

In the Midst of Tropical Depression Agaton

by XXXX

I have come to refuse setting sail
to islands whose inhabitants are
sweet-talking cannibals,
who speak hushedly about the shape of your balls
("Sir, your testicles remind me of moons,
of fruits from the tree of Life!")
while salting you in their stew, while
peeled carrots tease your soaked asshole:
Yet sometimes the winds take me there,
and the tides defy the power of my skills.
I must spend the storm pushing my boat back
to the innumerable wideness of the sea, to become
lost again. No better way to find unseen shores,
to watch the final light of stars
and map the universe through the new darkness
by the memory of the light that used to be there
for stars die but dead stars never live again
for he who sees in the dark is never blind
and in dying we are welcomed to a state of eternity.

