

The 3rd And The Mortal, Myriad Of Peep-Holes

The nimbus of the moon
Resting on a bitch - dark sky
Pierced by a needle
A myriad of peep - holes
Illuminating
The moist earth against my ear
Hear the moles industrious search for a lair
Who throws the serpents swimming in the air

By the birches
Wings are trembling
The beetle buzzes
Waving its feelers
Come drink with me
The moonbeams will make us reel
Who throws the serpents dancing in the air