

## Tracing the Path of Blood

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I dig the soil with my bare hands  
I open circular wounds  
Craters of worms and broken nails  
I dig off those marble columns  
Extensions of my roots  
Will fit in there  
I look them deep down  
Till I feel them pulsing within

From each crack that opens up  
Warm dark blood rivers out  
I get my chest soaked in  
Summoning rebirth  
I chain myself to this primordial mud

My fingers like tentacles  
Spread to the light above  
Eyes are sealed  
In beloved silence my mind wonders  
Dragging lies and slimy shadows with each step

When the core is reached  
The bleeding stops  
I now stand still like a centenary tree  
Burnt inside  
Burning all that lies around

And when daily demons finally shrink in  
A vortex of gold leaves erupts in return

I inhale dozens of them  
Choking from this grace  
I puke black bile  
Drawing mandalas in the thick air

My eyes take fire  
Neck cracks back  
Forcing my face to the clouds  
It rains

My orbits are now steaming holes  
Getting slowly filled with peace  
Layers and layers of shining waves  
Find their way to my heart  
Ice meeting fire lights up the mind  
Till blackness is put at ease

And when distortion fades  
Flames get rest  
Tracing the path of blood  
I align a step after another  
And I'll keep the rhythm till the source is reached

My inside is out  
Floating  
The outside is in  
Digging

Tuned with soil and clouds  
I'm one with myself again