

Philosophy of Love

My flower, born of nothing, sees itself,
And breathes itself,
Then swells in numbers endless,
Conforms the hills in uniform,
Constricting, squelching out the sin.

My certain beauty beaming bright,
In daylight's dark, spirit mirror,
I gleam naked, conceal the void.
Into my faces each do peer,

Two kiss, and melt to form a pool, specters passed on.
My progeny drift in aimless fibers,
As bloody silk, waving in waters

My children are data, spliced into fabric,
Onto fate's flesh, my red threads worm.

I am the color on canvas
I am the crinkle of green
I am the yellow of the sun
On spectral stages I am all seen.

No sacrifice is too gaudy to adorn
My gold-splattered altar, the throne of horns.
Ask any proselyte, and they will tell,
That a drop of heaven is worth the depths of hell.

I am God, and everyone wants me,
I don't care what they say
Confession at my altar,
Keeps need and guilt at bay.

The earth crumbles away for its fruits-
Torn from its breast and devoured.
The sun burns for the earth-
Which lasts the age.
The shallows part for those who fall in

The drowning pull in my potion as air,
The suffocating nectar; a poison to the sober
Cocaine for corpses, a song in a shell
And if sprinkled on trash, even trash will sell.

My scent, whole apple down a throat,
Warm, sliding, slimy spasms lustily roll 'round my pearl
Submersion in waves of mucoid heat

My restless peace
A syrup of melody
Drizzled in ears that are starving,
Banging of trashcans, on heads sleeping and scowling.

I am the magic of chemistry
A vapor drifting higher
I am the flap of the moth
Into the flick of the fire.

Peace

The bass grinding of a world on an axis,
Machine-like, turning mercilessly
Enormous body, filled with form
A mountain sits, in absence

Clarity washes, murmurs, and winds
Fur scampers, ripples, and sways
Fibers, waxes, bob and nod
Not minding you, the visitor

Old gods know you from their thrones
A lattice pyramid, your home
Writhing roots fall from the stars,
Binding knots compress muscle and bone

Words, tired of being read, smell of dust
Lit by old light, grounded in echoes

Mounds of moss, inverted caves pierce sky
Brooding silence cloaks the fog

Willow lanterns' limber light
Dim emerald of cold fire
irregular lines of gills and tresses
Show a way inward, dampen

Warm pressure on the chest, cooled feet
The lingering sense of distant beauty
Obsidian form, draped in purple night
Volcanic eyes, descry beyond
Follow, and see eternal dawn.

Misfortune

The world rushes by,
There is no up or down,
Wings charged with speed,
Carry you effortlessly.

A magnetic pull,
Origin unknown
Jolts you from pretty flight
Your back stuck against the wall,
Bouncing, suspended in mid-air

You twitch and flounder,
Wriggling, sticky strands cling ever harder
Stop, movement is not helping.

Oh god, a body,
Bulbous and black,
Sees you, watching,
Those lidless eyes

Empty orbs, eight-balls
Your fate is empty,
You will be emptied.

The leering horror
Bounces over, crawling
Over its threads,
Clumsy and disjointed,
No thought runs through its head.

The hair sticks out unnaturally,
Wetness collects around the thorns
Its form, alien and vast.

The skin it wears
Looks inside-out
It legs like jointed scythes
It sees you, pauses,
Pincers dripping
Excitedly on your eyes.

Quickly, without a hint
Those clawing legs reach out
And spin you round and round.
Tightly wrapped, constricted,

Blind struggle won't loose your gown.

What's this?
A shadow, you see,
Through the silky cage
Climbs over, legs knocking at your side

It comes closer,
Toward your gut,
Sharp pain splits it open

Burning spreads through your core,
The body simply watching,
If only consciousness would leave,
It's obvious what's coming.

The clicking sounds,
And face-arms dig in,
clawing greedily within.

You feel a tug,
Like string attached
A net around your organs,

The struggle ends,
And viscera dislodge,
Like gunk freed from a pipe.

No worse way this could have ended,
This one temporal life
But where the fuck is decency,
When your string's cut with a knife?