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The Possessed

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The Possessed

The sun converts into a gauzy moon,
the moon of my life that is! All shadow, all fumes—
I'm so fucking exhausted, Felix.

And yet I love you! And if you want today,
like an eclipse of sorts, like a phenomenon,
we can enter our madness again, enter the tomb
of the surging crowd and it will be good.

Look at your eyes, those chandeliers.
Look at mine, my brother. I'm compelled by
some overwhelming lust, some morbid, thrilling pleasure.

Black night. Red dawn. You can be
whatever you want me to be. There's not a fiber
in my body that doesn't cry for you,
cry—*Oh my dear Satan, je t'adore!*