



Item Code: 957

Participant Code: 097



— THE CRIMSON ROSE —

The fumes of the sun hit the lines,
the graying ivy vines crept the walls,
The leaves hung high over the shadows —
surging against the tides of the wind.

I rested myself in the room,
the rays blazing over the glass,
swooping across all the dust that danced —
to the rhythm unheard by any soul.

Far from my window, was there a rose,
wilted, dried and burnt.

It slowly leapt across the trails,
its thorns piercing my eyes.

I saw the soil and the water —
me circling in a fluid —
womb of death — diaphanous,
stifling in that abyss.



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My eyes opened — hands holding me,
tightened against someone's chest.

A tremor passed through me —
exploding inside my body.

The voices that gave solace,
now sang the songs of seethe.

The labyrinth narrowed —
crushing my bones.

The God that mended the hurt,
turned its head away.

While each part of me slowly sunk,
It decided to turn blind for me.

I died.

The scars on my thighs, my calves,
they dripped in blood.

I died.



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They smothered me with silence,
while I listened to the serenade.

Like the embers slowly fading away,
I stood on the brink.

The noises trotted back into me,
as the valley curved itself around me.

Shadows, figures, statues,
dragged me deeper into the oblivion.

The lights switched its colours,
leading me to all I did not know.

It taught me to live -
to ^{let} the world without colour.

The butterflies I saw on the way home,
no longer had the glistening green,
The walls were bare and blank,
the clouds aligned perfectly.



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I listened to them — their voices,
now could I witness the lifeless world.
How easy was it to move,
with no chain tying you to the grills!

The moon came for the evening,
bathed in caged beauty —
disguised as paradise,
and pulled me into the stars.

A wistful wish stirred inside me —
to see the world I built.

A crimson star was staring at me,
I neared it and took it in hands.

The rose — red and rusty,
glowed like none I saw.

It spreaded its petals for me —
I caressed its dead bosom.



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I heard an aubade from beneath,

The clouds lead my path.

My room was concealed by darkness,

Afraid - I took a step.

A halo radiated amidst,

A green gown -

water flowing from its breasts,

neared me.

I died.

Of light.

Of passion.

I died.