

Measure of Mt. Zion

Into the pits of hell...

I didn't repent
instead, I yelled at angels
in front of the pearly gates
of heaven.
I was repelled due to "sin"
Transported through tubes,
on my way down,
I was unusually grim...

No more shouting
muted as the starlight turned dim.
This is the power
of facing the end.
Falling from the mountain,
I was escorted,
I was exported at light speed

On the way to the valley,
the gory screams
coursed through my veins.
Arriving at the port of demons,
my voice aborted...
I had no more reason for speaking

While alive,
I inflicted suffering
and for my deeds...
Now that I have died,
mourning every morning,
except here, no more falling asleep...
No more counting sheep
or being aroused.
No bending of beautiful forms
or soft sounds
can sweep me into my dreams.

Again, only screams
and infinite loneliness
no possible connections
to console me.
Shrill of screams devoted
to find every vulnerability
and proceed to exploit it in
endless ohms.

This is an eternity
of demented souls
hearing piercing screams.
A sonic of forever,
demonic and alone,
I am sure heaven is better.

Too ungrateful to be quiet
and absorb the measure
of Mt. Zion...
I am sure it is better!
Hello, darkness!
Goodbye dawn!

The Lord-
Beg your pardon?

Me-
Please, I'd like to leave?

The Lord-
Sure!

Me-
What? Could you repeat?

The Lord-
I imagine it is hard
to hear me above the screams?

Me- What.....?

S.O.S (Sparrow of Silhouettes)

Serenade so serrated.
Soliloquies slice synonyms!

Shaded shadowy speech,
sounds of spatial
syndication over samples.

Sharpening wild stencils,
sparrows comment on silhouettes.
Symbols erect silence!

Spindle staring silos
skimpily hyphenates sorrow,
So, retribution signals

special song spears
Syllables oblige senses
Squabbling over sentiment
sonder sends Seminole
suffering in scars.

Spooling evenings spawn
sentences, itching, scratching,
surfaces of skies.

Slurs capitulate sonnets!
Similes surrender sonically!

Side notes scour savages
scoffing at standards.
salacious stabs sprawl,
sieving the stonewalled!

Space arrows silently
spin lost silos!

Scandals can now hyphenate sorrow.
Solely retribution shall signal
special song spears
for the spirit..., for the mental...

To be continued!

A lottery of multiple pottery
A pauper of brown peach
A brief pause of two
A tale to retreat into...

Frequent trip to market
a stroke of conversation
a close encounter of financial proportions
Platonic odes as we hold bowls crafted
by black witches of original ashes

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A tandem at deed to restorations
no bowl is without flaw
Uses range from spellbound straw
to yellow fever features.

Sound elemental draw of creation

We are both here
but how did we get to that point?
Of pivot from boisterous voice
to quiet whispers in secret chambers
unlocking powerful vapors

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We inhale to express hell
and to let go of breath
We are storied to release trails
buried below rubble traveling through DNA
understanding why exhaling is safety

Vibrations cannot be debated
a few more breaths in,
floors flutter into shambles
Floods float from above
Universal denial of typical physics.

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