

Here I am
I have taken form again
This time it seems to be holding
Forced out of a body and into another
This is the sequence of the fall
It is October now and I can here the deep things of the earth s
hudder
They sense my presence as my spirit glides in and out of the sk
eletal framing soon... soon it will be a solid heart... although
still a dead thing
Sinews wrapped around, eyes that see out of muscles and the bui
lding of blue veins still a dead thing...
I have been called here by numbers and words... the mausoleum so
old and yet so young
I have been here before...
What is this new Orleans> San Francisco? London.... I wait and th
en it comes to me
Ahhhh yes.... this is an old city atop a hill in middle Europe...
I can smell the patina of crumbling wallpapers and fungus growi
ng up out of cement

The dome of old monarchs
The housing of their antiquities I will horde it all again...
But first... I will taste the blood as it is offered
They will soon find me and encroach upon me like bugs to a fres
h carcass they call me so many names and whisper it like a pray
er
But I am not their God..., I am destruction.... I am just a mistak
e with a hungry disposition for survival
See the gloaming rise between the dark maples
See the moon almost full, showering down needles of silver juic
es that fill my senses and give me strength
I am the imposter
I am one who does not sleep
It is October now
And I can finally breathe again
Still A Dead thing...