

Winds of Creation

Decapitated

in the beginning there was chaos
in which the germ of the beginning and the rights
they emerged from the tangled elements
not brightness, not human being but dusk
from which earth and day came into existence
brightness- a daughter of darkness, not of spirit
the black sky without its jewels stars
gave the glory to its father with brilliance
first parents Erebus-night, eternal night
and their fruit, mankind, constrains the tribe
the toys of elements, the children of dreams
their gods are only illusions
human rights crushed in the fingers of the might
long centuries the sleep of mother earth
the sleep so coloured real but fog woven
and awakening will come from dusk