



New Gods Instead

by D.E. Morgan

For all of the things
that I clench in my heart,
for the ice, the chains
that freeze my wings to my back
For the tepid wrath
I hold in my brain,
for the serpent that bites
with venomous lies.
Everyone cries out
my name in shame,
with a shake of the head
a frown and a grimace.
The tokens of fame
that fall from my fingers
pool on the ground
and dissolve into blood.
Everyone eats
my words with their ears,
they take them inside
their fear-scattered brains.

I say:

“Scary, my wings
begin to flutter
under the sun
that shines on the clutter
that rests in my mind
dissolved in the gutter
that heaves out a cry
that makes people shudder.
My life is a ship
without a rudder,
a plain, white bread
to eat without butter,
some wheat in some barn
that makes angels mutter
about this lone man
who screams at his Other.
He lives with his father
and wonderful mother,

he never had siblings:
a sister or brother
He has no companion,
few friends and no lover,
but spreads out his wings
and begins to hover.
He flies over hills
that the grass and trees cover.
He glistens in dew
that rests on another
forest that grows in
the shadow that smothers
the earth whose dark face
he begins to uncover.”

The spirits are silenced,
the flesh is compelled
to experience violence
that morals repelled.
The sky is burned ashes

that scatter and cover
the scars and the lashes
of supposed lovers.
No person is safe,
the sky is awry,
the hailstones chafe
the men that are sorry
for bringing the Earth
to rise up in anger
and cause death that births
an alliance of strangers.
They know not their names,
but many hold hands
to join in the game
to save our dark lands
and give strength to those
lost in the mire
whom the Earth's foes chose
not to retire.
Everyone dances

on graves that grin,
queers with guns prance
among the dread din
of artillery fire
that brings lilies picked
to coffins of liars
whom the rosy-cross pricked.

I am still,
eyes open,
gleaming.
Above me,
a sky still,
hanging high.
It's color: blue
with tinges
of white clouds.

Where is the blood?
It has already bled.

Where is the flood
of grateful dead?
The sky is still there,
the angels are dead.
Heaven is filled
with new gods instead.
They forgive harassers,
but don't forget them
They call them trespassers
who chew at the stem
of an apple of knowledge
that confounds the world
from every college
its tendrils unfurl.
It's truth, beauty, light
that gives a new birth
to a world filled with fright
and lacking in mirth.
The sky's filled with reason,
instead of belief

from season to season
it provides relief.
The gnarled remains
of men that are cursed
provide a refrain
from brains that burst
with ego that dies
under a yoke
that constantly tries
benevolent jokes
to tease the tyrants
brought to their knees
and dumb sycophants
who struggle to please
the new gods that smile
onto a scabbed Earth
and put men through trials
that give them new birth.

There is a fire that blazes

in the minds of the damned
that gives them new phrases
to be conjured and rammed
into the ears
of the victims of love
that bring up new tears
to please those above.

The emotions that struggle
to be heard amidst
the old Earth's rubble
come from the wrists
of musicians and writers
who vie to be heard
and read by the blighters
of a world that's absurd.
Everyone laughs
at the trouble we're in
as the terrified haves
are have-nots within

the recesses of darkness
in their petrified souls
that struggle to harness
their reserves of gold.

I raise my arms,
wrists bleeding,
heaving a curse
at the wind:
sword of my wings
that flutter and triumph
over bizarre
enemies that fall to pieces
I fly, my body remains,
wings grow out
and fly to the sun.
They melt not,
for they are hewn of gold
from the dross of a brain
that was once judged insane.

No danger remains,
for those who lose all
who fall
into the sky.
But the flesh, it is perfected
the brain shines fresh
the sky gives a signal
to fly through the stars.
The fires that glimmer
in the dark void
are stars that simmer
in a pot of gold
I collect them all,
each new one a wing
that gives me excitement
to triumph and sing.

No beast that gives succor
to the teeth of meat eaters
will cry out or suffer

in the mouths of misreaders
who interpret their license
to rule all the lands
as a call to leave sense
to a dumb book's commands.

Look:
the asteroids collide
under the weight
of my anger.
They shatter to pieces
that plummet to earth
and fall on the heads
of my enemies.

Hemmeroids of the soul!
Such dross,
such a waste,
begone, be delighted
to finally find

the coffin that awaits you.
There is a balm
on fingers
that soothes every burn,
that cures the charred
skin of a deva.

No more derided,
chided, or scorned,
I scourge those who hide
under flesh that is torn
to pieces and withers
under my word
that tears them to smithers
when it's finally heard.
They fly into stars
and rest in black holes
expelled from afar
from an anus of gold
No more do I run

from enemies' wrath
I am finally done
with this treacherous path.

Discard the fate
created by vermin!
They're blighted with hate
that vowed to determine
the course of the Earth
as it flew into stars
and put all those first
who ruled from afar
See the whip sting
the backs of the rats
see the dead king
surrounded by bats
that fly down slowly
to chew on his flesh
and leave the world lowly
and gasping for breath.

Here I am!
I speak, my words fall out,
they roll on the ground
and grow into men.
The sea is flying
across the Earth,
men cry, women scream,
children swim in the waves.
There are sharks,
octopuses,
squids, minnows, dolphins
crabs, urchins, sting-rays.
Asteroids averted
into the sun
murky greed overcome,
the dross of the heart undone.
Here we see blood
flowing through veins
the sky is fortunate,
the ground is hungry

Seed and blood
to give it succor,
the sky flying low

Athletes run,
men run
from what they've lost
in the previous days
Exhausted exhaust
unfeeling eyes
that take in a scene
that strums at their heart

Alas, there's less land
on the continents
the sea ate the sand
with a sound consonant
with all of the screams
that rose from the gutters
and all of it seems

to be cleaning the clutter
They blamed each other
for all their mistakes.
Sister blamed brother
for sea-swallowed lakes
diseases were spread out
through the populace,
which seemed to wring out
all human bliss.
Some joined hands,
while others raised fists
some formed a band,
others slit wrists.
But misery's banished
for a fine while
and everything's managed
by those who still smile.
The tears of the fallen
dry into salt
new bees find their pollen

in the gardens of all
The trees bloom with fruit
that humans can savor
since we've given the boot
to make-believe saviors.
The sky turns blue
from perpetual gray.
The wet morning dew
gives way to a day
that remains embedded
in those who love life,
and even those headed
toward chaos and strife.
The buildings are fresh,
the bombs already fell
a wireless mess
does prod and compel
men to make their dreams
and smile with glee
in this fine scene

that's so wonderfully free

Here I am with a sphere
cupped in my hands

I toss it over the moon
to Pluto and back

I catch it and throw it
to Alpha Centauri

to Andromeda
to far galaxies.

Flying and squirming
across all the planets,
the sun shines with rays
the galaxies swallow.

Everyone's packed
into all the planets

the Earth and sky triumph
with spaceships that fly

Life lives on,
it flies through the void

of space that is measured
in trillions of years.

Earth-like planets
are covered with metal.
The bones of spaceships
rest in thickets.

But new ones are flown
through galaxies
and the stars shine into
solar plates.

No one is wanting,
no one is bored
with all of the journeys
that await us all.

The terrible devourer
that begat us
is bestilled and brought
down to its knees.

The rainbows are smiling,
the sky is triumphant.

The Earth is triumphant.

Life is triumphant.

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Many thanks for reading this
chapbook.

**Sure, get your hopes up,
fine, but actually save the
world as well, don't just
hope it happens.**