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The Gates of Hell; What The Chorus Said

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*The Gates of Hell

(Per me si va nella citta dolente...
...Maestro, il senso lor m'e duro.)

(Excerpts from *The School of Animals*)

By James Funaro

We are Vultures, striking first for the eye.
Seers, we live by probing entrails,
And our skulls are naked from bloodbaths.
Unbiased lovers of mortal meat,
We black sisters, in cowls and shirts,
Are the oldest conscience of mankind:
Our beaks pluck the corpse so cruelly
That it dances as though it could escape
While we free its soul to hell.
Yet, in the air, we are queens of the wind,
And our babies are blue and violet,
As tiny and fragile as flowers.

What The Chorus Said

(Brekekekex koax koax)

I am Frog, blue in twilight
Veins palepulsing, eyes like pearls,
My throat swollen with a song of sperm
That mocks the rivercrossing dead.
With my brain reamed from its stem
I still could kick myself to orgasm.
And I say to you: Chaos, chaos.

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