

*Sin*

I have sinned a rapturous sin  
in a warm enflamed embrace,  
sinned in a pair of vindictive arms,  
arms violent and ablaze.

In that quiet vacant dark  
I looked into his mystic eyes,  
found such longing that my heart  
fluttered impatient in my breast.

In that quiet vacant dark  
I sat beside him punch-drunk,  
his lips released desire on mine,  
grief unclenched my crazy heart.

I poured in his ears lyrics of love:  
*O my life, my lover it's you I want.*  
*Life-giving arms, it's you I crave.*  
*Crazed lover, for you I thirst.*

Lust enflamed his eyes,  
red wine trembled in the cup,  
my body, naked and drunk,  
quivered softly on his breast.

I have sinned a rapturous sin  
beside a body quivering and spent.  
I do not know what I did O God,  
in that quiet vacant dark.

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From *Deevan* (The Wall)