



# **A Dry Spell**

by D.E. Morgan



## **It Would Be Easy**

The sun is shining for who knows how much time?  
The night is collecting its stars  
and throwing them into the black milk  
of expanding outer space.

It would be easy to revive the ghosts of yesterday,  
to call them forth to do the work of thousands of robots.

Brimmed glasses touch the face,  
tongues jut onto lips,  
and the serenade of the night ceases  
when the day comes alive.

It would be easy to call upon those stuck in the walls,  
and bid them to tell their terrific tales.

There are things between spaces,  
chunks of sadness floating in emptiness  
that decide to save their tears  
for another galactic day.

It would be easy to call upon the gods we left,  
scratching our heads and muttering "whatever".

## **Kaleidoscope Flies**

Kaleidoscope flies that refract light  
in a deadly pattern.  
Arising from dung,  
they fly toward the sun

Love feels so sordid,  
fear seems so natural  
like one is called for

and the other comes.

Break my heart into crystals,  
and take a whiff of real stupidity.

### **Tonka Tanka**

We've broken the truck,  
this yellow thing that's crushed up.  
We're in trouble now  
Our parents will be angry  
That we wasted such a toy.

### **The Fine Art of Shutting Up**

Drink makes shutting up so unbearable.  
So to be by one's self, it seems foolish.  
What one doesn't see is the fool that one makes  
of oneself as one stumbles among humans.

Why drink up?  
Why not toss the bottle?  
Send it careening into a brick wall,  
shattered into a toxic mess.

One last hurrah before the abstinence?  
No, I'm not drinking but throwing the rest away  
from this bottle that caused such a hangover  
and a toilet full of vomit.

Why drink up?  
Why not toss the bottle?  
Pitch it into the brick,  
this liquor that makes us sick.

## **I Feel Like a Mouse**

I feel like a cat has been toying with its victim  
since the day I came into this world.

Watching me crawl,  
watching me squirm,  
watching me inch around like a worm.

Will they ever have their meal,  
these house-pets who are fed every day  
by their watchful owners  
who pet them and cuddle them?

Cats are carnivores, cats are carnivores  
who would leave a trail of rotten gore.

## **The Underworld**

There is a world beneath  
that has a light  
that shines so crazily  
rainbow bright.

A world with flowers  
for the soul  
brought from above  
into the hole.

No one can handle  
the brilliant light  
in the caves where sunshine  
shines so bright

Below the frozen,  
tumbling world

is warmth for the soul  
to cherish and hold.

### **Rainbow Circle**

The notion of a rainbow halo  
circled around one's head  
is grandiose,  
obnoxious,  
prone to causing laughter.  
Yet I sat within my doctor's office  
refusing pills used to stay awake  
for four days straight as I died inside  
and came out joyful, full of pride.  
Someone tell me what to do  
with the fears that disappear  
into my flesh  
and leave a light that shines so bright  
Rainbow light, from red to violet.

### **Crushing Tartarus**

It is as if my words were a cruise missile  
aimed at Tartarus,  
that place with whips, leather, and chains  
where punishment is a fact of life,  
slavery is celebrated,  
sexuality charred,  
and power worshipped.

You know not and will never know  
the happiness you seek in every lash.

Every Lash.

## **Coralled**

Coralled into a corner,  
sometimes the best thing to do  
is to play the fool.  
Let your foolishness increase  
until it drowns out  
your enemy's voice.  
Let your enemy wonder  
if you have an ace up your sleeve.  
The truth is your foolishness  
is itself the ace,  
but your enemy will not see this  
until after they have stammered  
and left.

## **One Tribe Against the Inflating Cosmos**

If we were one human tribe  
against the universe,  
against the heat of the stars  
and the asteroids  
that could fall on us,  
think of what we could destroy  
with our swords pointed  
at the orchards of planets  
in the trees of galaxies.  
Everyone feels  
that someone will win  
and make everyone (including themselves)  
the loser,  
for that is victory,  
yes, that is our victory.

## **Television Psychosis**

If you fall below the waters,  
what you see on TV  
could be a prison.  
For what most see on TV,  
read in the newspaper,  
see on the Internet  
binds them, and this binding  
seems absolute.  
The facticity of things  
is to be acknowledged,  
but be careful in whom you trust  
in putting forth facts.

## **Like Blood From a Hidden Wound**

The blood pours out  
from the inside  
out of the orifice  
like a hidden wound.  
What wound?  
What weapon?  
What hole?  
Only the cards know.

## **Maze of Words**

Some are easy to entwine  
in the maze of the words  
that make a guitar sound dull  
or the trumpets seem to announce nothing.

Wreathes of noose-like words  
placed around the neck  
strangle the life from the body



but leave the mind intact.

Stuck in the maze of words.  
Yes, stuck in the maze of words.

### **Trees of Winter**

Like lung-cells waiting  
for their next Spring of fresh air,  
the trees lie frozen.  
Air does not come to the leaves  
for the leaves are not there yet.

### **Deception**

Where do I go from here?  
There is a crossing of roads.  
But I peer behind  
and see an alleyway there  
that will take me somewhere else.

### **The Scorned Bottle**

Infinite scorn cast  
on bottles does not prevent  
constant emptying.  
Drink up, those born for darkness,  
and cease to gaze into death.

### **Cinematic Violence**

I imagined the cinema  
in all of its violence  
taught the secret to being cool.  
To hold a gun,  
to pull its trigger:

such things were done  
by characters we esteemed.  
Men had guns,  
women were rescued,  
wars were fought and won,  
but it was all a vicious lie.  
The gun could make you a murderer,  
not some action hero.  
How much violence do we need,  
before we all collapse in a heap?  
A heap of bloodshed,  
stupidity, and violence.  
I believe it's called war.  
While some are forced to fight,  
there is no coolness in it;  
there is no glory,  
only the dead bodies of the enemy,  
their mothers' tears,  
and the graves in which they are interred.

### **The Edgelord**

There could be something to be said  
about being a contrarian,  
thinking highly of one's self,  
and exploring deplored ideas.  
Yet youth spent in a trench-coat  
gives rise to an adulthood of alienation.  
Can you really live without humanity?  
Do you really know the truth?  
You started from the supposition  
that you were correct  
and alone could see  
what others were afraid to see.  
But then you learned that you were wrong,  
but can you even admit this to yourself,

that you were wrong all along?  
It's so humiliating, isn't it?  
To find that the bottom of the spiral  
was merely death,  
and you had been missing life  
all along.

### **UFOs With Nukes**

If they have the means  
to build advanced UFOs  
and fly through the sky,  
it makes me wonder if nukes  
are within their grasp as well.

### **Terrible Ideas in the Void**

What if what you see  
were the terrible result  
of bad ideas?  
Ideas simply added  
to some empty space?

### **Frost**

Frost  
Snowy  
Freezing cold  
Solid water  
Applied to the skin  
Creating a moment  
Where the nerves react crossly  
Ice

## **Heroic Dose**

Why is a large amount of drugs  
called a heroic dose?  
Are heroes fools?  
Do they require reprimanding  
from this god or another  
for their vast stupidity  
and deplorable ignorance?

## **Urban Decay**

Buildings uncared for.  
Bricks that shy away from walls,  
leaving gaping wounds.  
Someone built this place to use,  
but no one uses it now.

## **Teenage Cigarettes**

Teenage cigarettes  
don't seem so bad for young fools  
who want to be bad.

No one wants to tongue  
their smoky yellow teeth  
or smell their stank breath.

The teachers smell it,  
the parents smell it as well,  
but the kids don't know.

Working men realize how dumb  
they were in their teenage years.

## **A Little Light Helps**

a little light helps  
but not too terribly much  
as it blinds our nerves

## **Iron Sky**

It's almost like the sky  
absorbed all the light of the day  
and hid it in the moon,  
permitting only a small portion  
to leave.  
Why do these black bars frame us?  
We wanted nothing but a good time,  
cards and wine,  
dope and crime.  
But now all we have is this moon?  
We shall sulk  
until the day melts away our bars.

## **A Dry Spell**

Curses: May all alcohol disappear  
into the great Earth's liver,  
and may it spit bile upon  
the religion of fermented drink.  
May every early grave  
respond with deafening silence  
and the ones left behind  
move on to greener trees.

## **Engines of Solitude**

What drives the engine of solitude,  
the silence of one's own heartbeat?

The music no friend will hear  
or the ringing in one's ears?  
What thought nags at the mind  
that keeps company at bay,  
that keeps the mad laughter away  
with secret, solitary words?  
No eye but mine knows the back  
of my blinking, fluttering eyelids  
that renew my eyes with water  
to drown my sorrows in.

### **Too Scared to Be an Idiot**

Are you too scared to be an idiot,  
to smile with idiot things,  
to lap up the dream with a grin,  
a dumb, toothy grin?  
Many among us would love  
to give away our misgivings  
and fly into the sun  
with wings that will not melt.  
If the truth were too simple,  
it would hide from those  
who want to be seen as smarter  
than the denizens of Earth.

### **ATTENTION!**

Is that not what we really want?  
Attention!  
Give me your eyes, your ears.  
Think about me all day and night.  
Let my words haunt like a ghost,  
flutter about your neurons,  
make their way through your skull,  
and make laughter come my way.

It is so hard to admit  
that all one wants is attention,  
the eyes of mothers and fathers,  
and the esteem of an audience.  
We pretend to shirk such things,  
we pretend to be aloof,  
beyond the needs of mere mortals  
who want their supply of attention!

### **Dirt Deva**

In this dirt I move my arms  
to make an imaginary imprint  
of wings to fly to the heavens  
and stand on glorious starships.  
They will engineer us real wings,  
perhaps of some aluminum alloy.  
Perhaps we will see the day  
we have solar panels on our backs.  
Brains so fiery, they warm the heart,  
awaken the eyes with a start,  
and bring our mission to Andromeda  
as it collides with the Milky Way.

### **Nature's Graveyard**

There are trillions of cells  
that have passed through this body,  
and yet, here I am.  
Proteins unfold,  
cells are created,  
and yet there is some permanency  
to my sense of Being and Doing.  
Neurons grow like a forest of trees  
trapped within my skull,  
yet I remember when they were fewer

and I remember when they were more.

### **Accustomed to the Monstrous**

This generation grew accustomed  
to the monstrous and bizarre,  
to the pornographic,  
to violence and gore,  
and the need to have more.  
How far did we have to fall  
before we realized it was for nought?  
There was rhyme and reason to those  
behind the wall of silence,  
yet we did not encounter it  
even as they encountered us,  
surrounded us, cajoled us,  
divided us into camps  
and prepared us to destroy  
the engines of the world.  
The conspiracy of those who disagreed  
met the conspiracy of those who agreed,  
yet no one ever knew the truth  
as they fell off healthy paths  
to the ruins of the soul  
which lie tattered in violence,  
filth, mire, and muck.

### **Push It Into the Abyss**

There's a beast that needs its fill  
and places "yes" and "no" on your path,  
who demands a final answer,  
but push it into the abyss.  
There is a beast that needs to chill  
the soul with needless thoughts  
to scare you into an answer,



but push it into the abyss.

## **Denial**

How many times will denial  
ring through the pyramids  
under the All-Seeing-Eye  
and leave the mummies dead?  
Sand blows through our teeth,  
and the sun bleaches some bones.  
So many sphinxes, so little time.  
Remember the solution to the Gordian Knot:  
cut it to pieces!  
If someone asks you a riddle,  
cut them to pieces with your wisdom  
and leave their bones to bleach  
in the desert sun.

## **Let Another Speak Through Your Mouth**

Let another speak through your mouth  
and slide in a secret they want to hear.  
Let them smile at your intimation  
of truths they only knew beneath the waters.  
Fire will come jutting from your mouth,  
but only light a candle or two.  
Let the moment cause a lapse of reason  
as what lies beyond illumines the room.  
No one knows you speak their minds,  
for their minds made you to speak them.  
Everyone needs a dose of cure  
to come from your mouth like a wintry old man  
who speaks words that will be remembered  
and knock on the door of fate.  
And knock on the door of fate.

## **Foolish and Wise**

Is this what life is about?  
A bit of foolishness,  
a bit of wisdom,  
a bit of night,  
a bit of day.  
Daylight bright,  
and darkness,  
a bit of sun,  
a bit of moon,  
a bit of sagacity,  
a bit of knavery,  
is that what life is about?

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Many thanks for reading this chapbook.

"Work is the curse of the drinking classes."

**Oscar Wilde**