

The Triangle (Prayer, Sonnet, Throne)

Christ Agony

[prayer]

[sonnet]

Care-chamber sleeps, sonne of the sable night, brother to death, in silent darkness borne...

Relieue my languish, and restore the light, with dark forgetting of my cares returne.

And let the day be time enough to morne, the shipwrack of my illaduanted youth...

Let waking eyes suffice to wayle theyr scorne, without the torment of the night untruth.

Cease, dreams, th'yimagery of our dayes desires, to modell foorth the passions of the morrow...

Never let rising sunne approve you lyers, to adde more griefe to aggravat my sorrow.

Still let me sleepe, imbracing clowdes in vaine, and never wake, to feele the days disdayne.

[throne]

The purple of the moonlight throne

desecrated with blood

abode the apostles in madness

The might possessed heretics

only the dark ritual is libirated...

The ornament of moon's beauty

In it - my semen will give birth

to the glory of the night

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