

# Whoracle

## In Flames

I often dream of huge numb buildings  
jet-black sinister architecture  
being installed when nobody sees  
Their appearance so sudden  
that few would take notice And when I wake up  
I imagine being crushed by one  
imagining its weight its silence  
and the absence of excuses for a havoced life  
and the privilege of a 22-kilometre tombstone Jotun A body of black  
that carried no reflection  
defying its own room  
un-earthly eggs of decreation There would be colonies  
mushroom-scattered forever out of context  
rising spores from a dying world  
to pollute to chase away what's left Sun-white pulverised desert stone  
and serpentine lizard mouths  
Pales away the pyramids  
rewriting 4500 years of history  
raping the statue of liberty  
outplays the acropolis  
inverting the fjords  
invades the n y skyline to  
dream its own existence in one single final word Jotun Can we identify them  
as the flint buried in our reptile skulls  
or the time-bomb coded in our dna

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