

What Devilry Is This?

What devilry is this,
That your mind and heart
Should tear each other apart?
Picking at the seams,
Wanton on your broken dreams,
They will give you no rest,
And yourself you'll detest
By the time they are through with you.

What devilry is this,
This contention of endless war,
Each day stronger than you've ever felt before?
Twisting, rolling, thrashing,
The waves of a black, fathomless sea are gnashing
Against the shore
Of your last resort,
Fingers grabbing, dragging, up, back, and then again.

What devilry is this,
That you should feel so cold and empty inside,
Left waiting like a jilted bride?
Hovering over the altar's stones,
Scattered like broken bones,
Your heart, too, is torn asunder
Until there's only one thing left to wonder:

What devilry is this?

The Reign

It's coming down.
It's coming down on me.
A night-black fire
Reigning from the sky
Brought by red-driven clouds
Of scorn and apathy.
I can't outrun it.
I never could.
It always catches me
And I burn
From the inside out.
By the time I show it
It will be too late
And, damage done,
I will fall.
On my knees I will beg
In purple-frothed insanity
With green-backed desperation
As the flames reach for my soul
And the moment will speak,
Tell if I am truly weak
Or just variably strong.
Always before I have found that strength.
But sometime
I will not.
And when the moment speaks
I will die
A blue-rimmed death.

The Madness

There's a wild-eyed madness lurking here,
Through dark corridors and misted walls,
Creeping along with reaching tendrils
Of ghastly intent and riven consciousness.
Here I run across trembling stone
With a sharpened knife in my hand,
Never stopping, always afraid,
Because one way or another
The madness always finds me,
And sometimes it's me who finds it first.
We come together in twisting desperation,
And with a parasitic proliferation it takes me,
Catching, pulling, digging, squirming
As I fall, fall, fall apart.
I close my eyes as here and there the knife strikes,
But I open them to an evanescent madness,
A bloodied knife, and gasping pain,
To find a sick reality in which I did not ravage the madness,
But have rent myself.
So here I carry the scars of a wearisome war,
Wondering which is the mad monster
And which is truly me if I am really here at all.
Maybe – dare I hope? – there will be a staggering finality,
And my blood will stain the sinister stone
With my last gasps of gaping breath.

Cold and Empty Eyes

Cold and empty eyes,
Waiting for the day she dies.
What brought her to this state?
What made her for that day wait?
The saddest thing: she doesn't know,
So she just lets nothing show.
She wanders through life day by day
Trying to hold her monsters at bay.
She wanders lost, hungry, and alone,
The deep, biting cold cutting her to the bone.
To drinking she does not go
With which to drown her sorrow.
Instead she turns to crimson blood
Seeing it in her mind as an endless flood.
Lines on her wrists and arms, shins and thighs,
Her hidden, plaintive screaming whys,
She hides them all, her scars, her scabs, ashamed.
Ashamed because, again, she failed.
Failed to keep her monsters jailed,
And for this she has her greatest fear,
That someday she won't be able to hold them near.
That they'll break free for good,
And she'll do the things she fears she would,
The things her nightmares tell,
The fear that she'll dig a deep, dark crimson well,
And the sorrow she feels so strongly inside
Will eventually no longer hide.
That it will come out in the worst of ways,
And it will be her end of days.
So here she is wondering why
And hiding behind many a lie.
If she could she'd apologize
For her cold and empty eyes.

Broken Down Town

The sun was hard glaring down
When I arrived in that broken down town.
Main street was just gravel and dirt,
A patch of houses in a sagebrush desert.
With faded doors and paint-peeled wood
And corners that didn't quite line up where they should.
I met an old man there
With a coat so worn and threadbare
The batting showed through in ragged rents.
Despite his age, his eyes were young and intense,
And he raised horses all on his own.
"No children," he said, "and the family's gone."
He didn't mind being alone, I suppose,
Living that life he chose.
Further down the road, the old schoolhouse stood,
Its eaves drooping down like a hood.
Its windows were broken, but even so,
It still lasted, like the old man who wouldn't let go.
Beyond the school was a giant of a house
With elegance even the elements could not douse.
Not much was visible through the orange-leafed trees,
Just the remnants of a veritable mansion was seen,
Bare, weathered wood like an elephant's skin,
And rounded cupolas with hints of where shingles had been.
The whole town was like black and white photos come to life,
And without the cars it would've been like stepping back in time,
But I can't help thinking:
What if we were all floating instead of sinking
Just like that broken down town
That won't let itself drown?