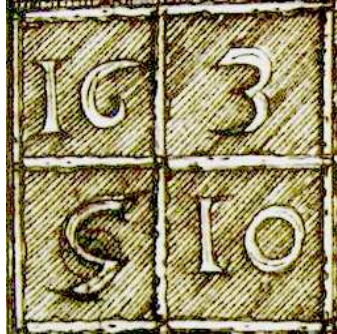


Saturn Magic

by mazaher, 2010



SALVS

Inside the magic square
of the white poplars
In this sweltering night
I step and lay
So that my soul be fed at last
Of happiness,
And the accomplishing of hope.



VALETVDO

Inside the magic square
of the white poplars
In this sweltering night
I step and lay
So that my soul be cured at last
Of weariness,
And the waning of all hope.

The moon goes down
toward the horizon
opaque in silver mist.
It's almost done, my life,
my task almost complete.

And then?
Then nothing.
I hope that it won't itch.

COPIA



And then?
Then nothing.
I hope that it won't itch.

PAX



In The Moonlight
Before The Apocalypse

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