

# The Man-Bird Said

by D.E. Morgan





## **The Logos**

In the cathedral mall,  
Pinocchio roamed,  
nose getting longer  
with his conscience as his guide

A man-bird with his angel-parents  
who locked him in a cage,  
to keep eternity out,  
as they went about their shopping.

He busted free, that man-bird did,  
and found a heavy metal stairwell.  
As he leapt down those stairs,  
a man crying blood threw him in--

Into the fire,  
into the dialectic,  
into the endless pursuit  
of the Real.

Sagittarian  
Philosopher gone mad  
November 25th  
Duality and magic, Logos.

As he woke up,  
his angel-mother was gone  
but he knew not  
as another mother replaced her.

"I was burning!"  
the man-bird said  
and his mother replied,  
"It was only a dream."

## **Water**

In these dreams  
that remain in me  
The fire is doused  
and I'm in a world  
of my own.

There are new thoughts  
and memories that come  
and place me somewhere else  
with nary a notion  
of the world that I came from

When I awake  
how do I know  
that the thoughts  
I have in this place  
are any different?

## **Lying in Eternity**

Tell the truth:  
there is no knowledge

There is a chaotic dream  
with many wounds  
that cut deep into our souls  
and consciousness

But of what?

That which passes by  
of which we can know nothing  
and a language that forms rules  
to keep things in place.

There's no way of knowing.  
But there's no way to know that  
there's no way of knowing.

## **Suicide**

So many cults,  
so little time.  
So many religions  
not worth a dime

So many molecules  
not to believe in  
So much time  
to throw in the rubbish.

So many Trumps,  
so many Johnsons.  
So much cyanide  
to pour down their gullets.

## **I Dreamed**

I dreamed that you weren't dreaming  
this deva that writes this  
And I dreamt that you read it,  
and believed that I wrote it.

Order!  
Order, order, order, order, order!

The order I belong to,  
I dreamed it was real,  
that it formed my body  
and all that I feel.

I listened to the sound of the freeway,  
and was lost in a sea  
that I dreamed.



## **It Can't Be Nothing**

Verily stupendous truths  
are negated by the idea  
that truth cannot be known.

Horribly, some tasty morsels  
are left uneaten  
by the curious mind.

But skepticism is dreamed  
just as much as realism.

## **Dream Me**

Dream my words  
ensnaring your mind  
and taking you down  
into my world

Negation of clouds  
Chains that bind  
with words like these  
that hold us.

## **Never**

I can't know it,  
ever

I grasp at it,  
it slips.

I scream at it,  
it laughs

I shut up.  
It was there with me  
all along.

## **Earth**

My first memory is a balloon  
that escaped to the sky,  
when I told my parents  
to catch it for me.

"How?" my Mother asked.  
"Fly up to it!" I said.  
"Oh, people can't fly," she said.  
And I was grimly disappointed.

I cried and cried.  
And I loath gravity to this day.

## **Terrorized by a Corner**

I laid in my bed,  
and my room's corner  
became as a man  
and attacked me.

I screamed, I cried.  
Terrorized by  
Euclidean geometry,  
I flailed about.

My Dad came running in.  
Only a dream, again.

## **Bullies**

Sometime after I reached school,  
I made a paper crown.  
I crowned myself the king,  
and proudly walked about.

Some kids down the block  
ripped up my crown  
laughed at me  
and told me to go away.

I've been craving that crown ever since.

## **Mercurial Heart**

Movement, most life-like  
Silver disturbed, creating ripples:  
Pulses that become blood

The center of the principles,  
Tetractys, flow through me  
Immortalizing the flesh is the desire,  
who knows if this gold will

Come to be?

## **Why Do You Believe Me?**

If you think,  
or conclude  
that I have said truth

Why do you believe me?  
And why do you believe?

Why not believe the stars,  
that prick light into your eyes,  
like needles that blind  
the bones inside your body.



## **The Light and the Skeleton**

What I imagine:  
does it overflow the truth,  
overcome what's real,  
and replace it with gusto

Tap-dancing on your bones:  
I call it rhythm.  
A schism in the brains  
of the lost.

## **Where Did It Come From?**

I'm not going to ask  
"What is Truth?"  
like some Pilate washing his hands

But where did Truth come from?  
Did it fall from the sky?  
Did you make it up?  
Did daddy make it up?

Can you make a sandwich of it?  
Drive it to the beach?  
Pour it over your head,  
or place it on your lap?

## **Where Did All the Women Go?**

In my mind,  
where did the women go?  
I think they ran away  
and left me with myself

Taught not to know  
by conniving men,  
when I spoke they left me  
with the stars of the night.

Crickets.

## **Mendacious Light**

O mendacious, mendacious light  
A thousand lies that are true  
wither my heart with pride  
and make my body dance

Slowly I move,  
through the molasses  
of modern times.

We yearn for something true,  
but when we hear it,  
we yearn for something false,  
and run to our imaginations

Everything we see is built on  
lies that bury our brains

## **Deva**

When you don't want to say "angel"  
you call it a deva.

When you don't want to say "God"  
you call it a devil.

When you don't want to say "truth"  
you call it a lie.

When you don't want eternity,  
you call it time.

When you don't want to be "good"  
you call it an evil.

When you don't want to lie  
you call it a truth.

## **Not a Thing to Do**

Amidst the plague,  
the writer wrote  
of dreams, fears,  
devas.

There is not a thing to do  
not an angel in the sky  
not a devil in the soul  
Speak!

The voice is silent,  
and the ground swallows hard  
No one can hear the rumbling  
of the sky.

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