

Death Dealings

Four Poems

RIP

Rest in peace we say when they go.

Peaceful rest. If we wish them peace

Some must have no peace. Restless corpses,

Wriggling spirits under decaying leaves,

Dead hands scrabbling against cold soil.

Do they sleep a dreamless sleep?

Deep void without worry, joy and toil?

Do dead hands tear through the veil,

Brush our cheeks with icy fingers?

Innocent of the long goodnight

We query spirits who linger.

The quiet smugness of the dead,

Cadaverous clique in deaths trance

Smile knowingly, illusions fed

By covert cold hearted silence.

Emotions

Emotions: envy, anger, disillusion

Seethe, a putrefying sea

Beneath a blister of respectability.

Break free and spew disease

Flooding over innocent and guilty?

Or fester deep unseen.

Heal yourself they scream and cry. But who are they?

Sharp knife slicing skin, pus,

Oozing sickness, anger, envious lust.

Wound them all, make them squirm,

Spread the agonizing furious pain,

Kill them, kill them, again, again.

Merciless? Or keep the fatal tumor

Wrapped in layers, deep.

Soothe the demons, make raging sickness sleep

Beautifully cocooned.

Finally, a pearl of pain offered,

A gift to humanity.

Suicide Is Painful

Take the easy way. The emergency exit.
Disappear without a word, leave them all guessing.
Feel the riptide pull of a peaceful finale,
Silent, desperate, screaming determination.

Seems so unabashedly simple, pills or gun.
But the aftermath is an ugly tragic play.
Tissue, vomit, unbeautiful tortured body.
Abandoned ones punished with ungodly remains.

Now they finally feel your caustic burning pain.
They must carry it eons beyond your sick soul.
That is their punishment, what the hurtful deserve.
Suicide is painful, pathetic living prey.

Red Headed Girl

Poor red-headed girl. Frizzy and freckled.
Homely gawky uncommon brilliant child,
Tormented, friendless, solitary one.
She is convinced of her un-loveliness.
Ungraceful, unlovable young lady
Seeking answers. Desperation incarnate.

Beguiling furtive religion comes knocking.

Self-satisfied, self-seeking religion

Offering obtuse answers, shadowed truth.

Seducing betrayal, wielding a sword,

Crippling potent foundations.

Sucked from family. Emotional abortion.

Luminous truth? Feeble ensnared priestess

Believes the smug and twisted brotherhood.

Elusive perfection evades. Unworthy.

Ageless disappointment, endless shortfall.

No acceptance, not here. Unforgiven.

Do not question, doubt. Conditional love.

Undermined, crumbling without foundation.

Frantic bird-dog hunting love, abandoned,

Seeks solitude to die. Lay me down to sleep,

All radiant honesty extinguished.

Leave husband, daughter to she more worthy.

Smothering pills suffocate the fever. Eternal escape.

Twisted religion mutilates the soul,

Destroys the desperately seeking child.

Scars the soul, stunts the spirit, drowns all fire.

Leaves them stripped and naked, no sacred home.

Some crawl out, reincarnate, others despair

Like our Red-Headed Girl. Grievous gospel.