

The Sire of the Psalms

Atop the hill of parangaricutirimicuaro
There is a parangaricutirimicuator.
he who unparangaricutirimicuates him
Shall be a good unparangaricutirimicuator

Subtle hills
They hoist saints up their I paths

A simple man, hits the center of the target
Becomes a soldier, feels no fear.
War. Time. Days. Nights. Dreams.
Nightmares.

Simple man, now a shadow of the youth he had once been
Simple wise man, has lived and survived
One hundred centuries, he is still alive
Passed have his lovers, friends, and family
Lonely, simple, wise, man, ascends to summit and finds,
The parangaricutirimicuator.
Simply with his essence and his presence, he imbues fear into the
parangaricutirimicuator's heart,
And with this, the great parangaricutirimicuator dissolves into nothingness

Atop the hill of parangaricutirimicuaro
There is a good unparangaricutirimicuator
He is a simple, ancient, man; wise and lonely.

Rafael Aragon