

**L.U.N.A.: Let Us
Now Ascend**
by D.E. Morgan

Yin part 1: Touching the Moon

Have you ever looked at the moon closely?
Into the moon, so framed by the night?
Have you seen the craters?
Have you seen its face?
Does it make you want to strip off clothes
and dance naked in the forest?
Make incomprehensible noises
as you try to fly towards it?
Seriously, have you ever looked at the moon?

Yin part 2: From the Lips

Lips gripped me as I slid into this world
Announcing my arrival to the night
This world of flesh on the face of the Earth
Rang through my ears like bells in a dead church
Hollow instruments of darkness converged
To bring me from lips to still-living lips
I became a spoiled child of the moonlight
Bathing in an invisible water
The church of womb and tomb that rules the night
Gave praise to the breasts of the Earth bestilled
They were endowed with the wetness of wombs
To feed the hungry children of the moon

Yin part 3: Two Women

Two women confounded my life on Earth
One was lovely, kind, nurturing, and nice
The other, the flesh of Lilith's own flesh
Why such a contrast, I often wondered?
The woman clothed with the sun often slept
Leaving only the woman dressed in night

That amalgamation of moon and stars
To deceive and enchant my proud young mind
Such women were made only for themselves
Not for a husband, child, anyone else
Desperately they seek their egos' wants
To fill their souls' characteristic void
Emptiness inside, a prize for many
The inside of a white porcelain cup
Will I ever escape from this woman?
Will she forever have her fill of me?

Yin part 4: Siren Song

Hear the voices chanting in the forest
Singing ruin for all of humankind
Luring souls to nature's blackest pleasures
Darkness emanates from their vocal cords
Singing into being a deathly scene
As beautiful as it is dangerous
"Come join us! Come join us!" the night does chant
As the moon, unhinged, falls in the river
Stars reflected in pools of crimson blood
Ripple under the feet of the fleeing
They have seen the death in their dark desire.
They have seen, but it is too late tonight.

Yin part 5: Feminine Order

Women adorned in obsidian robes
Determine the fate of the night-sky's stars
Will they remain unclouded up above?
Will they shine their light for us all to see?
Channeling the forces of their bared souls
They discuss the matter and the cosmos
Who will inherit the moon and the stars?

To whose back will such a gift be
bequeathed?

Yin part 6: The Woman and the Spirits

She can see the things that men cannot see
Phantasms that flutter through the dark caves
Silent bells that are louder than harsh screams
Echo through the wide chambers of her ears
Cursed to perceive everything and nothing
The universe flutters through opened eyes
She is the one who inherits the All
It has become a fancy of her soul!

The Noise Act

Letting down his hair and donning lipstick
The avant-garde musician has a plan
He says "Have a musical argument"
To the still unsuspecting musicians
He plugs the cable into his laptop,
eyes the audience, and then presses "play".
A blast of noise emits from the PA
and more noises join the convoluted fray
The musicians join the noisy chaos
And play like toddlers who know how to jam
But suddenly a feedback loop comes in
The sound has left the domain of control
Furiously working to stay atop
the noise artist works with sliders and knobs
And sonic armageddon is summoned
Through the PA into the audience
Unable to stay afloat of the sound
The noise artist rips the cord from his jack
and runs out of the room with noise blaring.

Haiku

The naked moon shines
Filling the soul with pale light
A light in darkness

Idiocy fills us
With a longing to destroy
And erase the stars

Souls have hidden wings
but most don't know to use them
Like unknowing birds

Heaven is blissful
But hell is more beautiful
To our evil minds

A bird pecks on worms
That crawl from beneath the rocks
An early bird, yes.

A flag on the moon
Does not blow in a strong breeze
Except in our minds

The mind can think bad
but also a lot of good
Such duality

A coin falls and rolls
And a child chases it down
A foreshadowing.

Black is the night's veil
But white and blue are the stars
They rule as one sky

Day of Slaughter

Chickens died.
Intestines, heads, and livers are discarded,
and also:
Cows died.
Saws break through solid bone,
hooks penetrate once-living flesh
Pigs died in Spain,
and their piglets mourned
until the piglets died
and were cooked whole
All in all,
a lot of animals died that day
The Day of Slaughter,
which is every day.

Vegetarians

When it comes to women
I always preferred the ones who were made of wheat
to the ones who were made of meat.
It's as if kale, wheat, and quinoa softens their skin
As if they had emerged from Eden unpunished,
they smile with actual innocence
a degree removed from the daily slaughter
that feeds the mouths of omnivores.

Rotten Meat in a Dumpster

Ground beef rots in a dumpster
Even the homeless won't eat it
Flies hover about it, laying their eggs
that hatch into squirming maggots.
Not even cooked into a hamburger
the meat was past its sell-by date
and there were no freegans
to consume it right away
So it rots!
The stench of decaying flesh
fills the dumpster like a miasma
like a last goodbye
from the animal it came from.

Crown of Leaves

She wears a crown of leaves,
she, the queen of the forest.
Self-proclaimed ruler, she hovers about
sucking juice from an apple
Wearing a brown tanktop with a green cape,
she has a pair of brown boots which seldom
break sticks.
Taking one of her breasts from her shirt,
she feeds a squirrel who runs up to her
She nurses it in her arms for a while
and then lets it go.

The Eastern-European Grocery Store's Butcher Shop

Not to be bigoted,
but who eats sheep intestines unless they're starving?

And the heart of a goat?
Who shall be the buyer of that?
I do not understand this place of blood and gore.
The flesh of animals populates platters
Once beating hearts are sold for a pittance
And I, the vegetarian, am frowning.

Spinach on Her Fork

There is something sexy about a woman
eating spinach
Whether its canned or in a salad.
The leaves get stuck between pearly whites
showing off little bits of chlorophyll
So cute is the smile of a woman eating spinach

Ultra-Predator

A thousand animals went into a child
to make him what he is:
uncompassionate, obese, uncurious
The creatures which make up his food
are so far away
even as he chews them,
their deaths are vague unpleasantnesses.
He does not know or question.
Filling his gut, taste and texture are his concerns
He doesn't even consider himself the ultra-predator
that he actually is.

Care

Lovely is a woman who cares about animals
and impressive the man that does as well
For they live compassionately in their diet,

and are made of the food that grows on the Earth
It is easier to love,
when you aren't devouring flesh
and gnawing on bones
or spitting out cartilage
There is a mystic allure to greens,
lentils and soy grant subtle gifts
which make one a better lover
and change one's very nature.

Protein

Where one gets one's protein from
matters in the recesses of the heart
in that space in the solar plexus
from which flowers spring and bloom
It matters in the conscience,
it matters in the stomach
and it matters in the literal heart as well
for lentils contain no cholesterol!
You are what you eat,
and I am what I eat.
I wish to be like a field of legumes
gently blowing in the breeze
Providing nourishment for the Earth's creatures
I do not want to be like the herd animals
led to the slaughterhouse
by the foolish "lords" of this Earth
In my heart, in my mind a weight has been lifted
And I am a tree blowing in the breeze.

Drowning in a River of Blood

I wonder what it'd be like to drown in blood
To choke on a torrent of red plasma

I'd cry for help while drenched in red fluid
Which fills my gasping lungs mercilessly
Pulled downstream by a death that awaits me
I taste the iron in the crimson cells
No one is there to rescue me from this
My fate: to drown in a river of blood.

Torrential Downpour of Filth

Where does this offal come from
that falls from the sky so horribly?
Covering all in slime and grime,
as they run for immediate shelter
Blood, gore, phlegm
the very spit of God
a curse on the human race
that falls from the blackened sky
As the filth collects in the streets,
it grows eyeballs that gaze
and as the eyes grow
they are crushed under human feet
What a bloody, stupendous mess!
What a feast for the rats!
What could we ever, ever have done
to deserve this mass of filth?

When Aliens Tagged the Moon

Flying saucers converged
and flew over the moon
dropping spray-paint
all over its visible face
They left their alien names
and obscenities and such
They left pictures of their privates

gray things that they were.
When aliens tagged the moon
It drove the humans mad
What had happened to their precious moon?
They claimed it had been defaced.
The aliens watched the news on TV
and sat back and laughed
at the confusion that they had caused
among the human race.
When aliens tagged the moon
beauty went insane
What had become of the beautiful stone
that climbed across the night sky?
Seeing the hurt they had caused,
the aliens felt remorse
and got sand-blasting UFOs
to return it back to normal.

Luminescent Rock in the Sky

What a luminescent rock the moon is,
although it receives its light from the sun
It makes the night much more than bearable
and fills our thoughts with romantic notions.
It's pocked with many gigantic craters
from impacts with celestial objects.
It makes people dream of itself at night
and we all wish there were more to the moon.
Such as great magical powers bestowed
to enchant the lovers that we long for
or the power to fly out of our minds
and gently caress its crater-pocked face.

Poets

Poets etch words into their readers' minds
They create salves for Mother Nature's
wounds
Those holes in the self that need to be filled
By something beautiful, true or untrue
Where once a blackness lay in the neurons
Flowers of words bloom to create solace
A place of ambrosia and mystic light
are these gaps in us filled with poetry

Immortality

Immortal I lay on my own death-bed
Thinking of all that I've done and have said
It's such a burden to be undying
With all the angels around you crying
All of the things that we say and we do
Live on until the end of time is due
Creating effect causing more effects
Giving rise to movements, ideas, sects
Every action begets more actions
and some could give rise to fighting factions
So immortal we live in life's stream
affecting all 'til the end of the dream

The Rat and the Eyeball

A rat plays with an eyeball
that's fallen to the floor
it rolls it to its lair
and nibbles on it a little
The iris now has teeth-marks
that mar its natural beauty

such a delicious meal
this eye will make!

The Throne of Lucifer

Frozen in the heart of a factory--
in the hidden atrium within it.
My eyes look at spidery graffiti
which populates the darkened, crumbling walls.

Old skulls on conveyor belts grin at me
and bones collect dust on the concrete floor.
Time cards adorn a board on a far wall
and the air is cold, stale, rank and dusty.

Who is the owner of this dismal place
where once people gave their lives to labor?
The question is answered by more silence
which hovers over my trembling body.

I look at the bones scattered on the floor--
bones of men whose souls had abandoned Time.
To what destination did they go to,
those caught in the gears of Time's factory?

Spiderwebs adorn a machine's entrance
and spiders--frozen--adorn the old webs.
Frost drips from fragile legs that barely stand,
encasing the symptoms of Time that died.

I try to move myself, slowly at first.
To move an inch requires much effort.
My eyes gaze upon a dead exit sign
and then I slowly make my way toward it.

I stumble over hoses, bones, and wires--
artifacts of once-thriving industry.
I barely push against the unlocked door
and it falls off its hinges to the floor.

Outside, pools of magma fester in fields--
perpetually hot from some dark source.
I walk through a gutted parking lot
filled with burned out, half-melted vehicles.

I reach a check-point with a broken gate.
A skeleton sits inside the structure.
I stroll past it into a crack-strewn street
and nearly fall in an open manhole.

Reaching a cliff's edge I stop and gaze upon
the fields of the damned in constant torment.
I hear their cries waft up into the air
and coalesce in a horrific din.

Immortal flesh in a fiery orange lake
burns forever in a black naked mass.
Their inconsolable, endless wailing
is offered up as justice to Heaven.

I walk back toward the factory's shadow
and stumble through the cracked, carless roadway,
past the kiosk with the dead skeleton,
and through the parking lot with burned-out cars.

I reach the door and enter the building
and make my way back to a folding chair.
This is my frozen throne, the heart of Hell.
This, my Hell, the place of eternal cold.

Here I freeze as I send fiery yearnings
to inflict damage on God's holy ones.
Unspeakable lusts afflict their desires
as I try to corrupt their lives and souls.

Many people wonder why I do this
and the answer is quite simple, you see.
I know that I can not possibly win,
so I try to destroy all that I can

I send out the fire to consume their souls,
leaving my place colder than my dead heart.
I freeze on my pathetic folding chair
laughing bitterly at every soul Hell gains.

I torture them mercilessly in fire,
pretending with each that I've beaten God.
Walking upstairs to a mezzanine
I open a battered metallic door...

And walk out onto a small balcony
I gaze at the pearly gates of Heaven
"There," I said, "is where I once knew God's bliss."
Irrevocable was my fall from Grace.

For I knew my action's consequences.
To rebel, as an Angel, against God
meant Eternal damnation in torment.
"Why did I do it?" you may ask of me...

...as many souls I've tortured have wondered.
I had bliss, but no freedom to speak of,
I was a servant, a slave, I thought then.
I desired to rise above my master.

To break away from God's holy thrall
was the desire that consumed me always
I wished to place myself above His throne
and triumph over my own Creator.

All the time I'd brood over my station
and jealousy filled me throughout the days.
Enraged, I gathered near choirs of angels
and convinced them to turn against our God.

This was not the greatest of ideas,
for God was all-knowing and powerful.
The ground and sky then disappeared from us
and we found ourselves in a blazing fire!

So this is the dread fiery realm of Hell.
Due to Dante's literary conceit
I was placed by God in a frozen patch
where my throne is constantly icy cold.

What the souls here would give to feel cold ice!
But here ice does not ever melt away
and the fires that torment the damned aren't quenched,
Such a terrible fate to suffer here!

Then I turned and quit the scenic vista
that could be seen from that small balcony.
The light of God seen in Heaven was gone
and I was back in the dull, frozen place.

Such a ridiculous throne I sat on!
A folding chair, made of wood and metal.
I sat, suffering, upon it's cold seat
and half-heartedly summoned Belphegor.

I said, "Lord of Sloth, you see this place here
this factory abandoned like on Earth,
where no workers walk its rank corridors
and the work machines collect dust and rust."

"Consolidate for me men's devices into one.
This will cause factories to be needless.
For one device will create the many
and men will rest on their laurels in sloth."

Belphegor said, "Master, this I shall do.
Ingenuous devices I shall devise!
Artificial intelligence shall rule
these consolidated machines on Earth!"

I said, "Do this and blot out the humans--
lazy creatures that they have now become--
and watch their desire to ease their own lives
become a dark curse that destroys them all."

Belphegor said, "Satan, this I shall do."
This evil task I shall now accomplish,
sowing discord among all the humans
as all shall soon find themselves unemployed!"

"Excellent," I said, and then shooed him off.
Often I did things like what you just read,
sending demons off to the tortured Earth,
devising this or that scheme for Evil.

From my pathetic throne I had power
to conjure up all the demons in Hell.
They were bound to do my bidding always,
even though they mostly did despise me.

So do any of you want to serve me?
Me on my cold, old folding chair of ice?
How low I have become in this squallor!
Would you like to be made even lower?

For I am fallen, fallen from high above!
Yes, my mouth has uttered perversity
and my hands are defiled with righteous blood
Who among you would like to join my Hell?

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