

Inside the deep forests  
Of dolor, where I  
Secretly hide my weepings,  
where I conceal my dreads...

The snake is slumbering  
Like a dead limb,  
I am cold in your body...

I penetrate into your wounds  
where eyes are watching for me,  
numb gapings, threshold  
With no borders,  
oblivion of flesh and mourning...

Small mimetic animal,  
I wander through your recesses  
tasting like salt flower...

Flesh cathedral, I dissect your entrails,  
dreadful irradiated fate,  
where I consider the real shape  
of the circle, thousand times...