

Osiris, Osiris, this Earth's quaked Haiti, 0

written by Adolf Alzuphar | August 19, 2021



Da, motion, Da, devotion, Da, Dan, Dan m,
That earth has made river of me of thought
Ati-dan but I've neither mind nor root in mine
Ati-dan I know to speak in tongue
Ati-dan will I awake form this house
This earth that has made river of me
I kite, that there is gravity
I lay at its banks
Honor honor honor
I have not seen the seven colors
Drink from a jug of water
My fingers free of rings
My question marks leaves
Neither have I assembled
Mirror, jug, comb
Honor honor honor
I come to question the parallels
The tangents
The repository of bones

Like a fire
That, thus, and
Where I have stood
Red from my own being
Unknown to philosophy
Honor honor honor
What will become of me?
Of us?
Now of fire
Now of smoke
Shattered
Honor Honor Honor
I am me myself as such shattered
Shattered shuttered mother colors
Emptiness and form shattered
Before behind amidst a door
Floored, fickle, blistering of blooming puss
Maya an illusion how could I be
This as if these images are flowers
Honor honor honor
Where mounds are present and past
I ask for life
From both womb and tomb
From Sun and moon
From the waters.