

Parallel Gods

Deivos

I recognize a god in myself, a powerful blood-curdling spirit
I cross the constellations, empowering the impulse and I know
In two dimensions or maybe more
I see many of myself or maybe none
Three of you or maybe six
I will confess but where?
I'm made of dust of those who fall in front of me

I'm falling in space, along and around
A hundred million suns behind me

But it is dark as if there is none

In the black light of the universe you do not cast a shadow
In the black light of the universe I do not see you

In two dimensions or maybe more
I see many of myself or maybe none
Three of you or maybe six
I will confess but where?
I'm made of dust of those who fall in front of me, I will fall
into dust