

## Sharks That Circle

Zozobra

Death descending  
In silver screams  
They hide under a shield  
made of clear glass

—  
—

They tower high over hills  
(The Valley stretched)?

No Ropes  
No Nooses  
The guillotine begins its fall

No skulls  
No corpses  
The name in blood of conquered souls

Bow down to your  
liquid form

Don't be deceived

Devour lights

—

The sharks that circle here  
Have tamed their kill

No Ropes  
No Nooses  
The guillotine begins its fall

No skulls  
No corpses  
The name in blood of conquered souls

Swallowing light

Glorious day

—

With such a sound  
the death of (stars?)

They rise and take you  
Like ghostships always do