

My Rage is a Compass

Lobbing from axis to axis

This rage is a compass
that simmers without suffice.

I am the wind vane
that dances atop the gables,
to the tantrums
of its boastful hurricanes.

Cradled by the graft of its whims
that flays doubt from skin

I have found asylum
In this draft that billows in
To whip the walls
of the wretch I became,
to gallop on the fire place
and rattle the mounted frames
of the child I was,
once caressed.

I have come to humor
the glacial jests of this entity
that leaves me drenched.

Comforted by vows I've sung,

And sing endlessly.

A sing-song of fury,
these are the hymns of unease,

I've crested into the folios of the night.

Ever more driven to the epilogue
of a life spent free of law.

These winds of unease
are spreading the seeds of my defeats
into pastures of written vetch leaves
That will temper and greet all wounds.

Wrecked and torn

These words provide the shelter,
For which I've yearned.

A sanctuary from anger,

I am not forlorn.

I've been here before.

In the center of this spiral

Amidst the zephyr and tempest
of capricious winds,

I will mount the basilisk of time
and ride docile without heed.

Deep into the gyre of chance,

As the vicious hands of wind,

Wring truth from this pen.

May these familiar hands of gust

Consume my capacity for fear,

like the voracious lashings of downpour

grained the canyons

waned the valleys

and shamed the monoliths

of this lithosphere.

Mortar and stone of creation,
come to me, as I've to you.
Wavering without constrain,
smear these overworked bones.
Granulate them into the utmost
of your hallowed dusts.
Baptize this mound
of pulverized marrow
With the dew from your aspergil,
And you'll have a clay of ire.
With it, mold the crow bar
that pries open the narrow cusp,
Of nights I've long desired.
I'll vanish with this fervor far,
And roam the crevices,
The myriads of caves I've coveted.
This is the life I lead.
Unafraid and delirious,
I am born my own astrolabe.
Deviating the meridian.
Flagrant to the algorithms
man was given.
A vagrant. Here and now,
Pronounces himself
The ornament of possibility
Receiver of affliction,
sole heir to words of imperium.