

CURSE

(With the inspiration of Bill Stoddard, UCSD, 1968)

Last phase of Luna, ancient Queen,
Take from him now your light
In caverns where the Nightmare's sheen
Stands out against the night

The fire burns upon the salt
As I invoke your Name
Descend out of the sky's black vault
To laugh within the flame

Where incense burns; as fire goes out
And smoke becomes your veil,
Now leave his spirit quenched in doubt
Where all his stars shall fail.

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