Lord Wiccan.

Lord Wiccan is sexless and genderless.

For he's been castrated with his entire tongue torn out of his mouth.

He's the unification of man and woman. Of male and female.

Of adult and child. Of helpless and ex-abusive.

Lord Wiccan lives in my neighbourhood around that corner.

Lord Wiccan lives in your neighbourhood around that corner.

You know which corner that is. That corner. The corner where I never go. The corner where you never go.

Lord Wiccan is ruthless, voiceless, libido less, wish less, dreamless, hopeless.

Lord Wiccan is above mercy. Lord Wiccan is below contempt.

He is ingurgitating gratefully the sampled sewer matter served to him every night.

Around the time party people in the house are actually leaving the party drunk in order to indulge in other forbidden activities such as sexual intercourse, drugs, and manslaughter.

Lord Wiccan wishes he'd choke. Yet dying, where is it he'd go??

Lord Wiccan is ashamed, Lord Wiccan is frightened. Lord Wiccan is one and the same with the experience of pure terror.

Lord Wiccan could've been a man or a woman. Lord Wiccan is gender-transcendent.

Lord Wiccan transcends speech. Lord Wiccan transcends faith in the Lord up above.

Lord Wiccan cries to the Lord up above, yet due to the shame of his deeds-past he cannot pray. Even within his thoughts. Even within his fractured mind.

Lord Wiccan cannot pray. He can only swallow and obey. Lord Wiccan can only live in dismay.

Lord Wiccan is known as "the gimp." Highly magnetized. He swallows what he is given, while during the rest of the time his business is to attract, perceive, give feedback, and also react.

Lord Wiccan lives in my neighbourhood, around that corner.

Lord Wiccan lives in your neighbourhood, around that corner.

You know which corner that is. That corner. The corner where I never go. The corner where you never go.

- Valentin Bura