

## Artifacts of the Black Rain

### In Flames

Stood there leaning to the city moon,  
Casting silhouettes tall to grip her white rooms  
The black-clad voyeur in his black-clad masque  
In the serpentine sun of tragedy basked

Stood there cursing at the soul-dead mass  
With their fabled illusions, the vain dreams that passed  
Splinters of a life rushing by in the whirl  
Alone, silent warrior in a fantasy world

He cried for night / but night could not come  
So, swept in the shroud of misanthropia he went away  
And fed the empty galleries  
With the artifacts of the black rain  
Sunken into the shadows with a dry, sardonic smile

He made the footprints a part of his heart  
To rouse a sacred confrontation

Stood there carving on the monument to lies  
Digging of the Earth, making friends with the soil  
As the all-mother rises and bares her bleeding thighs  
He disappears into her cold, icy womb