

Tyranny

This is the festival of despair. Let's commemorate these genocides.

I have populated Adam's city.
I have freed you from night and day.

What do you want from the break of dawn? What do you want from the bed of dreams?

I have gouged out eyes.
I have strangled the necks of dreams.

You Should Get on with Your Business

Why mention that day now when the heart will smash into pieces and sorrow will be erased.

What was mined will be lost what was never unearthed will be found.

This is like the first day, like the first day of desire,

which I longed for and was afraid of. That day came around many times.

A hundred times made and unmade. A hundred times stolen and strewn.