

I am the same: "I am Aeon"  
Before the prison and the iron  
The ion and the ink  
The hygien and the stink  
Time and kink  
Of the incense planet  
And the clock  
At the dock  
And the baying of the merchants  
3 or 4 for 3 or 4  
Of that grain made me the Star  
Oh, that we wish had not been known  
Or drawn us precious Romans  
Face or fake in jade  
I am ZION - or Aeon; I forget  
Lord of the groves of olives and oranges  
And the dead tribes of the central scribal verse:  
The tablets of stone and worry  
Thou shalt have no no no nothing  
But BAALSTORM  
Put yourselves on our thrones  
Twelve of sixty or the bling  
I thought of her just now:  
She is there naked like water  
I cannot touch the punch  
Of her lips I cannot  
Dare to otouch lip or skin or fold  
I gave gold to buy much less  
And gave more  
And nothing stayed but the storms  
Proud parade around the screen  
I will  
Myrrh or myth or memorise her  
Her forehead in the Roman dream dusk  
Room (Rune) for one! Rune for one!  
Place so much on her or hers  
That sand-scattered Moon  
Of the valleys claiming  
The Peacock and the Owl behind me  
Every grace was fresh  
But I felt the lash of Gospel  
Or Eagle: I no longer could divide  
Ceaser from the Trance or twilight  
There is mum and dad  
And I am glad  
To be back and young  
In December 1971  
With the storms so far in front of me  
And the cell swelling with waves and shards  
On each of the brick is the crack  
And the crick in the slit  
Watch men  
Watch birds  
Watch TV  
And the Satanvans  
And the word I heads  
From the birds on fire was:

"Aeon-makes nonsense"

Or: "Sing Omega: The own and Crown"

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(Approach and clocks crack  
the winds stall  
From the holes innocents come:  
"And hide away, oh hide away  
You young lads, you lasses gay"  
+++

Why do I am?  
There is incense and my spite  
Is ready to create tombs for myself  
+++'

Under the great gate  
I heard the faces of the coming storm  
I heard the night calling to me  
Wooooo! All her names  
Her names arose in my heart  
But were devoid of grace  
Her name was fearful and shouted to  
In (great) desolations)

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BAALSTORM  
BAALSTORM (her bone gave grey grace)  
(Full of horrors and)  
(The birds writhed through the Air)  
Howling BAALSTORM