

**And I end the prose**

and I end the prose  
we nail our feet  
we nail our wrists  
and quail at the crowds  
at the promenade  
but we will never kneel  
insight/recognition is the Key

exodus en route

through the Park, along the Beach  
a transgressive Mass armed  
with a flock of bells and grey clouds in the skies  
and waves in a mosh pit on/along the edges

we nail our feet  
we nail our wrists  
and we quail at the crowds  
And I end the prose

lowered in God's pond  
swollen body in the marsh  
bitten by the Serpent  
I end, the prose  
on a Black Bed

---

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Johan Lazer med Poeter.se id #22144 innehar upphovsrätten