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7.17.2021 - 8.21.2021

Together we made the blessed descent:

Our bodies knew the way to the waiting ruin. Our bodies knew the sound of metallic breath. Ourbodies knew the taste of ashen thirst. We gave ourselves up to the sanctuary, and we entered.

Our parents greeted us as wolves, Coatlíque's sentinels laden with talismans from beyond the borderlands. Trembling, we emptied our pockets into theirs.

A spotlight haloed the icon in enraptured repose. Dressed in black locustwood, ~~Lupa~~ Lupx wore the rings of their years. They gave drink to their children: their cubs. Their sex was lovely with ornaments, their lips like lilies. Their name was oil poured out. Behold, you are beautiful, my love, behold, you are beautiful!

And the great wings opened before us. Fire licked the limbs of a metal beast in the garden of final delights. Revelers mounted its gaping shafts. Elemental emissions breached the pistons.

Its rage was a rave. Our bodies knew the way to them: to times that come to ends.

The great machine exhaled, and blistered pearls.

We knelt at the altar and offered blooms. In return, its surface smiled; its mouth spread wide to show us where the great volcano slept! Threads grew from its belly and sewed blossoms tenfold over its expanse. The revelers rolled in carnal vegetation. Their fury was water poured out.

We joined in their wild ablutions. We drank up the waters and became its carriers. And to this day we pour it out. Thus do we consecrate this sanctuary.

So welcome, todxs, ye who enter here: our pilgrims, our siblings, our whores. Heed nothing but the motto on your altar's wings: A la verga todo. It is written: fuck everything