

The Twist

A.A. Bondy

I see these creatures in tired action
I hold the blade with the midnight arm
 My brother dreams in real violence
 My brother, dreaming through the red
In ritual positions, I kneel before his love
 Far away from the world
I follow all these signs and wonders
 I walk on by the suicide doors
 Under the stars in animism
 I'll hold the mirror for the ghost
In ritual positions, I kneel before his love
Sometimes in benediction, a mouth to sing the flood
 Far away from the world

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