

The Green World

By Casilliac

But they were in the green world now

A smaller world

with much less in it

And a mandala of jade sand swam in front of their eyes

It writhed and glowed like alchemic coals

And showed them things which were not quite there

They walked with great deliberateness

Through a world of snapping twigs
through grass, sidling against their legs

Young gods at new war

Voyeurs at the keyhole of Samsara

Pilgrims who had come to bear witness

to the final hour of day and of man

Pilgrims to the green world

A world of black rifles

and great hate