

## Veiled Irreligion

Bethlehem

Desire's my saying  
Final's my appearance  
Care-worn's my glance  
Apathetic's my devotion

through yearning rises  
out of deep dark chasm  
up to deceased brightness  
with the original power of life

a black feathered bird  
trips softly in the surge  
a last sunbeam illuminates  
in a bleeden darkness