Altar of Plagues, Burnt Year

Beating bright and in the eye, the isles of the body they turn. They are shaped by the flood, the onset of a blindness. Leeched, and wearied, unfolding somewhere else. It is gone and the body is stood blind. Back through, a dirge, a remedy and a fever. Borders sketched without song. A child was buried here. Here, my son was buried. And God danced around the coffin. and we danced with your God. and I watched my mothers body, raped by a prophet. I watched my son die.