

## Former Alchemies

people run from books in Hell  
books gathered in crooks like souls  
and scattered  
in piled mounds  
in mazes places  
massed like the expiring lungs of Hell Itself  
- mounds like a billion curses burnt

we pass by with noses held  
and flee from there  
whenever hearing rumors  
of such stinking holes filled up with disease

in Hell the intellectuals  
are fastened on their noses  
rabidly  
like a dog kicking fleas  
on his face

what wormwood streams  
run down from the shelves  
of their shaken minds

nothing is published in Hell  
not hunger need or lover's remorse  
even our cries go camouflaged  
in leaping flames