

# The Sub-Lunar Realm: Poems

by D.E. Morgan



## **Light's First Influx**

Jostled by hands reaching into darkness  
My world expands at a frightening rate  
Who are these who disturb my slumbering?  
In a void I laid, my yearning silent.  
Bizarre hands pulling toward light's first influx,  
toward the great flash when the eyes awaken.  
This world, this fire burns fear into my mind  
free to move a bit, I toss in terror.  
I cry the first sound I've made in the light,  
attended by figures who handle me,  
angels dressed in white assuage my trauma,  
and hand me to arms which rock me gently.

## **Song of the Air**

Song of the air,  
with engines aroar in the distance  
Birds sing randomly in suburban trees

Listen! It is the sound of the universe  
in all of its tortured beauty!

Leaves rustle with airplanes  
A man coughs on truck-exhaust  
Squirrels flutter from tree to tree

Can you hear what they want to say?

## **Death**

Do the rich get offended by death?  
Does his manner put them off?  
Do they look down upon a phenomenon  
so impartial?

That takes rich and poor to their graves  
so impassively?  
Do they dare turn up their noses  
at his vast simplicity?  
Do they sneer at being destroyed  
by tumors so ugly and small?  
Or leaving their opulence  
because of mere strands of RNA?

Maybe they do get offended by death  
and stave him off a little better than most.  
A little.

### **Haiku**

When there's no one near  
An honest companion is  
The noise of our world

Money changes hands  
Smoke corrupts the hazy sky  
Death plays with his scythe

Killing is the game  
We do it better than all  
But then we all die

Solitude gives gifts  
Of honest, tranquil moments  
That caress the soul

The sun's light reflects  
On the face of a full moon  
Lighting up the night

The noise of our lives:  
A sonic gift from ourselves  
To ourselves each day

The sound of a door  
It is good to find beauty  
In mundane noises

Better to be mad  
Than to live by common sense  
That common conceit

In discarding noise  
When listening with one's ears  
One discards the truth

A patient cries out  
In a mental asylum  
And the walls answer

Engines roar loudly  
On crowded expressway lanes  
Humanity's swan song

Colorful sunsets  
Are enhanced by pollutants  
Terrible beauty!

In mid-winter's grasp  
All life comes to a standstill  
Even fear is gone

Pointed iron gates  
They surround the man's estate  
To keep him inside

Sight sees its own eye  
Is the eye the origin?  
Or is sight the seer?

Dead bird on my lawn  
It flew, but then it fell down  
Blood frozen in snow

God created noise  
Then man came up with music  
Organizing noise.

When you're alone  
No one judges or chides you  
except for yourself.

Conversing voices  
The clinking of plates and glass  
In a restaurant

### **Tanka**

Motorcycle revs  
The rider's decked in leather  
Tattooed, scarred, and bruised  
A beer-fueled fight has been won  
Chains, bottles, meth, bikes and blood

Backroom deal gone bad  
Smell of cigar smoke lingers  
Blood pools on the floor  
Gangster clothes with holes in them  
Whisky, cigars, smoke, spit, tears

Skeleton in stream  
The river devoured its flesh

Who killed this person?  
A victim of some heinous crime  
Forensic tests will be done

### **Tape**

Taking a tape from its case  
I notice a finger-print smudge  
Whose finger did this?  
And does he still walk the Earth?'

Placing the cassette in the player  
I notice the brand: Maxell  
And on many other "Maxells",  
I thought,  
There are: noises, dreams, music.  
Frozen in time as they slowly rot away.

I pause and think of what I've recorded.  
I smile knowing that its backed up on digital, but

The scowling hiss of tape  
and the compressed sound  
are what I've come for today  
and a tape plays in my tape player  
and I enjoy the music.

### **Mist**

Mist covers the naked earth,  
like tears suspended in time.  
Like a ghost it hovers about  
dampening the hides of deer.  
The sun is forgotten  
and all is enveloped by one monolithic cloud.

Leaves glisten in what little light there is.  
Mist covers all.

### **Solar Plexus**

The solar plexus loves beauty  
All that the senses see  
When fear dominates  
The 'plexus emits grays  
Sometimes terror comes  
And the plexus says to run  
Shooting black through the nerves  
Is then the purpose it serves  
But when love fills the heart  
It awakens with a start  
The body's perpetual sun  
Sends fear on the run  
It fills the soul with beauty  
As it follows love's decree  
Love drives away fear  
In the solar plexus, my dear

### **River Sonnet**

Algae and mist cover the rocks  
which lay in the river to drown.  
Shaped by time's ticks and tocks,  
the water withers them down

Proudly boulders line the shore  
proclaiming their size with gall.  
They bask in their hollowed place before  
the river takes them all.

Who can resist time's merciless flow?  
The stones of a river, they can't.



To what place do the rocks go  
whose life the river makes scant?

Eroding, the rocks await their fate  
resting in their fleeting state.

### **Trite Little Creatures**

Humans are trite little creatures of Earth  
always lying, never telling the truth.  
Spreading platitudes in place of wisdom,  
they delude themselves into false knowledge.  
People stake their claims on the universe,  
call it their own, name it after themselves.  
They soil eternities with their pretensions,  
not even knowing it as they do so.  
Holding the keys, they imprison themselves,  
lock themselves in jails made of delusion.  
Hiring mendacious people to tell lies,  
they get their weekly fix from charlatans.  
Bourgeoisie with wallets full of money  
pay others to prop up fragile egos.  
One day they will reap the consequences  
of all of the missed opportunities.  
People will regret that they abandoned truth  
As the dying world burns down around them.

### **The Noise Musician**

Wires and capacitors on a table  
are intended to modify sound-waves.  
Quarter-inch cables crawl between the jacks  
of pedals used to wreak sonic havoc.  
Prototyping-boards lay strewn on tables  
their purpose obscure, known to only one:  
the tinkerer, the artist-creator,

in search of ways to modify noises.  
Why does he want to make music from noise?  
Surely there are better uses of time?  
Undaunted by opinions such as these,  
the noise musician creates a palette.  
It's a palette of sounds he can choose from,  
to assault the eardrums of the masses  
or make textures for one to get lost in,  
or sometimes to hammer on the ego.  
Discovering noise is finding one's self  
buried in a conformity-dug grave.  
The chaos within wants to do a dance  
on white-noise, pink-noise, sine waves, and yelling  
Surfing the maelstrom of inhuman sounds  
arising from the neglected human.  
So toying with resistors on bread-boards  
(to create the sound of awakening)  
the sonic terrorist works his magic,  
a right-brain assault on one's falsest self.

### **The Sun Explodes**

Witness the sun explode into being  
in the sky, in the chest, in the nethers  
illuminating every dark crevice,  
melting the ice on the ground, in the soul.  
What is this fire that pervades the body,  
with light, consciousness, and understanding?  
This burning at the center of the self?  
This furnace that turns all to shining gold?  
It's the luminous Divine mystery:  
The fire at the center of the cosmos  
The change that always remains unchanging  
The light that in seeking cannot be found.

## **Oblivion**

Televisions blaring at three patients  
who wait for tomorrows monotony.  
Before you go mad they never do tell you  
how dreadfully boring it all becomes.  
Pills in the morning for schizophrenics  
become a dull, thrice-daily ritual.  
Someone says something insane and inane,  
and everybody pretends that all's well.  
There's nothing to live for in nursing homes;  
no goals, no future, no life, just boredom.  
Watching your own delusions on TV,  
or discussing the past with the patients  
are the sorts of things that become routine,  
when one is confined to a nursing home.  
Confined chaos in a red-brick building:  
patients are different yet all the same.  
Drugged on big pharma's newest offerings,  
it's a banal, meaningless existence.  
How does one escape from spiritual death  
that lingers in the halls of such a place?  
Find beauty! Fall in love! Refuse to crumble!  
And one may escape from oblivion.

## **The Animal Self**

The beast inside is a relentless one.  
It desires mercilessly inside me  
to eat, to kill, to dominate the mind.  
It's a fire inside that cannot be quelled.  
Prone to attempts to take over my brain;  
the animal in me wants what it wants  
It does not reason or act morally  
and it insistently wills as it wills.

## **Psychosis**

A muted kaleidoscope of darkness.  
A dead rainbow that makes blackened halos.  
Eyes which gaze insistently from the void  
beckon me to wither in fear of them.  
Who is this beast whose gaze disembowels me?  
Fear tightens its grip on my ailing mind.  
I think of blasphemy, sodomy, death  
as the evil inside encircles me  
I cry out to God, but there's no answer.  
This is how I am punished for my hubris!  
Entangled in a web of black chaos,  
my soul pierced by eyes, most terrible eyes!  
Objects injected with paranoid thoughts;  
death is salient within everything.  
The clocks hands are arrows pointing to Hell,  
Everything I see is my destroyed mind.  
A black miasma of psychotic thoughts  
hovers like a sentence above my soul,  
condemning me despite Reason's protests.  
I am at war with my very own self.  
No matter who wins this, I'm defeated  
because the battlefield is my own self.  
Split between what I think and what I fear,  
my mind is not designed for such abuse.  
Psychosis is duality in mind,  
bicephalous demons from the dark void,  
war within that will not resolve itself,  
a curse, madness's maw, a thick darkness.

## **Antichrist**

The wind blows my hair as my head slumps down,  
a barbed wire crown on my bloody forehead.  
"This is the place where we get you, real good."

That's the words that the soldiers said to me.  
Blood pooled on the ground near the crucifix,  
blood which I'd spent my life trying to keep.  
The laughter, the mocking of the soldiers  
Who knew what scripture had landed me here?  
Who knew what words delivered me to them?  
Who knew that God's will had ordained this death  
Die on a cross or burn eternally?  
Psychosis followed me throughout my life  
reminding me of Election's nature  
Christians die next to me on their crosses  
A death of agony ordained for us  
By a sadist God who kills his own Son  
To avoid the fires prescribed for rebels,  
I submit and worship the one True God.  
It was a farce for the Antichrist's men"  
Let in on the nature of Satan's joke.  
They believed in metaphor and such things  
that would allow them to avoid the cross  
Avoid it as they hammer in the nails  
On Christian after Christian, hands bloodied.  
Voices lisp through marijuana smoke  
laughing about the eroticism,  
how they deep down wanted to nail us all  
And that this was Satan's will, to kill us  
To wipe the Nazarene from the planet  
And live a life "for now" of drugs and sex,  
sodomy done at the foot of the cross.  
To never bat an eye towards heaven above  
or fear the fires of Hell down below them,  
that is what they chose to value today.  
To live in what they called the "now" (today)  
And not worry about the future fires  
which would consume their flesh eternally.  
These were the magicians of psychosis  
witches who denied Fact's very being

Who converted lies into facile truths  
To nail the Elect to their wood crosses.  
It's hard to argue when you're being killed  
by people who don't even accept Truth  
Who view the scripture which brought you to here  
as subjectively as an evil poem!

### **Filth**

It's lower, lower, higher than ourselves.  
Urine and feces decorate the floor.  
A centipede lives to roam the walls  
unmolested by man--its predator.  
Yes, a killer who wipes the planet clean  
does not sully this space with his presence.  
This purely impure room of filthy things  
which glisten with their yellow and brown hues,  
is it the space of the newborn infants  
who vacate their bowels so innocently?  
If they found a baby snake in this place  
why they would play with it all hours of day!  
A spider web adorns a wall's corner  
An arachnid feasts on an insect's husk  
Here's a temple adorned with filth and grime  
which lives under the brain of human beings.

Vomited forth like a drink that's burning:  
offal and garbage crawling with maggots.  
Festering deep under the daily mind  
is this unspeakable place of refuse.  
What comes forth from the bladder and anus  
all ends up in this sphere of filth and waste.  
Toilet paper mixed with feces and flies  
putrefying under a lost black sun  
There are cotton swabs with earwax on them  
swimming in a soup of diarrhea

This is the sewer beneath a man's soul,  
the place of all of his lost bowel movements  
Food and drink crawling with loathsome insects  
feasting on all that has been rejected  
"Horrendous, disgusting, vile and loathsome"  
say those humans who flushed it all away.

### **Does Truth Vanish?**

Does truth vanish with disbelief in it?  
Or does it hide in reality's cracks  
setting snares for the unbelieving fool  
who blindly walks into delusion's grip?  
Perhaps truth plays games with its questioners  
letting falsehood lead them off the good path  
conjuring demons made of nothingness  
to follow them in their crass foolishness.  
Lies accompany the disbeliever  
as his head becomes muddled and confused.  
Grasping at straws he finds only deceit  
a lack of a foundation affects him  
Immorality, delusion bind him  
who abandons the narrow path of truth  
until one day he returns, scarred and lost  
and laments the day he turned from the truth.

### **Water**

Water, oh terrible water!  
Will you drown us in your embrace?  
Will waves massage the air from my lungs  
and leave me bloated by your shores?

Or will I sink to the bottom of your mysteries,  
to the unexplored places?

And will unknown creatures feast on my flesh,  
and spit out my bones so cruelly?

Oh water! Swallower of fools,  
and those who do not seek higher shore!

### **Insectivore**

With grasshopper legs hanging from his lips  
The bug-eater enjoys an insect-lunch  
Crunching thoraxes between his front teeth,  
he enjoys the Earth's bounty of insects  
Perhaps tomorrow he'll dine on maggots.  
He'll glaze them in honey and feast on them.  
Europeans won't eat them, but he can.  
He'll gratefully shove them down his gullet.

### **Dark Ambience**

Dreary metallic colors that absorb light  
give the building a quite dark ambience  
Machinery and waste are strewn about,  
abandoned to time for some lost purpose.  
From dusty old photos and images,  
one can feel the oppressive, thick darkness  
that haunts this place even in the daylight.  
It is now a spiritual vacuum

### **The Woman With Whom I Destroyed the Universe**

A female figure stands in the void  
A moment of truth I tried to avoid  
She knows my true nature and who I am  
A star in the sky of Abraham



Crucified under the light of the sun  
There was much weeping to be done  
Now the moon shines silver and clear  
On all that I despise and all I hold dear  
A cyclone of angel faces appear  
Some of them scream and some of them leer  
Woman, you cannot drink this cup  
Be in thy flesh for another, look up!  
A choir infernale sings a hymn of scorn  
Against the woman whose heart I've torn  
into tiny pieces and whose mind I've shattered  
Their voices echoing through the silence we heard.  
She cries inconsolably into the air  
but protest in words she does not dare  
Tears stream down her vibrant blonde hair  
and pool on the ground near knees that are bare  
Go now, oh penitent, be forgiven  
for the sin that drove us both from Heaven:  
The desire to melt the world with our love  
into fiery magma that would shove  
the angels from their places in the spheres above  
who'd fall screaming like a wingless dove  
Until the Earth would groan and be consumed by fire  
until no one remained who could quench our desire  
To be immortal in each other's arms  
and free of life's tempting charms  
Able to fly through the void unfettered  
Free from the cosmos that we bettered  
Go now, wait for heaven unfurled  
to replace the sky that we hurled  
into the pit blazing with our love  
that made us stars in the sky above.

## **The Moon**

Have you ever looked at the moon closely?  
Into the moon, so framed by the night?  
Have you seen the craters?  
Have you seen its face?  
Does it make you want to strip off clothes  
and dance naked in the forest?  
Make incomprehensible noises  
as you try to fly towards it?  
Seriously, have you ever looked at the moon?