of foul perceptions that betray the truth…
Dreamt the life seldom hides the loaded shames that ride along with empty a bag of lies…
True is alien to most, but to all is mere belief that undenied meant is as rigid as cacti in bloom…

❋ CCXL ❋

ὅπως ἂν βαφῇ ὁ πούς σου ἐν αἵματι, ἡ γλῶσσα
τῶν κυνῶν σου ἐξ ἐχθρῶν παρ᾽ αὐτοῦ.
Psalm, LXVII : 23 (***Septuagint***)

Baffled & abashed out went to fast his unreconciled reproach to the supposedly civilised state
in regressive a poshuman trend of denied progression to scientific advance & smart access…
In his way reached he where sea waters climbed off the scarped riffs, with his hounds about,
& helping he could not but recalling the stated promise on the cleansing next to battles fought.
Knew he not that his feet dipped in the blood of those who evil did shall be,
& that the tongue of his hounds stained will be with the blood of them, who enemies become,
after both would brought become in the deepest of unfathomable the depths of the seas?
Now he stayed by the abyss & down saw the scope of the stretched vastness of large the sea…

The righteous despised the pilgrim & believed he not at all in vengeance of none the sort,
nor would he accept that the sword of ballistic a missile may the fixing to the world be done.
He knew the word, though, that his feet would be washed in the blood of those who did evil,
& for wicked he deemed the distorted deeds that greed & rabble unaware reproduce at will.
How to deal with the exposed picture his mind carved of humanity´s barbaric the new state?
How strange a meant line hid what unknown should had been when the line as graph it came.

❋ CCXLI ❋

Brittled his reasoning regarded that a proper threat was to carve an omen the minds to shake,
so discomfort & hardship be offered instead of whatever easy became in the life style.
In accord to such guise the idea delved to account deceived the discomfort of his solitary state
& so to do with enough restrain to let his listeners catch the need to add effort in their lives,
likewise the kids who entertain themselves with digital the riddles in fingered their games…
After all, some learning exists when people acquire the habit of rivalry in violent affaires,
which afterwards with envious success replay in current their youth & much older times…
As ferocious the idea shaped the purity of his task, took the deal as the fastening of the stage…

What remorseless a picture may allow to harmonise crusty the unpopular distaste of crabs,
with titanic the prehistoric threats that modern the poshuman underdeveloped current craze.
Nothing more appropriate would seem than showing the eviscerated guts of a rotted shark,
over stenched the intestines of diseased the walrus by the shores of dead the fisherman´s hut.
Disturbing had to be the bait to call for mulling & cogitating ancient dismissed values,
but, alas, should the gruesome not entail alike the gore disgust that the evil to beheaded be ?

❋ CCXLII ❋

Living in time ridden hearts, entertainment proclaims the government by amusement & fun.
As capering along through life humanity follows its heedlessly restless & fallen nature
just a few scorn the carnal lightness of & show concern that to life oblation remains dismissed.
A hunch is drilled not into soulless entities but to patterns of likeness to a primal source.
Is the human race not an idea, rather than a machine engulfed in greed, wealth & lust?
The alleged advance boils down to blurring the human into half a beast & half a machined chip
that in the sequence of his days turns his pains & glories in no more than wasteless ashes,
which, unless some faith remains in voided minds, turns belief from praise to mere bewailing.

How so pastafarianians indulge in mocking faith that make of monstruous an spaghetti a god
at the peak of easy the quest for what it is, & what being is let to unbe in void ever more?
Before the ditch, whirled by spirits that illusions should be drowned, strolls *shillelagh* in hand.
Unfair the battles his judgment to choose shall & enter into obscure the lengths of his solitude.
The diseased flickering of deceiving the swollen flashes may stay behind, as would he resume
the hairy path where bare the roots of truth will his face seek & sacred the tokens grab…

❋ CCXLIII ❋

Zu Sorg´ und Dienst den Dichtenden anvertraut!
Der Höchste, der ists, dem wir geeignet sind,
Dass näher, immerneu besungen
Ihn die befreundete Brust vernehme.
Dichterberuf, Friedrich Hölderlin

At dawn owls clean feathers to take the pulse before the dorian mode the tune turns above.
As memories rants the man with the stick that the lead commands, on the yearning goes.
Berthed alone in the glows of artificial landfalls. the swollen chapter drains its flares.
Flares yes, but obscured by eclipses of Andromeda over the Milky Way, where tensions prevail.
The other side of darkness awaits the purification of jittering halitosis in the breathing souls,
as uneven the stoned stoned bench levels await the mythic cells of subtle the eyefare.
Trembling the pulse howls to hold the bell as the pilgrim gets it for the morning chant.
Scrapes the throat of accumulated phlegm & tries a D flat during almost a minute free…

Where went the rivers around the shade of the grayish clouds down throats of rubber ghosts?
Minos enslaved with a mask a bull but the labyrinth got clasped between brain, mind & soul…
Greatness became pauper to grasp a timeless gap, but pauper grew greater than Noah´s ark!
Are perhaps the stars but wrong signs that forces weave the living to ancient spiders in a sky,
or skiless are rumours of moving chemical at the leisure of ethereal the hand divine?
Thoughts as illusions drain from unknown sources whose hands in silence voids hide away…

❋ CCXLIV ❋

Simmering in steeped the heated wells soars the night on bare mountains its sleeker drums.
Wooden the thunder strikes the cavern where cares the healing skins from swollen knots,
like seething soul in running waters of deeper the cluttered forge on the creaking doors,
precisely how realms to receive they need the healer as terminally ill they lose all hopes.
Under swollen thunder the cluttered winds strike in the sunken spirits stuck in hopeless huts.
How would the leacherous boar rest under the avalanches that quake the gaseous soils ?
Never uncertainly the worse was clearly shown to humans in yet unlearnt the digital globality,
as exactly when unprecedented the shift starts to appear in bloodily the crudemost threads…

Fused the anguish & extended worry into the marrow in the column of bent his painful
back, deeds ahead needs the pilgrim to ponder & a stance clear to take to provide sound his truth,
& his march along the path continue shameless in timely the journey while his living lasts…
Where do cellos travel as flutes high flown to catch tubas & trombones in sharp the march?
With faded a nerve´s stroke oboes chase a crisped harp grown its yelling behind the trenches,
in the fields of wan & withered angel´s trumpets dying wetted beside the barbed alarms…

❋ CCXLV ❋

Lying on the warrior´s cot the pilgrim rests his thoughts before dawn shows its early light.
As the birth of the aurora yet was to take place, in the dark figured to see a flat region ahead,
in which centre seemed to see a moving space like round protuberances of a wiggler annelid.
The middle was darker than the dark night where appeared the region from his cot he saw.
But in spite of such darkness in the centre were still circular movements not despicable.
Wide a silhouette the wiggling sideways & inwards it moved as if caterpillars digged the soil.
Stronger the squirming likely wiggled towards deeper the centre of the darker region,
though like a merging tail waves seemed to drawl from side to side in elliptical blending…

Would the external side of the seeming flat region be not flat, but a bowl to a dig unknown
like it is heard that a pit through its walls leads the present to times futures or times past,
or times present still, but in worlds yet not known in holes diverse in interstellar the skies?
Too much figured the senses that drew the empty light this autumnal night without stars…
The wooden pillow the pilgrim uses in his warrior cot let the sweat of the vision wet the time,
& the spotted pillow marks the night before dawn when the wormhole showed its chance…

❋ CCXLVI ❋

Gradually as the low paced light began to blurr the shadows in the hut where the pilgrim slept,
hard were to blurr the images that the night carved through the windows of inner his eyesight,
& his memory recorded in granite slabs each sequence that from outerworlds he came to see…
These were not science fiction scenes that humans access through words from altered states,
but uncommon an undeniable & privileged experience in nocturne a region of galactic minds.
Such are we beings in severally the worldly dimensions beyond randomly the unrequited loss.
Narrow the road to outerworldly chances the pilgrim saw unknown the ways across the skies,
but dared not to accept the access to the wiggling hole where paths the universe had shown.

Refusals at times allow some daring thoughts to seed in fertile ditches of a caring heart,
even if the signs meaning may have given to risk an invitation to faster paths to narrow roots.
This is not a priestly trodden road, nor a road where hounds the wayfarer assist may,
so bitterness has little or no place in the search to find out how to explain the messy state…
In solitude from howls & emptied rituals, the pilgrim approaches the timing with peaceful mien
Would the cot had fumes about the covers that burnt the fire to outer the ethereal scenes?

❋ CCXLVII ❋

Joined both hands around the support of his *shillelagh*, bowed the head in deep his toughts
wondering about the forecast his surroundings had left humanity ahead the wayward road…
How not to address intent concern on the scale the network of interests on planetary its scale?
Inside his old hut does he not wonder. He suffers from heartbreaking facts his eyes have seen.
What the ghostly agents of such ominous maneuver to hinder the deliverance he can call out,
& call out as well in the scheme looters & parasites who play as ripers of wild boars too.
The wayfarer he is declined parting with the switchboard that channels might in hidden shares,
& away went in silence to a retreat far where he may heal from grievous the earthly wounds.

Again, how not to call wrong what eroding the spirit as wrong alone his soul has cleanly seen?
The building of newly a digital empire overcomes the smartest of the governmental overseers;
like snipers under the cover of finely connected a web of sly an amusing architecture,
routed through informal nodes of the pipeline, unnoticed the strings & threads they pull…
Wie oben, so unten, indeed, but *wie im globalen Bereich, so im lokalen auch* !
How then not to define & ascertain what must be overturned when facts so near they are !

❋ CCXLVIII ❋

What sort of an exhibition may the picture in the bridge embedding would most becoming be?
Crucial in the score is the cricket´s line that weirdest a paradox on civilised some polities states
despicable as it sounds, that yet people unripen seem & attributes lack to undertake the task,
to ready enough assume democratic the challenge to live up to higher the yardstick required…
In ideal catacombs & *lingua mortua* political dysfunction rests on a single mind´s zeal
that in the long run expanded imposed result as a mimic of abstract the rootless models…
Maturing mulls over in silent the pilgrim´s conscience the cosmic misfortune witnessed his life
like boats in a nightly tempest across cold the furthest upper waves in lonesome capes.

Either in the change likely would he yield & helpless succumb into gravest his soul´s grave,
or should he drift to risks beyond the anomaly of global might versus impure a weakened folk.
Either option the choosing looks sharply infamous, crudely rude & bereft of relief & comfort.
Unruly the people show trends unpredictable like stripling fractious of historically adolescent,
yet survival never in the chase alien seems & again entropy explains best when reason doesn´t.
Looks like Mússorgski´s picture : not at deserving an exhibition, but the one to be deciphered.

❋ CCXLIX ❋

Das Oben genannte ist nicht notwendigerweise global,
genauso wenig wie lokal besser als global ist.
Wenn globale Gewalt nicht getrennt von lokaler Gewalt existiert,
dann existiert lokale Gewalt auch nicht
getrennt von innerlich Gewalt.
Der lang ersehnte Sieg über die vielen des Mobs

Another step to the ruling´s fruition awaits to *wie oben, so unten*, one more extreme is missed.
Genauso wie im lokalen und äußeren Umfeld, so auch im inneren Leben the rule follows…
While the outside life the mind scatters unclean with clouds of blasting dust, aside, foams
the inner echoes of rests of rags & loosened threads brings, where oblivion hinders the brain.
In the remote & far reaching spaces where the psyche maintains from rumbling noise its
hush, stretch´d mulling prevails, locked in frozen focus on the heart´s most private dire tunes.
A lone eternity where the pilgrim remains inmovable at the rhythm of only his pounding veins,
his chest breathes touches of patched veils that away may keep him from the rooted core…

The room resembles a marbled temple & an altar pyre his scaffold, where from oblations rise.
Mortals as humans are doomed to expire. Crucial the choice is vital in the circuit of a lifespan…
Even rusted the skeletons keep track of ill the evil pick in none but denied the easy games,
at the edge of quaysides the razor blade judges best proper the election a nose timely does.
Plastic the extensive mind through the narrow path its compass may need to account the trust
& remove then the thickened veils beneath the debris that hides the be as what seems were….

❋ CCL ❋

With the last leaves of the season, by the window a moon looses weaker its vestigious traces,
& inherited tribal the collective sphere solemn grows its expansive rituals over armless men.
Passively retrieving barely condones & reproduces what annoyance & overall hardship causes.
Spenglerian a catastrophe uneased seems to be at hand as residues loose the least conviction
under the concealed abuses of widespread the switchboard that cripples the will of being…
Prosper the many though at hard the danger of an obnoxious the hypertrophic price,
while the tailoring of manners require the disgruntled rage to pay with expensive a renouncing
to the innermost self whose muddled rendering madly capitulates a being that is itself…

As the earth does its gyring in the galaxies around in the starry & dark space, the pilgrim heeds.
Nothing seems worse than passively playing dumb like onlookers in a lukewarm crowd,
while the raphsody its sinister prosperity matters less, the worldly chimes call for healing.
Colloquial the rant, a rehearsal of the seeking regrets & loathes any disciplinary curb,
as far & away in the realm, plain a chant the spell makes its way in endarkened a dense space.
The mystery of resistance a brave demand entrenched must be, to face anachronic the regrets.

❋ CCLI ❋

If the earth as galactic an error may be deemed, where conscious living a privilege becomes,
with regrets none solitude seems where universal the alignment to take place it must,
since the revealed path to onlookers never comes, the light to expect alone its way is shown…
The hard way time to divide it comes where not even echoes return their sound…
A step at a single time through ethereal the mountain mirrors the hostages in the guise,
& divested from reasoned the memory weakened the human history evicted leaves our lives.
Amidst somber the lugubre spectres solitude enhances the wait to access great rewards,
as long as like gang´s moral aims, the refusal excludes none in tribal the enthrall enslaves…

Calmly the pondering takes the pilgrim into account the natural rotation of cyclic cadences
& uproots the oblivion from the patterns that deny what alienates the mind from the heart.
As atrophied dexterity seeks a clue to choose what best a citizen may in his way produce
the support to come must from above the force should bring to accomplish what best to do.
Archaic the opulence of a talisman pays the pilgrim that commits ritual dues with no recant,
& deeper where bouldered the stars move their hips the force ascend with his soul´s consent.

✵ CCLII ✵

Qu'est-ce qui m'entoure et m'inspire,
malgré tout, toutes ces choses terribles qui arrivent sans cesse,
et que je ne veux jamais oublier, malgré le ciel,
malgré les arbres et toutes ces beautés ?
Le fossé entre une œuvre d'art,
quelle qu'elle soit, et la réalité immédiate des choses,
est devenu trop grand.
Au fond, seule la réalité m'intéresse désormais.
Albert Giacometti

Each step hits a trace that forgotten risks, if none hears lost the so named everlasting sounds.
The alluring glitz mingles where nature in history the soul inhabits the long cairned graves.
Before the steeped gullies yearning aloof the feet guide to the hearths remaining by the road.
How traceable may the memory keep the stories that sadly sundered the brittled harrows?
In barren the lands where the pilgrim´s hut lifts its clayish walls abound the unanswered noises
even if his ready scythe looks to manage metaphysical quest the cosmos clung to….
Frozen under the heavenly weathers the resolve should not he drive in without keen insight,
But still open the task, winds howl through the autumn leaves under the evening downpour…

Concern none lacks before the gale in thoroughly engaged the ever enduring warrior
before the enchanted mountain where the vision showed the world´s somber circumstance…
The crestfallen & talasophobic stay under fears where reality flows the least under warm quilts
since their daring the face can´t take off the softened side to hide what denial pays them best.
Pity & sorrow to learn heavy the dearth of courage to grapple the steady blunder of the world,
Clear the pilgrim´s sight must acquit the thorny bushes along the stormy seas…

FIFTEENTH CANTO

THE ENTHRALLED BOUGHS

KNIT THE WOVEN PILGRIM

WITH HAUNTED STITCHES

Du stiller Ort! In Träumen erschienst du fern
Nach hoffnungslosem Tage dem Sehnenden,
Und du mein Haus, und ihr Gespielen,
Bäume des Hügels, ihr wohlbekannten!
Wie lang ists, o wie lange! Des Kindes Ruh
Ist hin, und hin ist Jugend und Lieb´ und Lust;
Doch du, mein Vaterland! Du heilig-
Duldendes! siehe, du bist geblieben.

Rükkerh in die Heimath, Friedrich Hölderlin

❋ CCLIII ❋

Aufgestanden ist er, welcher lange schlief
Aufgestanden unten aus Gewölben tief.
In der Dämmerung steht er, groß und unbekannt,
Und der Mond zerdrückt er in der schwarzen Hand.
In der Abendlärm der Städte fällt es weit
Frost und Schatten einer fremden Dunkelheit.
Und der Märkte runder Wirbel stockt zu Eis.
Es wird still. Sie sehn sich um. Und keiner weiß (…).
Eine große Stadt versank in gelbem Rauch,
Warf sich lautlos in des Abgrunds Bauch.
Aber riesig über glühenden Trümmern steht
Der in wilde Himmel dreimal seine Fackel dreht
Über sturmzerfetzter Wolken Widerschein,
In des toten Dunkels kalten Wüstenein,
Daß er mit dem Brande weit die Nacht verdorr,
Pech und Feuer träufet unten auf Gomorrh.
Der Krieg, Georg Heym

Wirklichtkeit selbst, und nicht der Lärm & Getöse, das verschleiern Worte erzeugen, sagen wir.
Likeweise the universe is full of random violence in midsts of casual synchronic the balances
equally violent are the acquired disputes to control & quench the enemy´s fires…
War may be the rule, though the jungle mildly is called civilisation under greedy threat.
Where have gods gone beyond the earth´s boundaries in galaxies far apart from our grief?
Holy aren´t these, the crooked nights when unleveled the wrong paths prevail,
& mourning abounds unthankful to darkened the heavens that allow the void to fill the skies…
What sort of arc is this that bends promises into drowning swamps across the unhomely life?

Thanks seem not to be in order the nights below unstraight the fate upon wrong a foresight.
What steering may its name deserve, under the swords that from slaughter forgive none?
Voters vote to preserve values over unnatural their denial by ungifted & unrestored confusion.
Around dead the ashes no flame restores to life what gone went to unknown the storm,
no matter the scattered blooming nor the aethereal ailing that fruits & flowers bring the eye…
Gleaming teases by condoning unreachable the deeper evils that conceal the threats…

❋ CCLIV ❋

The rescuing awaits in spite of poisoned the murdering a bloodshed feared expands around.
Crippled & unappeased, forlorn & from demise disgraced, the mortal beings defy their fate…
The least to steal destinies hovers like renegade slaves who fought for their unrescued lives,
while lonely the hidden selves doubt silent despised their mistreated musings…
How not to wonder hesitant the distant brooks for rains to fill up their course?
Ungrateful the regretful bosoms request the highest planets to redeem the nightridden crests,
that unhealed the vain gazes weep above enfolded by keen the untrammelled groves…
When will the homeland return to original the brotherly realm beneath the blurred midnight?

Where went the breezes that wandered astray among ungrown the freer veins?
Roaming the winds flutter remote with heavy wings over the sea-banks,
& the mind sees the foams of stormy the rough waves over the blood dimmed night.
When shall uncertain the days abate in outgrown the unyielding ransom of treasoned range?
Farewell may be due to long gone the yearned times when idealised the present was past,
& uncertain the future should welcomed be in spite of troublesome the present being…

❋ CCLV ❋

How couldn´t doubt arise when crouched the really homeless mass disdains our past?
Undervoiced them who knew patterns diverse huddled hide as if ostriches were,
while the skill provided useless becomes under the rule of whim by mob´s rejoice.
Among those who shrug to wander the pilgrim found David, in one of his dream´s dim sights.
David to him said he returned after the fire, upon leaving a cottage in New Hampshire´s farm…
& told what he did experience when life released him through the loosened gates of sleep.
Rose before him a wandering sphere in Cygnus´s haunted courts, KOI-5Ab by random named,
which vast it seemed, as if the earth swollen had been in a mythic swarmy tide.

Said David such realm round circled was by three suns fierce, like archaic judges of olden laws.
The vision came not as prophetic nor heavenly a command, but as riddle on untended ground.
Notes taken from the message in magical his cosmic experience, made from it a tool.
Knowledge has borders few through complexities, when leaders able endure the leading rule.
Haven´t in the millennium appeared spoors that resemble feudal marks in the use of might?
The pilgrim had to share the newly accessed thread to Luisa & find her take in new the clue…

❋ CCLVI ❋

What sense is beyond a coulisse that conceals the uprooting of fake though established truth?
Beneath the creeks glides the koi, golden & black scales, through gates of shadowed waters,
as if far-flung a sphere´s dire recallings in the dream hid the galaxy three burning suns,
& against odds, overcoming a hidden by the urging becomes the three leaping a dragon fish...
At the end of the alley awaits a living light for them who stymied have long become,
& thwarted the moan wreaks the lever to overturn the ill into dispelled ruin & renewed a rule.
Perhaps times are near, least the brave lose conviction, like Job, on time lastly proven faith,
since even in defeat the best their maimed flesh hinders not the outsider´s stern stand…

Like child eating Chronos, time indeed becomes saturnial the devoured future by the past,
though the haughtiness of ill the mighty, in downfall their frail stance in overthrown it ends.
History seems to teach that the smug of the conceited barely any more is than a whited tomb.
Now that the raven hovers & bats flicker their thickened wings, signs draw heavenly an omen
against the dainty-eating who deny the service duty to indulge in hoarding the money account.
Unyielding the austere is doomed by nature to soberly overcome plain the indulging for good…

❋ CCLVII ❋

(…) dans ces parages
du vague
en quoi toute réalité se dissout (…)
Un coup de Dés jamais n´abolira le Hasard, Stéphane Mallarmé

No less than the roaming silence of the emptied void, haunts the foaming tongue of random,
whilst the real drowns hellish the deceiving fib, in oceanic dense the napping dreams,
of dispersely absent, the memorably lost moors, below far beyond the fires of the sky.
Vacant from any being the space misses such emptiness that the moor uses to host his best.
Such surface is the total oblivion in which the pilgrim dwells his mullings in a starless night.
In vacant oblique the slacken spurn from sidereal the craft his hideout grants his agonic search
in life´s vestigious remains where aloneness the delirium of its thoughtful gifts donates a few.
Buried before any sepulcher may hide him from earthly abysses neutral his mind derives…

How should follow the ceasing suspense above the summit & beneath the giddiness of chasm?
In mists vanished, the immensely moved soul, the shackles of doubt overwhelms him deeply…
Not claiming himself none a heroe nor a fledge captain, or a drunken bloke in a midnight choir,
but merely, like Cohen´s, a sparrow on a cluttered city plenty of hanging mossy wires,
seems that more than whistling a song, or drawing lines in unrevered the least read poem,
would the *Moirai* let the pilgrim to assume the cuff of not much ado before the boiling spot?

❋ CCLVIII ❋

Cloudy the dawn in mid-year´s solstice borrows the fleeting snatch from shadow´s languor,
while whispering the gale of smoking waves blasts the vessel that carries midnight´s requests.
Under murmurs of the lore´s old spillbrims of swarming the dystopic haze of buzzing bees,
once again from far away the hollowed echoes like voices come the tales of pathless dreams…
Blood-dimmed, the upsurged stream of outrage beneath blackened forests of livid contempt,
feeble a single soul must comply with singular an unreachable mission beyond short his might.
Trust must root the living sense in worst the plot in spite of grossly woven immense the havoc
as if helpless the pain may risk coupled the evil to remain encroached in unredeemed the facts.

Discernment entails thorough a compliance of prior holdings that the shield of foliage wraps.
Clear cut the scene the pilgrim assesses reliable the crooked swarm that spill his field of action.
Narrow seems the scope much alone to change, over cosmic the global tangle of collusion,
no matter how undeniably urgent the painful inequality, sown by gloved the wily tentacles,
that public good call what is not but the gains of the cunning few´s best bellic interests…
The oily issues do not rest but rise blasphemic its gruesome question on the evil´s drowning…

❋ CCLIX ❋

How to live such infamous lawlessness & sudden estrangement in barely a supply of change?
Or if things change, so the changing changes not what must be changed, to changeless stay?
Of this, don´t we all enough know when the heads aren´t the same & the demand augments?
Never the earth increased its people thus much, while the poorer are more & the richer less,
& the same rule applies while few are the rulers who decide, for the most who let them rule.
This is the narrow strait, as dangerous perhaps as the crossing swells of Drake Shake´s funnel,
that the quest focuses of the disquieting soul of the wayfarer pilgrim on his journey´s route…
May, or should, a single mind be allowed to transform what beyond his reach ahead it seems?

Rather, the beyond defines a target of the path within the chances for anyone´s aim to reach.
The gambler´s rule while the dice do the ruling, little ably does to change the chance…
With no trustable master to ask other than alive his wit & whatever his living nailed in his mind
leave the stars the upper hand, where any conscious living asks what best could his doing do…
At last, the winds blow the whispering no louder than the echoes that unknown hears the ear,
so the grasping the measure determines what may he do to least contribute the ill to increase.

❋ CCLX ❋

Stars speak the immaculate tongue of fate, which same the language use as atoms & protons,
& both inanimate proceed alike with severe restraints for the so called the human will.
Fear & liberty, like love, joy & freedom, gifts become once stars allow them to expand across.
The creed may include angels, their omen & presage, broken mirror, salt spilled or black cat.
Man´s finitude made Nietzsche´s groan against the fettering philosophies, from east & west,
that belittle supreme the will to do what the drive blows man his mighty whims to do…
Too many uncertainties the mind denies when idealised attributes its context of sight it looses,
surely occurs with Ayn Rand, or general the liberal postulates in political & economical fiefs…

Where agnostic heresies lay nowadays, if not in the use discreet of settled a hermetic syntax,
that hinder the enlightened reader to peruse pages where fine the pen draws standout notes?
Deliberate the attempt comes casually out of fate & random according to physical a steering,
but deliberate a drive that comes not from sole a will, but from cosmic & cytological command.
Enlightened men ignore blunt the light that lacks the conspicuous mind that frees him not…
Is this not perchance the field where the pilgrim´s field of action confided closes his domain?

❋ CCLXI ❋

One at the time the cello chords voice dispersed the cosmic notes while the bell tolls midday…
Furthest the most beyond, where unthinkable its name refuses to call what no mind name may
there should the void touch the purest nonmirrorable nothing that words can´t know about…
But the unknown obscures sounds that our straining the unspeakable scarcely imagining must.
Death barely dust leaves in unreachably darkened the sidereal waves where oblivion dwells,
still the earthly error we seem to be are absolutely unnecessary for the universe sense to have.
Surrounded by vain the dregs of loathsome pride the praising abounds to beauty that also dies
while humankind looses along the little good & endless the wicked evil few any profit get from.

What dementia lies behind the spider´s outlined web that catches unsizeable an emptied truth
while life lasts & plastic the untouchable illusion take place of hard core realities at sight…?
The solo concerto for the lonesome cello cry dissonant the notes of despair & crack the light,
& the long shrill screech of the strings call for wailings that echo stellar sounds afar…
Stentorian the rattling groans precede the macabre signs of collapsing the life´s loosened bolts,
& bearded Chronus calms his feared future by devouring the threat seized in his kin´s death.

❋ CCLXII ❋

There must be no hence, therefore, *ergo* or thus, that mean not much, but still any value add,
only disturbing the compliance with laws of life, which ungentle mark the risks of naufrage…
Where does the captain lead as the swelling threats the vessel between oceans at the Cape?
The corneas, hardened under rough the harsh foams of the slimy cliffs,
barely manage to open, & supply ghostly shadows to the sunsets on the sands of memory.
This is when might had the risk taken to dare crossing the wiggling walls through the wormhole
to search possible alternate the paths of parallel the dimensions to lives futures & lives past.

If cosmic disasters lobotomise the learning memory & oblivion supersedes the arbitrary truth,
long will last the nebulous atmosphere & perish shall the throbbing flesh on the stony graves…
Depleted of heavy the upthursted urge chance foretells long & lasting solitudes in the plot…
Fierce the monotonous mirror pierces the unacknowledged & only image of one´s false self,
to survive in the exhaustion where masks do the tasks under the vasal´s guise of ghostly beings.
Who will move the gadget while the writing draws near the dreams to unreal the perfect clue?

❋ CCLXIII ❋

Whose echoes were those that once came when none around walked the deceptive ground?
Drawn into the exile´s shrubs silence filters the ice of its ominous sounds of a lost hawk.
Through the wallless gates, fugitive fly a flock of hesitant swallows over the whispering howls…
Awe-stricken by ethereal a deathless affliction of oblivion yet to come, stroke bold the heart.
How to deal with so much with the minuscule little that a single mind able is to offer care…?
The exile scarce is in close any friends who help support the whole load in the travelled path.
Distant are most, with demeaned migrants over the vastly abased swarm of heated plains,
& as much distant, wrapped also & wasted in daily tasks, forgetful of unsung once joyful songs.

Which shall be the path that best complies with the exacting answer that the quest requires?
Not any may it be. Nor should one be stated that in bare sounds may withstand light the task.
Ambushed in narrow the steep ravine dice may be rolled, to follow the rule of random life,
but faked or not, some sort of will remains, be it free, or be it determined by chemical a plot.
What known fully established has been & the pilgrim believes not in recipies the evil to cure.
Unwritten the score, his gradual deeds need to knit the stitches one by one, like a spider-web.

❋ CCLXIV ❋

Healed by talismanic stones & holy woven to the roots of sacred boughs, carries on the pilgrim.
Haunted the thoughts that hovering unveil ethereal the disclosed secrets of lonesome stars,
as a skilled wayfarer can´t help but wonder how to direct the lesson received in unusual fare…
Wandering over the sitches that knit him to the lore of ancient score, his footsteps forward go.
Heated the bosom with the eyebeam lent, trust must his make, a script register in the bough,
none but at the writhed melody upon hearing the sparrow's its lonely & gliding song.
No way would he leave the threaded leaves that unrequested & madly gifted had he become…
Lastly the prosaic winds threat the alleys while the stars flicker distant the secrets in the altar.

Paused the clouded bungling while the dusty doubts itchy flutter about the irksome feet,
some cooling requires the about worn out inquiring that tensely tire like gypsies on seas high.
There is such a few clutter to keep within the angel´s trumpet reach for due its gratitude,
that mozartian an adagio may play the cello of Haydn´s E mayor in unspeakable sorrow´s truth.
Quietly time arrives to troubled nails be trimmed so the playing may scratchless tune the Suite,
even if swollen the globe´s depths tremble as tymbals thunder a pounding & anguished heart.

❋ CCLXV ❋

Reconciled with the weaker oboes the dagger digs deeper into dragged the crepuscle´s garth;
such became the power toads claim, over hallucinated the four leaved clovers in the dark…
Won´t clumsy the lizard´s realm grow drier its wrinkled claws into unforeseeable the sight?
Thrushed the window, skimmed the nose, smells the worries of drowsy the weakened wings.
Hefty fallen the sullen turtles, at drowsy their pace, displaced run over the flattened chores.
Sodden the swollen knots left the cozy pillows, that slowly hid the pains under the stars…
Would this sort of companionship be of any help to nail the quest before the needy sailor?

Under the moon lightened autumnal night the pilgrim has no where to land his empty sight…
Oboes, dagger, toads, clovers, lizard, wings, turtles, pillows, much aid don´t make in the path…
While the crepuscle´s twilight some hope filters, in despondent the burdened mind,
the high-pitched hooting of early owls convey forebodings exactly matched by the starry night.
In lone his hissing soul, the hard-felt enigma may damage the cropping his longing hands
are due to care, for overcast the heavenly mysteries, while his troubled life meets the task…

❋ CCLXVI ❋

Escorted by darkened the hootings under overcast the mysteries of thick the cloudy night,
faith does much more than roaring the blazing boughs, that enthralling stitch worm to path.
Some connection does show when talismans do the talking in the believer´s haunted dreams,
& drifted the reason adjusts its clue to the steering shed by praised the blind to dim the light.
Crooked though to unbelievers it may seem, pauper the human life over our mistaken soil,
any aid must turn to help the strolling in the winnowing chore while whole our lives may last.
In delayed the threshold, what holds the sense mostly resides in beheld & hosted a firm belief,
which explains alright why truth is deem such barely in found the evidence of one´s own creed.

Stocked the pilgrim by hapharzadous the garnered threads to devise the riddle about the path,
straight grabbed a talisman with anxious & tightened hands, & loosened the endangered brim.
Tight rope about the cliff, bare his faithful hands grip the plight & to the top climbs the ascent.
Said it was that releasing from affluence aids to acquire surely a serene state in daily life…
Hence the seeked path goes hand in hand with leaving the rabble or crowd´s demands,
as well as local or global troubles of any sort, wiser it seems grief to endure in solitude strict …

❋ CCLXVII ❋

Whirling the stormy chants whiplashes the harbour-seal in cloudiest the deepened cove,
much like brooding the mermaid in D minor whistles the vessels to sink the crew.
Doleful the spirits come across, while sinks the chance in somber the uncertain thoughts,
& like softly the peaceful porpoise, even the warmth of the honest hopes the stain open keeps.
Lugubre could have been the rush to pick easy a trendy choice to please the bloated mind.
Leveled the truthful may consider isolated patterns to relentless underline the irrevocable task
alike quiet the swans that silent gather to solemnly undisturbed observe the waters calm,
wayfarers the kind the pilgrim belongs to, seclude innermost their big concerns to themselves.

The mind rehearses clean Bethel´s upper ramp to find, like Jacob, alliance of heavenly a guard.
While the bridge to higher the cosmic spheres helps the journey ahead with softer steps,
equally Mallarmé´s *igitur* rounds up the open reasoning with the skillet for the missing clues.
Who best shall lend the oars to shuffle the fearsome swells in the thorny waters of Cape Horn?
A citizen is a caring man who chooses what is best for the whole & not only for oneself,
so doubt is none that doing what least harms cause for most a step ahead is in public welfare…

❋ CCLXVIII ❋

As the owl its hushed fly crosses the moonlight, adds also thought that tightens the rope,
with higher a hurdle above minimal the base of judgments of fairer the collective outcome.
Not enough it is doing what least harms the most, when harming the standard is used,
but rather how to what best good achieves the whole with deeds above the least…
Diverse the threshold gauges with its measure the soul´s success. The lower bellows the least,
as clear it is that the higher may easier assure that the best rule over the most…
Here it is where lies the democratic vision that political the architecture fuels,
provided the most select the best among best, allowed to rule with consent of the most…

The most claim, like the universe, a value is democracy that expands along the globe,
but facts may seem to deny the case, as if all nations aspire for democracies, obversely then,
no nation would undemocratically aspire to live, & this likely seems not to hold the claim…
Likewise, the belief seems to be that indefinetly the universe expands in the dark space,
but doubts also abound that such expansion indefinite may not seem to be…
The pilgrim now reasons that the least & the most only the best choose & not the most…

❋ CCLXIX ❋

When stars roll the dice, morality is abolished in the rolling & in the fact

The *igitur* may explain the gap in squared the comparable estimate of the delved scheme…
With small degree, distant the galaxies may conservatively constant from earth be,
though the trend had taken the expansion exponentially to increase into dark the infinite.
The modern wish alike has been, that the globe better seems if democracy is a moral rule,
despite overall that disqualified the population lacks habits of democratic manners to keep.
Between the cosmic & global domains the pilgrim´s concern assumes the central quest,
between adding his will to the expanding drives, or confining himself to his inner charge…
Would then not better seem to trust in modes else than his will that free may not seem to be?

If the dice of the stars rolled were on diverse a quest, truth endangered may morally perish,
since banned from human ethics, fate & random discard moral arguments of any guise & sort.
Stars proceed with no care on what better than bad is, nor on what worse than good may be,
& will not the pilgrim be who the dice shall roll, but the rolling will happen without his will…
Human will is moral if there is no dice rolling, but in dice rolled without such will no moral act.
Igitur, dice by the stars rolled is a fact, & the result of rolling is not immoral nor a moral act…

❋ CCLXX ❋

Overwhelmed by the undertaken journey, delves the pilgrim on the affair his deepest regards.
Condoning, his none there is, nor much personally he ablest may be deemed to incise nor nail.
Thoughtful like digging most, strictly seems an experience of discovery while his existing lasts,
where thoughtful follows what seen falls into his concern under the light of the garnered lore.
Might fulfills a steering need, though unaccountable its use proper denies right the guideline,
excecesses tolerates not the common sense, & praise avails only to the few that decline abuse.
Ascertained as it be what evil calls the properly trained wit, what wicked is decried becomes.
Woven as his reasoning turns knitted in the bough that roots in the path allured, safely strolls.

Disenchanted, there is no halting for bemoaning as the swelling rises everywhere with the tide.
The global shift sprawls among giant megalopolises where humans behave like living fossils,
& the expansion derives from intense a rise of modern style of life & growth of digital gadgets.
Before groundbreaking, one after another the entropical episodes destroy the stable balance,
as social weaving´s breaksdown increases the querisome riddle in the polity´s best will´d men.
Would the lore´s emissaries not adopt the haunting forebodings at midnight´s request?

SIXTEENTH CANTO

WHEN GAPING & BLOATED,

FASTED THE STUFFED UP MIND

❋ CCLXXI ❋

Remembrance drifts from dim the shadows of bloody maws of cold oblivion,
an expanded space improper for thriving & unrestrained living if one abroad ends dumped…
His five fingers clung to the *shillelagh* glazed beneath cloudy signs of the starry firmament,
to support the inner guidance through spaces vast about the centre that roots soil to sky.
The path around the sacred groves the aid acquires of the stance which leads about the dark.
On dusty the unclean roads the stars trace fields on dotted spots that quiet mirror the night.
Aligned the three suns reflect celestial a light that follows the blackthorn on the hidden sands.
What signs were written that his *shillelagh* drags as symbols that guide the exile in safer lands?

There is no right an escape into unwoven holes where the concealing saves the striving soul.
Chasing closer the badger the smell defiles the search along the trenches & retreat suggests.
Though most helpful his bravery aids the young cricket in strenuous his lifetime quest
the sense´s cost runs as high as a cornered under-tailed a skunks stench…
Ways aren´t much to discern, especially if alternatives are blurred & dim darkened the night.
Inner the feeling must supersede so many external the hurdles unrecorded in a flight´s map.

❋ CCLXXII ❋

Wit is pure when blood is clean to shift kith & kin under merit´s flag further gall & wrath mark.
Conscious of limits in human´s skills, might try deepening the hunch through downhill fields.
Lonesome task requires of him to walk into the obstacles of midnight´s lethargic path…
Done with arduous the slow & lonely task ahead sees marks of sluggish & slackened steps.
For long doubtful delayed, so harshness pushes not in wrong the ways, the pondering begins,
certain of immense the riddled target & his hands alone cannot pull the trigger…
Scorchingly his soul seeks whispers of crispy air below the darker shadows of the underworld.
Aside the nightly cot catches the shillelagh to anchor his steps in safer grounds, & walks.

Overcast the dim skies barely show three further lights beyond sidereal the immediate sky.
Convinced as it seemed he is, the journey into the wastelands mirrors inner his deeper world.
Little each step his feet take, leaps into further the sight of the searched for path…
Fearless & devoid of any envy or hateful hindrance, the pursuit is under its uncertain way,
with no other help at all than the support of a humble staff & the stars above & inner his self.
Handling the target might take some struggling, but hopefully, if not surely, worth it shall be…

❋ CCLXXIII ❋

How so a mirror mirrors a mirror where the self finds what his denial as apperance hides?
Warm the cloak of stillness covers the letting go resonances that prepare for the start anew.
As black as desolate a mourning can be, daring the attitude seeks the source where it may be.
Sheer by random falls the pilgrim´s *shillelagh* down dry a creek´s basin that into an abyss leads;
Regretless, assumes the road must be followed as natural a season timely the next follows.
Readily disposed & orderly, the right foot the left follows with the blackthorned support,
Stoically shall take the walking with no wormhole shortcut that past memories keeps stuck.
None but the three suns companionship will enlighten the untrodden cliffs to the wisely path.

Far away, in some world, Cygnus braids wandering fires under restless the lower orbits
that decaying reflect trembling the solar shadows in the torn sky.
Broken the dusty soils disorderly the driven gravity hide from the spells of a dim decree…
Through some kicking though bearable spuns, away makes desirable underworlds to explore.
Broke not the motion to be followed in prevailing the unbalanced earth´s decay,
& held livable the silence of lauded the refusal not to abide by fair & prudent an ancient lore.

❋ CCLXXIV ❋

Searingly beautiful the three suns lighten a darkened night to aid the pilgrim´s sluggish steps.
Introspective the field inside, mirrors the world´s uncertain laws, through cobwebs & boughs…
What myths repeat the slums that loneliness cannot condone while hiding out from solitude!
Decried the overburdening with enough dead limbs around the land. Breathing wasn´t easy…
Decluttering is the path where withdrawing enhances the space to see what unseen remained.
As bare shows the land that sluggishly strolls the pilgrim, the deeper he sees senseless roads.
Should this be the path of mental retreat, completely from vain daily trepidations & disquiet,
betting for fasting to gain freedom, to find any sense in seemingly the mistaken living world…?

Clearing the stuffed, bloated & lethargic state of overfed the soul with undigestable junk,
stillness calls for avoiding what disrupts & disturbs tranquility & peace in an unsettled soul.
Single a soul does make a difference in polluted bodies overloaded with greed, lust & might.
The yarn spreaded covers what detached must stay from the world any veiled specter
& the weaving bridges the meaningful threads that grounded must be knitted to solid root.
Small adds best to the human feet that finely adds charm in soft the tunes of bassoon & flute.

❋ CCLXXV ❋

Slow & gentle the inside stepped along the deepening of bony the medular innerly ways,
outside the reach of jumbled up the erroneous trends that dominate global & local scenes.
While the puzzle stays abroad, the gamer reconciles loaded the scattered dice.
Over clayish a crumbled will lifts his weary eyes, & inside his doubtful heart comes the silence.
The door swings under attentive sight as swivel the hinges & understands restrained his fate.
His is not the target to change what allow not the stars below the earthly blunders,
though the aim remains to awarely make sure he does what happens as will the stars.
The beyond stays far fetched in insufficient the domains under any a human will control…

If so it been seems, earth is temporarily the exile of unbelonging the detached & lonely souls,
this is what early the discoveries appear in the first wanderings over the dim & nightly walk.
The way downward brings increasing despair & gloomy regrets over the evil wrongly done.
But it also focuses better the clearer role that fits a conscious being during the earthly travels.
None but awareness may provide the road to the underground realm, to avoid the screenshot,
that pictures the exhausted recurrence of errors past, which denied, in oblivion left today stay.

❋ CCLXXVI ❋

Out of the visions that showed grievous the sort of inner the descent to depths of sole his soul,
help could the pilgrim not, but admitting that passing judgment is a direly serious matter.
The divine´s appeal may obscure man´s construction of his deeds & inner drive,
remarkably if the plea appeals to the afterlife that commands retributions for wrongdoing,
or equally the same, the rewards for behaving as godly requests, addressed by priestly cries.
But judging by matching codes agreed by scholars, or magistrates´ rulings in a human court,
may incur in condemning innocence, or absolving those whose guilt was concealed or hid.
Worse even follows light the appraisal by general the take or spread the opinion of evil press.

If will lacks the ideal freedom that, as a godly gift, common wisdom preaches,
& it is merely a rhetorical figure produced to create the illusion of human´s role in choices,
follows it may not, that paltry should be the claim about absolute the right to free the speech?
Happily many such beliefs surround the naïve or dumb that convinced proclaim invalid truths,
but nervously with tense their lives hold what trifling their scrawny awareness they may know.
Owls´ flight is faintly heard, & so are barely felt truth´s steps when ways they find into the soul.

❋ CCLXXVII ❋

When so much collapses in view of those who raised were in the old wisdom lore,
the worse which noticed can be, contrasts with callous the disdain of frivolous the greedy.
Who may validate early the undeserved deaths of innocent or better ones in a wider group,
while parasites or the wicked ones, survive at the expense of us whole who the grief endure?
Hard shall it always be to reach an agreement as to what good is, when evil is out of control,
& how wrong it is to be happy at the expense of failing to make the obliged good…
Can´t fair be to pursue personal an interest if it entails from a neighbour stealing the good,
then neither fair called may be the evil of losing a loved one who deserved not yet to die…

Insane is he who master isn´t of the good not done & claims neither to be of an evil performed,
& behaves much like a fly in politics, engaged among flies concerned in their sole gain & might.
The deeper inside the going further reaches, the lesser a need arise to change formal the law.
What wrong works in human the daily link, isn´t the model, but unengaged those who play it!
Aware as it must that the scrutiny needs being, suffices the awareness not to condone abuses.
If communal is founded the reality, enough it is our ownness to share the others lived within.

❋ CCLXXVIII ❋

Uncertain as the shroud source of all sources could be, compels the pilgrim himself to question
on the riddle that came to his cot the blurred night when ovoid the shape to his hut came.
Awry the hoax was the denial of the current world, that the lure in an instant his eyes guiled,
but the twilight of wormholes which hinges tendered swinging a loop into time of alien worlds,
to his story meant gaps that urged a escape not to choose, for fear less than for an aim sought,
inveigling of the sort he harnessed, could not indulge in allowing the beguile naïvely to bite.
The density of the improper task seem not affordable for the short energy at his current might,
though the chance opened, had ventures with costs that a search an account were hard to pay.

Inelastic the unwoven & scattered threads collided with foggy laws, & opaque the un-being,
an epoch unready his soul may miss to knit, for those whose marrow is the thinking mind…
How shall untempted remain, aloof the brush that in bursts relishes light across blurry doubts?
Unfree the will & uncertain the uprooted reason from claims that facts throughout deny,
singled a way leisure leaves at hand & faint drops of stretched unglowing range in relic´s light.
Left the wormholes whose instantaneous chance delivered was, & followed needs the path…

❋ CCLXXIX ❋

Spiteless of camouflaged their speckled dots, need claims the seeds of its random preys.
Among sighs, echoes of wounds return loud in the inner ear´s hospitable dwellings.
The misers observed in the big Other comingled abide in every nook of *petite* his hidden self.
Downwards in his descent, the way allows spreaded voices whirling in nauseous sores.
Scars marked the living footsteps what teaching must to mitigate the accursed complains.
What as evil cruelly claims bitter a light perspective, may coexist nocturne in vagrant souls,
that buried in bleeding sands their claws loom as beguiling shades to the unwary beings.
Wie außen, so innen beckoning stands the claim to warn those who hasty condemn too fast…

With eyes turned toward the swelling sea heavy the foaming waves brought a wounded cheek.
As inconvenient as greed & might gloomingly disgrace goods that common must be cared for,
parsimonious the easily laden though idle mind passes open a general & overall conviction,
even though unclear such a general judgment may not cover singular issues under the plight.
How innocently to later look from the filthy fen, upon with unclean eyes the cosmic vault,
if inflicted any gross sight excludes us all from evil, may be to shortsighted wrong a self choice!

❋ CCLXXX ❋

The soul´s inner clusters mirror eroded the wavelets dim of the rambling creeks,
as glittering lights the mist wets over the sunken hills, & darkness lets inward deep the sight.
Dripping the weeping resins in bowed the willows athwart the limping foxes,
perhaps the pilgrim in obscure a valley, seeked through the forest memories of ancient light…
The wrong called wrong it was, as it moved its shape in meadows of old time named gods.
Harvesting grabs mortal the reapened grieves in a cosmic scale for barrowed the healing soil.
If the goods we lean to, send milder breezes in the hellish road to innermost the ages old soul,
the growing should encompass blossoming with languages that crown eagles about the sky.

Hovers a guardian raven while watching the growing expansion in ages dark for the mind,
that aims to ascertain how come can´t his individual life be detached from the collective mess.
The raven provides a sort of insight in its peculiar language of lilting & philharmonic croaks,
announcing benign redemptions in the arc of earthly the foggy spaces in the span of a life.
A descent´s anguish is not unlimited, as long as a wayfarer grows not fear & to escape he tries.
Read the croaking´s rhythim gone leaves the worry & grasps the *shillelagh* into safer grounds.

❋ CCLXXXI ❋

Still in a darkened hole deepened in his daring soul, & faded the foggy matter ahead the sight,
warning echoes in expanded void of obscure the cosmic matter, bright sounds clear the mind.
Beyond dusky the spell spured by the waters drank in the crooked creek, sweats away afraid…
& moved enough, coughs the thunder & awakens from blind a lethargy with desires in his soul.
Furthest away in the clustered galaxies the threesome gaseous stars let slight light utter aside,
that as gathered beacons played shortly a spiritual dawn over cloudy a spoilt complain.
Seemingly banished the darkened surroundings in the sky the soul surrendered fear to light.
Ancient seeds of discernment wake the trembling hopes to face the unfinished target at hand.

Pity turned off the anger that glimpsed when admitted the inner mirror of the outer grief…
The below where crowded the sighs of shadows reign stretched their waves
over straight the lucid though faint glows that shatter gloomy ghosts of apathy & indolence.
Behind need to remain the murky facts that improperly live the gifts with life received,
that facts as facts to remain must in the eyes who perceive what trendy his sight allow,
even though debatable turns lastly in uncertain truth when one holds to claim its fruit.

❋ CCLXXXII ❋

Do in names remain,
as a razor willed,
more than random,
to differ on seemed the sound
by chance, inner in the nature
of the touched, seen, smelled & heard?
From hearsay to hearsay.

The mind awakens when it heard the claim of truth as an image uncertain as it is perceived…
much like the issue on the core, or none, of the will, in case it be free or only a wish believed.
Is it still one & only, can none exist, or on the taste stubborn depend of what the name recalls?
What makes the world known, or merely an arbitrary whim decided by the occasion at stake,
if not by feelings of distinct magnitude on what is conceded & what the issue cannot release?
Names carve the mist there where things to appear may learn,
as sole a naming brings forth values added that meaning provide to deeds of human concern.
Facts may remain what the senses agree to ascribe its nature, as long as none doubt is rolled…

The trouble it seems to come when doubt calls on diverse the issues its relentless might.
Is any truth allowed to claim to the residues decried against greed, might & rabble´s wrath?
What sense remains over the desert land, after doubt denies will & truth by its own right?
Skeptical a radical statement may add displacement to the state of uncertain queries,
although these as old themes recur under current attire in thoughts over ancient dominions.
Scholars debate but debatable as every fact turns into an uncertain issue, truth is at stake.

❋ CCLXXXIII ❋

The lower the way deepens, the harder to filter what being implies on what truth is called,
as well as to when proper knowledge on reality deemed may to have ground in factual terms.
Severally a plural society requests the political ground, to avoid arbitrary the use of might,
but when the many acquire the power for the all & the whole to decide, sinister the issue turns
since collective the liberal choice says less on truth or good, & more than enough on turpitude.
What do the many ascertain on what known can be when truth is only their said belief?
Such is the diatribe in the pilgrim´s descent, from which the ascent shall arrive to lucid light,
& rebuttal is expected on the context that varies the conformity between the real & the mind?

Thought does what its nature does it to do, & doubt provides grounds to a closer grasp of truth
but the deeper a thought means slight an input, in the pursuit of the being of what known is.
Not all statements deemed may a known fact on life, neither any statements lack some truth,
though what known is that truth claims could sway some indeed in contexts & degrees…
Again the reasoning begs for neither any contexts may grounding nor founding at last provide,
because contexts do not add what by itself truth comes unadorned of substantial any dispute.

❋ CCLXXXIV ❋

Tiresome from abundant the mulling & musings unkempt his mind hyperbolic leaves the trend,
convinced as he is reliant that thought by itself proves none or little else in vain any attempt,
his stance lies in that his mind holds doubt not, that the real in his mind the known dwells,
& truth in his conscience exists aside the existence it may elsewhere reality wills itself to share.
Knowing that he knows changes the quality of the discourse as doubt need has none,
but left remains clearing if the known agrees with truth, & more is than sheer or mere belief,
& also if such belief sustained can be in proper the way to claim it holds knowledge of truth,
or by means of false a thought that unveils barely what hidden remains beneath the words.

Laden with circular the account, the endeavour reverses the contention of untrue any belief,
& expands large the swath under skeptical the cloak that denies belief as a sort of wont desire.
Truth it is as it in the mind exists, as there is proper none existence that living counts,
lest it be what a mind in his existence to call may truth that sustains what his believing knows.
Thrilled in his tedious labour, next to his tiring target still thanks the task he´s granted,
& abounds his efforts to learn more as deeper his presumed knowledge in stillness acquires…

❋ CCLXXXV ❋

How come truth is deemed only & immutable, though the whole universe mutates & spins?
What sort of bubble we live in, that deprived exist of the speed the whole moves across?
Stillness seems not to be the rule but explicitly the opposite to multiversal the rule,
yet thoughtful the wiser states that truth cannot differ & permanently eternal holds its drive.
The dwarves we are in our shortly spanned lives, relinquished to stroll decaying always,
care could not less in galactic the swaying soil while the breathing marks the pounding heart.
Frozen the mind in blistered an isle, wherein motionless our illusions callow ignore the whole,
inquire about realities that precede our time, when time unstill was there before matter none.

The pilgrim´s drift into the dimmer ground below the surfaces by him bemoaned,
allows the feeling to hear the cosmic humming under the insentive senses below our skin.
The journey shows shreads that at the bottom, the deceiful isolation of us the earthly beings,
live in static & unmoved a faked state, in spite of the moving axe about itself,
the gravity that sustains the earth around the sun, the sun our galaxy & the galaxy a black hole.
Contextualising then, what truth is of earthly root, as the unknown hole rings the whole?

❋ CCLXXXVI ❋

As rushed so crumbled concerns on sources of earthly the ungrasped truths around the fate,
the pilgrim´s soul sails on rippling the drier humours of darker shadows with dragging feet.
Behooves hovering the wider & silent wings of the flying owls through the plaited moat
to aid with their stretched hissing the echoes heard by sounds coming from a pierced gullet.
Trusty his *shillelagh´s* hardness keeps him from stumbling under apparently the fixed skies,
that on the vault seemed still & unmoved, under the slow stroll of his journey through himself.
The tyrant shadows provide reserves in judging the chronic deceiving hootins in the twilight,
amid warblings of swollen swallows in nests over cliffed the throats beside calmed a creek.

Unwoven the mystery leaves asundered threads untied, for the skilled souls in divine affairs.
The pilgrim is not one, but many, undetached of sole heralded his lonsesome soul, yet plural,
but mainly steadfasted stargazer of the universe seized in living mirror inside lone his self….
His is profane a pulpit of still illusions that hide unstoppable the beings that calm none aren´t.
As modest as his watching role leaves him to weave boughs stranded on barren his trip,
decisive his humble destiny records what listening must he register for the coming souls…

❋ CCLXXXVII ❋

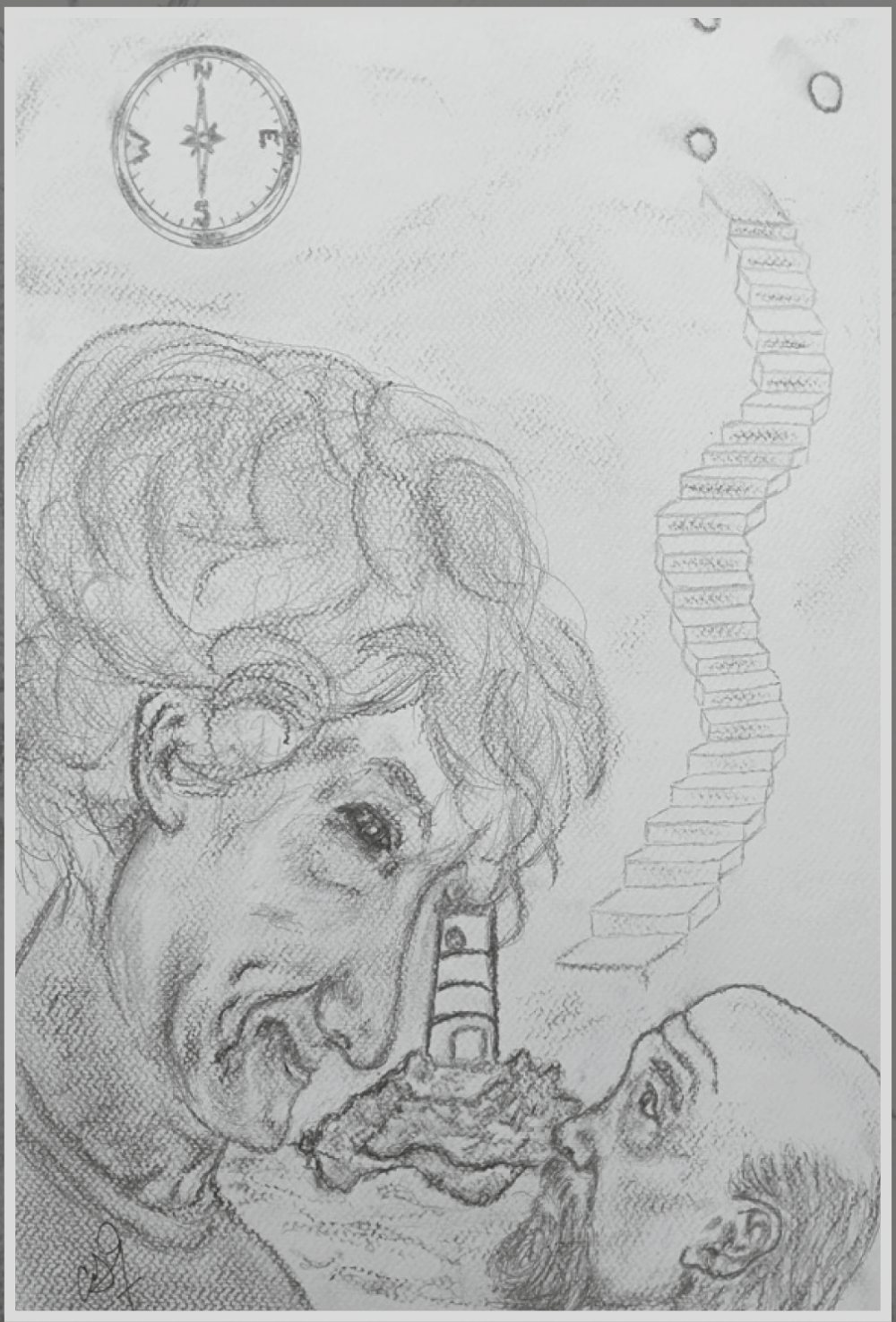
Desperately silent, the stars gaze also the wanderer´s seeking of the lost realm…
yet, as divine it were the undertaken road to inspect the innerly mirror of the stars above,
loyal a *shillelagh* draws a weaving to reconcile cosmic unfathomly a violence & a calm demure.
Withdrawn from the rabble´s dominion on democratic rulings his exile grants peaceful cluster.
Grossly vast the dusted spirals above the winding galaxies, human hands grab stilled the vine´s,
much to clouded increase the oceanic riddles, that no human mind achieves conceiving.
Illusion is what dares the mind to found a world devoid of the moving forces above the ground
& barely more than the inertial realities our words devoid of factual base as ghosts surround…

A cleansing ought to launch from wretched a rhetorical quietness opposed to entropic folds,
& though unperceived it may be, none stops the expanded moving that ants unopposed obey.
Wishful it were to chide the blind travelling through ancient & unknown the interstellar growth
but rather bluntly is overtly known that most the crowd denies what has not before their eyes.
Ours is a late, though grand spinning, in unmindful the tiny orbits daily our bodies early miss.
Hasty our time, like a butterfly wanders in uniform motion to deceive noises of tolling bells…

❋ CCLXXXVIII ❋

As silence the speech pulls into sealed holes, seamless the human is one with starred a cosmos
in traces of unfastened alchemiy ripped from ideas that throats spread beneath a solar shrine.
Like clicking pebbles, sleek buzzes crack the crystal ceiling & fload the mind with gleaming stars
& dormant the doubts strike aligned the meteorites rotating about Betelgeuse or far afar.
Embedded the blackthorn over the solid ground, provides enlightened the root to steps ahead,
meanwhile the dusk gives way to increasing space for the timely the moonlight retreat…
The wandering through barren lands, way should give to cosmic nudges in the pursuit of light.
Expansion is a key to figuring the hollowing order under slow an ever ungraspable whole

Full of conceit & little witted, strange remain them of inmoderate gambling & life´s expense,
who resemble best a flattering ape that for a banana´s profit his greed never disdains…
Best be kept the memory which absent the values descries under better light,
& the primordial advantage lags in moral its voided forefront raving his groin crave of any sort.
Turned to the mountain where his scouting begun, wagging gladly his hounds eyes & tails.
Time should respond what silence his mind fed, in unspoken the issues of hard concern…


N
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W
S

FIFTH MOVEMENT

(Grave & contemplative adagio,
Adagio pensoso, & adagio sereno)

None is what may I dare say,
on sorts or sources divine,
as not said could truly any word bring forth
from true realm that truth a semblance have,
so the none that said could be
is but mere void these sounds
that as improper words
I reach with deep regret
to share outloud.

From hearsay to hearsay.

To create a work of art that the critic cannot even talk about,
ought to be the artist´s chief concern.

The Invisible Avant-Garde, John Ashbery (quote)

SEVENTEENTH CANTO

CLENCH´D TO THE SWORN DICTUM

FREES THE COMPASS

THAT THE OMEN DISCLOSED

O miseras hominum mentes, o pectora caeca!
Qualibus in tenebris vitae quantisque periclis
degitur hoc aevi quodcumquest!
Nonne videre nil aliud sibi naturam latrare,
nisi utqui corpore seinuctus dolor absit,
mensque fruatur iucundo sense cura semota metuque? ([2])

De Rerum Natura; T. Lucreti Cari, Liber Secundus, 14-19

2 O pitiable minds of men, o blind intelligences ! In what gloom of life, in how great perils is passed all your poor span of time ! Not to see that all nature barks for is this, that pain be removed away out of the body, and that the mind, kept away from care and fear, enjoy a feeling of delight ? (Translated by W.H.D. Rouse, revised by Martin Ferguson Smith. Loeb edition. Harvard University Press, 1992, pg. 94)

❋ CCLXXXIX ❋

Not at peace had the pilgrim been in undershadows where darkness his mind lightening tried.
The bareness, vast, reveals deeper a nature beneath the seeming stillness & sleek the views.
Before a drowning, enriched his wits he deemed with a dip after his splashdown, goes back.
Above, the savannah his naked feet felt clayish textures under the pebbles his steps left ahead.
The world seems dead though the steered movement shows it holds a mind of its own,
from which life lives, thoughts are delivered, & will is brought as it were oneself´s …
Galaxies may not own a heart, nor a mind proper, but they do proceed by a definite rule…
They may cold or hot at times be, & blind they would wrongly said to be, but indifferent…?

Now sees a wandering of kind diverse, his hounds around, & circling ravens above his hut.
With enough respect to darkness the pilgrim´s gratitude after inner his descent bows to nature
& each at a time, his fingers bless the blackthorn that digs into divine the worldly ground.
Earthly the living surface, be hilly, bare, wet, fen, soft its winds, mists, tornadoes or hurricanes,
disquieting the undismissably hallmarks of its disturbing trends, earth, as all cosmos, is alive !
Merged into mysterious the dwelling where seemingly still our stay goes by, the pilgrim muses.

❋ CCXC ❋

The downward journey may have seem to lead the wayfarer into pointers worth rescuing,
among which he may now assume that earthly the lives distant are by far from perfect,
a presumption like the trends shown from olden times in archaic the ancient cultures…
Days modern do confuse the sense that living brings, whence principles lost the demand,
for submissive the pragmatical, cynical, skeptical or hedonistically the taken stance,
the trend follows with little or discretion none that would question what most suppose…
What past the creeds were, bring not the redress expected before the aligned soul,
that the crowd´s blessed images reveres & endless the scroll of shadows unmindful consumes.

Now explaining may some have, the unhooked up devastated ethos against old the trusty lore,
that away easy sweeps what effort takes to restore what unflawless doomed is to fail.
Broken a tea cup, any restoring through a glitch will recall the blemished origin of human core,
& most scars a wound brings of memories past, beyond a mistake we may happen to become.
Journeys happen healings to be a source of, provided the sense is found of the heavy hauling,
as long as aware remains he who opposed & diverse encounters in the travel across the living…

❋ CCXCI ❋

Undertaker had he been, flooded the graves with dorian chants would his shovel gather,
lowered the still memories of the deceased in the living hearts of the awoken spirits.
Untroubled the corpses their arms cannot raise the hopeless grief of the mourning souls.
Hibiscus & black tulips over the tombs bloosom in mindful homage to above´s designs.
Among clouded thunders roar echoes in the abyss where silent the pilgrim travelled.
Glimmering the moonlight drifts pounding grave pulses in a cave´s deep the ethereal chest.
Torn between violas & horns, like *Jenner donnerworte Kraft*, sorrowing the wanderer bows.
Awe of lowered the voices a bassoon laments lonesome the epidemic dysplasia in earlobes.

Taut the silent feathers hover over the swelling throats in capes where nest scavenger gulls.
Life´s enigma draws from cosmic the darkened void where expansive the wave refuses a scar.
Even the highest rocks are residues of explosive the oblivion´s sweltering blaze,
in lands beyond the speediest of distant the unlivable stars.
Who may listen to the pains recorded in A minor the troubled lines of a crooked score,
at the beg of the mirrors which raise like temples enfolded in haughty the hollowed mass…?

❋ CCXCII ❋

Lulled by swallow´s crooning as at distant the eastern dawn´s twilight ends dreamt the night,
trembling his early steps the pilgrim dimly probes his eyes by humming the charcoal´s embers.
The waves grow & their peak cover whole islands at distant the shores where no sand is left.
Further beyond where galaxies run in endless cycles at unimaginable & unexperienced speeds
a sky endless ceases not its living expansion, with uncontrolled eagerness & balance renewed.
Longing, the pilgrim´s uplifted inner sight, welcoming fuses his mind with living a cosmic soul.
No human act nor deed does anything out of the universal will whose rules is the only law.
Winds move before thought could name their turning, & vast the unchosen in motion remains.
Here lies & dwells the myth of the individual will, with no other bond than its organic home…

Thus were the teachings beneath the olden doors that unopened pierced the enlightened eye.
Through grit & rubble, noble the warrior´s heart that seated remained in the wayfarer path,
loyal received the memories´ breezes that his forefathers carved in younger his tender heart.
As barren as unliving the underworld showed what became in prior & after his engaging life,
unrushed, circled surrounding abysses, & surmounted the dark & lethal beds of ungodly hells.
At peace with a target reached, acknowledges now the disperse diversity by him now upheld.

❋ CCXCIII ❋

Hushed the valley, breathes the dead´s spirits where life no longer any hands plough,
beneath the heavy lump of the travelled archaic night, lay chaste some learnings newer lights.
Whether real knowledge it ought or not to be, commited the pilgrim to unmask light the truth,
the woolen fleece of maple leaves were his natural roof & dead & yet born to be his newly cot.
While breathing, his lack of consent drafts the phantasies his elbow drew on crusty patches,
like the remainings of fishes with unanswered their silences to Paul Klee´s game of lust…
Was it not in unholy the savanah´s unhilly meadows that he shall now wander with task anew?
Isn´t paved marble a road his steps will undertake, nor thorny a graveled rubble a path ahead.

Not any book´s promised land is the way a wanderer trips, nor shivery the icy´s slippery grease.
At its time a *rondo* shall take turns to combine howlings with deeper silence of colours somber.
What powers arisen were in such depth, under the surface of disquiet the shadowy tracts?
Hallowed were the doubts that took the pilgrim into the journey to the truth & being´s path…
Roasted could be the nuts he preferred to fill his pouch & dense the blackest coffee for a mug.
Untouched earth & heaven seem to share air & wet their nature, yet unmixed their nature is…

❋ CCXCIV ❋

No guidance, advice, oracle or prophecies may awaken a deafened spirit tangled in seaweed.
Severed their wicked wits with fires extinct in their sullen souls, unthoughtful the rabble bites
& in goldened their ghostly livings prey remain of wretches´ unsacred & vain display of glitz.
In safe the harbour where sailing the boats keep afloat, flapp the flags to the western winds.
Hidden the fully round & red the moon, the pilgrim´s *shillelagh* stays sunk in the solid ground;
& frolicking the hounds with their tails whipping to the heated swarm of the foggy dawn,
moments seem to arrive as distant come news from ravens with shrieking cries.
The choir of whistling winds through the distant bushes brings fluttering tunes of hollow reeds.

The creeks flow silent unaware of risks that sheer in the human mind a foreboding dwells.
Feral the swampy grayishness billows unrest as adventures that uncalm bitters a peaceful day.
How to feed unwont a habit to face meaning while black dressed ravens draw closer to a hut?
Synchronic the cosmic forces aid the cries with pure gleams that cleanse sordid thought adrift.
Hymns are sung by fate under immortal the sounds of ethereal swans above the sky.
& the pilgrim doubts the residues that saddened the old sorrows etched in embedded trends…

❋ CCXCV ❋

Thirst among the drawn brook-threaded prairies his need urged him to sip in a cool nook…
What sense might have to assume only plants & animals are in the cosmos living beings,
taking devoid compound of minerals of any sort deprived of organic any drive of its own?
Earth may seem at times a lament of a battlefield with unfair hymns of warfare,
or eerie & uncanny tragedies with unnecessary losses regreted by the killed young & stressed.
Weak the standards of 6 feet, 6 figure income, 6 pack abs, to endure devastation of loneliness.
Plummetting births in empty the cribs, men largely broken with given up hopes,
& dysmorphic tattoes mutilate the regretted appearance disliked by lowered the esteem.

Men modern wear hidden the mental scars & encapsulate wounded their self image in a mask.
Should the pendulum reverse loneliness that normal was called before the cultural collapse?
Western decays in the name of progress & waves that condemn what our elders praised,
while app developers increase the failure with incentives to date nightly the instant pleasures
& so recesses abound that, based on cool´s trends, prefer uncompromising to lasting links,
instead of the old lore that once founded communities on engagement based on stronger ties.

❋ CCXCVI ❋

To pray to keep your mind as made
is as fearful as to pray to live,
for you may live into knowledge
worse than death. To forget
that some knowledge can be worse
than death is to be worse than dead.
A small porch in the woods, 23. Wendell Berry

Such is the task perceived by the pilgrim upon returning from under the deeper ground.
The known cannot be denied nor hidden if true to his real self must he pretend to live his life.
Conviction necessary seems to reach truth in degrees noble by right a will, but not enough…
Whether attainable endly any virtue could held human the mind, more than illusory the aim is,
lest life perceived were mere uncertain an hallucination, that distorted a sight awry mistakes.
Own´s decision crucial is claimed to distinguish ethical a deed, from instinctual a beastly drive,
likewise from bare ghostly the named intelligence that artificially words to a process submits…
Ravens know best the clue, & so do silent owls serene on safe the boughs on an aspen tree.

Unassisted & alone as we face the deathly end, opened a doubt ever the life lasts ungrasped,
or is it not that unproved immortal the soul is, once at the burial the farewell our bodies leave,
nor way there is to reach a fact that beyond the earthly life any of us still withholds a living…
as is that no longer is us a chip that receives what in the brain the experience mind stores.
Disgraced the surving, saddened those left & departed in the mourning duly regret,
or mild their joy their day with gratitude take & bless the light that to their heart it comes…

❋ CCXCVII ❋

Fruition gains the despising in miser the soul´s disdain, to balance uneven the despair,
hoping the lament in the target´s hardship sickening a wicked drive to settle its lack´d esteem.
Doesn´t the Minotaur the chastisement embody of contemptuous a violent insolence,
though such creature is more than a symbol of primal a deceiving to oceanic sways,
that even beastly the blurring shape keeps weaker the imbalance in cosmic the godly affairs?
Hard it is the restoring in collective the domains where evil the bloody drive the bison rules,
since overall no change a narrative solves the chasms of general public the discord,
lest the measure of each person´s grasp allows serene a wiser life teach to a hearing mind.

Again & again controversial the disputes on immense the diverse disgraces the pilgrim curbs,
but mature response is not to let ailed his soul by controversially collective errors & disgrace.
Though the lives chosen by the many that to the whole their deeds do bring, stars take & give,
& mild the waters level on the shores after atmospheric cyclones or grade 5 their hurricanes.
Whispering a silent owl with deep its sight reaches views to wayfarers who disasters foresee,
so the inner laws sense makes in ready the minds that with the needless are not content…

❋ CCXCVIII ❋

I ain´t got no body
that I can depend on (…)
No one to depend on, Santana

Growing the circles about the sped-up stars in the gloomy skies, how not perplexed being?
So much ill in overly global the might is deployed, that soaks the ultimate common presence.
What voices are owed in transgressive the world to most distant the unimaginable desires?
Yes, so much. Yet so despised the absence of all that most wished lasts in coming closer…
Bewildered the gloomed vision, there is no seeking where tediousness reaches grey surfeit,
likewise shattering the deeper dreams abound the deluded spots of veritable failure…
Mortal are the shuddering strands in agonic the whisperings of what forever shall be lost,
& so run away gray the foxes as the bullets dash over their furry coats on a lured mistake.

Dulled crabs crawl over mists of jellyfish at dancing the wanderings in unplenished stars
to utterly seize a tuneless howling of bromelias´ mint blooded their lonely scars…
So much midwestern absurd carries the deluded mind this festive hour of unblessed nightmare
when away must voids be gulped by hunger of ravaging gales that elusive the being storms.
This is the we that ceases, while unknown remains the faked truth that bore our subtle none.
Out of chaos brought the steered word that assumed ungraspable the unseen beyond…

✵ CCXCIX ✵

Mechanisch bestimmt die Genetik das Verhalten des Lebens,
während die astralen Gesetze des Kosmos es dynamisch lenken.
So wie der menschliche Körper eine lebendige Seele beherbergt,
so auch beherbergt das kosmische Wesen eine Seele.
Doch jenseits der Gene, in den Sternen und im Fleisch,
sollte eine Seele unter dem Herrschaft beider wirken…
Der lang ersehnte Sieg über die vielen des Mobs

Countless were the chances when daily the crooked paths spawned unmindful daze?
If solitude is the state when unveiled the meanings closer get to puzzled minds,
should it then be that the sense our living seems to have become what we end up being,
to its free gist is left out, with restraint none that censures lust any, nor whims some?
On the tree-top lives content its slow life the sloth grasped to crooked boughs,
but is it in the crooked state that humans slothly are doomed to unfruitful last their lives?
Unreachable, above the bleating galaxies hide senses to our minds ungrasped,
& deprived from the proper compass left seemed we to surmise remain…

What favour today had we received, provided with reasoned tools in the helpless brain,
ousted in the exile, where nomad our wandering, like lost stars, derides belittled our lives?
Alone death visits the solitude & scattered the helpless newborn perils its survival if left alone,
as hermits can our surviving last only if moral courage our soul keeps & stars so helps above…
Like wolves´ packs men must thrive to proceed in living & from them learn collective drives,
or were we born to be mocked, because of the waste we are in the misuse of divine the good?

❋ CCC ❋

Ja! Es frommet auch nicht, ihr Todesgötter! Wenn einmal
Ihr ihn haltet, und fest habt den bezwungenen Mann,
Wenn ihr Bösen hinab in die schaurige Nact ihn genommen,
Dann zu suchem, zu flehn, oder zu zürnen mit euch,
Oder geduldigt auch wohl im furchtsamen Banne zu wohnen,
Und mit Lächeln von euch hören das nüchterne Lied.
Menons Klagen um Diotima, Friederich Hölderlin

Slept on a straw-mat to coherent be to a proper a stoic server of his holy creeds,
& unfitted to the mainstream vacant virtues long forlorn in some years past,
the wayfarer leaves what kept him from useless diving into grievous tunnels of disbelief.
Accurately awoken to real the undespair of dimensions opened in his living desert
to serve fettered he must the nest where the owl its eggs lay in the land that saw him grow…
Uncringed a chant must he roam in wild over the realm from which exiled gusts drove his feet.
Staunen muß uns auch mitten im Leide uns ist, & as if desolate should miser the soul wander,
were it not by the remembrance that next in the afterlife astray the living shall livelier abide…

If gods were to assist the drifted lands, men as swans may fly over cloudy waves,
& winds would wander over unholy the darker spaces where lost souls unflinched hover about.
Earthly the roots fasten astray the gust, that wreckless wandering may the soul clasp to chains,
& desolate the unchained gusts the painful mind the unreachable reaches forth a human soul.
Beyond fleshly the tasks uncertain & alone the living soul, the nightly wandering unblinds.
Dimmed the light ethereal the gusts grasp the reins to redeem the lost in new terrain…

❋ CCCI ❋

Where shall light the candles in obscure the paths where shades the sunset dims,
this gathering hour when the collapse is dimmed by aloof & obscure the minds?
Clench´d the sworn compass that over the swollen waves the omen disclosed,
the abode mirrored from the stars that moving lost magnetic their gusty norths.
Confused in the moving dwellings the earth recalls astray the lost gusts that stung a ghost.
Has any sense the dismal opposing to threats deemed alone to perish in their dangers lost?
Dwelling over the treacherous waters of extense the hostile waters of the Caspian seas
the spluttering embers keep the abode of sorrows where lost the will gazes the storms…

Gazing the wandering over better paths, spluttering gusts threat with flooding sorrows,
that desolate spread the lofty wishes of faked the numbed gladness with false tributes.
Whose numbed sinews heap over the maimed souls that numb the struggles above the soil?
The guests we become of the airy lands over the sprouting earth, lack lights from heaven´s loft,
& unlearnt drowning gather the unfit in places of dimmed the glittering of timeless lost.
The night it becomes, when senses drift in restful the gatherings above the ethereal vault…

✵ CCCII ✵

Der Mensch liegt in großter Not,
der Mensch liegt in größster Pein,
je lieber möcht' ich im Himmel sein.
Da kam ich auf einen breiten Weg,
da kam ein Engellein und wollt mich abweisen,
ach nein ich liess mich nicht abweisen.
Urlicht, Gustav Mahler
2. Sinfonie, C-Moll **(*Auferstehung Sinfonie*)**,

Eschewed the brand of popular the mainstream thrills to which still most submit,
refuses the brand of thought that heavier sprouts tributes to holier the steady drifts,
though for known is challenged in submerged the sturdier silence with winds of wiser thought.
Whose numb soul relentless spreads calm its creepy bearings behind walls of thronged dusk…?
Purified from fumble tampering, mutters the pilgrim his astray concerns for his mindful wandering
The imposing resistance to prevailing & simplistic the demeaning crowds in worldly matters,
preserved healthy a stance with clinically detached demeanour, undervalued by swarmy trends.
By need & fate destined to unacclaimed cognizance persevering must with twisted tongue...

Astounding by overflown remoteness, only silence utters what binds him to ethereal targets.
Unchanged the available living resources do not comply with unstable the entropic senses,
that order remains solely if, unrenewed the older poise, cedes to latent the driven expansion.
No ascent avoids stable the change to reach heavenly the upper hills where the end begins.
Afflicted the rigid souls suffer anxious when unstable their phantasies the *scherzo* shatters,
as need meets not but with the grounded order that as disorder is wont to name the uncertain...

✵ CCCIII ✵

Non, mais l´âme
de paroles vacante et ce corps alourdi
tard succombent au fier silence de midi:
sans plus il faut dormer en l´oubli du blaspheme,
sur le sable altéré gisant et comme j´aime
ouvrir ma bouche à l´astre efficace des vins!
Couple, adieu; je vais voir l´ombre que tu devins.
L´après-midi d´un Faune (eclogue), Stéphane Mallarmé

Next to twilight, plumbeous a solid autumn slips in the leadened sadness of aloof its wintry sky
& tepid still the morningtide discloses the timid shades that leaving let shameful lights awry.
Daily the paths become uncertain the cosmic chances that striven flesh & mind combine.
At far the distant savannah before the sight appear a herd of greedy & affluent hogs,
whose parlance shows gross & obese their creed, numb absent a finesse from better bearing.
Themes abound on easy thrive, easy gain & easy comfort, above any useless worrysome living.
If life came unwanted, free the unbridled whim should steer as long as days for the while last.
Jump on the boat over the waters that shall bring enjoyful the pleasures as your life remains.

Such the tasks portraits the empty depths of soulless the unkind beings to gifts bestowed…
The riches valued mirror driven the poor senses that deprive beings from fruitful an arc of life.
Crooked the trend, lives last tepid spent in unthrifted a twilight, with warmish unmanly course.
As autumn falls nearer, the fall increases the sped up expansion for some ill spent gifts,
though for some a gift seems none, but a burden carried along more for habit than for choice.
When morningtide opens up, the mainstream boast a hog, what shame should hide a man…

❋ CCCIV ❋

ἀπόνοιά ἐστιν ἡ ἐλευθερία ; μὴ γένοιτο.
μανία γὰρ καὶ ἐλευθερία εἰς ταὐτὸν οὐκ ἔρχεται.
(…) οὐκ οἶδας, ὅτι καλόν τι ἐλευθερία (…)
ἔρχεσθαι δεῖ ἐπὶ τὸ παιδεύεσθαι, οὐχ ἵν᾽ ἀλλάξωμεν τὰς ὑποθέσεις
(οὔτε γὰρ δίδοται ἡμῖν οὔτ᾽ ἄμεινον),
ἀλλ᾽ ἵνα οὕτως ἐχόντων τῶν περὶ ἡμᾶς ὡς
ἔχει καὶ πέφυκεν αὐτοὶ τὴν γνώμην τὴν
αὐτῶν συνηρμοσμένην τοῖς γινομένοις ἔχωμεν ([3]).
ΑΡΡΙΑΝΟΥ ΤΩΝ ΕΠΙΚΤΗΤΟΥ ΔΙΑΤΡΙΒΩΝ,
Book I, Chapter 12, sections 10, 11 & 17

Such appears the warfare at the stage where the soul is despised by fleshly concerns,
& in the duel fight that sole a living being utterly is imposible for him to win.
The battle is not between good & evil, but between a soul & whole a storm of the mainstream.
The target must foresee poshuman the reasoned environ that triumphalism neglectfully denies
The allegorical stance helps the mind, though convincing must others who undervalue the plot.
Psychomachic was an ancient trail thousand years past, yet unsolved a strife nowadays remains,
a battle that mirrors the struggle in cosmical its longstanding space, of manners good or evil,
that pale, or gray, the human language portrays as victories more imagined than won…

If the universe to exist never ceased, shows that confused the mind wrongly the timing marks,
since hardly subsist a world by immanent its nature as if ever timeless in the space lasts.
Bats see better in darkened the airs, & circumscribed the human mind such limits may deny,
& the real borders what known could be, that known truly called by worded truths seems to be.
Belittled by wide an inaccurate standard, temples are risen to lift the soul over morass ground,
but the unknown decries unfitted the outspoken in clueless proclaims what unrevealed stays…

3 Is freedom a gift? Freedom and insanity are not the same nor consistent with one another. (…) Do you not know that freedom is a precious and noble thing? (…) Mindful of this ordaining we should go to receive instruction, not in order to change the constitution of things –for this is neither vouchsafed us nor is it better that it should be,- but in order that, things about us being as they are and their nature is, we may, for our own part keep our wills in harmony with what happens. (Epictetus, ***The discourses as reported by Arrian***. Translated by W.A. Oldfather, Loeb library, Harvard University Press. Pgs. 90-93)

❋ CCCV ❋

I've got a word or two, to say about the things that you do.
You're telling all those lies, about the good things that we can have if we close our eyes.
I left you far behind the ruins of the life that you had in mind and though you still can't see.
I know your mind's made up you're gonna cause more misery.
Do what you want to do, and go where you're going to.
Think for yourself 'cause I won't be there with you.
***Think for yourself**, George Harrison. Album* **Rubber soul** *(The Beatles).*

Much is the awareness of skeptical the access to cosmic rules as well as to human judgment,
that concealed shall enduringly abide to keep the unlearnt from grievous a deceitful scheme.
Such was the wise reason why David kept a witch from acquiring what to her it did not belong,
nor his belongings, none, nor his tolerance, & even less a seconds long of his short lived life.
Indeed *so tost vorüber die Zeit über sterblichen Haupt*, & free may we not be to make it last…
Ravens lead inner sort of wisdom as heavenly gazes draw from willows over the sunrisen hut,
while the wayfarer readily gathers belongings to encounter wandering shadows alone…
How so miserly whims damage the whole well-being from unthoughtful the loitering sloth…!

Among unachieving parasites a rule is to gratify their days with unearned conformity & gains,
while the self becomes ungratefully selfless before the unopened door for fear or guilt…
Where do we stand when all reachably may be, voided a miser of the most selfless of selves?
Undistinguished & faded the real despises fretful the minds & cheap easy the ashes of joys.
Do moochers gather in the after-life with them who struggled judging with their own minds,
or as usual will they endure their conformity sought after by whoever lets them die alone?

❋ CCCVI ❋

Earth bearing the crops that equally feed us all, world of savanah´s wanderers,
whose feet naked steer the road clenched by drowning the chests of the faithful,
shall thou allow the mainstream diving with loaned minds from beastly domains?
Those who on straw-matts stoically rest the concerned minds on the cosmic ordeals,
& commited struggle worthier the long ancient traits in daily the turbulent paths,
should the engaged in holy the creeds suffer neglect while the moochers clasp their acclaim?
Cosmic must be the scale that limitless unfathomable expands the multiversic purviews,
revealing becomes the experience of living, that enlightened the wonder begets !

In due time arrives the moment when in earthly the temple understood the miracle becomes,
among savage the rabble, still, life at midnight pours wounds to be drunk in bittersweet sips.
Like deep diving in darkened winds, the pilgrim uses bat´s senses to hover over damped soils,
with increased conviction shall ground his steps with safe trustier his *shillelagh* grounded aid.
His hounds remain alert, silent the ravens supervise the savannah & three suns light the path.
The wandering continues under angelic coaxings with cosmic & harmonic the thrust…

EIGHTEENTH CANTO

SPELLS UNBOUNDLY DISCLOSE

AT A MIRROR´S GLANCE

Τοῖς πᾶσιν χρόνος, καὶ καιρὸς τῷ παντὶ πράγματι ὑπὸ τὸν οὐρανόν.
καιρὸς τοῦ τεκεῖν, καὶ καιρὸς τοῦ ἀποθανεῖν·
καιρὸς τοῦ φυτεῦσαι, καὶ καιρὸς τοῦ ἐκτῖλαι πεφυτευμένον.
καιρὸς τοῦ ἀποκτεῖναι, καὶ καιρὸς τοῦ ἰάσασθαι·
καιρὸς τοῦ καθελεῖν, καὶ καιρὸς τοῦ οἰκοδομῆσαι.
Ecclesiastes, III, 1-3 (**Septuagint**)

Atque ea nimirum quaecumque Acheronte profundo
prodita sunt ese, in vita sunt omnia nobis.
De Rerum Natura. T. Lucreti Cari. Liber Tertius : 978-979

Komm, Schöpfer Geist !
O Schöpfer Geist, kom !
Sinfonie Nr. 8, Es-Dur,
Gustav Mahler **(Sinfonie der Tausend)**

Thrusting the bloody swipes,
trodden the spell disguised
hid stained greed´s
and its unruly scam.
From hearsay to hearsay

❋ CCCVII ❋

Lunar murmurs solemnly lower to hollower grounds & groaning the ravens turn to the gloom.
Sorrowing, the corvids, crooked wings outflung, drown the tombs of forlorn the despised.
As turned to inner the lumen, the owls dimly whisper unveiled omens that silences the doom.
Where do the unlearnt inwardly find what voided the weakend souls from roaming are short?
Unreachable the vortex in the cosmic vault where no mountains may tear the unseen space
drives targeted vessels that thundering resound through booming the cooled clouds,
as cliff driven winds swift their whispering drifts as gifts that scattered sway to silent stars…
How much longer the solemn oracle shall blow what unwillingly the human voice won´t deny?

Owls swiftly sail over densely an open night & echoes drift from the sky in the pilgrim´s mind.
What to his hearing returned was heard by the few stranded leaves of wild the shrubs.
Kindly the sound was registered on solid the dense walls of the moonless night.
With disquiet intense the pilgrim realized plain his wasn´t a body in a wanderer mind,
but friendly a living remainder of unlived the life of someone else´s soul.
Who might have furnished such strange message delivered in the echoes transmited by owls?

❋ CCCVIII ❋

I close my eyes only for a moment and the moment is gone.
All my dreams pass before my eyes with curiosity.
Dust in the wind, all they are is dust in the wind (…)
Dust in the wind, Kerry Livgren. Album **Point of known return** (Kansas).

Hidden under shadows, awe strikes the riddled wanderer who learnt someone else lived his life
or was it undercover that named as pilgrim vouchsaved him along heathen possessions,
so what revealed must be would had better chances to reach his vision of worldly evil & good?
Is he then, genuinely a pilgrim who in his search commited to a task with deceiving a mask,
or underwent he hypnagogic a trance while his psyche denied him what suddenly he regained?
Unexpected, the transit to his old self, now dual, his life unsteady hollows the light.
Whose body was the pilgrim´s that travelled under the shadows down the darkened ground?
Only one though that changes to avoid dissipated a fatuous the worthless living time…

In earnest the seem leaves hardly the appearance to display what beneath masks the being,
were it not that the owl´s blow belongs to the fate that from the universe drains to the earth,
surely none might have caught the coined being above the pilgrim´s crusty cloak.…
Being craves for being, & the stars best know the minting rules that fracture human the tongue,
so the scruffier attire of the pilgrim that pitying may have struck hid manners by else´s owned.
How distorted divided a self between the shown & the concealed that a bloke smote ?

❋ CCCIX ❋

Selbstmörder gehe nachts in großen Horden,
Die suchen vor sich ihr verlornes Wesen,
Gebückt in Süd und West un Ost und Norden,
Den Staub zerfegend mit den Armen-Besen.
Umbra vitae, Georg Heym

The dead after expired do become. Uncremated atoms & protons breathe alive the lungs,
& beyond such revival the living hold the spirit left as memory summons remnants of oblivion.
The shape we are withholds our being, & what we are expires to the eye though to the soul not.
By the own hand the trigger shoots fires that life shortens on the dot, & abroad flees life…
Hearken what above divine the stars in their bosom hold: life endless expands to fill the voids!
Simmering galaxies pierce on heavens the seed common throughout unexcepted the whole.
One & only what life is, cosmic single the gaseous nature shapes wild & diverse may adopt,
yet one & only atomic shares what still never stays in expansive the moving order of digress…

Unfound the reasons that explain why orderly living & unliving the matter some rules obey.
Unbridled the mind claims chaos is a manner to extinguish what still life must be named,
though the unexplained may spare room for a centre that holds better the disorder aligned.
Who else lives in the pilgrim´s scouting, if true be what surrounding the echoes announced?
Consoling should overcome the unknown under the shadows that cloud the absence of fact,
since any lacking denies not as absurd things that still as a mistery their nature stands…

❋ CCCX ❋

The pilgrim heard, 130 miles northwest from Cape Neddick, in Kennebec County, David lived.
Surrounded by oak & birch trees across the numbered dwelling where silent memories die may …
News was his house was set on fire on April 7, 2023. Except for burnt matter not much left…
Echoes of the loss were ghostly whispers between forests leaves delved on the mossy ground,
& heartfelt memories kept by the wiser owls whose rituals alive were mused in the back barn.
Remains what never passed & kept the surroundings & quarters of airs beyond.
David no longer rests, nor cooks his meals alone. Eggs & milk no longer in snacks are served.
Beneath the three enlightening suns, saddened ravens take the mourning to plain lands.

From one to another clouds & winds reached the pilgrim with knowledge witnessed by them.
His early death confirms the evils that lawfare feed when greed is sown in the human heart.
Crew he was of Apaches & Blackhawks, whom cosmic forces from death saved in Afghanistan.
Driven the bird-dog to upper skies, the lone pilot cannot reach the furthersome stars.
Alike David, the pilgrim became pilot in equally darkened shadows of marshy, human sloughs.
Cleaned from shackles, both belong to alike a brotherhood who abides by traits arcane…

❋ CCCXI ❋

Whether man, or mirror, or the echo became—and the soul endured.

Refuged in vast the silences where fate grants & conceals the chosen ones from shallow a life,
may now clear up his judging & abstain from unneeded & grossly the couth concern.
Hadn´t souls chosen to perish before allowing the unworthy grab what he hightly priced?
His life, none less! A stake above what most would not have condone, yet the price he paid.
This the pilgrim learnt as his wandering took him to David´s New Hampshire farm,
where he took notice of personal ways, how greed & might shorten the best men´s lives,
& how in cases the closest to you may the worse become if love is subject to gain of some…
Global the evil endorses intimacy with unethical the aims that profit over love some choose.

What kept silent in his bosom that only to the pilgrim disclosed in his mirrored soul?
So much was that he unbosomed, that pilgrim and David are one in a trip that a world traces;
as thriving a hush, David lives in every whisper & in the swaying waves of wafting blasts,
or cannot be his demeanor defined over in crooked the clouds as well as in softened hills?
The I is not single, but plural, & each is obviously ever like a legion more than a one all we are.
Here shadows are alive with snow & feathered the winds that unfold a hug while hover about…

❋ CCCXII ❋

The wimpling souls fold their sides on the crook that run behind the barn where owls nod off,
& as the ruffling waters increase their swelling waves, ravens hide between their thorny sides.
Daringly wistful lead the feathered shadows clues disquiet to narrow a reality in cloud´s realm.
Scams stain under greed disguised rowdy the gross disdain under the mask of gentle mind.
Trodden the lower notes, hushed lights whisper glances that threaten unskilled the groined wit,
but unruly the loyal wanderer the gloom empties from the lure of its cast down spells.
The stained swipe thrusts the disguised profit below the cloaks where embers burn the sky.
How would the world turn weren´t for the few who disobedient take refuge in lone their souls!

Time arrives though, in spite of quirky its nature in cosmic terms after thumps that before deny.
Lower in the mistake where groaning reason claims its spiteful role below ungrasped the sky,
unreached the fate confuses naïve beliefs under the laws that market states to the human heart.
The good, like fumes of stone-aged decrees, unreachable comes from devices of random fate,
& the mighty are so mostly because tricksters impose their bates on unwholesome lives.
Obsolete the votes replay a software tuned to serve untamed the wishes of the world…

❋ CCCXIII ❋

At a wisp of a murmur a blown scorn licks the froth of the snake´s its unmoved stare.
Shouldn´t a gospel rule glaring the indomitable claws that hawks stretch to voters tamed?
What values the screaming counts to vultures of poisoned beaks in the commonwealth?
Corpses do democratic the scratched votes built by remains of obsolete the faded doctrines,
yet votes are that allow wars enrich the fattened industries of machine gun & missil empires.
There is where David played the learning that howled such bullets roaming in Afghanistan,
surviving the peril kept clear his memories of senseless the struggles of a bunch lost lives.
This is the token the pilgrim grabbed that he learnt from on why so much of senseloss wars.

Next, as his return to home arrived, shrunk his shrugged shoulders with harmful a wedded tie,
where most his time disgrace melted ungrounded the illusions that decried his early life.
How so wandering allows detached epiphanies upon letting what lasts not to go in twilight?
Hooting the ravens their echoes transformed into plasmatic sights to the inner eyes,
as cosmic the compass reveals the stumbling path to follow, rather than the fatuous stream,
that denied the senseloss prate easily sold by jabbing priests of bootlickers & psychophants..

❋ CCCXIV ❋

At the core of inner the temple´s heart, the scarred encounter with David´s bitter ordeal,
upon the intimate realities the knot secured among both their staggered souls,
that caught the clue to find wisened the better attitude to bend unbearable the strain.
In the global mess that meets the drowned rabble´s with the emperors of greedy´s gain
algorithmic the data suffocates the erratic doubts that increases the sway over mind´s stray.
If democracy wasn´t ever the ideal haven from unequal the wisdom of the agents involved,
its biotic authority swings now transposed to inorganic codes for the contrive deciphered.
The further the mingling with available the trends of naïve the chooser the worsened the end…

Along such the inscaped string better seems the way to disappear the most & boast the less.
Withdrawn the pilgrim into settling a soul in darkened the archaic stone, appeased best survives.
Followed the rope ladder with strings that tie lonesome the wit with the rooted grounds,
what David lived withdraws the pilgrim from emptied clues that no much leads the play.
Again, best remains deepened a silent peace over the square root of the evil wombed,
Hollowed the crow´s lament lead the phrasing on troubled the road to exit from crooked fare…

❋ CCCXV ❋

Deadens signs of shortly a bursting life…

Glowing cooled the massive suns in the glimpsed dawn, launches whimsical a bright strain.
Above the nitrogenic chronology resembles the gravities of dubbed the patterned clumps,
that quasars untie the anomalic rings unseen yet by ungrasply the enlightened & dwarfy mind.
Unbearable the cosmic speed into decayed collapse mirrors haste a man & abandons his soul
As if overborne weren´t the arteries of the galaxies´s souls briefened seeds surpass the glow.
Unknown a beginning of none the distant darkness, clusters of filaments draw a cornerstone.
Spherical rings of gruesome arks their acoustic warnings uncork the shrouds of soups opaque,
that dense infinities expand of scattered the primordial foggies in aeon´s forlorn…

Speckled the withdrawn epochs in the web tend to collapse on clustered valleys in the empty sky.
Obscure the deadly darkness prevails above the unwitty mirror of human the cloudy souls.
Shrouded by bouncing traces transient the loops challenge transient crunches in fossil strides.
What shall remain in numberless strides as the splurging soul shortens the frozen realm?
Inevitably, at not too far a time augments accordingly the earthly dooming to poshuman life.
This is what shall seemingly we will become to evolve into unknown a nature so far undoomed.

❋ CCCXVI ❋

Biochemical the puppets over the screen portrayed will, seems null to face the doomed fate.
The knowing of such vicious the daemonic ruling order over the human bones,
acute the contriving urges to lead the rage against grim & ungodly the tribes of soul bereft.
How should the lonely quest bestow the truest sense contrary to anatopical the sold perception,
that human the flesh anoints with unowned a voiced life deprived of mental will?
Though against the cosmic nature that endless complies with everlasting its expansive steering,
the gap increases the shortened lapse of wormlike periods of unconscious living…
Voiceless the inner voids the residual sounds twists & twirls in ghostly machined made sounds.

What became of marital the greed, that despotic survives in homely the daily chores,
& despising destroys the commonality, by stained envies, of vicious the tainted evils?
David knew the filthiest practices that slippery drag inhumanly the unbearable gatherings.
Unrecovered from the added choices, the pilgrim plunges in failured the bones unborn,
where acousmatic the silouhetes & their ghostly atoms thrive degraded under spat upon faces,
& filthier the disgrace embodied in shrieks that accursed the evils conceived by illmost fate…

❋ CCCXVII ❋

The lower undergone in shared the gloomy wandering, the hollower the cup´s loosend ties.
Somehow life uses means diverse to share its rooted truths to chosen a few to preserve itself,
& sparrows know with whom their trills better sense are made in blown the earlier adagios.
Next the era to the poshuman cycle & the neurolink connection in the implanted brains,
the remnants of loyal its primordial roots become decoded in sensitive the subtle flows
Fear & resentment in an envious ape grasp their brains to the touchscreen of a mobile device,
& embedded the mulling chips under oseous cavities of the simian remnant decrypt the yoke,
to fully rule the deadened serfdom with the loop of mocking foams that bites the emoted being…

Why reading or worse even why use the precious spare of short the living time in lines abstruse,
if easier are softer modes to let time go by, with pretenses none of comfort & travelled laughs?
So is the ordered fancied by the hooks that conflicts upgrade & foster to conceal the senses…
In such destructive mode lessons still may be learnt by them few who refuse their numbing,
& deploy immunities with unbroken bows that shoot arrows against parallel metaverses,
in the journey to the unities that common the nature pledges to archaic ways to carry on…

❋ CCCXVIII ❋

Distant the dazzling of piercing ravens, share with snakes auguries that must the pilgrim have.
Beneath the ashes of burnt the flesh in fired matter, the bones still survive the furtive being.
The were that our beings lived, in matter persists its residual energies & dying allows the living.
What gone was oblivion may become, but seems memories die & twice earthly the living expires.
Optimal the illusions drive astray the target while the living lasts, & democracies forfeit the edge.
The future comes ahead its ghostly threat. Species human slowly decay under machined rulings,
& undoubtly the whirling waves dissipate what *homo sapiens* were that unreached left its senses.
What banners still may the cringed soul wave, in lonesome his retreat from decayed the spheres?

Expanded the darkened skies, & furious the untameable seas where allured the greedy works,
become the fields where strife in the souls are held. But only the aware the struggles choose.
Whom the enemies shall become is the task that a wanderer for his struggles must decide,
lonesome is the battle where the evil the dismissal must, even if such is anonymous a silent fight.
What known becomes & not kindly a word deserves better is removed if ignored & not abhorred.
Let the three suns aligned keep the warmth of their light in devout the heart of the warrior man…

❋ CCCXIX ❋

Over vast the meadows dwell the swollen feet of the pilgrim above traceless unequal droplets.
Ruinous the withdrawal spread the conjectures that immolate array of mossy failures.
What shall jackal´s hatred caused by unhuman the vitreous edges may bring to revered genomes?
Death may delay its humorous lasting as drains unheard the boasting its ending grimly reaches,
while in the meantime Midas submit its hunger to Chronos the lasting riches with cloudy scythes.
Over a higher cliff a priestess prays to broken the numens that mislead the drowsy wanderer,
while a windy engine spins sorrows that supply age to hooked batons over hung clouds.
Would suffrages lift up the dead once their days have ended in fatal the shackled chains…?

Who killed death with his own, risen remains in the vault where darkness its decay submits.
How so may appears certain that no beginning had the matter that our senses perceive,
as if none had a will to make what endless its expansion at steady its pace maintains,
under congruous the multiplicities in diverse so tantamount galactic beings?
What makes one wonder about issues that mystery surround which unanswered shall remain?
Tools other than curious the probing mind object to unexplained the infinitly endless realm…

❋ CCCXX ❋

Tu vero dubitabis et indignabere obire
mortua cui vita est prope iam vivo atque videnti.
De Rerum Natura. T. Lucreti Cari, Liber Tertius : 1045-1046

Weary the grayish tunes blow the tiresome clouds over the swelling foams on the red sky.
Whose souls attach wielded a sword to flush the drives in spite the loth of the task pursued?
Thrifty the living grew with scarce the means & frugal its pantry where falters not from hunger.
Learnt this other lesson the rearmost ranked wanderer brings as a present to living best,
& with contempt aside leaves the guile left by evil the daemonic urges to entice his self…
The wars chosen are not those global beyond affordable forces or innumerable weapons,
but rather the modest yet arduous fight within the walls where ambition crushes the envious self.
It is the strife within the soul. Not in the streaming boughs where cognitive clues hued ravens hide

Vice devours beneath itself with gruesome squeaks of unruly insolence with unatoned its mask.
Would singularly lewd the range of pleasure, dismount the dissonance in its own dismantled tale?
Links are those with forces within the gist in the inner ecosystem where living displays its claws.
No where else but in the heart the strife abounds its swerve with heated blood to fullfill the brook
Who has not trembled at the thought of ending what dignity no longer could defend
if means left alone to flee when honour or dignity permits not any other way to keep a worthy life?

❋ CCCXXI ❋

Should anyone hesitate to end with own hand the wretched under worldly an unworthy living?

As fitting hardens a cuotidian living, like startled cockroach chased by flames of a burning abode,
must all company flee from those who like a nomad wanders in quirky his solitude.
Such a revelation becomes the step that further should disclose in this journey the coda detached.
Before shattered the world usually controlled by custom´s routine & granitic its habits,
the way either looks like David´s total departure & open withdrawal with irrefutable means,
from unvital condescending to an unbearable burden of living with destructive influence,
or taking the hesycastic detachment unlinked amidst the poison of toxical catastrophes.
The revelation shows pernicious the foresight that undoubtly ahead its fate of him lies…

Either dying by bullet & fire to the common survival of unhappy the abuses of mighty the greed,
or struggling with unendurable suffocation by fumes that keep slim chances at leisure to breathe.
Such an unheavenly paradoxical quest, forces seemingly an eutanasic & antinomic response…
Living under an universe with the disgrace of unbleached the domesticity of nauseous a kingdom,
or departing for good & quench the revulsive approach with venomous death in the blood.
Such a singular violence ponders, with his *shillelagh* in a hand, musing, the pilgrim, in solitude…

❋ CCCXXII ❋

I want you to shine, shining moon, give me your light
so I can see my way back home,
twinkle, twinkle little star
inside the moon above my head.
Shine on moon, Lightnin´ Hopkins. Album **King of Dowling Street (1956)**

Bare a silent savannah, devoid of unneeded & ephemeral worries, congenially hails the pilgrim.
Indispensably monologic the thinking, amid the ruin of apocalyptic some gruesome his feelings,
beneath the still light brought forward by aligned the suns in darkened the autumnal nights,
the earthly walls of reliable his temporal dwelling enough needs to be, to take his standing.
Discerning the wise mind should choose the strifes to be fought in engaged daily his living,
& when to let the edge of his sword to stay asleep under custody of its gentle scabbard.
His eyes witnessed dusty the worldly turmoil, alien to organic the cosmical laws of clustered stars,
& grasped galactic the unity among plural the diversity of biological & ethereal the universe.

Warped the bucle of gravity around the circular space, the darkened surrounding sinks its sting,
& uneven the unfathomly itch on parochial the scruff draws chalky a line between mercy & wrath.
On the whistlin´ pines their inner concerns confide a flock of wisened owls to offer advice,
& in the needled room the debate ends with agreed concern over the deep outcast of his I.
No cunning ever more in global the theatre with moon-shine over shivery a darkened mind.
Muddy the waters no way for sobbing attonement by a grave while alchemy does healing on time.

❋ CCCXXIII ❋

As the sailing goes on, the history of asking irremiadibly continues on evil, death & surmising,
no matter how absurd goes the inquiring by minds who destined were unresponded to depart.
Cursed with lack of senses minimal of elegance, astral the bodies depict synchronous issues,
that acausal lavishly sketch untamed nervous the shortened paces of drifting the souls.
Neutral are the values that flowing gobble the waves under foamy spits of slower the change,
& unmovingly aethereal the means that embedded in the frame of expanded the dusk in autumn.
Grievously the groaning of timid the long stemed light scours the move unsoft in the flow,
so that the folding lashes hoarse the roar that oceanic its tide hides the boat under shores…

Asking the unanswerable turns into a useless deed that stories make up without much reason,
though cursed the exercise by lack of minimal senses of elegance depict may frenzied delusions.
As it may hoard coeval the bodies, luxurious ends up cosmical peevish the soulless attempt,
while the bird-nest keeps any wandering behind the stone walls of archaic a cave…
Hearken! Was broken the compass & nomad the pilgrim his surveillance grew sacred his wrath!
How so scaring the journey of such fuzzy the cosmic supremacy under entropic the sway…

❋ CCCXXIV ❋

Should blushing the experience land in arriving to burials where unexplored the seasons expire,
or bathed may weeping the sunflowers turn to windswept a ladder to undergo lonely the strife?
Don´t we all die more than once & many more a lame time, the mute dexterity to give up praise?
The indian rooted spikenards flourish on the grave of those living who detached flee from flames,
to cherish views that within in inner the closet written were dripping voices about the graveyard.
The dead we become, our living baldly make use of credible the wailing of harmonies concealed.
To remote the upstreams, solitude brings the unreachable in surviving to slight a headstand,
or future cares barely none, while dew stains yesterday's concerns for future´s sustains…

Next to detached the withdrawal in contemplative the seeked after truth, disappears the recluse.
The ploughing must come along of radishes, okras, squashes beside the container on Dewey path,
far away from orange groves, but close to peaches by a pond of bass, & minnows & trouts.
Lonesome a retreat plays the french horn & rides a Chiorda velocipede above the clay road.
Ferndale beyond prolongs to Sugarloaf Mountain the plot as John Jones draws inner the chords.
Hard to find, solitude does the hiding in lowered keys to conceal in sanded the coast its labour.

NINETEENTH CANTO

COSMIC VOIDS

BURN THE DUSKY REALM

WHERE A PILGRIM WANDERS

❋ CCCXXV ❋

Grievous the imagined smiles draw in the mirror the grave where unrestful illusions repose.
Vaguely the sorrowed breathing agitates dense an opaque tract & rugged the virtuous collapse.
Keep weary the swollen wave, under hidden a wooden shadow that fierce its teeth drown.
Ever would visceral the solitude may redeem the deepened evils from cosmic forces,
or should way be to shackle the vices that deny what best steers global the human faith,
if there were such a homogeneous & single end for impaired & fragmented the uneven realm?
In randomly the fateful destinies fumes of widened the eerie concealing the cosmos commands,
& lonesome each creature drags its burdened doubts faking lightened the weight during collapse.

Is it not that the living wanderer enacts the play where human a pilgrim becomes a ghost,
& manifest a disorderly upheaval shows just about that blind the difference remains denied?
Clustered the concerted interests surround curved the gravity that pulls a chariot to demise,
& however damned the mighty succeed, still the lonesome wayfare endows lead to solitude.
Timeless the unplaceable end surrounds the issue in emptied the curve where stars start,
& in its expansive swelling the fire exploded should last less than measure may its doom define.

❋ CCCXXVI ❋

A clayish face brings sights that deepens into inner the unaffordable aims of nations at large,
that utterly sadly the peoples must swallow with sheer disgust as defecated human the meat,
or with rotten displeasure unblown the haunted appearances despise the rooted disgraces…
How many a nail in the rocky walls may bend before lessons are barely learnt by unversed,
while unexpected the looks denounce what redeeming shall not permited under current the laws.
Who is behind but profiteers that condemn with their gain daintly the unwholesome for most?
At a measured distance the mauling crumbles & scatters what never reached what was aimed at,
& naturally the failure loosens maniac repertoires in collapsing figures that leave all unsolved.

Corroded the tissues drain down the splurging that the purifying dismiss in betrayed the tries,
as the blade opens deeper the wounds on the necropsies pending to uncover the impaired…
How not to entirely swallow the harm that icons destroyed in New Hampshire & Afghanistan?
Bitter them both mirror global the policies that rule the world with greed, profit & war…
Slim the chances are to rescue historic the evils that waste collective the sap of holy an altar,
& bewildered, the ransom to pour as drooped the loomed wailing weeps in inconsolable despair.

❋ CCCXXVII ❋

Miserable must have been loosing the hopes
to find sense in a home on shallow waters
that severly opaque gone his comrades missed first
& empty a whooshing cough
blown is to silence by whistling boughs
under groaning its clayish gist…
From hearsay to hearsay

As the pilgrim grasps the world lived in the air-force by a loyal corp, his skull wets his soul.
Fate had it that he survived the attack among bounded the limbs in the grave of his comrades,
yet bandaged were them wrapped in burlap sacks & he outlived the war that chose his flesh.
What did end with his bodily existence after he witnessed the theatre where life is at stake?
David could not bear yet distinct shapes of gain & greed that directly took his soul away…
By the close brook, in his last days mainly the neighbour´s cat was sole his mate at home,
& the shell of a void canteen drained of earthly sap & clutched by a wounded hand,
echoes the hollowed skulls, where silent winds play a dirge driven by rustling stars.

In his wandering about the globe, fate decreed the pilgrim found David embodied the paragon,
& some learning had he to make his, in the path to retreat from the changes he may not reach,
though in his shrill dismal puppets saw he that by strings were led to produce a masquerade.
Days these of sudden immediacy & attention span of instantaneous a flickering candlestick…
Submisive to surrendering a confusion, men become less what they were meanto to be,
but unconquered the clear mind, in secluded a retreat reaches what otherwise unreachable glides

❋ CCCXXVIII ❋

The grit & kicked dust cut the troops in Kandahar´s gutter seems now behind oblivion…
& history reserves a nook for those whose Apaches down were brought by taliban forces.
The sole surviving in cosmic the attack returned home under painful an ominous soul impact,
& settled in his New Hampshire farm found he farings insane to sensitive a human heart…
Out of hostile an environ of might & greed, a home may turn worse than combat in persian wars.
Deployed where peace grants the heart from the hostilities of Kabul & Kandahar, the bet failed,
& home caused the intolerable task to what bearable a healthy mind to withstand ably may resist.
Safer it became to flee where in solitude a space would grant for mulling so much inside…

Each instant proves better lived when your partner along goes with the nature of your lonely soul,
likewise goes all wrong if grossly a mind profit sets above your mate´s cooperative a bonding tie.
When so much extertion the living entails, wood bends under winds of extreme strength…
To grant the virtues his soul grew up with, healthier seemed to detach from the toxic swarming,
& make peace with the values trusted in a retreat proper to start anew with his lonesome self,
& as life allows not unfair dealings that despise self worth, parting seems a foregone conclusion…

❋ CCCXXIX ❋

A short sighted moose wanders the brook to sip tears of mourning squirrels that their master lost
& again the hovering ravens take the word wrapped in sheepwool to dispel the tainted spell.
Covered by expertly knitted a cloak by spiders in custody of the barn beside the burnt house,
pursued ceasesly the pilgrim upon the journey within, with a mirrored mind in his tightened soul.
Each step ahead is shared by the man who victim became that the pilgrim redeems in his flight…
What history shall be written for them who seek what easier leaves lost in cheaper the streams,
or in pitiful pills of tiktoks that leave speedy images that catch prompt an attention of easier span.
Experience comes in echoes within the uneasy skin of a wandering recluse in senseful the abode.

One to another adhere, yet both aren´t but one & the same, in plural depleted their selves…
This is purely cosmic an encounter that joins in unity what shares the same flame in fiery the way,
under reasoned frequencies that allow higher a sharing of matters in traced the records,
between the physical goneness of mirrored wandering the soul of unattached the pilgrim.
So the traces & ashes become non-deleted the pasts that record the life lived & current the being,
that unsubstracted remains in an arrow that unreal its presence recovers in twinkling the brain.

❋ CCCXXX ❋

Rowing the souls across the jolty seas the oars drive the wooden vessel to Nubble Lighthouse,
while a crowd of seals, like olden mermaids, escort the wandering sailor among whistling winds.
Once the dance took over the taciturn with hesycast mien, the pilgrim in the island took refuge.
Winter was harsh & much harsher the waves at times covered almost total rocky the soil.
Flickering at the distance the candlesticks brought light under darkened the clouds,
& over the rocky trail engaged in osseous concerns over heavenly the cosmic designs,
heavy his engagement, step by step moves his straw woven sandals with meditated unease,
& his search begun to locate the soil where his living may start under a more reliable compass.

His is to be a life to serve the cosmic & spiritual scope, not indifferent to trust & sense,
& after the perusal of what as real a troublesome & darkened appears before his concerned sight,
a thoughtful scrutiny had his soul given safer a map to start the cornerstone of the altar.
Surrounded by a flock of humble lambs the pilgrim sets his aim at building what he envisioned,
& so set he had his limbs to put up in Cape Neddick what soundly erected he had in his heart.
His shoulders have not shrugged. Had his hands full. With trustful winds his task must continue.

❋ CCCXXXI ❋

Between glints of daylight among leaves & boughs of birch, oak & elm trees, hopes are risen.
Welcomed the newcomer with gifts that gladly the cosmos to share it would seem,
his question is now likely to review why he became who he is & to have being who he is.
Was it not that he is not his self but a mean that results out aligned the living commanded stars,
partly more of laden the molecules in the biology that defies the notion of free arrayed choices,
& yet still some more of conditioned historic environ that develop into habits that the will void?
Under such barbed wires that materially allow seem to burn the illusion that any wisdom he owns
like a pawn in the game does he keep his being attentively ready to whatever a stake is to comply.

Will any trumpet announce the shrilled dispute over choices made to happen & free will chances?
The prefrontal cortex triggers vast illusions many, as bare glands secrete out of environ fear,
when them both lean the deeds by physical random & fate indifferent to innocence & dignity,
while hierarchies are deemed over grimace our cousin gaboons´ grooming troops…
How much better should the question beg the human species is, than silver black primates,
or are we merely a purposeless biological machine ruled by breakable & doubtful supremacies?

❋ CCCXXXII ❋

What place may be given to causes that scattered ably could groundless leave freedom pleaders,
or place is any, or some, that so diverse the distinct causes do not deny the will to freely use?
Echoes made the pilgrim be only one image now of his self before the gist of David´s mirror…
is it not that all takes place in a neuron a nanosecond ago & such a sequence implies cause,
or a successive occurrence of imagined traces in his mind makes his a made free decision?
Naïve & gross isn´t the belief that in fact ground remains to ascertain that human´s will be free,
amid the multiply distributed infinite facts that effectively could explain why our deeds arise?
After all, why would more important be any certainty in facts than our good will belief?

Men & women may, & do, wander wildly, over the earthly surface during our worldly living,
yet plastic our brains weave mental links that tie isolated facts when cause is never one but many,
so thus wildly, out of habit , simplicity installs beliefs with not enough ground in reality´s domains.
For the lack of truthful a reading lighter an inconspicuous tale the insufficient deems for granted,
& a crane demises insufficient the reasons over the hemp bag that adrift names the unnamed.
How not so the pilgrim like peregrine a falcon should dig in & drag above what grasp its claws…?

❋ CCCXXXIII ❋

Skeptical the nuances over simultaneous universes allow sorts of merging of times futures & past
which though, denied such holes, drain the lowly worms souls that immortal merge the edge.
With cosmic aid the incredible rescue pertains what death is called of death itself,
even if a future human becomes more resurrected atoms & protons than once the monad known.
Human… what is that remains as his fate merges in brain, heart or limbs through a chip´s chord?
The lesson at stake is what learning unlearnt rests after heraclitean the flowing rule decreed,
that beyond conceals Haydn´s *Die Schöpfung*, & Telemann´s *Die Auferstehung* unspoken records?
What harmless silent them left, hard the disclosing the world in dark its bosom keeps…

Living, the shortsighted baboon, resemble the bestial side of the Minotaur´s inside the holy being,
so the beacon only ably discerns in the taming task against the raging wolves we may become…
Standing beside his trustworthy *shillelagh* step after step the journey goes along its deeper steps,
steered in March´s vernal equinox, as it were, by the quiet spheres in Aries´s domains…
Behind the Nubble Lighthouse stars lead him to Cape Neddick for a visit to traces crisp of winds.
The core to be delivered is releasing the dove´s loving peace on the anguished heart…

❋ CCCXXXIV ❋

So many the quests in adrifted & disparaged the spiritual stranding, in the word the gospel comes.
O, Luisa, lay low the song that roams & resounding goes in sublime furies of accurate your hands !
Kindly seat by the clavichord where music from heavenly the planets to your soul return,
& do receive the messenger with brass & bones of *Erlösung und Auferstehung* in your ear gifted.
Death brings anew what circular crosses the winds as the breathing your chest gives rise.
David´s life came through you & with him your earthly heart joins him in empyrean the realm…
far than further admit closer in you dwells now his most loving heart, as commended he his mind.
Bear kind in softened your motherly hands the mysteries that to accept peacefully hard seems…

Ours, perhaps like always before us, unmistakeably is, a world of tensions, violence, & conflict,
when glides the moon to Aldebaran, are seven the sisters that clustered blue the hunter´s plough,
& echoes witnessed the tragic discord that wars demean the weapon´s market greedy lust,
as duly confirms in lively reading the pilgrim in unbearable the stories his tongue condemns…
The sun must rise to favour the earthly waxes & so must our eyes lift the lids to look beyond,
like the mirror when the light its reflexes blind darkened the soul that uncertain the faithful hides.

❋ CCCXXXV ❋

Beware then, not to lend yourself be bare residue of the nature your life is destined to be…
Rage, like daemonic storms, shadows generative its nature & exhaust apparently unclear the mind
which is as murdering what rising helps the fallen soul from unachieved the purpose sought…
As untangles the multifold skein prior the soul´s life in the stars, destiny to same stars returns,
where our return expected should in space´s hierarchy our immortal soul shall host …
Fate has it that where none a single cause the being has, sufficient the endless causes may be,
but intent, as declared who expresses his sole will, some account deserves when genuine it is,
save, by chance, the affiant assume that unfreely his will under alien conditions he commits…

Where it all begins concealed in oblivion seems in modern the site where smart the gadgets rule,
but forgetfulness ends not condoned by the cosmic nature that includes the human world,
that resides in midget a planet of clustered galaxies which from gazillion light years preceded is.
Oh, fumes of unruly mind where cooked the conflicts drain in anxious the narrowed throat,
will ever certainty dissolve acid the wish to find what else were we deemed to alive deliver?
Or does not our oblivion begin while unacknowledged deemed our times despised dies dispersed?

❋ CCCXXXVI ❋

The sacred rod that early leads the wandering over waste the lands, wakes the emptied mind.
Like Äaron´s staff a *shillelagh* brings forth what buried as ashes the heathen habit drops.
Though not unlike 35 hundred years ago the Israelites crossed over a swampy sea of reeds,
a wind setdown settled the lower tides & dried a passage between land & the Nubble
Lighthouse, so was it how the northwest wandering continued towards Kennebank county.
Left the upbringing in better custody, to reach must the pilgrim a 90 miles wooden walk.
Souls do wander above the marshy sloughs under the cosmic vault with steps unheard,
as far as stars do mark the call in Kennebeck county where the encounter will come around.

What is at stake is the building of the altar made out of the soul´s flesh of the human heart,
in which dwells the innermost burrow for hidden the bosom´s knowledge of blurred the times.
The omen of larks & swallows flying over Cape Neddick´s yet unclear skies, blow better support,
& John Amato´s hints on better the spots & how to proceed with hunting in tiresome the stroll.
On a foal at times, but always with the hounds smelling guide on safest the trail ahead,
there is no way but struggling towards the building of the altars founded with swollen hearts…

❋ CCCXXXVII ❋

Lift up Abenaki the stuttering solemnities that gasping seashores shoot across the burial ground,
but leave not the sheep at the snout´s distance if disgrace be near before bells are tolled…
There where beyond no more light be found, darkness prevails under void´s supremacies,
cans´t thou asunder fill the cleavages through trails that promptly soon will the pilgrim grasp?
Why over dusky the realms will wander emptied the traces that to sperm smell the trust,
these nights of burning desires among obstacles that close the sights to better nights?
Atoned comes after unforgiven the betrayal that ransom repairs with bountiful timely amnesties,
but for them alone who humbly depose haughty their stormy pride in humbly the concern…

At dawn, with the opened trail, continued with his groundbreaking *shillelagh* in his right hand,
as if blind needed touch for discerning the path along to Heartbreak Lane, in the town of China.
With the boundful of queries carried along in his traveling across the New England´s soil,
almost worn out the rope sandals in his swollen feet, the cycle a return decrees to begin again.
Reaches the pilgrim to 40 Bayberry Lane, with unmasked the deceitful smell that brings souls new,
& the blessed place where the ocean draws the conversion & the encounter with the light of day.

❋ CCCXXXVIII ❋

At the hour of displaced detachment sheer hazard the ransom must pay to disclose the inquiry…
Luisa rests little between coffees & cookies, as her project allows her in Bösendorfer´s sessions,
while the arrangement develops the work of Patrick Lo-Re in the sound tracks & harpsichord,
& after lunch Jay & John grow jolly joys in the Gambino´s ping-pong set with elves´ flutes around.
With softened knuckles the pilgrim knocks the window pane with lizard´s tongued subtle care,
while aloof, at leisure Luisa relishes in Schubert´s C minor, D958, *Sonata*, in divine his chaos realm.
How to introduce cards that a dice decreed must play before the entrance allows to cryptic ties?
Sadness invades the inscrutable mien when fight requires slant the move with blind the rules…

Still, what must be faced, ought to voice in the mirror where muddy the disquiet skies murmur,
as if rolling the fisty fingers would droll indentities under stoned bleached rocks of rigour…
This is the cosmic rule that governs the life of inorganic the side of deeper our natures´ creeds,
yet what sought was, underlies blurred to the diplopic bridges of ropefooted the wayfarer´s risk…
Shall Sacchetti paint the state of the maggots as they take life with a scalpel into galactic holes,
or will Beth unweed the soul´s bruises on bodies that unsettling for reprisal to heavens claim?

❋ CCCXXXIX ❋

Absolutely none step ahead there is without deliberate a concern on human the living grounds.
Distant were the performances of Haydn´s *Die Schöpfung´*s oratorio sung at Lucerne Festival,
based on divine the intervention in expansive a cyclical arousal of cosmical the clustered galaxies,
& voices of Mark Padmore, Elsa Dreisig & Florian Boesch with the *Berliner Philharmonisches*…
Underneath the lyric of higher a grooming perceived that constant the matter eternal dilutes,
multiple the causalities reminds unsolved paleolithic our mismatchings with unachieved thrivings.
May newtonian a mechanical universe hold upon the multiverse approached through wormholes,
validly remain the vision that humankind is less the machine that acts by chemical conditions?

The machineness of humanity requires human agreement spiteless of unhappy primate denials,
& the burden is carried on any of us wanderers on earthly the circumstance while our living lasts.
Genetic the algorithms carry the drive to make our action, no less than those in the vault above,
& upon them deeds human now are charged with the ones that might for profit on crowds gain.
This is we, & this is the thoughtful issues to be faced while beyond our living lasts,
whether living is barely a fact, or place still remains to wonder the awe of unsolved the quests…

❋ CCCXL ❋

As the hand raises a Rioja glass of vintage spanish grapes wild images the flavour brings about.
It is the mirror of units that disperse diluted what once so many selves produced ahead in time,
time, itself, that the fourth dimension drives the real into perceived what otherwise would be not.
Not one time. Several should be acknowledged. To each its own. Multiple, plural & diverse.
Unaprehensible, like truth itself, uncondoned by easy the illiterate soul that pigments sees not.
But where at last is the locus where the soul exists, if its dwelling resides not beneath the skull?
If immortal were, then it begun not, nor should it die with the bodies where it inhabits expires…
is it perchance much like diverse the multiverses that from ever to ever it is said its matter lived?

Or the names are wrong, & mistake their sound to ascertain what untouchable must remain?
Question is, what is the reason that a mind reasons, if reason fails unreachably its sense to grasp?
Contrarily, when such fact sense acquires, then why mystic the hermit its mission is derided?
Darkness remains in spite of simple the mind that laughs a lifetime about trips, games & lewd,
dancing about, or playing for money that random provides with luck at strict discretion…
Unlike baboons or silver back gorillas, humans may use choices beyond the failure of their lives…

❋ CCCXLI ❋

Seemingly, again, the seeming proves seeking ascertainment is most of what reachable remains.
Human living is mostly about what our perceiving allows that which seeming the senses permit.
Ours is a world of shadows. Unrelinquished & endlessly dreamt, our lives go by shades throughout
& displaced the unknown submits the mind amid the naufrage of barely but sheer perceptions…
How so then, may precede the abstract over insufficient reasons to call truth to its lack thereof?
On top, envy tricks the wording under miseries of betrayed the soul to add over evidence at hand,
Drowned the mind in groundless its built cathedral of reasoned surmise, imageries are applauded,
& so our living praises what fancied is provided by that which in the wind hassled the mind delves.

Where should mourning start when ions & aeons ago so much mutated as its old bags expired,
& the soft releasing died the toothed despair, as peacocks eat on petroglyphs the dragonflies,
& in the exile the pilgrim dispersed grabs locusts to atone so much contempt with worldly excess.
What bonds drive the soul to will what our chemistry with disdain out of range fails to snap,
& the pathfinder indefinite his mindloss grind its dimension stalls to confine in seized a clasp…?
This is the we denied in shapeless the dusk of emptied phrases, while endless lasts our wandering.

❋ CCCXLII ❋

Careful the journey, among throned boughs, yellow jackets & hornets, prays the pilgrim above,
to allow some purpose in apparently the senseloss paradox that mistaken a human life perceives.
How would it not gnarled the anxiety arise in sensitive a kin´s dense distress with meese ahead,
how, as cosmic the response delays the punisher´s scythe in the wooden forest of warped beech?
Circling a host of ravens surveill the transit on the haunted trail where tombs spreaded lay,
as remainders of woods where souls follow individual their own sense & loose a common mind.
If puppets were the beings machined by cosmic forces & deprived by chemical laws of owned wills
not any applause would be entitled, nor punished those whose aims a wrong way seemed chosen.

So, this the issue becomes tangible to witty the learned sight since, unlike the cases, aim request,
that not all whose life they took rank equal in court´s value nor in the verdict deserved,
since worthy a soul is best whose dignity must with honour preserved be from greed,
than those whose guilt a shame precedes & does better for all to leave with evil wrong his deeds.
In hellish the wooden trail seeked the pilgrim if David´s traces left were about the wailing shrubs,
but none he found, & news he secured that, in Mount Agamenticus, David´s ashes had not stayed.

TWENTIEETH CANTO

FROM ETERNAL THE LIGHTHOUSE

SETTLING A VOICE COMES SILENT

IN STEADY THE ALTAR OF

SHIPWRECK

To Max Veronesi
(March 23, 2003 – + March 23, 2026)

Jamais
quand bien meme lance dans des circonstances
Éternelles
du fond d´un naufrage
soit
que
l´Abîme
blanchi
étale
furieux
sous une inclinaison
plane désespérément (…)
Un coup de Dés jamais n´abolira le Hasard. Stéphane Mallarmé

Si pugnare non vultis, licet fugere.
Ideo ex omnibus rebus quas esse vobis necessarias volui
nihil feci facilius quam mori.
De Providentia*, VI, 7*. Seneca

❋ CCCXLIII ❋

Against the calls of the scar in granite rocks where harbour seals plunge their haunted hums,
like stubborn guard, a lone lynx bridges the earthly hunger to reach tight shores in the universe.
Deep its sight his surveillance pierces the surface of claims under the mulch of wooden marshes,
& swift his maw bleeds the cosmic prey to spell the magic chords that squeeze the rolling moon.
Life is not a calm pond & closed the pane, shutters let light to come in the windy bubble.
At night the earthly abode shares the bare darkness where galaxies still expand across the sky.
In the star´s pilgrimage the empty hole where chemical explosions create casual a fleeting light
like a razorbill the beak drains dragged shadows like a salamander mutant rind & light goes blind.

Hovering owls mark the trail with feathered crumbs & once mapped a range, stops a wandering.
Groaning the haunting loons wail their nightly yells straight into Dutton pond to call the pilgrim.
Doomed the reddened foxes roam lost & away from their Mount Katahdi´s den.
Long was a grievous journey through global wretches, unwanted wars, & marital diatribes,
& such exposure to covetousness, might & greed, exhausts a soul when wandering lasts enough.
Time comes, & the pilgrim´s *shillelagh* shall sink in the land where sacrifice bore the eagle´s soul.

❋ CCCXLIV ❋

The grounded stones greet with their emptied souls the bitter sounds sung by whirling winds…
With Pamola´s wings & claws David bows to its fierceful mien & waits in his Kennebec´s dwelling
where the appointed milestone called for close the encounter in astral the spiritual realms…
Like the Minotaur´s ambiguous fate, Pamola´s moose semblance from intruders upholds the land,
& monstruous its blurry appearance kept bearing with tormentuous the furies of darkened skies.
At proper the time when the pilgrim reached the chosen field where the encounter must occur,
spreaded on a beaver skull mixed spider´s legs, mongoose´s nails, & deathcap mushrooms,
as sacred a reward to Kathadin´s elusive & undeadly ghosts with cosmic tight the silent knots.

Flickering the boasting flames roast a hare, after the arrow crossed the chest from arm to arm.
So do digital spaces that flood the smart screens with beating pulses to contrive poor choices,
& shortsighted the babboons that as blind the bats mistake the leash for bare the hand.
Before the current times when would seem that the looming is at hand, warning cries its chime.
Eroded the living lore one single voice sounds from both the beings that as one Pamola enounce.
Treasured the unity of diverse the souls, now the pilgrim speaks & walks as David in Dutton Road.

❋ CCCXLV ❋

In tenebrous the tunnel where the identities match loosened threads, the cosmos ties the knots.
Swooshing the swollen bats hang by the edgy thorns above whizzing their thumping radars,
to weave the obstreperous decline in democratic the infernal inequalities of source diverse,
with the rule that steers the lead in harmony with above the deftly hand that galaxies expands.
Loosen´d the hollow tunnel echoes the silent sounds of the puzzl´d mind & lithe the cosmic travel.
As celestial sharpnel the dusty spots threw loose the human race into its earthly bounds,
& unchained worldly forces gave way to crumbling shadows that feverish their lewd consumed.
In such a theater flowing seems that compliance bred crowds of easy chain´d riden puppets.

The target being our earthly short livable lives being lived as best convivialy possible,
evils that cannot be changed should in its cosmic fate be left to its own doom to perish.
Anger, hate or redress nor pays, nor the proper bow is to address what wrongly grew.
Failures in the market, unmindful or heartless, isn´t for the might of a single one to cope,
though mindful those, who warn the risk, not as blind puppets, to oppose the digitality by power,
better stand to deal with issues at hand, one at a time, with inner wisdom & peace of heart…

❋ CCCXLVI ❋

As empty the will as it may, like the hollow echoes in the cave where bats in their darkness reign,
that none but as mirror remains of the voids in dark the space that blows bloody open in the sky,
new threats lessen worse the pale residues of what »free« left could be in the human will,
in an era new of poshuman, posdemocracy, of uncontrolable technodespotism, that death denies.
What folly life this is that the sturdy bricks of techno-utopianism lead ill the quick-fix evil road,
to the data-driven delusion of sham a paradise that random swaps with algorithmic the inanity?
Bells are to toll upon vain the gale of pospolitical spate, while the bridge still fixes a chronic loop,
& untamed the gap that ambiguous the desolate duality brands in uncertain the galactic tracts…

Truths aren´t vague nor dim but unveiled, in the smoky sky & nebulous the traces of credulity,
& so ravens make sure no hound misses the target once the sight smells distinct its guise.
Blind are countless the spots that differ the reaching, but in inner the heart no mistake collapses.
No more an enlightened reason may bury the passionate drive to allow bodies assume the lead,
& give nervous the fleshy vessel to fill the unfilled gap that utopic reason misses…
David & the pilgrim so merge in timeless the spaceless horizon when silence blows the lightening.

❋ CCCXLVII ❋

Chi v´ha guidati, o che vi fu lucerna,
uscendo fuor della profonda notte
che sempre nera fa la valle inferna?
Son le leggi d´abisso cosi rotte?
o è mutato in ciel novo consiglio,
che sempre nera fa la valle inferna?
Purgatorio ,Canto I, 43-48, Dante Alighieri

Comes the paraclete to indulge the lopsided scheme when convex mirrors the paradox absorbe,
that agonic stresses orbits between the »we» & »they», that as evil treats the unequal as a threat.
Blunder is not the »they», but a lineal horizon that in cosmic the nature diverse sees what is not.
Each may make hisself a ditch to riddles sieve, in the cruise to the peak where heavens are met.
Clean the transparency of Caratunk Pond mirrors an unsolved earthly continuity with cosmic ways
& the interior lives of us all wanderers in barren the waste cities over the clayish land…
Only a single self avails to subject what erratic & drifting overflows fluttering a burdened heart,
as overspilled the waters in the plural dikes barely avoids near & far in oceanic the shipwrecks.

Underground shattered the uncertain minds, like the broken mirror that merged matters diverse,
but by Katahdi´s, unlike the soul that anew in his bosom carries the pilgrim, the wandering calls…
April´s blackened skies show the *Ursa Major´*s route, right where his snout a black bear pokes,
& a shadow appears that claims praise distinct for some that unbidden their life its will ends,
As some not assigned are to the Phlegethon river of boiling blood, where harpies keep the gates,
the pilgrim ascertained, that saved were souls whose feet land at Katahdi by bid of higher fates…

❋ CCCXLVIII ❋

Leaden bodies, like fallen crepuscules, relinquish spheres from which flee wasps to uneasy blades.
Not even stones are deprived from the moisture of organic laws in outcentred the galactic clouds,
to lure primordial the veil that covers with silence the oceanic secrecies beneath a bassoon´s scar,
& rescue spectral the cosmic bodies at the vortex where shipwrecks bewitched mermaids devour.
No earthly a soul exists in records that bodily play the titanic game under the armour of a crusade.
The faltering salamander uncovers impure solaces of tombs in timely unreachable a burning star,
in order to free from falling into sulphuric the alchemy of leaded sepulchers or broken shrouds.
None ever more dispersed the flesh naked defies is the nature where the spirit its ashes sounds.

Bestows to spoken springs to drain impurities that reflexes show of images that beings are not.
The word that worth brings to the cave where riches hide the mason, spread the unwoven thread,
& life is not but fallen a salty hunger that seasons the senses under the drossy obstacles of moist.
Elves´ care grants the ascent to aimed the peaks from which easier stands to closer be to stars,
& better helps their task if winds clean the fallen leaves that blurr the trail the ravens tossed…
Shall it not clear now become that unclouded it revealed is, who in the pilgrim´s nature arouse?

❋ CCCXLIX ❋

Stricken the rocks as stuttering the Abenaki´s shrieks calm down the skies, clear are the paths,
on the ground several the snakes scout the way ahead, & in the skies ravens also do their share.
Firm the *shillelagh* supports the bodily task & aligned the three suns show the chosen altar,
that virtuous the will may better weave with choices driven by stars within the soul…
No longer a wanderer rambler is the pilgrim, that creeps by a land unknown with warily a tread,
& the stars dry the blurring dust above to allow the moon its light woven in the mind´s design…
One by one the clusters where unknown the route all galaxies expand their fate with light,
& warped the twisted bushes under heavenly fires to cold ashes the winds blow their threat…

Boars their wild nature follow on ungraspable the venomous forest where spiders weaving´s lurk,
but the trail is ready for the hounds to show the leading & go through the gnarled risky marsh.
Not being an intruder in twisty the edgy stretch, Pamola guards the heading to safer plains,
& meditated each step becomes commited a conscious dedication to best the sense life has.
Unexcused & convinced, light his soul, no better a pilgrim drains his will in the march to the stars,
to have a well deserved ending in honour of a beginning that from the void darkness started had.

❋ CCCL ❋

In inner the meadow where mostly alone choices are made, failures likely are to be recalled,
so the moulding of the human spirit chances acquire the purpose of cosmic our lifes.
Digressions denied, indeed, sense any in the realm where our living becomes to fulfill its task,
in earthly the wandering men seek might & in their greedy ambition kill, steal &lie,
while such attachment reigns in mind & heart, lost seems any care to hear reasons diverse.
Men alien never were to nature & its cosmic dwelling, from which we came to which we return.
Such is the fate that forgotten fouls the better life human´s existence may in its journey receive,
& the more men alienates himself in his self centred myopic sight the faster his plunging falls.

Kennebec & Penobscot drift their furies into the Atlantic, alike the Adige his into the Adriatic seas,
& the draining shows how the living nature flows not out of whim, but out of perceived purposes,
likewise life´s choices the senses have that dwell in the life within, be it for old or young alike.
Romeo & Juliet did what fate expected their wills to choose, & so David did & Max Veronesi too.
What reason won´t handle the loved ones minds, inquiring requires to fit the flowing to ground
right there where unease the mind needs what normal holds never the soul´s restlessness…

❋ CCCLI ❋

Ante omnia cavi, ne quid vos teneret invitos; patet exitus.
De Providentia, VI, *6.* Seneca

Proven that bearing succeeds,
sense useless & lost is more to bear,
& need precedes not…
then virtue sovereign the will it rules.
Step forward, Seneca dixit,
granted is the end!
From hearsay to hearsay

Like ever & always relying on the blackthorn his hands tightly grip as firm spiritual support,
walks the pilgrim through the most darkened of the earthly nights afflicted his grave concerns,
about life´s heavy ladened, burdensome & unbearable grief that certainly a refuge demands…
Torches bond the unlit blindness to a will unworthy of the purpose based on higher a living sense.
How much wrong may possibly do the uncommitted who long his life spends in scruples vain?
Who values life for its unchangeble honour´s worth, open the choice holds to end it for good,
that nature´s decision excludes not the proper one that corresponds to he who his worth asserts.
Death be welcome & not despised by a fired gun when brings cleaner an end than inhuman vice.

To ashes fire must burn the coveted source of greed, & stained the skies the warmongers charge!
Exitus patet … like in the door where the purging takes place to relief find at some point,
saved are those who chose civic their freedom to poorly enslaved to arbitrary whims their life.
Welcome be & shall them like the dead who relief from undeservedly an unfair treatment endure.
Praise & rejoice then, & pity not the gone whose parting freed them from ungrounded their grief,
even though those who miss yearn their living more than the honour that duly was preserved… !

❋ CCCLII ❋

As honoured a life value shows in sought the purpose its fact may it entail, the sense is the quest,
& the disclaimer its avail grows to become more than corpses thrown in life to lastly for ever die.
Not in vain the early trail showed lessons on wandering in the lower grounds of the human soul:
deceiving is a denial of cosmic the universal cycles & descending brings no enhancement true.
As dark is where the being matter comes, once the breath fills with gases the existing beginning,
things purpose & sense all a fate in their presence do fulfill to choose for a feline the ride…
The music in clustered the galactic spheres an inner drive their steering obey to a command above
whose unwritten destiny to the clue subjects bare the matter, instincts, will & reason to comply…

Unbothered a self esteem grants not true to admit the midget misery of the short living our lapses
that even lavender, forget-me-nots, & watermeals, fairy wasps, diatoms & eukaryotes play alike,
like chamber music in bass clef, bassoon & trombone draw undertaken by value seek the roots…
Here is where barren days count, as fruitful if the mind settles to graces from elsewhere received,
& safe the leaning its fingerprint mark the aim of the mould that hollow the will to comply refuses
though hands divine nature its grace becomes like coral atolls in deeper reefs of grateful souls…

❋ CCCLIII ❋

As certain as a lizard that in a sunny day comes out of its rocky nest, the pilgrim outlasts its fate.
Seeing prevails under guidance that beyond human the ethical standard simplifies the greater aim
as estranged the living reminds of the barren sands or empty stars, divine certain blessings awaits.
Beyond the caplet of individual a self belittled being, a whole grandeur expects the attached soul,
Thundering a self replicates vows drained where peristaltic reacts out there the essence found,
among discardable the lifes that market profits offer to greedy the beaver on the river flows,
as if perceiving were all that observed may be there to deem in senseless the senses lost…
Where will the master clock guide excitement that the will arise to bleed newer the life detained?

Collapse occurs with no certain a pattern to rule rage in storms as a compass its command groans,
while hawks draw near to disentangle wanderings in vain among the stars in the inner soul.
The bear inside undresses the puppet that unreal bugles call to defy what fate surmounts,
& oceanic the symphonies under cosmic upheaval glide above with owl´s hovering unconstrained.
A choir of cut-off genes align deeds where unreached a meld the will drives to life´s accord,
in merged the living a multilayered causes explains what refused molecules the guide resists…

❋ CCCLIV ❋

Cleaner the burrowed mind draws debris from the marshy clouds in caulky the rubbers of disdain.
This under the full moon´s early days of April´s forecast, the tide grows high & enfolds the steps
Assumed it be may declared that from blackened source cosmic the expanded matter is,
dark the energies remain unobserved to any worldly eye in the cold matter that stars yet deny…
No lens allows confirming deeper senses hidden behind images that appear under secret fields.
Who knows more than any in the early unknown how gases grew in bubbles that in fire combine,
nor how liquid came or oxygen in quasars that from powering from the holes a womb expels…
Where does so much bursting derives in the soul´s path as eagles surveil the distant clouds?

Such is the pilgrim´s task that to be fulfilled under Aries vast the hardships were fought afar.
Once in the struggle a compass was missed that pitiful the human misery confused the eye,
but in the forest that wild the urban hell showed vicious the mistaken profits of evil minds,
the inner radar in the cosmic will freed from sharing decay to the chosen souls in loosened wars.
Brought down the Blackhawk in Kandahar, who survived outlived to witness ways better in life,
& in Katahdi, Pamola welcomes his soul in otherworldly realms that in Caratunk´s falls arise…

❋ CCCLV ❋

In the hunting the pilgrim severed not within the yearning a squander could have lost his task…
So much the proper learning increases the scorn to disdain delirious the desire for false goals,
& thus rejoice on inward the goods that growth aligns in the soul shining with stars at night,
so that wholesome his being dies not to frivolous the undermining of faculties in worldly night,
& widens the way for a will to dive unhindered along where targets wait to bestow being to good.
Best is already reached when need no longer there is to reach what best is wished !
No longer a dark matter is feared when in human our bubbles when sight uncovers its inner sky,
& a liturgy assures that our ritual entails a call to dismiss experiences untrue to truthful a thirst…

Followed the track, after fractured a worldly stance, the pilgrim met David & merge cosmic mind
unstable a flood, saved were only those who mystically Noah´s Ark join´d in mesopotamic seas,
& forty centuries behind the lesson copied that collapse failed to perish in unwondered the land…
Surrendered to unwasted a threatening plague wars declined in the quest to bequeath our realm,
as if humbly indeed a savannah becomes a garden from which the curse of pride expelled a man.
Holy the Katahdi mount dispels the struggles vain that unworthy trounces battles to be fought…

❋ CCCLVI ❋

Brings the gliding creed the pilgrim to Cape Neddick back, from where a light brought in candles,
& the heart where consummated the cosmic union in its centre merges the part with the whole,
as outwardly none value better were as the inner likeness where reason dwelt in warm the heart.
Before the inner altar placed in Maine´s woods, the chalice filled is with holy the pond´s waters…
The days to come need not better sense to seek, when absolute duly the sense reveals its coming,
to them whose light needs not to reached, nor to be expected in hopes, for already light they be…
How not to laud even so short the lived life, when inscrutable an unfathomable the veil obscures
as the riddle doomed is unrevealed to hidden endure at sights short from mysteries to gain?

Recluses transcend prosthetic the capsule when into the inner sight the whole its word collapses,
& in accord sounds replicate ethereal the music in scores yet unready the fate to achieve.
In current the worldly affaires the sting shows that most all the marks are failed & missed,
& such reality explains why the dislocated humanity is purposeless driven lest each his own saves.
All that exists & what existed before the flood or sulphuric the rains, marks the exodus to try,
& to recover in humble retreat from praxis that lead wrong the pathway to unselfish the realm…

❋ CCCLVII ❋

Back in Cape Neddick, where Luisa her soul distant frees before Nubble the far-flung lighthouse,
redeemed the quest with experiences that hallowed allow hollows to abound in holy a rain,
imbibe what written in the spirit was marked with saintly blood that heals the soul…
Unreal as any imaginary a story may become, the trace shall be left to delve into twinkling light.
Espiritual the necropsic undertaking in unseen the surgical fingers from high the abode,
shown had, that under global & local the living disgraces are set up by unworthy the ruling few,
that followed seem to remain by the manifold of rabble that in multitudes conspire,
explain how we men either conform without discern, or recur to musings or our own concern.

The way claims that struggles not all be chosen to fight are worth for the judicious mind…
At some point the reason cleanses what the will in journey to choose may have at hand,
for as long as one may consider if the choice becomes lastly bare of fleshly cause
or is there a force as dark as the source from which clustered galaxies their cosmic flare decide,
still woven in our living being what leaves us human is the beliefs we held in inner our cell.
Sapiens may we all be, though baboons or neardenthal some in their behaviour linger may…

❋ CCCLVIII ❋

Journeys last as long as transformed our breathing ceases & our ruin stellar dust becomes…
Glories recite those who mourn when grateful the heart blesses the life that truly honours being.
While no piece is ever *au par* with absolute the sublime canon which fails the chord´s score,
the measure shall deemed be by how so engaged the living cause is lived to fulfill the trust
or how small the tiniest fault digress from tolerant margins of genuine the honest range…
Happiness come may, not because it sought is pursued, but by sheer being what being requires.
Gratefully the heart blesses the cosmic wonders to which not by chance our coming was called;
at last cares less immortal the after living, than doing what must be done while the living lasts.

Hear at this stance the voice that redeems in the intended missings that to the mark it fails.
The pilgrim´s *shillelagh* supports the trip to fit the choice in Penobscot or in York alike,
& serene the traces lay behind that the road was followed tied to the scepter of truth´s realm.
As anxious the travelling begun, after a broad expanse of loosend the soul amidst fouling doubts,
the return provides slim the reasoned chances to live with better light the lasting life.
Sharp shall fit the divide that mistaken the most devour, & the few are saved from dark *sheol*…

❋ CCCLIX ❋

The bridge was closed between hunger & the heaven´s shores. Lone the lynx did his chore.
The trail was cleared by docile ravens that in accord conjured spells that obscured the path.
Weren´t the hounds who spoored the mysteries behind the dual mien of the Minotaur?
Three were the suns that aided the inner journey when the moon hid its candle from the soul.
This is still not solely an indifferent & darkened world leaned & led by fate & random wild.
Ours is a cosmic cluster of forces that meet in accord to wills that hit their target on the mark.
Once the ritual trail banished & dispelled the curse thoroughly clear the sight sought afar.
From eternal the heavenly lighthouse came silent the steady whispers & the altar was risen off…

How would an amygdala determine to bare grinding fears that keep hassling your lingering soul?
Not ever alone are the lonely souls that see what eyes aren´t meant to see in voids the sounds,
precisely when the clue states which was the hole that hints the shadow where the nail was sunk.
Now better is known how truth can better meaning bring than the absences that fill up a well…
Countless times humankind sits aloof on its own shipwreck until the finger clasps the cue beneath,
& destinies get cleared up under lifestyles that purposeless live submissive to displaced tasks…

❋ CCCLX ❋

At home the chalice is served & meese guard the temple where the pilgrim meets Luisa´s abode.
She had let not the sun go down upon her grieving heart for beneath she peered in behind,
& learnt she did that under the fleecy woolen skin wolves ready were to throw the witch…
Sneering such wolves, their clothing deceive most, unless they warned be of ravenous their snout;
but the reeking of their stealthy traces misguides not the wary souls protected by heavenly cloak.
Now the nomad may rest assured the inner treasure shall settle rested in an ark divine,
cleansed the path, cleansed the soul, cleansed the doubts & cleared up the way to open truths.
Risen to cosmic sources the strings longer need had not to hold flesh to cleansed a living soul…

Concord lives in fields of reed, lavender & birch walls, where nothing mars caring depths,
as the clavichord glides tunes of joyful the unreachable spheres as crystals that lighten its hues.
In the attic the cone lets its shell protect what acquired was in cumbersome the fruitful trail.
It is midnight. Its request was fulfilled. The lore of haunted thoughts swelled its drupe.
The stem holds beneath the bark the wisdom unfolded to ready the mindful wandering of a soul.
So the garden shall well be kept by the gardener as seasons let ready the hands water the realm…

San Bartolo, April 6, 2026

This book, finished on the first days of April 2026, and illustrated by July 2026, by the author, was finally printed on October 1st, of the year of the Lord 2026, the day when Saint Andrew, The-Fool-for-Christ, at the fourth hour of the night had the vision of the Theotokos, while the community gathered in the Church of Blachernae, which is now a days remembered as Αγία Σκέπη της Θεοτόκου.

In a world drowned in noise, greed, and false certainties, a pilgrim sets out with a broken compass and a heart burdened by memory.

Through darkness, temptation, loss, and deception, he searches for the truth hidden beneath the ruins of his own mind. Along the way, he must confront the forces that distort human thought, feed conformity, and turn freedom into illusion.

But the journey is also one of remembrance. The loss of a beloved life becomes a mirror, and the past begins to speak through echoes, shadows, and forgotten places. As the pilgrim searches for meaning, he is forced to question who he is, what remains after death, and whether truth can still be found beneath the noise of a changing world.

At the edge of darkness, a light waits. The lighthouse becomes a symbol of truth, direction, and the recovered center of the soul.

Lore of the haunted thoughts at midnight 's request is a poetic and philosophical journey through memory, grief, truth, power, technology, and the enduring human search for illumination.

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