

In Passing & In Pain

Sailing into the rapture
Of a second coming that's passed
We sew the skins of used memories
Into a bloody sail for our mast

Nearing the Cape of Resentment
We prepare our battle cries
But the seas out here are void of life
So we settle for desperate sighs

We contemplate and procrastinate:
Sweet masturbation for the mind
Anything to deflect the glare
Of the burning souls we left behind

Cirque Du Sapiens

I cannot think of a moment prior to birth
Not one memory, trial or tear
And so I wonder if upon my death
That lack of being will reappear

Such unsettling thoughts bring me pause
For comprehension seems beyond reach
I ponder infinity with the mind of a mortal
And consult the very faith I impeach

Psychobabble sells and everyone's buying
Or at least putting ten percent down on a loan
Until the next gripping bit of pseudo-enlightenment
Dulls our present cutting edge on its stone

If to live for identity is to die for attention
I hereby retire my name
Having showered our justice with all the wrong graces
Perhaps you and I are the ones here to blame

Annapurna

I am present now with these fellow travelers
A nomadic folk of runaways and wanderers
We tread through the mountains not as individuals
But as a unit
Bound not by cultural denomination
But companionship
We seek shelter each evening
Shelter from our unconditional, universal mother
Her love is a harsh and necessary experience for all beings
Yet so few ever immerse themselves back into her arms
With such intentional vulnerability
And what an atrocity this surely must be!
I am stricken with sympathetic pity
For all those treacherous beings
Not so unlike myself
Who have fooled one another into believing
That they no longer have any use or need
For a mother

The Great Catastrophe of Wrath and Reason

Beautiful lies and ugly truths...
All gods die young and Satan is smooth
Stairways to Heaven and Highways to Hell;
What better cliché for headlines to sell?

“The last romantic shot dead in his sleep!
By an intellectual vagabond disguised as a sheep!”
Runaway, runaway, runaway fiend
The dead don't care and the damned won't bleed!

Reproach the reason, revolt the rise
One nation under; Two rivers of lies
Sirens, sirens, hear them cry
Dream of meteors in the sky

“Flesh and bone: Finite flaws
Cosmic justice - Join the cause
Murder! Murder! Man to blame!
Destroyed the ozone, stoked the flame!”

Souls cry out, homeward bound
Burn the bastards, loose the hounds
Men for meat, boys for wars
Buy them whiskey, send them whores

Save the children, make them pray
Give them beds in which to lay
Close the door and close your eyes
Bow your head and say goodbye

The Mediator

I run at night
And I see their eyes
They deflect my light
And I fantasize
Of a beast that lurks
Waiting there in the black
For my one false move
For the opportune attack
So I face the eyes, grinning
Lips curled in mad snarls
I salivate and focus
My growling stomach gnarls
“Little did you know!”
I cry out in hysterics,
“That the dark is my home
And the unknown, its barracks!
My throat is exposed -
Come draw my blood!
I’ll chew up your flesh
Until your soul is but cud!”
My steady run graduates
Until I’m sprinting full bore
When suddenly I realize
There’s not one beast but four!
One for each time that I should have died
Two for every time that I tried
Three for every time that I wouldn’t fight
And Five - Because four was a lie!
“Never again!” I cry out with conviction
“Never again will I return to that place!
I don’t run from demons - I walk beside them
And beat them all at their own race!”
The four sets of eyes disappear all at once
Now my saliva has frothed into foam
Stomach still rumbling, I follow their tracks
And am led to my dead father’s home
I stand on the porch and knock on the door
Knowing full well that he is not there
I turn back around to retrace my steps
But the ground vanished into thin air
I kick down the door, preparing for ambush
To find there’s but one thing inside
A note with just one line scribbled on it:
“Congratulations son, you’ve arrived.”