

# The Cuckoos' Keep

Upon darkened hour,  
excitement twists the hands of clocks.

Tick tock, tick tock...

A sudden silence as the pendulum stops!

Frozen in fantasy, from another time,  
the cuckoos' nest has failed to chime.

Midnight is sorely dulled by display,  
the lack of lights and a cuckoo birds' say.

Upon darkened hour,  
tonight is replaced  
with a surge of elation  
upon angel face.

Trapped within four concrete walls  
one ageless, earthbound spirit calls  
out, within a silenced sigh,  
followed by sorrowful tears that try  
to cry from harrowing, hollow eyes.

Surprise! Behold!

An unexpected boom,  
blasts out a bellowing  
thunderous tune.

A shattered seal has now been revealed  
assisting an angel, yearning to yield.  
Unveiling a prismatic, contorted portal  
only made known to the likes of immortals.

The scarlet-cheeked cherub wryly weeps.  
In disbelief, she cannot speak.  
As a brilliant light beckons to seep,  
deep into the cuckoos' keep.

Upon darkened hour,  
spirits sing  
opening an aisle for angelic wings.  
The ethereal entities baring halo rings,  
enter the centre as ghostly beings.

A dozen angels surround the earthbound,  
lifting her saddened soul from the ground.  
Clapping her hands with sheer delight,  
an ardent angel is freed tonight.

*'Time stands still while these spirits roam  
around the angels' hostage home.  
Once lost and found, fate finds their way  
beyond the yonder, before morning sways.  
Pushing the pendulum back into play,  
never to venture southward again.  
Remaining eternal far away from the past  
she cautiously clutches the cuckoo clocks clasp  
latching the lock of the timekeeper last,  
finally fleeing towards high, skyward fast...'*

Upon daylight hour,  
a destined dawn spawns  
and the cuckoo returns  
forever more.

## **‘RED CRESCENT’**

On evils' eve

'Red Crescent' proceeds

upon his pestilent, piebald steed.

His left hand grasps a sliver chalice

His right tightly holds

a clenched fist of malice.

A callous smirk shields his grin

An archaic skull, lacking skin.

The onslaught of dusk beckons the night,

for a falcate moon to strain its light.

Drawn upon his vacuous frame

are keratose features, foreboding pain.

An ascendant of the apocalypse,

born from bad bloods' haunted hips.

A deadly descendant created in vain,

simply known as 'Red Crescent' by name.

His facade of fame deceives but naught,

‘The Grim Reaper’ steals those ‘The Red Crescent’ caught.

The dominant doom-bringer dismounts his horse,

creating a quake of unimaginable force.

Shuddering shocks are soon after felt,

throughout the beings about to be dealt.

The hand of death, stricken with smite  
by the blade of 'Red Crescent',  
concealing their life.

His fingernails slice through living flesh,  
scoring the meat so sweet and fresh.

Screams fulfil the 'Red Crescents' will,  
rousing 'The Reaper' to claim his kill.

Well into the night, the doomsday pair  
implore for more gore, with a lust they both share.

A myriad of moonlight shadows hover,  
Raining down upon 'Red Crescents' heavenly cover.

'The Reaper' realizes that 'Red Crescents' disguise  
has left no room for compromise.

Thus to his demise, coupe de grace,  
puts him in his final place.

The scavenger of sacred, second hand souls  
falls beneath, sacrificial holes.

Maimed in mercy, an immortal fool,  
shall never again reign,  
where 'The Red Crescent' rules.

## **‘The Sagacious Son’**

A vacant scar was sewn into the rancid skin  
Of a sinister being, next of kin  
The premeditated cure, for one about to be born  
A foetus forlorn upon premature dawn.  
Somehow,  
this vow,  
bestowed an immortality  
subsequently being his righteous reality.

A chain of events will await him constantly,  
Channelling thoughts, taught telepathically.  
The chosen changeling benefits from lost doubt.  
Inside, conceiving his role that’s about,  
to become an existence, living without.

The circumstantial instance which moulded his world  
Would soon be forgotten until centuries meld  
Ancient old stories, giving glory a hurl  
Back through an instance where his wisdom unfurled.

The endless embryonic immortality,  
of a selfless earthbound entity,  
unwilling to confess ill identity,  
masks his mouth from a meaningless morality,  
contained in the core of maternal monstrosity,  
abstracting his absence from mental adversity.

Thus, while maintaining a mayhem of mess  
within the skin of a succubus,  
he basks in the blasphemous, bloated placenta,  
pleading for purpose from the epicentre.

While she lies in labour, about to give birth,  
unto an unaware, ignorant earth.

Her blessed brood beckons to bleed,  
superseding such needs, being born as a king.

To feed from defiled, sinister seeds

One would have created a barbaric breed.

‘The Sagacious Son’ wields his shield of wisdom

Protecting the planet, once plaguing our kingdom

Then he whispers within, where his words are devoured

By the beast that believes, pregnancy has empowered

Her mortal existence, succeeding new powers.

Doom waits deep within this witch's womb,  
Creating a cautious force to exhume,  
his unborn body from her tainted tomb.

Should they try to unsheathe the bated tongue,  
or fatally fill his unhatched lungs,  
of the one to become 'The Sagacious Son'.  
A silenced song shall remain unsung.

Once the salvaging of his sabotaged soul gives grace,  
the remnants of decadence shall remain in his place.  
Thus an ageless sage shall soon be saved.  
For his mother, a mere mortal,  
will be sent to her grave.

In another world he would have been born,  
among those privileged, chosen, well-worn,  
who may, one-day, witness absolute awe,  
of an unworldly wisdom, bred for applause.  
Therefore, he continues to grow deep below  
the vacant, vagrant scars that show  
the wretched, etched upon epitaph,  
and an empty space to make his mark.

But until the future finally binds  
His fated soul with divine mind  
There can never be a kindred kind.

Fading into nothingness now  
Reincarnate unborn vow  
Before your unaware scowling stares'  
Panic with frantic frowning glares.

Find the darkness on an opportune moon,  
and oppose the chance of a son born too soon,  
for he is the sun who will brighten the light,  
Imagine the mind of enigmatic might.

Of he, who chose to evolve and grow greater  
Must trust the time being will eventuate later  
The sagacious one,  
The son of a traitor...

