

Chalice of Lunar Blood

Lux Occulta

Come! Come closer...
You, o Beauty, dressed in moonlight
and the snakeheads of ivy leaves
entwined your white neck...
Come! Come here...spit on me, spit on me
for I am the dust under your feet
unexpected and unwanted, I am your portrait,
water and salt, air to breatheCome closer...
let's climb to the sky
to heights of ecstasy
to hell and backand then
I put on your tongue
one little drop of my sperm
it's bitter
tastes like old bread
tastes like stone
tastes like painblinded by the red suns of yur nipples
gropingly looking for a source of light
I find the spring of sacred wine
pour me somecrown my pillar with your living flesh
and I will bless you with my semen
be my wueen of enraptured love
priestess of the black summer nightjewels of my sperm illuminate your misty crown

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