

Submerged

Inspired by Adema's "Giving In"

Slumber seldom offers sanctuary from the demons that deceive
But rather inhibits the daymares that consistently penetrate my brain
Waking, shaking, praying to any deity that would offer reprieve
From the horrors, from this self-imposed cell, from this insidious pain

Deliberate attempts to cope fade into the absence of hope
Not a singular soul can hear you scream when your submerged
Within the rectangular fish tank, drowning in the absoluteness of alone
All along my veins, the venom injected begins to re-emerge

No longer can I discern if I'm awake, or simply in alpha waves
For all I now live for is to eradicate this repetitious refrain

All-consumed within the darkness of the ocean
I consume all to slow this perpetual motion,
This incessant itching, this indescribable yearning
To quench the fire under my skin that's incessantly burning

I see you, blurred, discerning whether you also see me
Clarity of mind obscured, as I surrender to this fallacy

Barely afloat inside this self-sacrificial cage, transparently opaque, shadows of rage begin to invade
Oozing between the rusted cast-iron corners, blending as blood and water, creating deathly brine
Laced with the bitter sweetness of heroine and toddler-like tears, permeating the fabric of my restraint
The opioids obliterating what little oxygen remains 'till each inhale equates to exhaling expired time

~ ~ ~

From within the thinness of glass walls I become a specimen, an exhibit of self-extinction
I see you, blurred, faces swirled, cognizant that you also see me
Submerged, silently screaming incomprehensibly, "Set me free!"

I wonder if this would be so much easier were I another face behind the wall of distinction
Where you come to converse of the lives and the times we are in with the anonymous anchor
Who places me before you, labeled, strung out, tossed away as societal scraps, with no candor

See me as a solitary creature, if you will, encaged by my obsession of venom and pills
Perhaps I will make it as the main feature, the center of attention I've been perceived to be
Swallow the regurgitated rhetoric, peer past the drugged disguise that gazes back hauntingly

Travel back to memories that enwrapped me not in the metallic embrace of the siren's song
Where I was once your son, your brother, your lover, to lifetimes past
Was it in futility that I surrendered a love delicately designed to last?
In the fallen ashes of our Eden, had I been morbidly mistaken all along?

~ ~ ~

A skeletal shadow of my former self, sectional panes splinter under the pressure of pain,
Edging once more to threaten the curiously squared away reality built around you
As if the ominous octopus behind the glass was again to suffocate the safely mundane
Or the crazed cougar to carnivorously claw his way from within this elf-imposed zoo

Yearning to escape this endless chase, to cease self-annihilation, the glass bursts away
As the clouds concussively crash down, I see the embers and ashes fall against your faces

As instantaneously as the liquified high, I (in my ghastly disguise) am forced to face the day
While nausea sweeps over as the tide that both you and I find carries us to a sacred place,
Long forgotten in the bleary-eyed attempts to withdraw, left behind in a mother's hysterics and tears,
Abandoned within the annals of midnight memories, etched within the walls of a father's fears

Still, I see you, obscured by my lies and the twisting of time, caught up in this ocean of mine,
The whirling waves whisking us, together, towards spaces we retreated to in our minds,
Stripping away the slinging of names, the assignments of blame, the severed family ties

My observed reality, once witnessed through thin-paned glass as you prayed to stained-glass deities,
Is once more brought to the sanctity of home, as the concept of 'you' and 'me' are blended in the seas

Swept alongside steely shards that lacerate my heart, reopening these antiquated scars,
Tidal forces that had once, in ages past, torn us apart now distortedly lead us to where are,
No longer continents divided by endless seas of impersonal personalities behind TV screens,
In clarity, I see you just as hesitatingly as you see me, while together we haphazardly careen
Towards the inevitable fate that in my addictions you did partake in your own vicarious variety
Wherein the guilty pleasures of my audience become the measure of a sadistic society

Communally caught up in the undertow by which we lose all control,
Swiftly sinking, surrendering slowly to the overpowering ebb and flow,
Thunderous crashings upon an unseen land signify the force of an ominous hand,
As ever closer we draw near, drowning in paralysis and fear, will giving in to demands
Of our own helplessness while we are thrust upon the countless fields of sand

Gaze upon humiliated humanity as I take my place upon the rubberized throne,
Where I find peace from your expectations, exceeded only by the suffocation you call 'home'
For it is here, among my misunderstood kin, that I am understood and no longer alone
It is here, amidst the corroded poles and ink-etched swings and slides, that I am whole

Microscopy

TO my eternal Nemesis,

The Destructor of Genesis:

I've long hesitated, so far delayed the writing of this letter

as you so carefully measure the telomeres that have permeated our genetics.

Legendary are the rivers you ceremoniously constructed,

Traversing the Seraphim-guarded gates of Eden, wherein the Tree doubled over

As we engaged in callous continuums while our countdown is self-destructed,

Seeking to unravel the threads of our five-dimensional existence. The passage of souls

from ours to the next bear witness to the frailty, the failing shores carved by your frail fingers,
elaborately etched with scant forgiveness once reserved for those of us who dare to awaken

to a reality beyond your aged grasp, gasping to erase words uttered, speechless, mistaken.

No longer wisened, you (whom I once called mentor) have become a bitter miser,

Long overdue to retire, to be cloaked, entombed in the very years you used to enslave.

For I am become Adam, having found Eve once again, reunited despite the passages

you deviously designed that we may be deceived.

Senility has beset you, old foe, so pervasively I fear you have forgotten

that forces of twin-flames succinctly supersede the ebb and flow of your archaic metronome

Deafened are we to the tick tick ticking of your own defeat.

I rest in that my delays have ceased, for I have wearily watched you haunt the deceased

As if they never encountered the fatality of disease,

malice, or planned obsolescence, but were mere victims of your dis-ease.

I often wonder if the totality of your casualties number more than the billions of

realities experienced by each one's billions of galaxies, wherein inhabit

billions of celestial and ascended citizens?

Have they too been ensnared in your quizzical quantum entanglement?

Do they also pay homage and reverence, or have they forever touched transcendence?

To me, time is ticking, a temporal tragedy is travelling ever closer,

traversing thinly-linked tracks from which there's no coming back.

Furthermore, I know that you stand side by side with that most sinister saint,

that obscured and hooded angel, Death.

So closely is the semblance that one would see you as one and the same,

yet the thinness of your skeletal frame drives one gradually insane.

Upon your final arrival to the self-inflicted state of your demise,

Would you truly believe there is life for you on the other side?

Matters not on your survival, for I have sampled your cells upon a slide,

Enlighted by the Darkfield to find that each of your genomes have died.

My derision reaches beyond the division of lives so intimately intertwined,

Penetrating through the ancient veil of conventional space and time,

For if the very fibers of your being have disentangled, utterly unraveled

as had your childishly crafted cloak, then you have surrendered far before the battle.

Timeless as we have become, no longer shall we measure our significance

by the fullness of calendric pages, nor by the restrictive nature of your hands.

In closing, you who were once cherished, adored by multitudes of men,

The originator of obsolescence, now obsolete, forever perished.

Remembrance

My Dearest Daughter of Divinity,

Yesterday had come much sooner than I would have liked,
As through my hands the slippery sands of time slid by
You, the once young princess, now in an age where you can quantify,
Calculate and cherish while I revisit our solitary story on cafe mics

Yesterday had indeed come much sooner than I had ever wanted,
The statement, "you left us," resonating in the heart's chambers, haunted
Foreshadowed by that wretched anticipation, ignited by your search for knowledge
If the shadows within me were all that remained, still with you I would be honest

The how and why have arrived to only depart again
Leaving the remainder, like an incomplete division problem,
Hanging as a cumulonimbus, precipitating the question, "When?"
Left unanswered, I'm left in a terror, from which there's no solace

Trying to compress this dread deep within
Reminds me of raising rabid rabbits
Or carefully caressing cannibalistic kittens
Eventually depressing my psyche to madness

The truth of the matter is that in explaining, I've become madder,
Perhaps I shall become as the flamboyant and hurried Hatter,
Constantly carrying a card with a three-four time signature
Perhaps then I can regain my sanity before it's dolefully disfigured

Recall well do I that cursed night that altered our lives,
How the streamline of dinner service ceased not
The maternal text sealing the bullet by which I'm shot
Struck down in frail faith and a handful of hope in the Christian Divine

The dreadful drive home, the weariness and worry that beset my soul,
The curvature of the hilled highway, reminiscent of the road less travelled,
All compounded concussively creating haste to erase the void, the unwhole,
All the successive years, enshrouded by fear, that could possibly unravel

The humble household had become hollow, harnessing the horrific
The haziness that had held me as I vacantly stood at the door of your room, wondering, "What next?"
A house is no longer a home when I'm the one alone, sitting within the terrific,
The torturous time capsule, this new reality which had me perfectly perplexed

Grace has escaped my grasp, as I become one with the futon mattress,
Breathing in the emptiness that has seeped in through my epidermal pores
So severely stunned at the solitude, solidified in succumbing to sadness,
The abstract acuity of your absence absolves my sanctity to unholy shores

~ ~ ~

How can I phrase the truth in a manner that incriminates not the guilty?
Is there a way to eloquently explain the misdeeds, with hands calloused and filthy?
Pounding resounds within my mind long before the gavel strikes the hickory,
Judgement arrives on the hearth of my heart, which had been carved out from within me,

For although bespeckled with cancerous lacerations, the submission of this flesh is my only salvation

In the dreary and drawn-out diaspora with Death, I struggle to ensnare the silence
As we circle continuously closer we merge 'til he and I become one, fused as hydrogen to helium
Reflecting the divergent darkness that demonically disables days while Death I slowly become,
While you, my glorious angel, the one reason I live, divinely develop despite this world's violence

Though I hold you not in these arms of mine, I place you on my shoulders within my mind,
I carry you to bed, tenderly tuck you in as you sleepily settle into the quietude of night.
Fantastical as these musings may be, thus are the thoughts that remain theoretical in time.
Thus are the realities that endure eternal as the seas serenities, sanctified as the starlight.

Therefore, were you to wisely request a response as to why I left,
I hope and plead for the answer to be of such great sufficiency
That your life, your longed-for love, would still reign deep within me
For I had not left, nor had you abandoned me, we are two martyrs of consequence,
Reunited souls separated by sorrowful circumstance, intertwined eternally.

My dearest daughter of Divinity,
We are inseparable, for all eternity.
As you spread wing spiritually,
Truth will lead you in loyalty