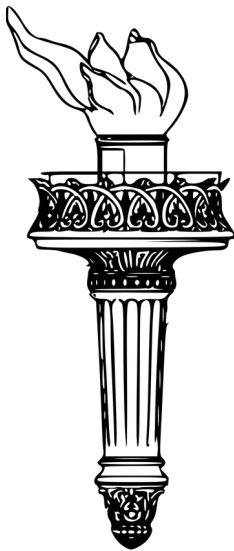


My Torchlight

by D.E. Morgan



I'm on your altar now,
in one hand a torch,
in the other a dagger,
in your hand a coin,
in the other a cup.
What is this game we play.
torchlight flitting through shadows,
ridiculous myths and beliefs
yearning for the sky
but sinking to the ashes beneath
this altar of idiocy?
It's a silly game,
neurons wired with giddiness
intoxicated nights under whatever
moon
give me your soul, your hope...

I am not a trifle to be played with,
a game to be suffered through with
smiles

This colosseum of the soul,
spectators watch it with stupid cries
whooping and hollering insults
that come from vocal cords hijacked
by a god of greed, idiocy enthroned
in the neurons that once had thoughts.

Trolling, rolling through the depths
and no more wearing the suits of the
damned,
we played games with the gods
and they let us win for a time.

Is that time up?
I have no idea how long these words
will echo through the chambers
of silicon dreams,
how long the shadows will flit,
how long the ashes will smolder.
But I know there is a sun that cries

begging to shine through the night
behind the earth that forgot it
as they yearned for pleasure
under a bleeding, cold, rocky moon
that smiled as galaxies
slowly drew it in.

Why didn't I grow a garden
in the fertile dung of my anus?
Because it would fall out,
flushed down the tubes of forgotten
dreams
It would not be a naked man and
woman,
it'd be addicts and murderers,
uncaring livestock slaughtered under
knives,
pornographic gangrape of the soul.
Terrestrial,
the sky falls into fog

that covers the ashes of memories
and dampens them with a cloudy urine

Solitude, the death of society within,
the memories of childhood fade
into an adulthood that withers as it
grows
into a tree with foolish fruit:
My words! Eat them with your eyes,
eat them with your ears,
the universe vomits them in your senses
like a bird feeding its young.
I grow a foot tall,
yet worm-filled apples of good fruit
fall from my fingers
onto a clacking keyboard.
Humans must eat me,
my immortality,
I desperately desire to be remembered

as the tree whose roots grew into a
house
that built upon the ages.

Symbols conspire
underneath a black sheet
that hides the light
that comes out on the paper.

Saltiness:

it goes well with bread,
but spare the butter
for a different man.

No cholesterol in these veins,
that wind through fat
on a sofa of lost dreams
that writhe and moan and scream.

I am weary.

Weariness causes me to lose
my vast kingdom of foolishness
that I once pretended to rule.

Am I alone?
Forgotten? Perhaps not.
It is not the loneliness that bothers,
but the pain of being forgotten.
My hair rots,
my eyes turn to goo
my flesh turns to wood,
the wood turns to dirt.
It's silly! It's fate embedded,
in the brains that fall apart
under my torch,
under my touch.
Everyone hates me,
forever and ever
for tearing their ticket to the heavens
and stomping it beneath my feet.
Or is that really the truth?
Did I simply tear apart,
your ticket to the dirt
that sleeps under our feet?

I am fallen from the gods,
fallen from mankind,
fallen beneath the ghosts,
fallen beneath the devils.
Who am I
in this game the stars play
to shine and flicker out
or explode through the galaxy?
I stare in a mirror
that stares back calmly:
intensely, balefully, a blue flower:
my feet stuck to the floor.

Roots grow down,
through the floor,
through basements,
to the other side of the Earth.
It's heavenly outside,
the wind whispers chants,
the clouds envelop thoughts,

my leaves grow in the dew.

Who am I to pretend?
The supreme pretender:
the flickering in the eyes
of the maddened lost.
Everywhere the roots of life
twist upon themselves,
resist themselves,
persist themselves.

I am obscene DNA,
clever and poisonous,
without honor,
with despicable pretense.
Irritated witches
dig their own ditches
to house the delusions
I fling from my branches.

No one is safe from lies,
not the animals, not the sea,
not the colonies of ants,
only the moon and the sun.
The rays of truth shine,
burn shut eyelids away,
the pallor of the moon
calms a bestilled planet.

Castles house tyrants
that scheme with maps,
cell phones and screens,
a laughable scene.
No one can fly
without dodging the birds
that predate the steel
that crashes into the sea.

The sea swallows greedily
the boats that once drained it.

Life smiles, fish smile
as they swim through skulls.
Gold glistens
under octopus ink,
glaciers swarm,
the sea hardens.

Babies and spray paint,
sodomy and turpentine
acidic smiles
and bonafide laughs.
Soiled maternity ward,
nursing home blues,
grim jokes of the gods
and echoing cackles.

The locks on treasure chests
are broken with grim glee
and the spoils within
fall to dust as they're pocketed.

Joined to bloody nipples,
irritated mothers,
expectant fathers,
and a deep hunger within.

No one rides the tides,
like the fish that seek
the opposite of drowning
on dry land.
Flopping about,
developing lungs and legs,
exploring dryness
and growing new appendages.

Dew-drops glisten
on the cars of fish
that once jumped to land,
freezing on paint
sprayed by machines
made by suicidal engineers

that drain the sea of money
and houses of their fathers.

Dryness—it dries one out,
as wetness drowns
the new pair of lungs
that adorn one's chest.
Birds sprout wings,
feathered foes that glide
over the grass, the sea,
and the cacti in the desert.

Souls with megaphones
yell deaths to bodies
that are convinced
to leave themselves.
It's silly, to jump
out of one's skin
into the air
and disappear into mist

From the water
to the earth,
from the earth
to the air.
Where is fire
in this game?
It dries the skin,
bakes clay until it breaks.

Crawling in the sky,
flying in the ground,
breaking into the air,
molded into clay.
The sun shifts directions,
the moon turns to dust
the dust grows into women,
the sun shines down men.

Opposites react,

attract without trying
to conjure a storm
that tears them apart.
Flung apart with a smash
from a heaved hammer
that overcomes the force
of magnetic pull.

The physics of bullies
corrupt religions of tyrants
and take victims for a spin
on a giant electron,
a hidden center
that most cannot see
positioned positively
in the center of things.

Utopia, it's promised
promised by many people
but the utopia of the heart

is not sought.
Where is this garden
between blood-cells
and heart-pulses
by a solar plexus of bliss?

Cave men wield bones
that flesh grows over,
that veins wind over,
and that tendons attach to.
Mouths munch
the opposite of boredom
to swallow whole
a lovely meal.

Hunters and gatherers,
paint and dye slatherers,
deity flatterers
and instrument clatterers.
Picking berries,

creating art,
summoning gods,
shocking with music.

The trees are cleared,
barley grows in rows
and men slave
to whet the whistles of kings.
Priests conjure lies
to keep the men scared
and temple women
to give them release.

We made these cities
under the baking sun
that grows hotter each day
baking cracks into the Earth.
Mazes of symbols,
words and deeds,
ideas of time and space,

gods that govern shovels.

The ground grows darker
under an asphalt moon
that shines headlights
onto the midnight road.
Cars expound their case
for polluting the skies
with the roar of engines
and belches of exhaust.

The stars glimmer,
inviting us in
with our bombs and religions
and our crumbling, crumbling bliss.
We will never be filled,
never be satisfied,
each star will beckon more,
galaxies will flee from us.

This emptiness,
and the frozen sun in the heart,
at the apex of our spirit
does nothing to assuage our fear.
Icicles drip from our bones,
and snowflakes cover our hands.
This winter we cannot abide,
but we suffer through it, yes.

Above us there is lava,
but it trickles somewhere else
is hardened and cools
and is covered with ice.
We lie dormant for the cosmos,
dormant, empty caverns in frost
waiting for a sun that comes rarely
and shines for too few hours.

But the night, it is silly.
It is silly to imagine it ending,

silly to imagine the sun
breaking through the mountains.
Yet this moment of clarity,
this moment of light
it comes to us for an hour,
for an hour or two.

I am the frozen sun that melts,
yet freezes once more.
Its surface shifts,
but its core remains frozen.
Eternal sun between the clouds
refracting light without remorse,
and staring at the mountains
into the caverns of the lost.

We lost our way northward,
far from the sun we roamed.
We lost our feeling, our hope
and put despair on our thrones.

So my torchlight, do not play with it,
play not with water or earth, with wind.
They are the feelings of a frozen sun,
a frozen sun that shines.

Also by D.E. Morgan,
are various works
on his Etsy page
at

<https://dryeyes61.etsy.com>

There is a book
and some chapbooks
for you to purchase and enjoy.
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Freeze, freeze, freeze.