

## Anchoress in Furs

### The Ruins of Beverast

Forced to pause amid the breath of petrified nostrils  
Beastlike, primeval, looming  
A golden crown and raiment weigh heavy up his path  
Where opulence is ballast rise the corridors of savagery

Feeleth it not a touch of a pale hand  
Heareth it not a warning chant  
No maw so eager to swallow tongues in abjection  
A grotesque mating dance  
No nakedness so hostile

Chased uphill between silent monstrosities  
Minatorially echoing isolation  
Limbs wounded and basted with the salt of the mountain  
The grimace of God's instinct is beautified here  
And she shall not relent...

A prayer for death as a poem to the stars  
Gold dust trickles through hands that reached towards the night  
sky  
A rotten heart of greed is buried tonight  
Forsaken uner rock, becoming clouds  
Bonfires fed with remains of fortune  
Let them be seen from afar!

Chasten us all and never soothe the mountain  
"Sie waren wie große Vögel und dann waren die Trompeten zu hören. Und mitten in der Finsternis entstand ein weißer Schein Entsetzlich kalt! Ich dachte: Jetzt zerbricht die Erde in Himmel und Hölle! Und dazwischen: Nebel! Undurchdringlicher Nebel! Der Nebel ist gut, sonst würden wir sehen was wir nicht erwarten."