

The River Runs South



Josef Desade

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What you are about to read is... non-traditional. I tried to read this in a traditional sense. I tried to parse the text the way I would any other - I was raised on Bloom's Taxonomy, for better or worse. Bloom himself is another in a long line of problematic prophets. Knowledge, and recall of information to help shape understanding. Comprehension. Application and analysis.

"The River Runs South" proved resistant to the taxonomy. I found myself drawn into Desade's nautilus. These were words written on the inside of a conch shell. The papers collected from Burroughs' Interzone apartment floor by cleaning staff. I felt danger, like Hemingway multitasking with a shotgun, the soft scruff of a six-toed cat, leaking onto a typewriter. The language led me around and around, a kind of travelogue that could not be unread.

There is the before you read this work, and the after.

I cannot help but feel that these pages are an unsuitable vehicle for Desade's concepts. These are visions meant to be read from the underside of bridges and behind dive-bar toilets. You will be attending a poetry reading where the chairs are arranged in concentric circles in an unlit cellar. True Art whispers and challenges, cajoles and electrifies. This work dances on the line of comfort zone, and you will feel your shoes scuff the salt circle. It's an important journey worth taking.

~Heath Mensher~

We cut the deck to the Ace of Clubs as we drove through the winding roads. It was a gamble as we peeled back the thick cotton blanket of fog and saw the houses that all watched from the hills like hundreds of silent, unblinking eyes. Timeless, a relic of simpler times. An old song played on the radio, keeping rhythm with the windshield wipers as the rain fell from ancient branches like tears; watching the past being swallowed by the future. Rotting logs and sagging shelters, the rain beat down on tin roofs as the forest sang a mantra. The noise of horns and tires squealing hovered beneath a layer of exhaust off in the distance...ever consuming, edging near.

A tug of war between the present and the past, as the ominous spectre of silicone and rust waited with bated breath for its chance to take it all. To bury it beneath the cold steel and unfeeling asphalt, to wipe the landscape clean. We stopped on a quiet shoulder along a forgotten stretch of road, pine needles creating a carpet which our feet softly padded, as we took in the crisp morning air and looked up at the heavens that lay before us, stretching infinitely for as far as the eye could see. Here things were still free, still how they were meant to be...unchanged for millennia; perfect since it came out of the sea. A tiny island of paradise within an ocean of scrap metal; transistors and capacitors, circuits and leads, that showed no emotion...no beauty, as it left the world sterile and took away its green. Stripped of its life you could almost hear it scream within hidden valleys and forgotten groves, where beneath the mist it hid from prying eyes as it held on to what little was left before death had crept forth from behind the veil.

We were intruders here...a dark omen...witnesses to a hope; a memory, that fled the footfalls of the pale horse named Humanity. We were part of a society of lost dreams, broken thoughts...a place where nothing was certain. We had forgotten how to breathe...how to pace ourselves...and with the loss of that knowledge we had spiraled into the depths of collective depravities as we sped towards a gaping abyss. What was beyond that abyss we never bothered to ask, never bothered to question, because we believed that we knew better than our predecessors...we could conquer nature. With our birth we marked a turning point, nature in all her eternal life could not maintain and began to succumb to the destructive force it faced. The Goddess that gave us life, eaten by her children. Never enough, ever consuming, as we ate her flesh...drank her blood...leaving only scraps to be picked apart by scavengers until we wiped every last trace from the Earth, because we knew better.

The world is all reflections...the past, the present, the future..it is all reflections of the same things over and over, the only difference is the broken shard of glass you see it mirrored through; yet people look into each shard and see it in a slightly different light and for a moment they feel they are living their own life...doing their own thing...yet they are mimicking what they've seen done before...an unconscious reflection of the same repetitive actions over and over again...and yet they don't see past the illusion...can't see past the facade...don't even realize that they are in hell...and yet here I find myself on a drive...it always comes down to a drive.

Down lonely roads and round silent midnight bends where the road seems to head off into the darkness...into the air as we are left alone with only our thoughts. Rusted out machinery dotting the landscape...clock towers and crosses on hillsides, like a relic of the past that was slowly decaying into the mists that rolled down the hills...slow breathing...

one...

two...

three...

Can't forget...don't forget to breathe...the silhouettes of mountains in the distance against the fading light...traveling to a destination beyond the horizon...around every dark and twisted bend...what are you doing? Is this the past? The future? Darkness falls to the rhythm of tribal drums, between the towering trees that hid the ominous sense of foreboding that lived within the ancient New England forests...down the tail of the eight hued serpent...heading south...heading into the abyss...balls to the wall...headed down south again...past the villages with their whispered secrets and hushed voices...past the watchful eyes that peered through the trees from some primal forgotten age...let the show begin...traveling along the serpent's scales...headed down south...flowing along a river of nightmares...past suppressed revelations...ducking beneath obscure realms of fear...through the veil to reveal what manifests on the other side of vision...

Where are we going...headed down south beneath the watchful stars on a cool New England evening...my passenger is but a shadow, a stranger of the future; a reminiscent memory of the past...a break in the sky ahead; clouds tearing apart like cotton candy...a trail of ghosts floating along the horizon, as the light pulls an obsidian blanket upon itself...consuming...consuming...until the cymbals crash and a perpetual gloom envelops all...the stranger beside me stares straight ahead...the giants have gone to bed...the gods fled...left alone with this stranger and my head...listening to what the devil's voice has said...prayers to an absentee god...ignore the contradictions...heading back...round each and every bend...the stranger silently stares ahead...floating...weightless...nothingness...headed into the devil's den...twisting and winding and bending as everything becomes a blur and then everything stops...time...motion...imagination...and in the blink of an eye it all bursts back into life...spiraling down into the devil's den on a chilly New England eve...dreams in another light...the stranger sits silently beyond broken sight...along the serpent's scales...god free road...only the devil has my ear this day.

Each generation has characteristics that they are known for, my generation tends to be known for our apathy...we were a generation raised by parents who were at work more than they were home...raised on blood and gore...raised on sex...the almighty dollar...we were there for the birth of the age of the internet and social media...desensitized from the cradle to see the

world as an uncaring expanse in a dark oblivion, where we pass time voyeuristically watching, to our own amusement, the misfortunes of others as we pass time drifting towards old age...most still have no direction; no definite answer to where they are headed...our lives were not cookie cutter pieces neatly laid out on a pathway in life; they were a discordant mess of different colors of paint, thrown together in the mess of a canvas previous generations left us as their "gift"...and yet we watch...we observe...and still are left with no true emotions to show for it...just masks that we all wear to hide what lies beneath. For what we see underneath it all is death. There is no life in this generation.

The dull moan of the city rose in the distance...darkness...stillness...a chorus of frogs start the symphony as branches sway...nothing to be seen...perfect dark...heightened senses...traveling within...droning from afar...the city sounds like millions of bees humming in unison...the soundtrack to the backdrop of the starless sky where there is nothing to be seen. Contemplation...ghosts...whispers on the breeze...footsteps...gravel displaced by phantom thought forms...just an illusion...thumping in the distance...the howling of wolves...a siren song calling me home...leading me further into the onyx night...solitude...the world dissipates...alone and traveling within...alone...a familiar friend...lost within...traveling towards the sweet sound of oblivion...calling on the breeze...calling from deep within the depths of this midnight ocean that consumed all the light...no sense of time...no sense of direction...deep within...past the buoys that mark the

shallow end...diving on down to the unknown...seeking a center...seeking solace...and in the blink of an eye the world slowly comes into focus...the engine roars to life...cones of light burst through the empty void and the highway rises before me...back on the road again...traveling that same old road...no ending in sight...blink...flicker...yellow on black...blink...flicker...lights out.

Solitary moments I find are seldom very solitary. A true solitary moment is a rare moment; a quickly burning match that dissipates into the void of whatever lays beyond our imaginations. When we are truly alone, not a single thought clouding our minds as we drift between different veils of reality; emptiness manifest. In these fleeting glimpses we see beyond damnation, beyond redemption; before us is a celestial sea that flows into infinity in silence...beyond darkness...and within nothing, everything is known. For that brief moment in time we are aware...we feel the connection, can see the strings. We hear the vibrations in tune throughout all consciousness as they are plucked one by one in synchronistic transcendence for we are all one. Then we awaken. We awaken to chaos...noise...the world explodes into view, and we struggle to stay afloat, as we watch everyone else drown around us.

My friends that died weren't the same as theirs. The people passing onto other realms these days were from a younger tribe. My friends had all died years ago, leaving us few survivors to watch the devastation our generation had caused. I watched the list of names grow bigger each month and thought to myself how glad I

was that I no longer had to dance with death on a personal level; to be reminded just how frail our world is and forced to face my own mortality in caresses with zombies that were draped in the purple robes of death, as he kissed them good night. After all, they weren't my friends...just names that flashed across a marquee. In the blink of an eye everything could disappear back into the swirling sands of time, on their never ending cycle of rebirth; until the day finally came that death caught time and everything ceased to be. My generation was built on apathy and our apathy gave birth to a generation of recklessness, that danced on the flames of hell, spiraling round and round as it consumed itself. Our ghosts had faded with time; no faces of fallen friends creeping into our nightmares, no mourning the loss of love that could have been. We did our time...paid our dues...now we passed the torch and hoped to whatever may be listening that they would fair better.

White lines blurring as they flew past...a street light in the distance went dark as if someone had pulled a power cord out of the wall...two cones of light...black...yellow...white...black...yellow...white...a frigid breeze coming in through the cracked window...I felt the warmth slowly drain from my hand as it gripped the wheel...I took a deep drag off of the cigarette I held between my index and middle fingers...exhale as the smoke twisted and twirled with the wind in mysterious tendrils...these night drives had become more frequent...more restless...

The Cure played in the background to my thoughts..."running til there's nothing...again and again

and again...see into the dark...follow your eyes...running til there's nothing...”

Fucking got that right...a giant orange crescent dominated the sky...hiding behind the trees...peeking out from the branches...monotonous lines...lines as far as the light dared to gently caress...a strange mist hung over the landscape, white against black...ominous vibes...not another soul to be seen...eyes staring back at me...reflections...just ghosts...ghosts of things that never were.

The clouds formed phantoms around the eye in the sky, as the cool night air brushed my face and dark silhouettes of the hills loomed in the distance...what dwelled within was unknown, but the screams that resounded were horrifying as they sent an icy chill to the core of my bones...traveling on...into the depths of the night...the heavens blinked and for a moment the shadows softly caressed me as they whispered sweet nothings in my ear...encouraging words to lure me in...to let their loving arms wrap around me and hold me close...a suffocating suicide, the sweetest death; as the sliver of a smile creeps between the trees...broken teeth...tangled limbs...the wind is deafening as it drowns out the screams...traveling far away...can I get a prayer...stand with my soul...we're jivin now...rhythmic waltzes with the living dead...left right, left right...dancing with the remnants of fading scars and demons that have died a thousand deaths...ungracious guests, their manners are lacking as they stumble upon the toes of corpses with distant stares...discarded dreams...wishes upon long dead stars as the ancients

watch in amusement...a sudden stop but not the destination, as laughter reverberates between my ears...but where are we headed, was there any foresight to this sad mockery of memory lane?

Footsteps falling near...safety belts required...the belt is off...red welts upon pale flesh...little pinpricks of scarlet tears...violence...her eyes wild as a rush of rouge touches her face...glassy eyes like a doll as she looks emptily at the world before her...nothing but rantings and ravings as I shout at the walls, nothing more to see...nothing more to say, as everything fades away like a desert mirage...the wooden walls stand sentinel to the crawling madness that consumes the being enclosed within...a puzzle box...floating in darkness...the smoke clears as we travel deeper into the forest...no grandma...no porridge...no fucks...hush now...go back to sleep in the arms of a dead faith...moving along to the rhythm of the drums...reaching deep into the past...back in the silent hills with gnarled trees swaying in the breeze...back to the river shore where spirits are reborn...a sad song for better years...as the piano plays the solemn hymn...wiping dust from a mirror, my fingers hesitate...hovering...before I lower them and see the blank expression before me...fragments fall to the ground as the road twists and bends...a quickened pace...autumn leaves swirling like hourglass sands, as they twirl around me...a fire burst of color...a swirling dervish that pushes me deeper into the emptiness...tumbling...watchful...the eye in the sky...on a journey to who knows where...up into the sky...flying up high...back into the eye...pull the

trigger...release...please, just a little sleep...the heavens blinked.

The last snow of the year always makes you think. Watching as the pristine snowflakes fall from the sky and melt as they hit the ground. As winter loses its cold breath during spring in New England, you feel a sense of relief that the season of death has passed you another year. The final exhausted kiss of the dark time of the year dies a silent death as the world seems so serene. And with its final exhale the spirits were good, as we whipped around corridors of fresh snow that looked like a sea of milk as the moonlight reflected off of its surface, laughter filling the air as the scent of tobacco mixed with the crisp scent of the winter's final breathe as it exhaled into the countryside.

Joyful saxophone and trumpets, intertwining with a smooth melody that drifted on the breeze as it brushed our faces gently...the road became a blur as we were lost in our own thoughts as the final snow of the year began to fall and for a moment everything was right...one of those single instances that seemed frozen in time, for you knew in that instant that something was about to change, something wouldn't be the same. A changing of the guard as the pale spectre of the past slowly faded...the stars shown down bright that night. We were living in someone else's skin...was this a spiritual journey? Observations of a society that had reached its climax? Who was this for? It was guaranteed that few eyes would ever glance upon it, but that didn't matter. This was necessary, whatever it was.

The more time passes the more I feel it is necessary to verbalize the unspoken thoughts that are normally kept inside. We have the capacity to observe; feel, love, hate...and yet with most it is a wasted gift for fear of ostracization...for fear of being judged. Judged by who though? People who are afraid to speak with passion? People whose opinion holds absolutely no bearing on each individual life? The worst part of it all was to have the knowledge that hardly anyone would read the words you had put your soul into. To know that deep down, people really didn't care.

Family...friends...strangers...all wandering in these perfect little patterns, too busy concentrating on the path to notice anything around them. But every so often...every once in a while...two paths would intersect and everything would pass between these vessels and the soul would soak it all in, hold on to the knowledge...remember the words and perhaps it would not all be forgotten. There was hope that it would be passed on, in a dance with time as memories faded. Perhaps hope was an undying principle; for how could life exist without it?

The road continued curving into the night sky on the horizon...slow guitar chords plucked...hand cupped...a spark of life...sizzle of tobacco as a bittersweet aroma fills the air...the demon star smiles down upon us tonight as we prowl the labyrinth of roads...scales of different shades drifting between mountain ranges as the music takes a quicker tone...a quicker pace...a furious pounding within, as the darkness consumes all...swallowing us up in one bite as we dig

deeper into the forest...sailing on the serpent's back to the ululating echoes of mother's tears shed for children lost, as church bells clang to the inaudible whoosh of air as a plunger slides into a syringe and floods societies bloodstream with disease and death.

Corpses line the sides of the road...forgotten names as a solitary star sheds light upon the road...asphalt and chipped paint...over the horizon...a never ending cycle through each bend...flatbeds filled with caskets pass us by, the driver's face lowered beneath a veil...fading into the distance ahead, as a flock of those in mourning cross in front of us...thoughts and prayers they chant in unison as we slam into them...can't slow down...gotta keep the pace...bits of flesh stick to the windows...hair matted with blood as an eyeball falls to the road...absorbed by the scales as the serpent begins to hum...three in five...three in five to die...as the faithful gather themselves together and begin their chants anew, waiting for their turn as the cycle continues.

Same old song and dance...gyrating...undulating...rhythmic; as we travel along to the devil's light...a harpsichord strikes up a terrible melody as the humming intensifies, and we scream....scream and scream and scream and no one fucking listens...into the belly of the beast...the sound of flies...the scent of death...watching as one by one they fall...the living dead are here amongst us...roll of the dice...sixes across...marching to the Pied Piper's tune...scratching away...tearing away at the skin until the bone is exposed...chipping away piece by piece until we return to dust.

We were speeding into the mouth of hell as the shadows danced to the pounding drums that got louder and louder as we drove into infinity...the ocean blending with the sky, until only a dark abyss opened before us. Echoing static and a voice resounding above everything, as the lights go out one by one...blink...blink...blink...wide awake and headed home...jagged edges under a midnight sky...looking for clues to how the pieces all fit together in astral somnambulism, as the electric hiss becomes a shrill pitch that mingles with the screams...but who is screaming...where is that horrible, yet beautiful flowing melody coming from...is it me? My soul? White flicker...flicker...flicker...heading back home...heading back home...heading...backwards...through the forgotten doorways of the past as the fog consumes us.

This is the sound of insanity.

An uncaring overwhelming darkness, that fills all the spaces between the colors...an underlying phantom behind the sunshine and rainbows...a void that seeps into all the little cracks and fills our heads with doubt...with sadness...with disease...a slowly churning madness that spirals and spirals into the never ending expanse of the subconscious...one by one the petals shrivel up until they can no longer hold on and in a silent unnoticed moment they let go...an insignificant fleeting point in time...slowly drifting into the depths of darkness below...one by one...until all the light goes out...and a strange clarity begins to creep its way in...you begin to see things as they truly are...begin to notice the blank

stares from hollow eyes behind porcelain masks...recognition...that's what it is...recognition that no one is really there...it's all been a facade...the smiles...the sounds...the laughter...heartfelt moments held dear...all just falsities...insincere shoulders to lean on...every single moment...all an illusion, for none of it could truly have mattered. There is no life behind the glass eyes that gaze back from animated mannequins. They pass through life as corpses...a production of necromancy to pass the time...never meant to awaken...

This is the sound of insanity.

My throat parched, I reach for a drink...a golden goblet of water...cool...refreshing...but as I struggle to bring it to my dry lips, I find it empty. No fucks left to fill it...I collapse to the barren desert floor...sand coats my throat as I roll onto my back; sand paper scraping my face as the wind whips into a furious dervish that dances around me as I begin to laugh...hysterical, I scream to the sky...no fucks left...no fucks left...uncontrollable laughter...the world has disappeared behind the swirling sands...a timeless dance...swirling...swirling...round and round...devils pray at my side...a trinity of demons that see me through...pray for me my children...pray I make it safely... Pater noster qui es in caelis...a crossroad...burnt and blackened crosses line the pathway...bona uenia tua discretioni vestre...

This is the sound of insanity.

Into the tunnel...faster...faster...headed towards a crimson light...headed into the world of dreams...bursting through like some horrid creature being brought to life...forcing my way through the womb...exploding into the world...I paint my face slowly with the blood of the goddess...the feast has begun...shadows, my companions as the slithering souls climb upon the table to be feasted upon...I dip each piece in the blood of everyone I've ever known...letting it soak in as my fellow diners whisper...scream. The main course has finally arrived and I find myself no longer hungry...I watch in horror as my own soul slithers to the center...the shadows go into a gluttonous frenzy as they tear it to pieces...and I just watch, for I didn't save room for my own soul. Tears stream down my face.

This is the sound of insanity.

Vile excretions...the flesh is rotting...fucking rotting like a whale laying in the summer sun...the tea cup is wobbling...masturbatory offerings on the face of god...a martyr to the sex industry...gas masked faces peer from the holes in the floor...tip toe towards the bathtub...a raging cunt, sunburned and scabbed...water foul that are enjoying watching our demise...killing time...just killing time...take my hand, we'll run away...endless fuckery as we sit in the corner...melancholy clowns fasten the belt tight...auto-erotic asphyxiation...the slap of the belt...red welts rise up against muddy waters...what purpose is there...with top hat and cane, walk down the red carpet...flashbulbs await...climb aboard, the rail car is scheduled to

depart...throw the sunglasses on...ticket in hand...it's time to go.

The wind is blowing...a howling through the night...an insatiable tempest that chills to the bone...air raid sirens in the distance like banshees scream a warning to the traveler between worlds...a thin tear in the fabric...hidden in the angles...fragments of time...things that never were. Farm houses adorned with flags passed us by, dark country back roads built upon the usurped backs of sleeping giants...exhaling cold breezes upon the silent land...light ceases to exist as an aging generation clings to the American dream...God bless America...Jesus saves...a full moon steadily rises into the sky, illuminating crumbling headstones glimpsed in the blink of an eye...decay...rotting wood...chipped and peeling paint...head on down to the drinking hole...live up the American dream...one shot...two shots...keep up the pace...land of the free...here comes the dream...as we turn a blind eye to the encroaching nightmare landscape of cold steel and bitter dust that chokes our parched throats...throw back some more, we can pretend that none of this is real...this is our destiny...to be swallowed whole...ignore the rambling priest, drunk on the corner stool...the moans of agony of the wife beaten next door...tonight is a night to drown our sorrows...six...seven...eight...every great empire's fate...to be poisoned with sin...karmic retribution...follow America as she slowly dies...for nothing stays the same, terms of service subject to change...get in the car and let's go for a spin...time for a drink as we careen, the blood is pulsing within our veins, hop on in, let's go...living the American dream,

faster and faster as we feel the flames...never slow down, feel the pulse in your veins; spark the bowl, let's do this tonight, we're getting out of view as we spiral down forgotten roads and wake the sleeping giants with the sight...scorch the land as we go; torch everything that doesn't go with our flow, no looking back, this is our god given right.

Take a look in the mirror. Who would want to look at that sight? No consequences for our actions tonight, for this is our manifest destiny, our birth rite...to raze creation to the ground beneath the old god's light...listen to the tribal drums of nations past pound in the night...twirl...twirl around...twirl...twirl around...quickenning the pace...dig our graves with haste...twirl...twirl around...twirl...twirl around...dance to the calls of the nightingales flock...hark! The end is coming fast, consumed by the flames we feed, keep on going into the night; no looking back...destiny awaits.

We drove to the ocean, to the ancient shore; through stone gateways and corridors. A wall of flame engulfing the road behind us as the twilight heavens turned to radiant fields of violets and poppies, that whispered lullabies to the dwellings that passed us by. A coyote leads the way back along the serpent trail where the mamba sways, dripping venom from its fangs. Down into the inky depths where unfathomed monsters play...relentless...thunderous, the roar as the serpent laps at the waves...moving with the tides as the ancient mantras are prayed...into the fog, step by step as the world turns white and discordant strings are plucked, while the salty waves caress us from out of sight...with a

flick of its head we are sent flailing like newborns back to the mother...back to the nurturer; our lover...as all the windows remain shuttered against the flood, our life force; sacred blood...forgotten hymns to the origin of life through the corridor; along the blade of the knife...have we reached an end? Have we reached an end yet? Chasing shadows we never catch, let us forget yesterday's tomorrows, lest we lose ourselves within time, dancing in skeletal arms, hush; rest now, safe from harm.

The night had begun to plummet as the drugs took hold. She started screaming about satanic kittens as she reached into her pants and pulled out a glock. We all fell back, surprised and intoxicated as she began screaming that she would shoot us dead with her pussy gun. The man was sitting cross-legged on top of a boulder upon the mountain in the distance. The daylight faded and the fog arrived as the river twisted like a serpent around the hills. All of this meant something; yet it meant nothing at all. I picked it up slowly and took a huge bite...the glass shattered in my palm as blood began to seep out and I clenched it harder...then I began to chew...I screamed as the thick viscous blood began to pour out of my mouth...wincing, I took another bite...my lacerated tongue flapped around and I felt the sharp sting as the glass began to cut into my throat. I tried to swallow it, but it was too soon as pieces tumbled from gashed open lips.

The fog rolled in like a spectre, slowly tumbling forward...consuming everything in its path with smoky tendrils...skeletal silhouettes...corpses twisted in obscene

mockery of trees...answer the door...a pillar of flames jetting into the sky...asphyxiating smoke...answer the door...vampiric heretics selling timeshares in heaven...soul sucking parasites...just sign on the dotted line...the will of god swirling around the glass in crimson hues...half empty or half full...bottoms up...tick-tock...swallow. The silence of a winter evening...an onyx sky above where not even the stars gaze upon us...they used to laugh, twinkling away but one by one they all perished...burning out until they shared the same fate that we all face...dust blowing in the cosmic winds of eternal emptiness...the cruelty of it all...smoke drifts off towards the distance...a slight breeze as if someone was lightly breathing on our necks...a shiver and then the knowledge that someone...something...is watching when we are alone.

Black and white...shades of gray...stumbling through memories as we begin to question our own recollect, was it everything we convinced ourselves it was? A little too late to turn back once you open your eyes...you can't go back...you feel that tugging at your sleeve, shadows creeping past your door...the whisper in the silence of night...the ticking of a clock somewhere in the cruel abyss before us that tells us in the end we are alone. Alone to face infinity. Silence except for the voices in your head as you lay drifting, never to arise again. No chorus of angels...no trumpets hailing your arrival to an ethereal plane...no savior...just emptiness. Somewhere a clock is ticking.

The city loomed before the heavens, as their golden illumination shone down upon cracked concrete

and vagrant alleyways; that housed syringes and vials, crack babies born to dope infested streets, destined for death with their first breath as the heavens smiled down in all their radiant glory. Transcending the shit and piss below, where toothless men slept beneath cardboard roofs and back way abortions echo throughout the cold and uncaring night, as we follow the neon glow through this strange land that shouldn't be. Deeper into the heart of desperation as we spark a lighter and the vision is shattered like the dreams of the people in this parody of Sheol; the cries of mourning mothers chase after us, reaching out for a warm caress as gunshots resound, taking another life as the sirens spiral round us in a frenzied state and the spatial static begins to overwhelm the whispered transactions of drug peddlers and forgotten whores as the streets become nothing but a blur. Blending with the artificial neon age; hidden halos and horns, fathers who never came home, as stillborn the future drifts along into a preordained oblivion...and then, in the blink of an eye we find ourselves free as the cool wind caresses our faces like the cold remembrances of a lover's touch as you lay awake and alone, shivering and longing for their weight beside you.

The sun was beginning to set, slinking away like a guilty shadow sliding down a fire escape as their lover's husband came home...drunken...violent...a gasp and a slap as the shadow disappears into the evening on this spiritual trail. We were frail, so frail; yet sick with laughter and sick ourselves as we follow this familiar tale. An ancient tortoise crossed our path, its faded and worn shell protecting the cracked and wrinkled flesh that lay beneath as it slowly moved step by step, breath

by breath, a living scroll upon which it was written in hidden ink. The tale of ages previous; generations past, the longevity of our spirit in this wasteland of our creation and we paused to think as it moved at its own pace, silently marching on as the hourglass sands fell grain by grain and this strange dream carried on...

I sit and watch time pass in a pathetic world of religious mockery and the idolized attempts of part-time psychopaths, where there are hypocritical morals and a lack of commitment to their self-proclaimed psychosis...things just aren't the same these days...carbon copy sycophants strive to see who can suck their way to the top...post-traumatic from the womb, everyone born to a diagnosis...parents are obsolete...medicate...medicate...the rule of the law...the family has become obsolete...medicate...medicate...mind-numbingly boring drones...ostracized for intelligence...medicate...medicate...free thinking is a dead language...conform to be different...schitzoaffective...mania ensues...poisoned food supplies...hypochondriacs and anxiety ridden beasts of burden...just a cog in the machine...broken spirits...a shell of what could have been...take this pill and you'll be okay...medicate...medicate...calcified pineal glands; the eyelids are permanently shut...third eye blind...there is no magic left in the world...lithium and Xanax induced comas...come right on down young child, no need to deal with reality...we have your prescription right here...just step right up and get in line...no need to read the fine print, just sign on the dotted line...and as I watch, their skin begins to

decay...skeletons of society falling into line...their putrid flesh hangs by threads, for they are already dead inside...the reaper has a new face, he wears a suit and tie...business is booming, the best business you've ever seen...the greatest! Tick-tock, tick-tock...punch the clock, it's time to work!

Repetition...repetition...repetition...hell in its purest form...from the cradle to the grave, trading in souls...waiting for the last eye to close.

The sun set in ethereal splendor, vibrant reds and yellows exploding beneath the canopy of obsidian as we watched society split at its seams before us. We were watching the rising crest of a wave, left in awe as it rose higher and higher into the sky; yet where it would crash we knew not. We had seen it coming, the signs were all there. Yet we turned and looked away as the fabric of everything we had known, everything we had worked for, unfurled and a crimson rider sounded an ominous reveille as we couldn't help but ask ourselves, was this what was meant to be? Could we have prevented this prophecy? Helpless, we stood upon the ancient hills that had been bathed in blood of centuries old and watched in horror, yet beneath the horror of it all there was an undertone of laughter as misguided children painted their faces like clowns in the blood of their parents and armed themselves to the teeth in a frenzy, while the old guard looked on in terror to a forlorn lullaby as death leaned in to give them one final kiss. Cohesiveness was left shattered as the nations of the world scattered to the winds, each one for themselves; scrambling in a religious fervor to push their ministry onto the masses, yet oblivious to the looming spectre of shadows that

crept between the screaming trees. And the poets wept mournful tears as the sound of marching footsteps echoed into the coming night, while paintbrushes depicted mothers and children left huddled in fright; for the bombs that fell left nothing but ashes beneath their bright white light and philosophers gazed upon the land and said we have not done well, as a noose saved them from this sight.

The stage had been set; the curtain drawn. A hush fell across the land like the soft caress of the first frost of the year; a slow crawling death that gently kissed each flower and left a trail of decay in its wake. A solitary light broke through the darkness and danced with the shadows as it briefly flirted with each of the players on the stage. They froze as if deer caught in headlights; the pressure of this so called life running them down, one by one.

Silent screams; an echo that never was...yet somehow it shook the audience to the core. The flesh rotted and turned to ash, blowing away on the breeze like a piece of paper put to the flame and scarce remnants were all that remained. A skeletal kiss blown off the hand of porcelain fingers; flitting like a butterfly across the sky, until it touched the warmth of soft skin and death crept up out of its shadow. Piece by piece each life was extinguished; a perfect puzzle that no one could ever know the ending of. An old man gazed from glassy eyes upon the diabolic scene before him. His vision was clouded by a milky white sickness that crept across the ocean as he looked toward the horizon and squinted to see across the darkened theater. He was

tired; so very tired. They needed one more piece of the puzzle to end the show, but he feared he hadn't the strength to make it there and as he struggled we blew the dust off worm-eaten leaves and turned the page searching for answers of forgotten days, when people connected on another level than today.

Minutes turned to hours, page by page, as twilight descended upon us in regal hues; fiery reds and golden drops of dew that dripped like tears upon the palette of the heavens as we sought a lost art, a dying breed. Those who spoke free, passion coursing within their veins and into the darkening night we were thrown as we closed the book and burnt its remains and those who saw us thought us insane as we danced with shadows through the flames of a strange world seen in a violet light. Coursing and writhing as our imaginations took flight. Passing through hollow trees over hallowed grounds where corpses grieved and in fleeting moments burst forth language that burnt bright; emblazoned upon our subconscious in euphoric ecstasy and contrite eulogies as we spiraled within shadowed embraces that we held tight, for the dance carried on and within this spell we held no fright.

Taken upon the wind we found ourselves on another plane where ancient prayers still rang true and words resounded in brilliant hues and for a moment we lingered perfectly still, as we felt in our souls every beat and trill. With eyes held shut we took a leap from the precipice into every vibration we should greet. As beauty wed our souls complete, we felt the darkness retreat and serenity filled every fiber of our being, as

ancient dreams rang true and the stars graced us with their visage before they blinked out one by one to be reborn anew in a burst of imperceptible hues while we plunged back into the twisted roots, deep into all the dust and soot and reclaimed our primal vision. Free of the scars and lesions, free of artificial missions and poisonous emissions. Into the depths of our forgotten psyche, tonight we are feeling lucky; for tonight we are free and sing, oh did we sing. Songs to wake the dead, songs whose words would never be said, but in that moment it meant everything...in that moment our dreams were awake...in that moment everything was erased.

Hands frozen in time; staring off in terror through rust and dust coated glass into the distant hills, an ocean of green rolling into the distance for as far as the eye could see...9:14...metal flakes slowly drifting down the inside of the bell tower as the vegetation slowly crept higher...consuming...reclaiming what was lost...hundreds of slithering serpents wrapping round and round...crumbling clay as the past turns to dust while support beams shiver and snap, tumbling to the ground as an ancient bell tolls from a shadowy steeple beneath the ghost of archaic peaks. Roamed by forgotten shades intertwined in an endless ghost dance, an eternal ritual that wept, for they had been forgotten. Silent phantoms witness to time's perpetual march...we sat in silence, we sat in the cleansing rain. The chorus of crawling creatures greeting our ears and in the stillness the darkness was complete; no motion in sight, yet we felt all the eyes upon us as they silently contemplated

why we had arrived. Quietly watching as the rain silently fell.

We awoke upon a wind polished log that was slowly disappearing beneath the shifting sands and set our eyes upon a timeless dance, where the moon courted the sun as the planets watched enraptured in a celestial silence while waves serenely licked the shore before us. We were spellbound, in awe, as we sat beneath the abyss; its offspring calling to us from watery depths, wiping the features with each and every exhale...steady breathing...in...out...inhaling the salty air as a slow drizzle began to fall on us and we saw beauty amplified from behind a veil of tears, as we were one with the infinite possibilities; the infinite stories that played out within our thoughts as we discovered that we were home...in ecstasy...in serenity...the ancient waters reaching up to guide us back to forgotten recesses. Primordial memories that had been forgotten, as mesmerized we had gazed upon the eternal spiraling of the sun and the moon; forever chasing what lay at the end, if there was an end, though one was never within sight and the water reflected Luna's splendour as she graced the tide with a kiss as the cities and subways, the horns blaring beneath toxic clouds, men fighting over scraps while their daughters sold their souls for a quick fix, all the chaos and monotonous jobs were seen for what they truly were; meaningless.

We watched as the daytime turned an obsidian shade, the darkness broken by lightning against unfeeling asphalt as if a forgotten god were taking his woes out upon us as we headed into the cover of twisted

bark and emerald leaves. Heading into the depths of the storm, a spiraling funnel in the sky, a forgotten deities unblinking eye. Drowning the world in his tears, as we drove deeper into the canopy the darkness was complete. We flowed like blood within bruised veins, down broken tributaries within a labyrinth of dead ends. Falling into ancient ravines as the storm raged like a Minotaur breathing down our necks, a warm moist breath upon chilled skin as we are transported to an exotic plane through the mists of time. The past reclaims fleeting thoughts as a snow-white horse races beside us, blending with the clouds, up into the sky, twisting through each layer of the peel. Riding the spiral, as logic we defy and we find ourselves watching a movie reel, flickering as the sky is set aflame. Dark ridges silhouetted against a velvet canvas and we spun the wheel of fortune as the star gazed down, while the devil held court and cast judgment upon the man by one leg bound as like the fool we plummet to the ground and we wandered along the yellow brick road searching for a destination we knew not where...dreams...memories...what were they but imprints in soft flesh, inconsequential nightmares that wandered our subconscious spectrally? Phantoms that refused to stay buried as they tried for a second chance with a sleight of hand?

I walked into the wild, feral eyed, prowling...an intruder to this world...creeping amongst the ferns as I silently observed the insects and birds...the creatures that passed me by, unobserved, listening to the chorus of the world...the mother; as father time seemed to stand still in the realm of brilliant greens and somber reds that

draped the ground before me...sitting motionless upon decaying trees, silently I breathe. Slow and steady as the sun pranced with the shadows in the early morning dew, kissing each leaf as if a faerie and my soul was soothed; the fresh scent of pine needles and rich dirt overwhelming my senses and I felt at ease as everything blended into one...one cosmic exhalation as we are all caught on a solar breeze, innumerable particles flowing in a silent stream.

Intertwining, constricting before bursting in a sudden expansion of radiant hues as an electric current pulsed throughout my body and I felt my soul lifted free; free of the human disease and all of our discarded trash heaps, free of the endless static and soulless husks we daily greet while everything tore away as far as the eye could see, for everything was inside of me. And so we blazed our own trail as we fumbled through the soft growth that our feet padded over, new flesh for there was no longer anything older, yet the sound of life was ever present with each step we took.

Hidden amongst the trees wherever we looked. Down pathways that had perished to be reborn anew, beyond the watch of all but the chosen few who cared to venture into the forsaken past and contemplate upon hidden shores that had managed to last. Hidden from electronic eyes and technological lies, as the serpent took on a different form. Headed on foot we journeyed to the storm that loomed in the distance, ominous under a somber veil; yet we were persistent as we followed the scales to heavenly birdsong, stepping stones to

revelations erelong and as darkness descended upon us again, we pushed on to find this reverie's end.

We watched a fox die this evening, slaughtered as thousands of witnesses glimmered in the sky. Feeling our frailty as it whimpered and howled, gasping for air as time moved forward. Ever marching on, as it struggled to pull air into its fragile lungs. A cool rain trickled down, the possibility of life in each and every drop as we laid upon our backs and gazed up to the stars. Slowly it grew silent as our companion issued its last breath, and nothing happened...absolutely nothing. The stars continued their cold stare, as the trees still whispered secrets in the air and the shadows still crept throughout this night as Luna gave the gift of her light and we thought we should give a eulogy but no one did. Just laid in the dirt and contemplated our sins and when the scavengers took our dear friend we did not weep, our tears were our own to keep.

Where were we headed? What was our goal? The seasons had begun to change as the trees caught fire with an intensity that burned deeply, as we let it consume our souls...was there really anything to this all? It felt as if it were always raining...the past caught up in the mist that blankets the land before us...faces dissipate; a remnant of what we were...a child's cry, stifled and silent; as temptation drifted with our woes. Wrapping itself around our prose as demons and angels fought for control of decisions made beneath starlit skies; free will our gift the heavens despised...but what was really free?

The reflections of bad decisions and mistakes that never leave, careening round each and every bend; as desperately we seek a friend. But the past never mends; just tags along for the ride and we always act so surprised. Twisting in our memories truth and lies as we run into the forests where we can hide from the sun, as we gasp like the newborn pulling air to its lungs and we let out a scream as we break out...smashing through the glass that reflects back as we scream with our last breath and pray that there is something left. A long-lost god; a dead god who stares with lifeless eyes upon creation and its horrible mutation...human...

In the wild we found ourselves lost, away from split concrete where the homeless weep...away from artificial lights that line cookie cutter streets...away from propaganda polluted airwaves that greet us in pointless small talk from everyone we meet in this forsaken world of shit and piss. Controlling mothers and cats that hiss; aborted lives that were never missed. Beyond forgotten loves whose mouths were never kissed...beneath billboards and chemical serpents with venomous lips that are lighted by a neon glow, pale skin and the echoes of insincere moans that haunt the streets where addicts meet to dance with death...and it all grows still as we discover rest, lost in the darkness where trees exhale the breeze that carries us to a deep sleep. An awakening, detached from attachment to other beings, free to wander the voids in between. Slowly ripping at the seams, crawling through a tear, until our fragile souls smash upon the ground; a spiritual experience inside a burial mound...and we let everything go as we are struck in awe, the heavens before us without a flaw. A poetic

experience, completely raw, that flowed in broken thoughts...shallow streams that emptied into a glistening lake, pooling together the notes we make as we progress on towards an understanding that runs deep within...a place beyond virtues and sin. Mouths fed, we open our eyes and find silence. Pure silence...and in this we found a gift, hidden meaning wrapped in myths, astral serenity and simple bliss.

If nobody sees us, do we even exist? I've been watching as it all passes by; shades in the shadows, as we sing sweet lullabies from forgotten groves, looking to soothe our souls...We burst forth like a child from the womb, scratching and clawing at the walls; screaming and wailing like a ghost at a tomb...the angels have all left, flown into an inferno beyond the vision of man and here we traveled towards a destination unknown, along the serpent's back...ever expanding out into the horizon as the sky turns a darker shade...the lights slowly blinking out one by one...slithering to the drums of the hills, traveling along each scale...the serpent hisses, a breath expelled, anima...life...a single step...ornaments in the sky, precious metals and the cold darkness of bygone lore... As it all drifts by; where is the light to guide us home?

We wash away the blood from stained hands...the only witnesses, the whispering trees that formed a canopy above to veil our tears from the cold gaze of heaven above. A slow strumming on the breeze, vibrations. A feather upon our astral cords that lightly caused a tremor...a ripple...ink upon parchment...an eloquent flowing of sacred words that brought a flicker

of life to snow white tapers lining the path along the riverside. Take me home, to a bed by the waterside, beneath the weeping willow trees where everything is silent and clean. The city was a sore, a fairy tale that had decayed; collapsing under the weight of unfulfilled wishes and the fragmented glass of midnight dreams that formed a spiderweb. Its prey, the sleeping souls that lay beneath the rubble.

The wails of aborted babies and silent stares of housewives with blackened eyes...stolen youth...vials and syringes...a sickness, that had crept into broken homes...lost soulmates that wandered the streets; murmurs of unrequited love. A search for validation among gravestones...past the city limits, in the barrens that lay beyond spirits in purgatory lay the thickets and groves; the pureness found at the end of the roads where the river silently wound and flowed...A prayer whispered to the winter sky...a wish thrown into the void...held close to the heart, for what it's worth...as we pass by darkened windows, vacant eyes; our reflection a vague recollection...our names forgotten...our memories like a dandelion, blown to the stars above...for none of it is needed here.

Sparkling skies that adorn the curtain of the night usher in self reflection...goosebumps in the chill air, reminders of our mortal flesh...and the trees, oh the trees...silent sentinels whose soft volitions weave a tale that leads our way as splintered light filters from broken blinds and the pathway winds up into the hills...as words are penned by quill; spilled ink, eye flicker...blink. And suddenly before us there was a dead heaven...skid marks

on the road, twisted shards of metal; burnt by flames from an unseen fire...across a stretch of bad land we traveled...scorched earth beneath towering precipices, a forsaken valley that fell beneath pillars of salt...spoiled...rotten...everything in slow motion as shadows stretch behind silent footfalls...warped, burning glass...the soft caress of a razor blade as it runs a gentle tongue over warm flesh...a crossroad looming before us; ominous clouds spreading for as far as the eye can see...to the ends of the earth; traveling to the east where from cascading stairs we descend into the beast....eternal...always in motion...a universal consciousness that flows through fragile veins, expanding out into ethereal planes...drowning...mantras...whispered prayers in archaic tongue...a whirlpool that emanates from a solitary tree upon a rock...its branches brittle, from lack of sustenance, as the swirling words echo across a sea made of tears that poured forth from a maiden upon the sturdiest branch...beneath her, a prophet hung...wild...crazed...his words falling on deaf ears, as the crowds drown him out...a staircase spiraling up...up...up into the heavens...and before us stood the seventh seal...it's surface inscribed by long dead hands...its meaning lost...

Millions of shimmering souls, painted upon a canvas of the night...watching...vacant glittering in the heavens...a desolate road that fades into the darkness. Beyond sight, shadows writhing between skeletal trees and the night sky watches with a cold serenity.

Exhale...

Breath trailing against a dark cloth, a painted puff of life...fast forward to the blur of the pavement, canopy of trees; that loom ominously over this cimmerian shade...a bygone pathway known since ancient times as we chase after ghosts; the fox running on the wind. Transforming...ash white hair...a brittle papyrus, adorned in faded ink that gives off a queer luminescence that emanates from the base of the spinal cord...astral cord...third eye awakening from beneath layers of pineal calcification...breaking through, as the road goes on...

A hollow roar, between snow covered hills...into the valley beyond frosted windowsills...through sleepy hamlets and empty roads...contemplation among forgotten bones...harmony found, as father winter blows...flushed skin, and numb toes...a whisper on the wind to which we confess all of our sins...to the sacred sky that listens attentively as we yearn for a connection mentally. Rebirth...the phoenix risen...eager flesh awaiting the first incision...as we drape ourselves in silicone and rust...our senses illusory, unable to trust...our own soul's violent cries, for it has been so long since we saw a blue sky. Screaming into the endless abyss, a puff of breath, a misplaced kiss. Looking for redemption, but what is redemption?

Judgment reserved
Profound?
What is profound?
There is nothing.

We search for profound meaning in a life created on Hollywood sets... only to find sluts seeking redemption for sins. Pre-packaged and manufactured to be like all the rest and we spiral down...spiral down...spiral down...round and round...spiral down. Perhaps death would truly be best...to feel Hell's caress and experience something truly blessed. In obsidian nights we become withdrawn...a waking dream that carries on and on and on...

Silently lapping waves, lanterns reflecting in the water as the stones are worn smooth. A moonless sky above, prayers sent to the abyss as we petition whatever listens for small favors...the stones end and our feet licked clean, the waters rising...flickering lights...wandering streets with no names...blurring vision and then silence...silence...a reflex of a soul; reflection of a shadow...waiting for something to happen...waiting for something to matter, but why do the angels bow their heads so? Where have the eyes gone that glimmered in the cold? A barren expanse covered in a light dusting of snow that blankets all our woes as we hold hands with the skeletons under the floorboards and whisper I told you so....

Kick kick kick kick kick kick kick kick
Breakdown...in the wrong lane...silver strings plucked from a harp...a twang as hearts are strummed...from out of the darkness as a rhythm drops; ominous pace...blank stares on the passing face(less)...bass...running towards the sea...a confessional between you and me...hallowed, truly fated to be...a match extinguished by a flick of the wrist. A wisp of smoke; a moment diminished...hugging

tight to each twist and bend, a bruise we seek to mend. A breath of wind caught in a bottle, opened to exhale life into tomorrow...

Flickering lights, all a dream...smoke signals...Morse code breaking through the darkness...travel on....travel on...though you may slumber in the breath of angels...high up in the clouds, floating free...stripped naked of all these walls...through twists and bends that greet our sleepy eyes...travel on into the sun. A fool is laughing, braying like a crazed animal under a moonless sky...a solitary lantern lights the way. From the bow of an oak it gently displayed the pathway that lay ahead, through the forest and over the hills to the ancient mother we go, riding the waves over silent roads in the February cold...

What a revelation.

Spilled ink, the puddle spreads out into an ocean, pounding waves that dry like a sun beached whale... agony. Slowly drying up...but it leaves behind a sacred vision as the tributaries form swirling words that equal the stars in the sky. Vastness.

Flesh.

Decay.

Shedding skin.

A broken sand dollar in the dunes, tread underfoot. Shattered like porcelain, smashed against the

wall. Eggshell cracks, pushing through. Broadcasting; electrical impulses. The body spasms...vibrations cast into the universe...a wish...a dream...a confession...the trees shudder and weep. Overstimulated...bleak resonances...cigarette burns...curling parchment...charred pulp....rotting cores...Eden's fruit long spoiled, as the embers pulse with a radiant life...burning slow, fading to night. The cinders are long gone...carbon picked up on a swift wind and exhaled into the cosmic stream...a silver cord that spirals out into the celestial stream, bursting into transcendent color and then taken by the void. And then there was silence. She wept beneath a tree, a forlorn expression adorning a frail frame. Her tears created the sea, at which sat a sage without name. A sparkling luminescence; a peephole from which to see; a voyeurism which we all crave. Fucking ourselves and calling it free as we record poetry in each passing wave. Looking up from bloody knees, in the stone our whispers engraved. An offering to Calliope.

Vibrations...

Vibrations...

A ripple on a still pond, spreading towards the outer limits as sound is muffled...drowned beneath darkened depths...into the night...into oblivion...vibrating in the abyss...swimming...down past songs we sang, down past whispered bedside prayers...into the recesses before ancient mantras...into the primordial depths where there is nothing but vibrations...and under the ripples a shadow crawls, inky

and silent it strangles us all...a ticking clock, a warm
caress...a gift with which we have all been blessed...but
the time has yet to come, for underneath it all we are
still being born beneath zenith stars, vibrating as we
swim in the endless pool...vibrating into something
new...a creation sparked from
imagination...subconscious realms seen in third eye
projections...universal, and eternal; an endless rhythm as
the heavens run their course, diminishing as we pretend
the godhead isn't wilting before our eyes...an ink stain
on an infinite canvas...and as the lights fade we blaze a
trail, slithering along the serpents tail...back to forgotten
crossroads.

Ripples in the night. Trailing smoke and
vibrations. Shadows in the trees, the setting sun
illuminating harsh purple hues with a fire inside,
blossoming...reaching to the horizon, as Spanish guitar
weeps a sorrowful tune, up into the hills...past discarded
fields and rusted fence...past dilapidated barns and
frightened trees, a ghost trail under fiery skies. Death
mounds, earthen flesh...a witches house looms upon the
hill...fresh bread, the oven still warm...a serpent
rattle...hiss...inside each and every home...discarded
pennies in a wishing well.

No hope...

No dreams...

From behind brick facade walls...a fire in the
window, gasping for breath...shake off the soot...
scattered on the wind...scattered across the barren

land...a winding road that cuts through towering trees,
through the dusk and pine, into a grove with no
leaves...take the old route, off the beaten trail...curious
keys, porcelain spine...breathe deep...breathe in...past
fiberglass corpses and ancient frame...relics of a fall, an
Autumn inferno down in the valley...exhale...a silk
worm shouts...delicate threads that weave between
lives...idols on a hill...spirituality for sale...billboards
faded...peeling...hiss...shedding skin...just like a
dream...burn our way through flesh...burning
blubber...digging through...flesh in our teeth...skin under
torn nails...biting down to the skin...breathe
in...grinding...gnashing...forcing our way
through...sputtering breath...sunflower smiles, a drop of
dew...the caterpillar knows all the forbidden shades and
hues...rebirth in a flutter of wings, blind and deaf but
full of sin...seeking nourishment, exhale...always
hungry....

For knowledge.

For pain.

For love.

For fear.

To taste experiences with our throats slit from ear
to ear...walking dead...lone New England road...into the
sunlight, breaking through...inhale...breathe deep...salty
tears...pounding the ancient shore...back in the sand,
always hungering for more...

Shit pistol. A self imposed prison, terms may be subject to change.

Love; tableau impressions, scene set.

Scene set.

Action.

Shoot em up...

Jesus wept, but not for me. The nativity scene is set, born again to blood and sweat. Jesus wept, but not for me. Hands bear the mark, soot stained. Excrement beneath unkempt nails, my mother wept when she saw my face. Oh, how she wept, clawing and tearing out of her womb...skin and sin. Powdered rouge. Facsimile of stitched flesh, torn muscle and atrophied limbs. My reflection wept. Oh, how it wept, wolf in sheep's clothing. Climbing through, phallus in hand as I am cumming too. My reflection, crawling through... A swan song; a crack in an otherwise flawless seam... Fraudulent mimicries of self expression as you step into the masquerade. Ever mindful of the eyes that watch... judge you...for what would you be without your flock...sagging skin and wrinkled flesh...cast the stone; a forgery of decorum...gold sceptre and throne... disgraced and pissed upon...vehement stare...who hurt you little girl? Lost, wandering beneath a veil...beneath your plastic mask...impropriety your evening wear; yet loneliness is your favorite shroud...a perfect fit. Kiss your reflection...eggshell white...splintered...fragile... empty.

A letter; paid postage from Uzbekistan came to my door. Passed through Samarkand; spirits withering on the floor. Autopsied my soul...cut open whole.

Heaven's parking lot seems awfully full. Heart on a wooden table; left of the butcher's block, skeleton keys and ivory bone. Zero chances to crack this lock. The gates are found closed; as shadows collect past lives; karma that we forget. Shedding skin; never to recollect, a heartfelt goodbye to that which we neglect. Heaven's parking lot is full of car accidents and dope sick drivers anyways...overrated bullshit.

A barren hollow tomb. Cracked and ashen knuckles, two days stubble. The steeple whispers lies; nicotine stained, shifty eyes. Confessions to a setting sun, an early grave in the bottom of a bottle. Shallow breaths, youthful smile. Hairpin turns, cheap whores. Painted face, broken dreams. Vibing to the rhythm...a hollow pact, a feverish dream. A view of the grave...cigarette burns and cut scenes. Fishnet thighs and wasted lives, on her knees a mother cries. Watching headlights pass by...animal eyes and flattened flesh...cigarette smoke in every caress. Poetry at the stroke of a brush, fading city lights and broken trust. Shattered friendships, come and go...strangers entering the fold. Shadows, shades; broken guitar strings...youthful hope and engagement rings. Wishes gone with summer flings...caterpillars gaining wings. Shouting from up on high, live so you never die. Growing to a faster pace...transcendence, just a taste. Prayers to a lost faith as we scratch and claw at the cage...confined limitations...idle fancy...an illusion...a misplaced passion broadcast on a television screen, all an irretrievable dream.

She was dead before they found her. Drunken phone calls at three am, chattering teeth and MDMA. She was dead before they found her. Tied down to a bed. Cheap motel...generic bibles...cigarette burns...she was dead before they found her. I heard there was a tear in her eye...I heard there was a smile with her final sigh...I heard she was stripped naked, just like a child. She was dead before they found her. That last platonic caress...the trees passing by as she wept, for life was a mess. Lifting her skirt, just need a little rest...touch it if you want, I have nothing left. She was dead before they found her. Mascara stained eyes...empty bottles and softly whispered lies....crucified, a martyr to the bag...tied down, two spikes in skin that sagged. She was dead before they found her. Sparkling blues to the sky on the day that she died. They said that it was over money...they said that it was over sex...they said that she is finally at rest.

The fool is laughing, braying like a crazed animal under a moonless sky...a solitary lantern lights the way. From the bow of an oak it gently displayed the pathway that lay ahead, through the forest and over the hills to the ancient mother we go, riding the waves over silent roads in the February cold...a devilish thought, a yearning sound...exhale; a halo slipping from lowered crown...playful and coy under blood stained sheets...a taste of heaven, lash of hell; a soul acquiesced...histrionic didactic, a pantomime of sighs...delving into depths beneath sorrowful eyes...an act of submission...scene set and cut...a wilted flower, a stroke of luck...limpid and luminous; salacious and hyper aware...a bond between animalism and

aftercare...a glimpse of the sacred, a forbidden kiss...a metaphor whispered from parted lips...digital noise...dim glow of an LSD screen...smile emoji...no more smiles...no more physical contact...rat-a-tattat...clack clack clack...silent laughs...following the bread crumb trail...step into the sideshow...long live the new flesh...transmitted bullshit and sex queens...digital flesh...cannibalized flesh...silent laugh...that was a good one...rat-a-tat-tat...wink emoji...devil emoji...credit card numbers and sweaty palms...daily psalms and Israeli bombs...plugged on in...base of the spine...traveling heavenwards...full moon, fluttering moths.

Turn it down...riding coattails...Kerouacs...polite hacks...round the bend...heaven grinned...pink hair and pierced clits...too deep...too deep...go back to sleep. Hush, lock your windows...open your doors (sad)istic voyeurs. Honest lawyers, junk sick well-doers...too deep...too deep...go back to sleeping...hush, God didn't come through. God didn't come through. God didn't cum...erect and at attention...crucified and full of pretension...cuddles and suspension...still no comprehension. Fucking and cigarettes...masturbatory epithets...shadows that are absent...go to sleep among fragments.

Skeletal remains rotting under poisoned tears, fossil fragments of forgotten years. Rusted frames and charcoal remains, industrial graveyards of limbs we've maimed. As the mist billows down, fluffy pillows gently placed upon the ground...algae stained rock...beneath the muck...beneath the mire...beneath kaleidoscope fears...an emerald tower rising into the sky...tribal

drums...a whisper to heaven...a prayer to hell...tear
stained lips...closed eyes. Follow the trail of
lights...warning. Pushing against the stars...pushing
against the star...angels fuck, while devils fall. Will this
last forever? Clapping hands, a round of applause...a
masturbatory show for all. Take me away, my dreams lie
dead. Put me to rest, put me to bed. Forget these idle
fancies...

In every empty space there is a story
unfolding...

Deathbed orations, excursions into the meat
grinder. Gut
wrenching...spiraling...transcending...pulsing flesh,
throbbing to a slow drum.

Raw Pulp
Raw Pulp

Pulsing... slipping with arms outstretched, trance
like rhythm...smoke burns from distant pyres as it flirts
with the sky, twilight descends...the hillsides bathed in a
milky gray...among sleeping giants. Among sleeping
giants...rest your head. The bus stations empty...stained
plexiglass, our dreams carved in frantic scratches.
Graffiti of worn and wasted lives, nothing but a former
baby and an aspiring corpse. The creak of an old rocking
chair, its paint worn and forlorn. Relics of better
days...cold ivory in the nursery, porcelain
smiles...stained by the rolling tide, rising and falling...
the petals drift to the floor in silence.

A moment held, a moment gone, maggots squirm in an ashtray...a flower blooms...cut the stem, severed throat. Left as an offering to ancestors lost. Time passes us by, the grave left unkempt. Crumbling marble, dried petals, wind washed names...the city is left to a standstill as newspapers blow past. The laughter of children has long since departed. A viral overload of the senses. Immunodeficient society...stare at the screen. A bough of sage placed over the door to ward off evil spirits and the demons of lore. There's nothing to be afraid of...they won't find us here. A chair in an empty room...masking tape covers the windows, the future seen in tea leaves. The house groans from the eaves...ancient and sore...brittle bones; blood spilt upon the floor. And I stand in the pouring rain as a fog descends upon the trees.

Standing on the beach...soaked to the bone... standing on the shore as the curtain shuts on this show. The shutters are closed, locked tight to keep out the disease. Verbal discharge, poisoned airwaves...within a bath of bleach we are bathed. White washed, as we shed our skin. Wiped clean of all of our sins...laughing our way to hell. A hell of our own design. Half-assed like everything else. A snow white fox watches from atop a dune. Judgmental. Concrete shells and bare bones, hallucinations induced by cellular phones...lopsided trees that whisper eloquently, factory assembled celibacy. The warranty is void; flogging, always self employed. Half-assed like always. A messianic paraphrase. A cornfield of stardust. Ripe prophets discharge rust...staring up at the ugly moon. A leper or a fool? Carrying bags beneath tired eyes, no name left to

exorcise. A creeping shadow, an unnoticed shade...sadoomasochist; erotic pain. A pretentious masquerade on the beach in the pouring rain. Among the crashing waves, half-assed like always.

Cracks in the pavement...the weeds poking through on the cracked blacktop...a slow decay as nature takes back what was stolen. The smell of shit fast food and exhaust on a nice cool breeze, take another drag off the cancer stick. Exhale, watching the smoke drift off to join the poison in the air, just doing my part. Taking in the explosion of vibrant color; it's amazing what happens when humans disappear for a fucking year...the planet heals. Two years in a fog, the world at a standstill as dumb fucks argue back and forth over who is right about this and that, but what the fuck does it even matter? Sure doesn't to me...sick of the electronic babble, transmitted headaches and bullshit. The secret is, no one is going to change their views, fuck that noise. I'll stick to ink and words, sailing over an ocean of paper and actual thought. But what is a thought? I feel as if the majority of the population has forgotten what one is, big secret folks, you are all sheep.

A rabbit in the middle of the road, the sound of an engine nears. Flip of a coin...wonder if it will live...childhood recollections of a time when we remembered how to forgive. The vultures circling as they eye a meal, just more carbon for the universe to steal... shudder to a stop...Peter Rabbit goes hop hop hop...in the safety of the shade, death's bounty today it evades...ashes to ashes, snubbed to dust...you should always have a healthy distrust of warning labels, or they

should at least be fucking creative and write fables...but the storytellers have all been consumed, subliminal marketing MUST resume...we have schedules to keep you poor fucks...assume the position and get ready to suck...we have such a juicy treat ready for you...we see you salivating in the queue.

Tik Tok and twerking...products and jerking...as long as you keep working...down to the bone, up against the grinding stone...your ashes will be offered to the gods, just smile and nod. In and out of fentanyl dreams, ignore reality falling apart at the seams, for we have your cure...another needle, yes we're sure...the wise hawk circles above, swooping in to give our friend the rabbit some love...circle of life and all that shit...goddamn this party called life is lit, until the party stops. It's only a matter of time as the clock tick tocks...cerulean shades, scarlet blood from failed raids...the tears of children are what the machine is fed, maybe we would be better off dead...illegal tenants who stopped paying rent...we didn't understand what the terms of service meant...and now we boohoo and cry that we are going to sue, but our mother can't be threatened or wooed...the door shuts as a father cries, eviction notices served on the fly...for we are too thick headed to see it coming, distracted by novelties and assholes we are tonguing...then it hits as twilight descends, a moment of clarity, a moment of comprehension...a clearing of misapprehensions, as we peer into the heavens and feel the weight of midnight confessions and forgotten lays, whispered rejections and ancient ways...beneath the cold stare of apathetic stars and self inflicted scars...for a moment we feel small,

humbled beneath creation's pall...insignificant little
fucks that usurp and destroy, children playing
cowboy...bang bang...sturm und drang.

The scene ends and we head back home, leaving
the woods for creatures of the night to roam...keep the
candles lit to keep back the monsters of which ancestors
writ...primal fear, senseless dejection...condemn those
with a curious inflection...seek the safety of picket
fences and well maintained lawns, stick to your
emoticons...for what is outside is far too dangerous,
freedom is traitorous...what does it matter, as we hang
from Jacob's ladder? A pitchfork to our ass and
unrealized dreams to our mind, just a species on a
decline that is coordinated so well that we don't hear the
tolling of the bell, but we hear the ringtones that poison
the sky, ignoring the signs that pass us by.

Our ancestors would be ashamed...their temples
left profaned by their own flesh, but we insist that we
are blessed. We know better. Swaying in the breeze,
taking in the air that we breathe...the sweet music of the
birds and the bees, colors beyond hues our eyes
see...sunlight softly caresses skin, the fragrance of Lily
Kings as we travel as Bedouins seeking a forgotten
spring of eternal youth that we glimpse through half-
truths, that peer out from between the lines, eternal,
unbound from time...for we are the heirs to an
inheritance of forgotten knowledge that we sweep under
the rug and refuse to acknowledge...would be
progenitors, entranced by chicanery and execrable
haberdashers.

Too blind to see...

Too blind to see...

Tear out the eyes...

Perception bastardized...

Read from the spaces between...adrenochrome and
caffeine, a puff of smoke and nicotine...rhythmic
repetition...rhythmic repetition...rhythmic
repetition...pineal gland condition...pineal gland
condition...pacify the toxic emissions...rhythmic
repetition...vibing on astral transmissions...rhythmic
repetition...third eye wide...we're gassed up and ready to
ride out into the open sea for the winding road is all
there is between you and me...serpent introspection,
rhythmic repetition...following the scales towards
extrasensory perception...soul on the slab ready for
dissection...cold surgical steel, autopsy
reminisces...glimpsing what lays beyond subconscious
abysses, to find ourselves sitting on a couch alone,
weather beaten and forgetting all that we have known...a
blank canvas.

Do not pass.

Shit stained snow.

New England winter.

An endless road.

A stream of trash strewn curbs disappearing into
the darkness beyond sight...beyond heaven's light...razor
blade kisses against frozen skin...feathers forming

crimson grins...drifting to the ground below...at the crossroads of the soul...the air is bitter and cruel...twilight and darkness duel...a chorus of insects sing a tune as fools dance beneath the moon and the road winds on and on...

To the rhythm of the heaven's lonely song, a fresh snow coats the road. Discarded tissues and torn porn...the pages billow in the breeze...curling as they burn beside a boarded up motel. Abandoned fossils of the time before...chapped lips and festering cold sores...into the underbrush...out in the cold...sweet nothings and tall tales told. Forbidden touches...soft blushes...parted lips and whispered shushes...for the heavens time crawled along, to a time out of place the night did belong. Spirits dance as they flirt with the ground, traveling along to this old winter song.

Along salmon kill run, among fading footsteps and wandering tongue. Empty fields rolled on into the distance, a barren tree scattered here and there that gave one a strange sense of claustrophobia. Eventually they gave in to the forest; the spaces between the trees...uneasiness, as the light of the moon plays tricks on the eyes. An old church looms on a hill up the road. Traveling into the heart of Dutchess County.

Houses at night were ominous things. Ghoulish faces and witches fires. Unknown...unseen...but watching. Just beyond the barrier of the door, a flicker of movement. Silence...an emptiness that spills onto split concrete and overgrown yards. American dream...American nightmare. White picket

fences...silent faces painted against the void. They watch and we listen to the pounding of our hearts as they beat a rhythm to the pitter patter of our shoes as we tiptoe along asphalt roads. Branches silhouetted on the street beneath Autumn leaves that crunch under our feet as a crisp night air raises goosebumps that dance with neck hair and we know that something is watching.

Starless, the heavens fall dark above. Paradise lost; the landscape devoid of love...compassion...dreams...all so simple it would seem. Yet an uncaring expanse is all that is found as the wheel of time goes round. Bitter dust; the furnace shut off. The gods turn face and scoff at the cold embrace of humanity, cruel intent and vanity. Consuming; eternally hungry. A unified front with no borders or country. Prowling the shadows within darkened rooms. Poisoning embryos in sleeping mother's wombs. An infection that creeps past unseen, leaving every soul unclean.

The gates are blown open for all to see, just a dead heaven left, for you and me. A mushroom blossoming up into the sky, crimson and scarlet to the eye. Capillaries breaking beneath the skin, painted before a devilish grin that spreads from cheek to cheek. Unrestrained voyeurism and obscenities of which we don't speak, seen through a filthy camera glass. Transmitted and saved in memories cache. Pornography and debauchery...crying women and razed scenery. The mascara is smudged, smeared across a fair canvas. Innocence wept...rope twined round pale wrists...a tone plays over and over beneath the music. Beneath the

waves...soft rhythms...anticipation building...building to a crescendo...transcending...and then it all crashes down into a vast ocean that drowns everything out...silence...internal sight...reflections as a soft snow falls...driving along dark roads this night.

The faces are distorted, blown by an angry breath that comes from behind the plaster and sheet rock. Reaching through the barriers...the curtain pushed aside with an all knowing smile. The fangs are hidden beneath layers of fur, endless as it spreads along the floor. Up the bookcases and into the hall, trailing along each and every wall as the spider watches from beneath. Eyes gleaming as it gives your nose a kiss...illuminated by a fungal violet moss...dull greens...radiant crimson shades as the veil of light is parted and spread...each beam stroking...soaking...polluting as the wind howls. The faces are blending with the past, forlorn and faded...the casket is center stage...peaceful rest...porcelain skin...cracked bone...reflections looking back...climb on in...cemetery echoes...the bark of the dog...the bite of the bark...limbs reaching for the heavens, but only a raven looks back. Patterns upon patterns, pulsating as the sparrow sing.

Decaying wood, ocher stain. Fading beneath the silent stare of a crane. Hobbit holes in sunken mounds...a child-like lost and found...cat whiskers, the hair of the bog...silent and predatory, the coyote smiles. The trees wildly sway, dancing to and fro as the leaves wave. Farewells always so bitter, staring into my reflection. Begging me to stay. Sun-bleached driftwood...seeking hidden glens at the river's end.

Skeletal hands reaching for land, within a cottage my reflection stares back at me. Someone left the lights off...the moon drapes itself over sheer glass. A silent wish and a death that lasts. Melted butter in a silvery pool, swirling as it crawls on through. Worn paper and cigarette ash, remnants of childhood toys and splintered masks. Swept under furniture, monotonous tasks...discarded wrappers and VHS tracks. Under the grain...under the grain...under...the grain. Blinking eyes, smirking grin...a reflection...a witness...a sin. Cut to the left, scissors and satin skin. Put to the flame, the show begins. Cigarette burns and warped glass, reflections that fade into the past.

The owl watches from a perch. Feather flicker...silence. Skeletal, peeling bark of the birch. A watchful eye, whispered elegies...relics of better days and remembered soliloquies. Gnarled roots amongst the rolling hills. Glistening water on pools that fill. Flowing from springs of old, the scene has ended and we are left in the cold. The lingering touch of winter breath, as the land ends its rest. Awakening to the sun's last rays, as twilight drapes a comforting blanket over the day.

Of scarlet red and golden hues, vermilion mid-tones and regal blues. The owl turns its head to watch the evening crawl out of bed. The forest and vibrant life, a festival of the night. Along forgotten trails the crown sets sail. Into thawing glens of old, to remember that we have a soul. Into the dark dark depths in which a maiden wept. From a pitcher came the sea, as the north star rose above the trees. Hope and despair; we're barely alive.

For beauty our souls desperately cried. Something
primal and free, silicone and rust are not what we need.
The rotting city a distant blight, forgotten in the night.
Old grain and knotted frame, remnants of the past, a
story without a name. Pine in the air, the rapids wipe the
surface bare...an instinctual care, a vision shared.
Tranquility in the roots, as the earth claims our boots.
Ducking beneath the veil, back to the place from which I
hail.

Poetry in motion...nature, always growing...a mother
hovering just above the rails of the
crib...nurturing...smothering...

From the mountains countless eyes are passing
messages along the moss. Fungal blooms, whispered
words...Mother inviting us home. A babes first breath,
within the ferns gentle caress. Footsteps of the Nephilim
along verdant valleys; amongst the bedlam. Gateways to
fallen cities...predators bare their teeth.

A serpent hisses from beneath the bark of the tree.
Go that way, nothing here to see.
Skeletal birch...ivory bone...a parchment graced with an
eloquent poem.

Along cobblestone paths on which our feet softly tread,
An underlying melancholy...unspoken dread.

Peeled back layers that wither with each tug of the
thread...softly spoken ripples...the surface cold and dead.

Above slanted halo and below bloody hoof,

Murmured incantations, glances aloof...along
shimmering scales following archaic beats...wandering
amongst dreadful shades and rattles that weep...

Bloody teeth and back alley streets....exhaled
smoke...disease beneath our feet...cracked glass vials
and rusted syringe...smearred mascara and purred sins
that we wear as a jacket to protect us from the cold...an
illusory comfort for us to cling to and hold.

Inhalations of magic flowing through the air...contrite
exhalations, our souls left bare.

Are you looking for absolution?

Reprieve from dreams...
The senses smothered...a candle extinguished.

Flesh to paste

Eyes wide...paper thin...

Grind.

Sign of the cross...an empty reflection...
Vacant eyes and stained concrete...
Bloody pulp and sullied feet...

Soot and blood...

Flesh to paste

Eyes wide...paper thin...

This is forgiveness.

Memories, he scoffed?

What good truly comes of memories?

All that memory brings us in the end is pain.

Painful thoughts of those who have passed on...

The betrayal of a lover...

A stark remembrance of that which brings tears to the eye of the beholder...

But alas, perhaps that is what memories are good for?

What would be the poet without the recollection of the dearly departed?

What beautiful prayers would be whispered to the heavens without evoking the pain of the heart?

Without the sorrow of the soul, what tales would be weaved of love and loss?

Perhaps memory is the blood that spills from a quill upon ivory pages,

A memory within itself to remind us that someone was there.

Death of an ideal, shattered fantasy,

The curtain veils cold pageantry,

Time crawling by; grains of sand,

Severed at the wrist; red left hand,

Down-turned eyes, iniquitous whispers,

Disregarded words and unheard vespers,

As night slowly descends,

Act over, no time to make amends,

Unfulfilled dreams, once sacramentary,

Left to fester; a forgotten memory,

The light of the moon tracing silent lips,
Wishes decay; an aspiration remiss.

Surrounded by ghosts and disintegrating names,
The past catching up; dead reclaimed,
In the midnight hours the beatings are so cruel,
Ink spilled on ivory paper like broken postules,
The death of an aspiration, a silent elegy,
An unwelcome corpse that rots irreverently,
Whispering sweet nothings from bone dry lips,
Brittle words whose meaning has been long eclipsed,
The ravages of time slowly tick on by,
Scavenger eyes and hungry flies,
Awaiting the feast laid upon forgotten altars,
At which love sorrowfully faltered,
A sacrifice to the spirit of doubt,
A decree of fate not quite fleshed out,
As the dust settles at the kiss of dawn,
And the shadows become withdrawn,
Shed skin left amongst sputtering flames,
A memory of warm lips and a forgotten name,
Taken away on an exhaled breath,
An empty shell, a soul bereft.

Closing doors, a silver sliver amongst blinking eyes,
Winding roads and cliches...ramble on...
A whisper into the darkness,
Subtle chimes in the crisp air,
Drive on...
Enveloped...devoured by the night,
Talking again in my sleep.
Whimpers and howls,
Reflected light...

Vague imprints...
Of something...
Or at least at one time there was something,
But now it lay still.
Playing dead...
Roll over.

Open your eyes and silently scream.

The scars of time, pantomime.
The crowd erupts in laughter,
A round of applause.

Take a bow.

The smoke clears and you find yourself amongst ghosts,
Wandering halls, waiting for you...
Looming hills, winding roads...
The trees form a canopy, sentries standing guard,
Watching and waiting...
Dust to dust...
Hungrily they watch us turn to ash.
Consuming us...
Rebirth; a mother weeps,
Universal vibrations.
Music drifting along a cosmic stream,
The pavement ends.
A sliver in the sky amongst blinking eyes,
Artificial light, jagged corpses riding high.
Stories of loss, the tragedy of life,
Always balancing along the edge of the knife,
Along the serpent's scales,
Shimmering, the life behind us pales.

Reawakened, a million blinking eyes...

The road ends.

Infinite possibilities...

Infinite vibrations...

Infinite doors...

Exhale; dream.

Along the serpent's scales,
Murmurs of forgotten tales.

Petals torn, fluttering one by one to the ground,
A silent pain, collapsing without a sound.
Petrified, barren dreamscapes on once fertile land,
Aspirations cut down, no legs on which to stand,
Illusions of an idyllist, the poet screams,
Dolorous and forlorn, no love left to bleed,
An empty vessel, laid to rest,
A vacancy betwixt souls, that once were blessed,
Blind eyes turned, a string swiftly severed,
Tears the unit by which we measure,
The significance of a fleeting moment,
The consequence of a fleeing bestowment,
That slipped between fingertips that softly grasped,
For a wrinkle in time that faded too fast,
As the distance grows between two shores,
The ocean swallows the visionary who mourns,
For from rose tinted glasses heaven had been glimpsed,
A taste of perfection from lips softly kissed,
That set fire to the world and everything known,
And planted a hope, which prayed to grow.

Fluttering snowflakes under a moonless sky,
An unsolved puzzle, a silent sigh,
Cool night air, melancholy breath,
A single wish whispered to whatever gods are left.
Silence; reflections and a kiss,
Of a slow blowing wind and reveries reminisce,
Broken glass and scattered sand,
Scarlet stains beside an inkstand,
An imprint of a soul, words upon tattered page,
Pre-ordained fate, the trial of a sage.
As the wheel spins slowly in reverse,
Solitary star above; a gift or curse?
Divination, by leg bound,
Between land and water, temperance found.

The soft bristling of brittle stalks,
Sound of engines in the sky, the beast of November has
arrived.

Golden eye peeking out from behind darkened veils,
Soft fabric, smothering the sound of shadows' wails.
Thunder rolls in the distance,
Pink cotton candy, moonlight kissed sheets,
Black mirror, starlight eyes,
Salivating for a taste...

The river runs south, through the hills.

Skeletal bones, sun bleached sticks,
The city sleepless in the distance,
Serpents in the sky,
Artificial light...
A dull rumbling crawling across the land,

Insatiable appetite...
Hand in the sky...

The river runs south, through trash strewn streets.

Footsteps that follow silent minds,
A glimmer, a flicker in the corner of the eye,
A fountain left bone dry,
Words whispered from motionless mouths,

The boundless river runs south...

Where has the empathy gone?

Cellular age, an unnatural glow and feigned interest,
The words left unspoken as we grow ever inconsiderate,
Society was but a dream,
A failed experiment it would seem,
For the touch of decay reaches deep,
Creeping into our dreams as we sleep,
As the hours toll and we jolt awake,
Discarded like forgotten trash,
A lost ambition on an eyelash,
Blown to the wind into the labyrinth of concrete,
Carried on a sickly warm breeze,
Inspid and uninspired,
Shuffled amongst the pages of paid liars,
As a voice echoes throughout the rotten streets,
Past bruised women and smug police,
Out of LED lit mouths of hells best left forgotten,
A reverie from past silent lips begotten,
Abstraction, our reality defined,

Television afterglow, poison to the mind,
Clawing and scratching to escape man made prisons,
The high rise buildings reflect our condition,
Crumbling and diseased, left to neglect,
An affliction of the soul we project,
Track marked arms and plastic smiles,
Entranced and beguiled,
Subconscious suggestions, intellect taken apart,
Forgotten, conversation a lost (he)art,
Broken, few stumble towards the forbidden lands,
Where once beauty flowed, now consumed by burning
sands,
Crystalline, burnt black,
one foot in front of the other, never looking back.

Eyes shuttered up...

Darkness...a momentary stillness...
A predatory silence...an ever present weight...

The shutters thrown open...the painful light of day...

Hollow eyes, no vacancy; the bills overdue...
Forgotten dreams and sophistries between me and you...

Worn wood beneath fingertips,
A history of scratches and whispers from hushed lips,
Forgotten memories that form ravines,
Thought lost to cold uncaring machines,
Implanted and indoctrinated with manufactured reality,
The film is chopped and ready for us to see,
Integration among blind valor and grandiose dreams,
Sightless eyes, a thread along the seams,

Interwoven ever so carefully into soft flesh,
Branded; an apocalypse that starts with X,
The eyes of the dead swimming in a milky white cloud,
As fingertips mindlessly seek love unavowed,
The theft of memories ever so surreptitiously taken
away,
Until there is nothing left for anyone to say,
Once deep bonds turning to a fine dust,
In wires and circuits we place our trust...

Eyes thrown wide

The sound of crashing waves

The ocean tells tales of forgotten lore.
The undercurrent pulls the waves from the shore.

Beneath the swirling waters rest is found,
A requisite freedom from the never ending sounds,
That assault the mind from the bitter ruins of steel,
Empty sockets, eyes turned from above,
Deep beneath the waves a crevasse runs into the depths,
A voice inside saying, forget all of it.

Lungs expel breath,
Close your tired eyes, it's okay to rest.

Lungs expel breath,
Close your tired eyes, it's okay to rest.

The road follows a beaten trail,
The skeletons of trees, naked and pale,

Isazazoo, owls cry from knotted bark,
A reminder that it is almost dark,

Along a river fed by tears,
Into a vale we lost under the weight of years,
We wander out into a wilderness unknown,
Clutching tight to talismans of bloodstone,
As the seasons change before our unbelieving eyes,
A truth we can no longer deny,
Exhaled entreaties carried by zephyr,
Effaced beneath a wave of artificial pleasures,

Isazazoo, owls cry from knotted bark,
A reminder that it is almost dark...

Now it's dark.

Screaming into the night,
Newborn, a sudden debilitating fright,
Fetal; we weep for the death of aspirations,
Frantically searching for faded notations,

The paper frail and too faded to read,
Hearts too parched to take too seed,
Blood soaked earth; left infertile,
Amongst crumbling leaves of myrtle.

A tower burns in the distance,
A funeral pyre of coexistence,
The embers set alight brittle skin,
As the moon reverses where the sun begins,

Feet layered in soot we emerge,

From the ashes of a false demiurge,
In a desert of our own making,
For our roots we have forsaken,

Pondering for what purpose we face this plight,
Our spirit forlorn and contrite,
Shuffling forward, behind us an empty expanse,
Curtain drawn, the music has fallen silent on this dance,

Carried away on the breath of a silhouette,
Shadows that play tricks as they pirouette,
Across landscapes in which giants slumber,
Awaiting the kiss of an unknown lover,

To awake them when seven winds blow,
To bring an end to the great and secret show,
And wipe the surfaces clean,
To pull a thread and unravel everything at the seams.

The landscape draped in purest dress,
Newborn babes against mother's breast;
Glistening crystals holding tight to trees,
Sheltering from the winter freeze,

Gentle footsteps...an imprint of the sun,
Trembling hands, deep into the forest run,
A trail to the stars...breath laid to rest,
Whispers caressed, parted lips less.

Strange phantoms, crossroads beneath cool ice,
Chrysanthemums lining the road to paradise,
A glistening mirror reflecting love's light,
Cool embrace, a banquet of warm lips at night,

The tempo ever so slightly increased,
Footsteps leaving this place in peace,
Followed by the hooves of dark manes,
Amongst unburied rotting remains,

A lifetime brushed with the stain of age,
Amongst trailing words along the page,
Fingertips to skin, a comforting grasp,
Serenity found in death's final laugh.

A tidal wave washing ashore,
Perception of the walking dead behind closed doors,
Somnambulism beneath the swan's full moon,
Slowly drifting from snow white plume,
Feather to ash, between partially spread fingertips,
False entreaties, murmurs uttered from soft pale lips,
The pendulum sways to and fro,
A reminder of consecrated bonds within illuminated
bowl,
Beneath the frigid air of the wolf's howl,
An offering to Luna of silhouetted owls,
Their wings draped in midnight bliss,
Blessed by the warm light of her kiss,
Time hangs heavy as the great wheel turns,
Looking towards the heavens, for what can be learned,
Drying ink; imprint of a soul,
An allegory for the tranquil night to hold.

And what have we learned from the forest? What have
we learned from the ocean's mysterious depths?

Has any great wisdom been passed to us from the
ancient groves and aeons old flow of the water...

...in and out...

Inhale...

Exhale...

The planet breathes as the waves lick the sands of
shorelines with trash strewn beaches...

A collar of plastic and nicotine gags...

The shimmer of needle points as they bathe in the sun...

Broken glass like tiny landmines...

Blood on the sand.

A tear falls from petals that bloom.

A dew drop of life,

Absorbed into the earth below.

Tributaries that flow out of sight,

Warm flesh, that hides from the light,

The gentle roar of the worm as it consumes,

Into the depths, back to the womb.

Footsteps resound from up above,

A curious predator who never can eat enough,

Chasing phantoms it feeds off of dreams,

Asphyxiating, empty skins all it leaves.

Silent, the earth trembles from underneath it's weight...
Lessons learned, far too late.

Seeking a connection between our souls,
A soft vibration that gently lulls,
The dead to sleep in a final breath,
Exhaled dust in which new lives are dressed.

Silver strings...
A slow quiver...

A death knell rings.
Forlorn eyes peer from the mirror.

Afraid to see what truly looks back,
Thoughts from the pens of literary hacks.

Tall tales and subtle lies,
The type we seek to empathize,
To shroud ourselves in a comforting embrace,
That convinces us that we're okay...

We're okay.

Heavy eyes, perpetual motion
A fleeting thought, passing notion
Dead ends and looming pine
Casted shadows, sun enshrined

The warmth of a winter thaw as the period of self
reflection draws to an end...eyes tremble open as we
pretend, wiping false-hearted commiserations from a

sleeve...the moss extends an invitation to join our
bereaved...

Swallowed whole...

Enveloped...

Chrysalis.

Awaken. Brittle skin shows it's age.

Eyes wide.

The mountains part, exposing jagged teeth.

Tread soft. Step light.

Along a precipice dreams are found
Among stardust and burial mounds
Shedding skin we tear ever so delicately
Emerging from shadows eloquently

Church steeples and worn roads
Down in the valley below
A labyrinth under watchful eyes
Paved in heartbroken lonely sighs

Tread soft. Step light.

Disillusioned prophets huddle in alcoves murmuring
prayers...sun bleached bones...rusting chrome...burnt
corpses...on cracked asphalt the damned warm

themselves beside the flickering flames. Eyes to the ground.

Just a ghost passing by.
Just an insignificant moment in time.

Glass panes, an armor from what lays outside.

Silence.

The snow falls like ash from the heavens above,
Softly suffocating everything on the ground.
Road weary, feet covered in blisters and sores,
The heart can't take much more.

Just a ghost passing by.
Just an insignificant moment in time.

Heat rising, the glass begins to melt,
Skin, a canvas of old scars and welts,
Into the river it slowly blends,
Southward, a desperate attempt to mend,

Journey on...

Far too long amongst serpents and scales,
Martyred, blood drawn from rusted nails,
A devil on each shoulder, whispered entreaties,
To leave it all, while still breathing.

Is there no peace to be found for the soul?

Forked tongues flicker, the trail has run out,

And at the end of the scales all that is found is doubt,
Venomous fangs grinning back,
White noise, the air filled with feedback,

Shedding skin, a trail complete,
Cautious steps, a sense of something bittersweet,
What has been gained as backs are turned,
Pondering from the serpent what has been learned.

Ankle deep...the water is cold.

Rising up to swallow the traveler whole.

A baptism...a cleansing that runs deep...

A harvest for the darkness to reap.

The river runs south and we take it's lead.

Floating...weightless...

We let it carry us across astral planes...

Carried to a destination unknown...

Feeling every ripple...every ebb and flow...

Letting the waters take us away...

Just a ghost passing by.

Just an insignificant moment in time.

Leaving the city behind...

Leaving the forest behind...

Delicate memories...reflex of the flesh...with what
penance must we escape the horror we have been
blessed?

One breath...one stream...shedding past incarnations, the
past we leave...

Carried by the movement...
Bloodstream awareness...

Tumbled smooth until we are blessed with silence. A
moment of bliss where we are freed from the voices that
reach out from the shadow depths below, if only
fleeting. We become one with the
water...fluid...unaware of anything else. One vibration as
we commit ourselves to the universe and pray for
unbroken trust, as the river runs south.

The cries of war ring out above us...
Cries behind chainlink fence...
Skin broken, a dark trail of tears...
Empty souls...

We shut our eyes...
Let the fluid fill our lungs...
Pulled down stream...

No care for the worries of the world,
no emotional bond to the charred pages that curl,
Blown on an uncaring winter breeze,
Sacrificed to long forgotten deities.

Enveloped...
Silent and free...
Just a ghost passing by...
Just an insignificant moment in time.

We find ourselves in a cemetery...

Weather worn headstones, the names too far gone to read...

The silence is absolute, complete.

Beyond an old gate the landscape is barren. Sulfur hangs bitterly in the air as we climb the bank and fall to our knees, our clothes heavy with the weight of the astral stream.

The silence is broken as the wails of the buried form a tempest in the air. Bowels empty, stomach churned. The ground erupts, expelling the contents of our soul. A black ichor that stains cold granite. We heave our bodies forward, face into the mud, coatings our skin. A reflection of the sin that hides within. A glimpse of what lies beneath all of the masks that we have peeled away. Torn away. The flesh removed...picked clean to the bone.

Crawling on hands and knees past monuments to our fall. Names from the past. Crimson horsehair. Glistening meat.

And what do we see as we prostrate before nameless gods?

What is there to see?

The river softly murmurs lullabies, inviting us to close our eyes and lose ourselves in the astral stream. A babe at mother's breast...once innocent and clean...longing to

be back in that eternal embrace, away from this time and place.

An unbroken circle drawn in the sand...

Ouroboros, perpetual analysand...

Travel on...the east wind tickles your neck...

Travel on...the north star has paid it's debts...

Travel on...

The river runs south.

Distorted sunlight on a hardwood floor...

Awake...broken thoughts...

Shadows dance like fairies over the scratched surface...

A struggle from the night before...

A bitter taste as coffee is poured. Shake off sleep and take a piss. Spark of life, the sweet scent of burning tobacco. The sun burns bright. Blink of the eyes.

A stranger's face reflected back. Fuck you. Strange furniture...strange photographs...broken hearts shattered across the kitchen floor...get out the broom and sweep up the mess...maybe some super glue can fix this, maybe it's better to think less...

Past life recollection...been here before...seen this episode...smash the television screen.

Apathetic detachment...stare into the abyss beyond broken shards of glass...circuitry within...smoke a cigarette and press play...like a child upon the floor...thousand yard smile...been here before.

Glimpse of a reflection...

Fuck you.

The clock ticks on...memories are nothing but that...fleeting and forgotten...the house is silent...been here before...

We awaken in a disposable society, hearts torn off our sleeves.

Indoctrinated into toss away relationships, a click of the mouse and a new cock for your mouth...

Swipe left, swipe left...

Ah there's the one...

Cell phones the new valium, bored housewives lost in a digital fantasy...the connection is lost...love for a blunt and a moment of escape, Daddy...

The house fallen into disrepair, silence filling the once joyful rooms.

Blank apathetic eyes, digital screens reflected back.

Everyone's soul has a price.

Replicated lives, there is no such thing as truth.

Dig a hole, bury reality under lies...just another disguise.

Spoonfed bullshit, sweets for the sweet...

Swipe right.

Heaven is a simulation, hell a tangible corporeality.

Cum on our faces and shit in our words, artificial lives.

Love is a faint memory...a drifting dream.

The new flesh has arrived.

Avatar life...

Empty illusions are the only reality, nothing is real.

Now it's dark.

Have you ever seen a darkness that was really dark?
So dark it felt as if everything around it was
insignificant as it consumed everything it touched?

Cool rain. Cool air.

A crispness that cut at the skin as it caressed the glass
and took me as a partner.

The dance continued on.

A soft illumination...violet glow...

Ebb and flow of the waves...

Crashing onto the windshield before being pulled away
as if by a vacuum cleaner...

Dead end.

Last stop.

The sweet scent of nicotine.

The heavens let out a death rattle.

Smoke swirling...gentle fingertips dipped into a pale
ocean...ghostly trails against a starless canvas...

No passing cars. No yellow lines.
Nothing but darkness.

But what could a brush stroke bring to life?

A splash of color in the infinite emptiness?

Possibility.

A thin crack...peel away.

Like chips of paint it splinters, creating an imperfection
that ripples out into the limitless canvas.

Bloody fingertips...peel away.

Shedding skin.

A glimmer of life. A stain of sin.

Possibility.

Cold iron.

Peering through, a child with an eye upon the keyhole.

What do you see?

Red welts upon ivory flesh...snap of the belt.

A carnal urge.

Now it's dark.

And where do we find ourselves after all this time?

The road traveled, beaten and bruised.

Our soul shivering and afraid, as the sky's gone out.

We thought that love would light the way...

How wrong we truly were.

The serpent hisses, a dissipating memory.

The crossroads have faded like a dream of another life.

The river runs south.

The wind from the north howls as the landscape is swept clean.

When did this all begin?

The memories ghostly; glimpses of revelations that fade with the ticking of the clock.

An Ace of Clubs flutters on the breeze, the deck long since lost...an old song drifted over the horizon, tickling at the ears...past lifetimes...ancient relics of what once was...rubble in the depths of the mind...

We had spiraled into the darkest depths of a gaping abyss. What was beyond that abyss we never bothered to ask, never bothered to question...the river fed by an unseen source ran over the edge...a waterfall heading into uncharted territory.

Everything was uncertainty. Everything unknown.

And in the end we find ourselves alone, staring into the void.

We evoke the past; the moon looks down and laughs.

Soot and blood...
Flesh to paste
Eyes wide...paper thin...

Sick with laughter and sick ourselves...
Above slanted halo and below bloody hoof...
Watching the river run south.