
CHARIOTS



I see the Black Hand
drinking coffee in the street
when the carriage arrives.

I see a radio station seized,
broadcasting fake news,
leaving dead bodies behind.

I see a Black Hand
invisible above our heads,
taking off its gloves again.

I hear the podcasts
shout about cockroaches
that need to be destroyed.

I feel the Black Hand
accelerate its Rapture,
leaving the rest behind.

I hear the sound of Chariots
broadcasted at Midnight,
when families are fast asleep,
when families are fast asleep.