

## **LOVE, IF I COULD FEVERISHY**

Love, if I could feverishly  
Submerge you letter by letter  
In the impossible sea  
Of your first identity,  
The world would behold  
Without honours or plots,  
Without cynical emotions  
And noble hollow words,  
Where prayers and chants  
Would be quiet in the arena  
Of the grandiloquent circus  
Of the flag-waving gods.

Christmas is coming,  
Those chosen by the system,  
Greedily consume,  
Our peace is on offer.  
In the land of oblivion  
The star never peeped out,  
In slums and suburbs  
It's a tedious and slow night.

**Fullness in the Mirror (1993-2005)**