

## Walking Downstairs

### **Hell is Actually Blue**

What if I told you, I saw Hell?

And Hell is actually blue.

Blue; like a sapphire diamond, drifting towards the bottom of the ocean,  
like the hottest flame on the stove when it first flickers.

And there are people there, a shroud of tormentors,  
and their victims, who mistook this for serenity.

Deceitful this place is known to be.

Spirits, bathed in kerosene,  
their eyes vacated from their souls,  
encompassed by that of their own.

Crowds and crowds it was,  
of grotesque beings, plastered over the coarse, cracked roads,  
leading deeper and deeper into the cerulean inferno.

The heat of a thousand summers,  
making you sweat profusely while your body begs  
for the succulent drop of water.

And as I walk toward a cascade of what looks like molten lava  
and rust, I grimace at the foul stench of rotting bodies,  
incinerating in the air, and perfumed all around me.

Shrieks and shrills of those who's faith is being slaughtered  
by whips and sins that came back to haunt them in the hereafter.

A monstrous castle stands before me,

100 feet tall, with strong bricks and  
eerie gargoyles force their glare to gawk unto my sole,  
gnawing at my curiosity, and conjuring up ideas of what could be lurking inside.

And through the concrete doors I open, awaits Lucifer,  
beautiful as a morning star, coming over the horizon.

He grins, and I can see his red stained teeth,  
and his horizontal iris' glisten in the azure flames.

And his horns are just a myth of the world,  
but his skin resembles the color a freshly picked rose,  
drenched in the dark blood of a sacrificial being.

And when he spoke,

I could hear the slither of his tongue,  
and the scales shimmered like rustling leaves on his body.

"Welcome back." He spoke, deep and sincere  
his clawed hand delicately caressing my cheek like a child.

"Your dreams have led you home again."

### **Tell Me This is Love.**

Tell me I'm going to hell.  
Tell me I deserve hell  
on those cardboard signs you raise above the crowd.  
Preach at me, and state my wrongs  
on banners and from the judgment of your lips.  
Tell me I'm going to hell  
for losing my purity to my betrothed,  
before we were wedded.  
For the music I listen too, while in my car,  
for the clothes I wear on a hot summer day.  
For the way I express myself through dance and speech.  
Tell me I deserve hell  
for loving someone of the same sex,  
and asking that we be treated as humans.  
For the times I've defiled my body with piercings  
and ink, and quenched my thirst with the sting  
of alcohol and rooms of dim lights and dancing girls.

Didn't Jesus curse? Didn't He drink?  
Water to wine? Dine with thieves, murderers, and whores?

Tell me I'm going to burn. For eternity.  
Tell me I'm going to pay for all the mistakes in the end  
and then tell me how forgiving your God is.  
Tell me how I will gnash my teeth  
and tug at my flesh  
and cry out His name while I burn in fields of kerosene.  
Tell me the end is near and that I must change my ways.  
Tell me not to judge while you openly judge me.  
Tell me over and over again  
how I must commit my life to Him  
or be damned into the fists of Satan.  
How I need to go into the house of God and pray on my knees,  
while you stand above me, ready to cast the first stone  
as I sit in pews of sinners, liars, and hypocrites.  
Tell me how I deserve to burn,  
and then tell me how much your God loves me.

## Euphoria

Painted on a 24" x 36" canvas,

is a woman,

floating in a city flooded by a storm.

She's in a white ball gown that is drifting, and decaying at the ends,

like that of an old maid's, clinging together by strands.

Rising up from the cracked pavement are her bare feet,

toes pointed downward, as if she had just taken flight.

Her arms are lifted, one placed above her head,

and the other, running across her torso,

almost mimicking the innocence of a ballerina.

Her hair is loosening, while strands are flowing, free

from the aerosol, and bobby pins, and veil, and crown.

And her lips are pressed closed, red and firm,

like the very hand of God sculpted them with all concentration;

Perfection.

And bubbles are racing from her nose, escaping onward,

the last of oxygen, maybe to a better place.

Her hand is closed, loosely fisted,

while the other is open, her palm facing up,

as if to sacrifice her very own soul

to the sun rays that penetrate the unseen surface and flash down into the abyss,

whilst at the same time, reflecting solemnly in her eyes.

And her cheeks are blushed,

divine ivory.

And if you look close enough, you can see the brush strokes along her waist,

covered in a damp tulle, layered, but not enough to disguise her angelic figure.

She resembles hope... she resembles peace,

as if awaiting for God to take her to a place,

to Euphoria.

## **Vulnerable**

The memory is an invisible picture,  
framed on the ceiling of my bed.  
Conjuring up the flashbacks of the day he left.  
And I can still feel his rough calloused hands,  
Holding onto mine the softest way he could grasp.

The day that we stood,  
surrounded by a crowd of our own,  
And everyone is here... except for Jody\*,  
Jody is not welcomed here,  
But he lurks in the shadows, and in the contacts of one's phone.

Civilians and their significant civilian will never understand,  
the duties of a Marine, and that of his wife.  
The anger we commit towards tag chasers, foreign or not.  
Green, and the scent of lust oozing from their souls...  
Their mouths...their hands...their bodies...  
The stories we fear of the news; casualties.

Oh, the days we will miss  
How many dates can a rain check cover?  
It's a sad thing when he couldn't promise to come home alive,  
and a harsh reality when he couldn't promise to come home at all.

And when the sand trickled down the hour glass  
And the clock struck time,  
The blood in my veins froze  
And I felt as if I was underwater in a pool with an ice cover, 6 feet deep  
Cold, Suffocating, and Out of time.

I don't come first,  
I'll never come first  
I learned that real fast in this life,  
for God and his oath will hold precedence over me, always.  
And when he turned and marched away from me,  
It was the first time I had ever felt so...

Vulnerable.

\*"Jody" refers to "Joe D. Grinder" who is a character in a song who stays home while all the other men go to war, and he steals the Marine's significant other.

## **Magdalena.**

Magdalena, Magdalena  
the poise of a ballerina,  
sits in front of her salient cracked mirror  
while she hums her prayers and brushes her hair.  
Her skin is soft and her complexion is holy,  
her words are sweet when she speaks them slowly.  
Her hands are giving, uncleansed away,  
her smile hides well that it's starting to decay.  
Her heart is present, but it is cold,  
a guest every night, but she's still alone.  
Her eyes are bright as she strips you naked,  
she's a warm body but her soul is vacant.

Oh Magdalena, Magdalena,  
with the strength of the mighty Athena.  
Provokes your sin with her seductive stares,  
as she sneaks you away into the nights with no cares.  
She offers her body in exchange for your wealth,  
and makes you forget that you've damned yourself.  
Her lips are blood red as they reach your ear,  
her voice is enticing, full of whispered affairs.  
Her movements make your blood rush, and you can't help but watch  
your mouth starts to water, and your face becomes hot.  
She promises you, that you're in for a treat,  
when her body is against yours, and makes you feel complete.

Oh, Magdalena, Magdalena  
a corrupt idea  
walking with her hips swaying with every step  
drawing your attention with subtle regret  
Her body snakes around you, and you finally give in  
to the world of lust, and the nature of sin.  
Her kisses are delicious, although they are deadly  
full of anger, full of hate, despised and envied.  
Praised at night, and crucified by morning  
prays without shame, prepared for the stoning  
The innocence of that of a purified geisha  
prodigal, penitent, beautiful Magdalena.