

The Religion Of The Blood-Red Velvet

Eucharist

A blackened night
stared like dying eyes through the window
I was still awake
as a body rose before me
A boy in small age
embraced the velvet
in which he had created

His eyes enriched the beauty
of all imaginations

My wife entered the room
She was not able
to spell her delight
She took him to her breast
I wiped of my tears
The blood-red velvet now became
a symbol of life in my vocabulary
I covered the whole building with it
so that all would know
that there is life

The religion of the blood-red velvet

He grew with a crown upon his head
and made belief and love for him strong
Like a way to honour my creativity
he wrote the religion of the blood-red velvet