

Mini aC

ДОЖДЬ

ЗВЁЗДНЫЙ

WebAvidior



Henry Wald

Roy part 2.

As chattering spots of rain begin to fall,
All dashed up by good cutting morning blades,
Maria Stern completes her final halt,
Upon which Roy steps out into the street.
And targetless like all good people are,
He dots around a bit, then down a lane
That winds all claustrophobic, thin and long,
Removed from all the petty crash of slicers.

Between constricting push of tower blocks,
Beneath the cramped and cage-like balconies,
The lane leads Roy into a dark'ning gut
That seems to swallow all the city noise.
And half expecting cries of gurdyloo
Or wagon men to haul the dead away,
He makes his way through stink and awful dark,
Basking in his free and gridless journey into blue.

The darkness here is thick,
All thick, thick, thick, like honey.

The balconies above him block the sky,
So cramped, no shred of light can penetrate.
With every corner turned, the darkness grows,
'Til all he sees is prisoner's cinema.
With every forward step the buildings close
Around him, 'til the lanes' a shoulder's width
Though sheltered from the spotty rain above,
The ground below's become a grey wet sludge.

The air is thick and oily, still and warm,
The kind of stink that curls in your nose.
And all the while, Roy thinks of turning back,
But darkness, silence, such as this is rare.
And anyway, th' event horizon's passed,
He's crawling towards the singularity.
Just as the buildings 'round him start to crush,
He spots, before him, an impossibly small hatch, with sweet,
yellow hinges.

The hinges creak a creak -
All thick, thick, thick, like honey.

ThessTicket
ΕΠΑΝΑΦΟΡΤΙΖΟΜΕΝΟ ΕΙΣΙΤΗΡΙΟ



ac

have

50 €

zwischen den leeren Augen und der Wirklichkeit

A friend had said to Roy, one endless night,
When hours seemed to queer and stretch to years,

"The day before your day of days,
On which you'll bless the time,
Awaken at a blade-sharp hour
And board Maria's line.
She'll take you on a journey, blue
Until it starts to rain,
Then get off at the nearest stop
And there you'll find a winding lane."

Revolving 'round the bottom of a glass,
Retelling maudlin stories from their parts,
While chucking tragic stomach on the tiles,
They burnt away a night in several years.
And on, and on, and on, and on, and on,
And God, if you could grant me this one wish,
And Splutter-Cuttard Flashed all on the floor
Like chattering spots of shame, that melanoma pools formed.

Confused and blue from many years of drink,
Our Roy could scarce make heads or tails of what
His friend had told him hours, months ago,
And Maple, was her name, refused to tell.
Well, queer and stretch and liquid spiralled more
Until our Maple, foaming like a dog,
Collapsed into the melanoma pools
And quickly liquified, as from her mouth, all shameful
Colour drooled.

From out the pools emerged a morning blade,
That poured its sickly light all over Roy,
While next to him was liquid Maple, grey,
As if she'd been that way for several years.
Revealing, now, in gushing voice of God,
That took the form of light and not of sound,
The brilliant things that lie beyond the lane,
And full of colour were these brilliant promised things.

unten
adl timbro

FEINSC
30 g



3 086126 789880