

Nine Wishes

Atrox

Deep down in a smiling bucket swimming clouds.
If it was up to me this house would be almost seven hundred years old and more than thirteen kilometres tall.
I would sit in a rocking chair, creaking along with an out-of-tune piano and an orchestrion that always tricks me with ever-changing tempo
I'd be able to walk in the ceiling. I would eat nebula for supper. I would wear a necklace made of strung hailstones.
The well outside would be an eye that stares itself blind at the moon. The water would sob. There would be two winds moaning.
The shadows would converge when the clock struck twenty-five.
Oh how I wish I could walk about on the walls. And how I wish there were more hours in a night:
When I can't wish for more - the vision of scarabees crackling mandrake roots in soil breathing ghosts of worms and scolopendras
haunting you with their fumes of horror till your soul tears your body apart and escapes.