In the Smoke

Sparks pulse in an ash cloud that glows in the smoke,
Where wraiths float like moonlit shadows in the smoke.

White embers adorn the wings of djinns that glide
Through a veil of flames that billows in the smoke.

Whirling winds muffle the fire's crackled speech.
The prayer tulkus chant echoes in the smoke.

Cobras hiss in gold coffins, shrieking daemons
Now waken the ghosts of pharaohs in the smoke.

Flame-tipped arrows are piercing Acra's fortress.
Sparks lace a scorching gust that blows in the smoke.

Lightning from Donar's hammer torches mountains,
His breath like icy fog that flows in the smoke.

– Steffen Horstmann*

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