A Song for the Living

Qamar Saadiq Saoud · 16 August 2026

Holy death, you gnaw me gently. Taking your time with this, your delectable morsel. Only the mad who can't escape the god in my eyes, who can't deny the fatal fact of our flesh's impermanence, are fit for this eternal feast. Come to me fully aware of your need for my life. I am lying as receptive as the dark earth herself. Revel with me in this raw moment that never ends. The awareness of life in the hands of death, is the same as the awareness of death in the hands of life.

I see you too, you living dreams of being. Even in your pain, I love you. As the dream unfolds, you create with desire and purpose, weaving pleasure and joy together, in the midst of your mortality you breathe your own immortality into existence.

We are making something out of nothing. This resonance in my mind is filled with love. I've reached into my heart and pulled my soul up for you. Sip from this red cup, rich with the aroma of pomegranate. Come into me fully; dissolve and I will give you full rebirth.

Khepher. Come into being, out of nothing. I'm calling you up. I summon you, in your pure essence, from the other side of your dark mirror. I will pull you through. I am holding you. Hold me in all of my madness. Love me as I balance this walk of existence to the same rhythm of your hips. As I breathe to the music of your lips. Sing this fabric of life into being with me. This is real magick. This is our very own.

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