

*Above Slanted Halo*

*&*

*Below Bloody Hoof*



*Josef Desade*

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&  
Below Bloody Hoof**

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*“Born from oblivion; bear children, hell-bound as ourselves; go into oblivion. There is nothing else. Existence is random. Has no pattern save what we imagine after staring at it for too long. No meaning save what we choose to impose. This rudderless world is not shaped by vague metaphysical forces. It is not God who kills the children. Not fate that butchers them or destiny that feeds them to the dogs. It's us. Only us.”*

*-Alan Moore*

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 matter. 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...quicken 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  
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...somasochist; 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...smeared 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.