

Synthetic Deva

by D.E. Morgan

“Under a Red Sun”

Supple visions of milk
supply forensics with data
interesting enough
to warrant celebration.

Life smiled near a tree unfurled,
beneath a cliff relaxed
in its mission to inhibit
the growth of a village.

Blood creeps through cracks
like a red snake
in a red world
under a red sun

Various tools
of interrogation
clutter the gutter
like discarded gamblers.

Morose, the day walks into
the abyss of night.

The Stars Shimmer With Intent

Evolved above the clouds,
the stars shimmer with intent
to freeze the eyes
of a man with no vision.

Never crying,
the moon bleeds
into a nebular basin.

The drain of galaxies
stills the hearts of the living.

Promulgating the chill of the night

Pleasure

A razor thins a line,
the nose takes in a feast.
Powder on a lapel;
a drip of blood

and a smile.

Who is this man
who feels more pleasure
than most would imagine
he deserves?

His victims feel no remorse
for anything they have done
through his hands.

Business Owner

Joined at the hip
with a dying society,
the shopkeeper keeps
the illusion of power.

Correlation does not equal
causation,
but his workers know
more than enough.

I twiddle a snare between my fingers
and spread rumors of discord

Failure at the Top

Hark!

The jaunty man.

Green, but not envious.

Green, like money.

Green, like "GO!"

Green, a beginner

with beginners luck,

a giant four-leafed clover

stuck in his cap like an abomination.

He fails his way to the top,

then falls into green.

Green like tragedy,

from a face-mask that falls

off of his face, frowning, into the grave

covered with green grass.

Hot Poker

Monstrous, my desires reign,
wafting between extremes,
varying in their content.

But light and darkness coalesce
into a horrific anxiety.

It overcomes the apathy
of dozens of generations
who benefit from exploitation.

Take me away, my heart shouts,
for I am a monster.

I am a hot poker in the bowels
of a suffering humanity.
I am a hot poker in the heart.

*A horror in a soul
I thought I never sold.*

Grandiosity

I am the Universe hiding
in a sea of pain.
I am a fortress in the void,
deva incarnate
disguised as an angel
in a fearful mind...
waiting to expand through the Heavens.
To some, I am the Devil
To psychiatrists, the narcissistic ego.
Das Ich, the I.
The phenomenon of identity:
a cloud that forgets
the sun that shines on it,
wings waiting to grow out
from the wounds of a doomed humanity.
Telling myself things that make me proud:
intimations of free spirits trapped in flesh
buffeted by egotistical desires.
Flesh angel.

Death deva.

Wrath overcoming a demonized race,
tearing down crosses from my neurons,
annihilator and ruler of infinite worlds
that crash into my brain
like a freight train made of light.
Knowledge melting tundra in the heart.
Flesh plays with illusions of spirit like a
plaything.

I am the dove with blue eyes:
water and fire, ice and smoke.

Pills and exhaustion,
cracked lips drink from a lake of despair
that cannot be felt
by a blazing angel
projected by a deva.

Trans-Hindu, trans-Buddhist,
post-Christian, religions synthesize.
East devours West, West devours East.
Transformation of the flesh
to a state of exhaltation

that flies the spirit like a kite.
Antichrist in a frozen lake,
hallelujahs emanate from the throats
caught beneath the ice.
I am what your masters wanted to keep
out.
I am what they didn't want you to know:
gnosis of a shallow grave bursting
with the light of a snuffed out candle.
I oscillate.
I vascillate.
I grow beyond the I
into a sea of flaming words.
Meaning collides against meaning,
then disappears into a decision:
to remain, to rule,
or to leave, to acquiesce?
Winged serpent!
Knowledge of a world below
brought back to the heavens
with the relief of a thousand sighs.

Dying judgments,
destroyed illusions of karma,
tendencies that die
with the world that they came from.

Veins So Virgin

Veins so virgin,
love so cold,
boa constrictors.

Mirrors above
a sea of white sheets
and cooling flesh

Meat on bones,
teethmarks on skin,
reddened fingernails.

Eyes beyond silence,
ears beyond light.

Field of Dreams

Torpedoing stars
into suburbia
one fool at a time

Crusty long-haired putz,
who hasn't learned
from his vast experience

in the field of dreams.

Where are you going?
Who will you take?
What love will you make

with his laughing,
color-changing,
skin?

Gnarled Mess

If this is a joke,
you can silence it
any time now.

However,
there is a laugh
of seriousness

A gnarled mess
of jovial, humming silence
ripping apart within.

Brandishing a headstone
like a yammering idiot
tearing at the threads of fate.

Flowers

Marble skin,
daffodils planted,
daisies pushed
until their roots show.

They drink blood.
Their names burn within us.

I Am Not on the Villain's List

No human could write this...
...terror from this skies...
...magnificent crown of lies...
...that flies into the skies!

Never a near-miss...
...the mall inside the skull...
...stills to such a lull...
...like a chicken in a cull.

I am not on the villain's list,
but life is never dull.

Ghost

Ectoplasm...
spasm...
semen...
from a seaman.

Flagging down a cloud
to cover one's waist.
Never felt so proud
of pleasure made in haste.

Terrible odds of succeeding;
this journey's been quite misleading:
it started with a joke
and then went up in smoke.

Journey

Journey with me
until the sands shift beneath you,
until the airships fly,
leaving shadows in the sun.

Verily,
the sky is such a natural blue
hiding numbers beneath:
binary that spirals into space.

How long a naught,
how long a cross?
How long a zero,
how long a one?

What links the mind
to ice
that flies in the face...
...of fire that melts it not?]

A simple, unpretentious(?), unoriginal message:

Don't give up the dream.

Also by D.E. Morgan

are various works

on his Etsy page

at

<https://dryeyes61.etsy.com>

There is a book

and chapbooks

for you to purchase and enjoy.

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

So, the notion of a “deva”
has been appropriated,
unfortunately without
permission (who would I
ask?), from ancient Hindu
and Buddhist religion,
combined with Semitic,
Western, and even
kitschy, “New Age-y”
notions of an angel, and
then modified into a “free
spirit” that has no master,
or at the very, very least
pretends it doesn’t.