

Minion of the Gypsies

The New York Room

in the tomb of my desire
sleeps the ghost, burns the fire
of days gone by
the lost dominionshe is the one with four faces
metal wings and the traces
of tears that dried
she is the minionshe needs nothing and no one
she has seen and will become
all that we are
in her creationall we want is forbidden, then hidden from us
she will give back what they have taken
and break the chainswhen she reveals, when she appears
when we are saved
when she returns, when she is real
when we are safethe palest angel of this earth
has taken shape, has given birth
to ways gone by
the last dominiontaste the curse of the gypsy
kiss her mouth and now kiss me
the priestess lied
now you are forgivenold men and the books they hold sacred
give into the hatred
of feelings that died
the trumpets have sounded

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