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To the Messiah

Eyes the epicentre sceptre of nakedness the ultimate Messiah to the mantra of Earth the insidious herald, the sole highway to the Promised Land

So naked, can you not see the unquenchable cascades of blood on the squeamish streets?

So dazzling, are you blind at the cat and dog friendliness of the mechanism of man?

So alert, have you been insensate, a repeller of the rebelling rivers of eyes?

Are you lopsided, masked or diseased? Your silence dawning the eternal Adam loss of man, your absence making men see a Satan between themselves, your abstinence making the world the friendliest foe of itself ...

Oh you the inflammable compasses of Eyes?