

## Moonlight, Or Other Dreams, Or Other Fields

Current 93

caught when i was still a child  
by a terrible vision of my Christ  
and caught in the throat by your signs and tears and goodbyes

i picked me up  
and walked too far  
with thought of no return  
and not to see your face again and drowning all my hopes  
and wishing no longer upon stars

believing  
no longer in moonlight  
or other dreams or other fields  
upon all of which we so beautifully play  
i saw a waste of all

and so i put away  
all talk of death's heads  
and a little glimpse is a bloodblossomed force  
and all talk of apocalypse

Apocraphon and Apollyon  
Abaddon  
all abandoned  
then i saw in myself the bowl and a gun  
and the glory that was to come