

Alien

something

tugging at me

I'm leaving for a better place

far beyond this world

maybe we'll all be together

at that desolate place

maybe somewhere where sun and moon have

space stations and you can move, amongst

(Hr Giger) aliens and strange phenomena

maybe we're all in this together as some sort

of bubble where we can all rejoice

at say tomorrow

maybe the three of us will surmount those horses

galactic intermission

where space and time has no meaning

maybe we can dismount those places

and enter seventh dimensional hexagons

or a palace built of stone

where inside a woman with hands lika Shiva

(moon crescent and eyes like octagonals) resides

we need to get out of the clutches of the monsters

and the clutches of chuthul'hu

we have been prisoners for so long

when will we be free

touching nothing but dark space

limitless

no boundaries unscathed monsters see us through

we ride the snake towards the end

yeah the end

space station

no answer no reply

the space cargo is in the ship

that leaves with silence in the universe

blockades none signals towards undetected planets
the woman inside can concieve with gods
the eagle god gets her pregnant
willows trees in space has gotten leaves
past Pluto Mars and Jupither
past solar systems and past the grace of a God
blinded temporary
hands hold eyes meet
and shut and inside the massive oceans, the wide
terminal space

ends and begins
and I can see the big space fish open his mouth wide
to swallow stars
Space child Baby jane

born to rule her tribe
mysterious beings in brown skin
with a swirlie on their foreheads

Baby Jane was born of human and hybrid alien
death alone can terminate the fetus from the sacred walls of the womb
stars have gathered themselves for a suicide plan
to burn out explode in a cascade of colours

we are waiting for the lord
to save us

he´+s holding the blanket we pull over ourselves

one two contact

no contact

lost in space.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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