

# **Of the Damned Who Wouldn't Burn**



**D.E. Morgan**



## **Outside of the Shadows**

Outside of the shadows,  
the sun beats down hard.  
and when the darkness recedes  
my chest feels so light.

Outside of the night,  
the day makes me cry.  
and when the fear diminishes  
the love hurts my soul.

Outside of my prison,  
the whip cracks my back.

Inside the sun, the fire is hot.

## **Broken Bottle Moon**

Shadow trailing on the ground,  
the bottle arcs through the air.  
It hits an unsuspecting window,  
and glass breaks into the night.

A sound of distress, a woosh, a blaze

Those nearby get nervous,  
those far away just curious  
at this jarring crash  
of glass and gas ignited.

## **Absorbing Jupiter into My Veins**

Not astrologically,  
with a big red spot on me.  
Lightning poised,  
electrifying a black wound.

Supreme! The night crushes with  
gravity...  
aplomb...  
and the fires of Io!

Saturn grins with its rings  
and in the distance,  
the gassy shores of Neptune  
hum like a frozen lake.

## **Clever, But Dead**

So many names in a book I see.  
Clever, but dead.  
Arresting in their looks,  
in 19th century photographs.

Living forever in caskets  
of moldy wood  
and on pages  
of yellowed paper.

Acidic,  
the truth burns me.  
Immortally deadened in my tracks  
with a graveyard for a soul.

## **Fire Eyes**

Burning with heresies  
and superstitions hurled  
from the eyes like  
bullets made of rubies.

Smoky vapor of incandescent desire  
flying hither like a bat with a zither,  
supremely offering the talents  
of a world gone totally mad.

Laughter, laughter, laughter  
in the night!

## **Skunk**

Dry as a skunk under the sun,  
my hair hangs like a tail  
over a horse's rear end.

The night is breaking out in hives  
which demand to be scratched.

Dead florescent lights flicker not  
over the silence of a lost decade

Formerly known as the Devil,  
the angel burns no more.



## Hammer On

Heaving the hammer,  
it flies through the wall  
with a booming thud  
that silences the birds.

No one cares about this,  
but the house is coming down.  
A grunt,  
a swear,  
and the wall collapses  
like it never was there.

## **Former Prince**

I once was the prince of darkness,  
but now I am king.

My teeth glitter with gold,  
and bite into the apple...

Dung-apple, my meal is vulgar  
like a dry rot in a festooned garment

Nevertheless, my crown is real,  
as I pour over eternities of wasted  
time

Who cares? No one knows  
the painful lack of pain  
that seals my heart  
like the lid of a freezer  
with a corpse inside.

## **Trees Frozen in Hell**

I really hate  
the smell of their flesh  
so I did something strange  
and hell froze over.

Icicles drip  
from my fingertips...

My hands are blue with the feeling  
of not caring enough to regret.

## **Not a Tragedy**

It's not a tragedy,  
but it's not a comedy either.  
My eyes are rainbows,  
but only to the acid-heads.

Left to my own devices,  
kings fell, birds swooped, worms,  
nasty worms  
disappeared into their mouths.

Formerly the sky was red,  
but now it is grey with the ashes  
of the damned who wouldn't burn  
forever.

## **German Is No Longer Threatening**

The tongue is in gutters,  
lapping up foolishness  
like a millionaire with  
a bank account full of counterfeit  
money

No one cares today,  
about tomorrow  
until tomorrow comes  
and then they wish for yesterday

Freeze them in their steps  
with torrid affairs  
with their daughters  
and wives

## **Wreath of Plants**

A wreath of plants  
worn over the neck  
with roots that grow  
to the ground.

Never so proud,  
the eyes lost their haughtiness,  
the sun bathed his son in splendor,  
and his eyes flashed like lightning.

Unfold your feathers  
and fly to Mars,  
the way away  
from the sun.

## **Frozen Skies**

The clouds hang still  
and the sun filters through them;  
angles of light  
illuminate the ground.

The raindrops freeze  
and the smell of moisture  
hangs in the air  
like a forgotten task.

## **Germane to His Theory**

The Flowers of Evil  
by Baudelaire  
was germane to his theory.

Of hermetic secrets  
stored in his brain,  
I will not tell.

They twisted him  
like a tree  
that was old and gnarly.

In his eyes,  
he longed to forget,  
and be human once more.



## **Brazenly Ignorant, Intelligent, and Young**

Every ounce of his intellect  
oozed passion for dead ends,  
wrongs, and what no one wanted

Not even him, deep down.

Trench coat philosophy,  
passions for things that flow  
elegantly into the abyss

Of lost youth.

## **Can I Be Forever Young?**

Can I never grow old?  
Be the same every day  
do the same thing today  
that I did six years ago.

Never learning,  
but yearning,  
to go back down that path  
that would lead to a life

of desperate fullness,  
and a seat at the table...  
of adults.

## **The Young, The Old**

The young don't like you,  
the old have moved on  
with their jobs, families, money.

The gloom of what would have been  
a single candle  
in the basement of your desires

Regret, father says, is meaningless  
but it rips at my heart  
like a pickaxe

## **Properly Speaking**

Properly speaking  
with words from his father  
that he had forgotten

They tie one hand  
and untie the other  
and he reaches for the apple

of knowledge.

Life eludes him  
as he saunters  
a single step, then stops.

## Sun

If you saw the sun  
for the first time in eons  
would you dare trust it?

If the sky came down  
and bid you to enter it  
and gave you some wings

Wouldn't you be scared?

## **The Way Forward**

Maybe everyone else  
has already been enlightened  
and they're just waiting  
for you to catch up.

Maybe it's you,  
not them.  
Or maybe it's me,  
for that matter.

Judgment unravels  
under the silver voice  
of a knowing nymph  
from cooler waters.

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.  
If you enjoyed this, please consider  
reading some of his other works.

**Grandiose Sorrows.**