

WAR

Grandiose and horizontal fields

Where men break their skulls

Building a cold pyramid

Of bone and ivory.

And spotlights ravish the night

As sirens sound:

Sirens of death,

Sirens of pain,

Sirens that stick their knife-like profile

In the most fluid blood

That lurks in the attic.

And several golden catapults

Throw to the four winds:

Fear, anguish and loneliness.

Dawn Breaks and the Wind Tangles your Hair (1980-1992)