

The Barrier Between Self and Others Dissolves

Awake, awake, awaiting dreams, you lie back supine, languid,
drifting down and deep to dark, to reverie and sleep.
Now slide into your pale and find no restless sheep.

You wander out and start your search for dreams but find
you can't perceive beyond the veil. This time,
you cannot slip between the seams, and you
don't see me slide into your pale.

Go back to wake to try again, but still your body sleeps.
Your mind's awake but caught inside a living corpse
that breathes and feels but can't
be moved and
can't respond to thought.

You never even saw me through the veil
and still don't know
you let me in your pale.

Your voided lungs now find it hard to cope.
Eternal seconds brand them both with fear.
Your seeking eyes might dart around,
but hope that comes to all
will never reach you here.

You catch your breath
and sense you're not alone.
I've only come to take your form,
and though your body
cannot move or scream or moan,
the sliding sweat and pulsing veins still show.

Another breath,
you see my shapeless shade,
a thing like death that's unexplained,
a void that's finally free and knows how you're afraid.

And here, tonight,
I cannot be destroyed.

You wandered out perchance to dream,
revived the darkest shade,

and brought it back to thrive.

Each breath you take, each saving gasp,
is how you bring me close.
Exhales that fill me give me form,
so breathe as if your last is now,
and when it's done, you'll watch me rise
and live.

Your whispered scream is only air.
Your heart is pounding in your chest.
I touch your face, my shadow hands caress.
You see the part,
the missing part,
I'm filling with your grace.

My hands embrace your gentle neck.
I squeeze; your throat constricts.
At last, you recognize the truth: you know I take your form.
No pleas that come dissuade or sway me from my prize.

The waking dream that you could not escape
called forth my shadow,
breathed,
and formed my shape.

Silvered Secrets

I walk along the path at night with you
In arms that stream from heaven, silver threads.
Recall no golden curls or eyes so blue,
We know the dark: the secret each man dreads.

This final path, this final journey ends
With washing color washing sins away.
Forgetting needs and needs to make amends,
You learn the dark, the corners lost to day.

We reap regret and draw your deepest lie;
In silver sight you see the thing we sought:
A haunting deep, a moment passed you by,
A word that lingers, left inside to rot.

Be quiet now, be still as you can be,
And know it's only for eternity.

The Funeral

What place is this with doves in bloody skies?
What marble altar offers flesh and bone?
These wooden arches give support to lies
That no confessional has ever known.

I've been in here. I recognize the smells:
The candle wax, the votive prayers for dead.
I know this place—the balcony and bells—
But not the casket waiting up ahead.

I pass the font. I take no blessings here.
The priestly echoes, sorrowful lament,
The voices raised that only summon fear—
All guide me down this cold and dark descent.

The open box, the body dressed in black,
The moment stops when my own face stares back.

Undiagnosed

God woke me up and warned me of the danger:
They were coming for us!

I ran down the hall—I had to save my daughter!
Too old to hear her Lord, too young to understand, she resisted:
Who's coming? No, Mom. God doesn't talk to you.

And she said no one was coming.
And my Lord reminded me they were.

She couldn't hear them—their hooves and talons, the scraping and screaming, still far.
She couldn't feel that evil pressure, the weight of demons, the charge of demons
pressing us down.
She couldn't see them coming to drag us to hell.

I pulled her from the bed by her hair.
She dragged me to the floor.
And then I saw what she'd become, my lord showed me what she'd become
 A creature of fire with talons like ice
 She reeked of fear and burned like hate
I had to save my daughter.

The hooves like heartbeats, shifting leather, bits of dripping slag drew nearer.
I had to save her, we had to go.
I had to save my daughter because they were coming God told me they were coming
and I had to save her I slapped her mouth shut to save my daughter.

Convinced, she fell silent, gathered her school clothes, bag, and homework.

So dark tonight, to hide our passage (and little evils everywhere).
Was it safe to leave? How close were they?
Could we make it to the car?
Did they already smell our souls?

Did they know I carried the power of God?
They could never win.

I smelled them in the wind—brimstone, sulfur, fires from hell.
We got in the car.
They smelled our every step.

I knew where to take her, where she'd be safe.

So late at night, there was only one place they couldn't get her,
only one place she'd be safe: her sister's.

But I couldn't stay, I had to keep moving.
I heard them scratching, heard them breathing, breathing like fire, breathing fires from
hell,
coming to get me.

But I didn't worry. I carried the power of God.
And I went to His house.

And I still heard the hooves, iron pounding rock,
And I still smelled the flames, the scent of charred sin,
And I still felt that dark breath, heat and hate behind me.

But my daughter was safe, I'd gotten her safe,
And I was home with my Lord, the safest place,
And I sang to Him, sang His praises,
And the pounding hooves faded, drowned by my voice,
And flames died, doused in holy water,
And his dark breath was taken by winged wind.

And I was safe, safe in my Father's place.

It's Just Us Right Now

What secrets can I tell when my mistress is away?
What thoughts will you find within?
Just look my way, she'll never know,
I'll confess her every whim.

Give me your eyes, take just one peek.
I'll show you the things you can never see.

Bring me your hands, caress my spine.
We'll go to the places she won't let you find.

Hold me close, take me to bed,
open me under the covers.
But never tell her I shared these things,
She trusts me like no other.