

# **Aeon of Beauty and Confusion: A Poem**



**by D.E. Morgan**



Verifying transactions,  
celebrating inaction  
promising thrills,  
swallowing pills

The hype gets to me,  
as the villians flee.  
Who cares,  
what do I dare  
tell this world?

It would be tempting  
to say nothing  
hold my tongue  
to the roof  
of my mouth

Muttering sarcasms  
under my breath  
like a joke

that's no longer fresh

I take in the scenery,  
the poisoned greenery.  
Green with envy  
the leaves curl  
into the breeze  
that wafts through  
my tangled,  
unwashed hair.

Terrible lies flutter  
through the stars unheeded  
by little green men  
that dot the planets unknown.

Science fiction  
freezes my neurons  
like a coat of pink paint  
on a dead tree.

There is a comet,  
they say,  
that looks exactly like  
a tumbleweed

It orbits a moon,  
which orbits a planet,  
which orbits a sun  
that burns the sky.

No more lies,  
I honestly don't know  
what day it is  
on these frozen spheres

Verdent escapes  
for the newly minted  
quadrillionaires  
that become cesspools

in the stars.

This world is really weird,  
they say.

This world is hurled  
like a wild pitch  
into galaxies unexplored.

Irony unfurled  
like a crucified hipster  
with sunflower ashes  
that fall through my fingers.

Which garment to wear  
to the funeral of the  
exhaustively destroyed  
universe?

Broken  
tokens

of frozen  
lies.

Truths that dare  
fall through the neurons  
like demonstrated  
abysses  
that disquiet  
the amygdala.

As for my amygdala,  
it's alarmed at a mythos  
I used to tie up  
my days on this Earth.

Who knows what sun shines,  
who knows what moon falls?  
Crashing like a tantrum  
onto the felonious music.

My words fall from eyes,  
into occipital lobes,  
through the gates  
of various lobes

No more demonstrations  
of vast stupidity  
that cling to paper  
like bloody glue

Verily,  
sherry,  
chardonnay  
falls into  
the gullets  
of giddy  
housewives  
somewhere else.

Hippies that puff reefers



into smiling old age,  
icons of fools  
for whom tears fall unheeded

No one becomes,  
no one ceases.  
No one is no one,  
everyone is no one.

Dimples lashed onto  
the corner of smiling women  
drying like paint in the corner  
of a party they came to  
uninvited.

Cigarettes rot in packs unsmoked,  
in ashtrays burned,  
graying like hair  
on a wizened hobo.

Alcohol,  
menthol,  
turpentine  
serpentine.

I have nothing to do,  
no one to heed,  
nobody to offend,  
except laughable ghosts.

Varnished like an amish swing-set,  
full of generations  
of laughing,  
technologically illiterate  
children.

The sea has no sea monsters,  
the caves have no trolls  
in this island by the sun  
that doesn't wear sunglasses.

Cool, said the ghosts  
that no one could remember.  
No one will forget us,  
because no one cares about us.

Verdent skies,  
blue grass  
Yellow moons,  
and cheesy sunsets.

Beauty is a strange thing,  
the imagination loves it  
when artists lie dormant  
for lies to come in.

Edgelords cut their teeth  
on offending themselves  
with success in arts  
that harm not as many

as they'd think.

Left,  
right,  
front,  
back.  
Humans  
make  
a tasty  
snack!

The fish don't drown  
because water  
doesn't bother them  
and blood doesn't  
drown them  
onto fishermen's  
hooks

Crafty breezes

make hair stand on end  
from ecstasy obtained  
in the absence of fun

Nearly everyone agrees  
that nearly everyone agrees  
that no one agrees  
on who agrees.

My subconscious  
is hurled  
like vomit  
across synapses.

Despair waits a day,  
a day and a half.  
A day and two days,  
a day and a third.

Ages pass,

asteroids pass,  
some collide,  
ages collide.

Pluto is pocked  
with the craters  
of lost souls  
who fell from  
a moon  
frozen in the eyes  
of tearful  
extraterrestrials.

Who cares for:  
food, drink, drugs?  
The days crumble,  
the flesh cracks.

The mountains are snowy,  
the skies are blue,

the saliva is flowing  
into the dew.

Caves made of cave-men,  
bark made of trees.  
Miles of mildew  
on the breath  
of hunters.

Piles of caresses,  
fondles, and gasps  
that able-bodied men  
cannot agree on.

Milk and tongues  
fall down a hill  
into a cow  
that burns in the sun.

Icicles drip,

cartoons bleed.  
Children skip,  
forsaking need.

Where is my arrow,  
my bow,  
my gun?  
Bullets will fly  
into  
the sun!

Hair below the waist  
such a waste  
dead cells converge  
into a skull.  
Where is the lull  
that punctuates  
the lost day?  
It fell away  
like the chagrin



of a bored audience

Crossing the Styx,  
picking up sticks  
to beat away reapers  
that laugh with their scythes

No one loves life  
but the wheat is breezy  
in Elysium's secret place  
in the hearts of the lost  
who still smile

Pock-marked asphalt,  
basketballs fall  
into the grassy knoll  
that assassinates the sun.

Why do I bother?  
Why do I fawn

over these words  
that protrude from my mind?

Hello pumpernickel  
sweet, black bread  
in restaurants open  
for all to gorge themselves  
with the flesh of animals,  
the leaves and fruits of plants.

Verily, doom laughs  
Gloom takes a man for a ride  
into the nowhere  
of a lost future.

Horrendous deeds  
unpunished again  
with a grin,  
a sigh,  
a lie,

and a dollar  
Glorious seeds  
of forgotten sin,  
now wanting  
to cry  
and die  
with a holler

Pallor of bricks  
upon bricks  
upon dirt  
bedrock shifting  
in the hurricane  
of a tempestuous  
aeon

Drugs and liquor  
of a couple types  
dotting the scenery  
of an intoxicated age.

Lost in the sea  
salt, salt, salt  
water, water, water,  
blood, blood, blood.

Yammering,  
stammering  
on the street corner  
of a brain  
that wants to leap  
out of its skull

I take a stroll  
in the clouds  
of a polluted sunset  
and spy the moon  
It shines with cheese,  
moldy in the breeze.

No one knows me,  
everyone knows me  
I am no one,  
everyone is no one.  
But maybe I'm wrong,  
no one knows anything  
if there were a God,  
even the God would know  
nothing.

Beauty is all I can muster,  
my truths are beautiful lies  
that poison the mind  
with nails, sugar, coffins.

Coffee in a cup  
as I float in a breezy sky  
Forgetting every lie  
and forgetting down from up

Mustering strength I surmise:  
I have said much truth,  
or at least correspondence  
between words stored in neurons

Gnarly, gnarly, gnarly,  
the sun breaks on through.  
Illuminating the cells  
of a brain lost at sea  
Give me my peace!  
Give me my bliss!  
Give me a respite,  
give me a beautiful,  
beautiful  
respite.

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  
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Is it Beautiful?