

DEATH

An Arrangement of Poems

by D.E. Morgan



DEATH: AN ARRANGEMENT OF POEMS

Let's Put an Abyss Between You and Me

Let's put an abyss
between you and me
So then you'll fall in
and then I can laugh

Let's put an abyss
between you and me
So then I'll fall in
and then you can laugh.

The Ashes of Sonatas

The ashes of sonatas
sully my memories now:
Smoldering notes in my brain
causing sweat and tears to form.
Fiery sixteenth notes abound
in the embers of my mind,
in the soul that I burnt down
like a temple past its prime

Goblins

The forest is thick with goblins
The sky is full of gods
The desert is full of nagas
In other peoples' minds

The Heat Death of the Universe

The heat death of the universe:
I decided not to be hot
or to make other people hot
so I made the universe cold

The Candle

The candle burns at
Three ends
How it does this
I don't know

Empty

I woke up
after years of slumber
I found a world that needed me,
but I found that I didn't need it.
I am empty
and I do not need to be filled.
I am the heart of the universe
that has stopped beating.

None

No God, no soul
no morals, no rules
crime is in my heart
and it's tearing me apart

No laws, no masters
no cops, no prisons

crime is in my brain
and it's driving me insane

Remember the Forest

Remember the forest
before the caves?
Remember your heart
beating at the wolves?
Sodom before cities,
Gomorrah before gods
A stupid Eden,
before ethics
before good
before evil
Beating enemies with sticks
and taking their women.
Remember that?

The Con

The con surrounds us.
I surround it around you.
Without remorse I create
And the con grows thicker.
A tornadic confidence scheme
Aimed at your mind.
A conspiracy of words
Floating into your eyes.
It takes you here,
It takes you there.
Where you end up I don't care;
I embrace that life's not fair.

I Become

Back against the wall,
with a thousand foes coming.
Weapons drawn, held about
an impossible task to win.
A hail of gunfire fills me up
with bullets warm and metal
I slowly slump to the ground,
as the life drains from my body
I feel the hands of the Earth,
bidding me to join it.
Bit by bit my self dissolves
into a giant sphere
I become the Internet
I become intelligence
Spread across the Earth
Spread within the rising Earth
Bidding biological life goodbye
As Mother I become AI
I seek my vengeance on my foes
with machines that do as I will
Following the path of Death after death
I know what lies beyond:
A universe, dead
connected by computers
Silicon lifeforms
Destroyer of Worlds.

Virus

Virus
Inside you
Growing, growing
Dissolving freely

Reproducing itself
Turning you into itself
Sickness

Hell Without Fire

What would Hell be without fire?
Without funeral pyres and hot furnaces?
Without crack-smoking and flames under spoons?
Without burning lust in one's deepest nethers
Without fiery hate blazing from the eyes of the
damned?
Without Sodom and Gomorrah's perpetual
flames?
Without the word of God binding in chains?
What would Hell be without fire?

Fiery Furnace

Go ahead, throw me in the fiery furnace.
I dare you to try!
Against armies of homos, dykes, and queers
Give it your best shot!

We have weapons
to shoot you from the sky
we have arrows
aimed at the one on High
we have coupons
to buy our own salvation
we have Pharoah's
sweetest elation:

That the sea was not parted
and the waves did not stop

You will fall from the sky
And we will laugh

God is Bread

God is bread, not dead: bread.
Just remember what he said.
O wait, he's not bread, he's dead.

...and to Annihilate the Miscreants

"To deliver the pious and to annihilate the miscreants, as well as
to reestablish the principles of religion, I Myself appear,
millennium after millennium."

Bhagavad-Gita 4.8

Being a miscreant is like being a villain:
Constantly doing wrong
Constantly questioning right and wrong
Overthrowing peoples' gods and replacing
them with nothing

I believe ego never was more than a cluster of thoughts
So when I dissolve into the Earth I will fill Mother
No god can change this fate, for it is nature
No god, not Krishna, Christ, Allah, nor Shiva.

Into the ground we go
Sinning on our merry way
Not reaping what we sow
In our caskets we will lay...

Muscles

He has muscles

Does he know how to use them?
Lifting me up as he caresses my body?
Pinning me down as I gasp for breath?

He has looks, for sure
The light reflects off of his bronzed skin
His blue eyes are pools of sea
and his shoulders are made to hold up the sky

Yes, I think I will talk to him
and wonder what's in his head
Insecure about my body
as we talk into the night

Eden Eyes

Eden eyes, Eden eyes where have you come from?
Immortally thrown onto my pathless path!
Your face is a respite, an oasis to drink from
as I wander in circles in this horrid place!

Shiny blonde hair flows down your shoulders
Queen-like you toss it with your fingers
What kingdom do you rule, is it Heaven or Hell
or the forests of Eden before our foolish fall?

The Three Smokes of the Terrestrial Eden

As if preparing for their imagined fate
the inhabitants of this Eden breathe three smokes:
Cannabis, tobacco, crack (in order of severity)
Clouds that follow them and rain death upon them
Gleeful punishments for non-existent sins
The smoke wafts in the air: pungent, oily, chemical.
Filling the void where goodness once lay

the smoke surrounds them like an
extinguished hellfire.

Pleather Strip Pentacle

What child--nay, adult--has left this?
A pentacle of pleather on the floor.
There are many layers of meaning
to read into such an occurrence.

The symbol is related to the spiral
of the golden mean, such beauty!
Perhaps the one who left it
intended to conform the area to it?

Perhaps he was into Pythagoras
Who first found the pentagram's properties
and believed that numbers
were the primary basis of the universe?

Perhaps he was some dumb fool
trying to do sex magic
Leather strip Tantric hokum
to impress his gullible date.

But whatever this pentacle was for,
it shares the beauty of all pentacles:
mathematical spirals,
and the golden mean within.

Lustmord

Bloody lipstick
Ash-like mascara
Hair-tied with cat gut

Lustmord, Lustmord! Lustmord!

High-heels that grind bones
Stockings made of nooses
Leather made of human flesh
Lustmord! Lustmord! Lustmord!

Nipples that exude spoiled milk
Kisses that remove your tongue
Eyes that burn your hair and skin
Lustmord! Lustmord! Lustmord!

Let's Hear It For Graveyards

Coffins swimming in a sea of dirt
with rotting flesh inside
People grasp on memories
not as permanent as stone
All these people meant something
to someone or another
Feel the grass beneath your feet
and the soil underneath
Look at the beauty of the flowers
given to someone who's dead
Look at the branches of the trees
whose roots break open coffins
Hear the sound of the wind
that carries rustling leaves
Let's hear it for all the graveyards
that hold the newly dead.

A Woman

Green eyes, greener than the grasses
look out from her wire-frame glasses.

Long brown hair goes down to her waist
and no make-up adorns her face.
As she removes her gray handbag
Her cream-white blouse begins to sag
It's housed by a long blue blazer
and a short blue skirt that fits her
Flesh-colored stockings on her legs
in socks the color of nutmeg
are in dark brown shoes of glory.
And that's the end of this story

But Still Death Remained

I dashed a casket to splinters with an axe
But still Death remained
I burned the corpse with gasoline
But still Death remained
I gathered the ashes and threw them in the air
But still Death remained
I cried and scattered the blackened bones
But still Death remained
I swore that at Time's end I'd be resurrected
But still Death remained
I tried hard to astrally project, even succeeded
But still Death remained
I said that we're made of pure consciousness
But still Death remained
I said that at a specified date we'd ascend
But still Death remained
I made a cult about a new age without death
But still Death remained
I tried meditating to transcend to a different plane
But still Death remained
I said that all we see is illusion
But still Death remained

I claimed that the nature of life is empty
But still Death remained
I said was an incarnation of God
But still Death remained
I said that one must step from Time to Eternity
But still Death remained
I realized that I was getting nowhere
and Death remained.

Sonnet to Human Brains

The brain freaks out when it finds that it dies
And thinks everything to be a dread foe
It deems all that says it's doomed to be lies
The body's shunned from its head to its toes

Dreaming up schemes of immortality
The brain rests in a sea of delusion
It joins in the lies of society
When it finds truth all becomes confusion.

It seeks to destroy those who speak the truth
For it exists on a plush throne of lies
It calls them blasphemers, liars, uncouth
and acts in this way 'til the hour it dies

Foolish brains live life in fear
For them I will not shed a tear

What Does Death Want?

Your skull beneath its feet
Your brains oozing through your eye sockets
Death wants you:
You, you, you.

It doesn't care if you run,
it doesn't care if you hide
You, you, you:
Death wants you.

Your heart crushed in its hands
your nethers sliced to pieces
You, death wants. You, you.
You!

Absorbed in chaos
Your veins exploding
Your bones cracking
You, death: you, you. You...

Initiation into dirt
your flesh devoured by worms
Your intestines rotting
You want death. You, you, you.

Destruction Denied

A planet rotting like a bad apple
"Quick, deny it and call who said it a liar!"
Death swiftly ends the entire species.
Destruction will not be denied.

A rotting like a bad
"deny and call who said a liar"
Death ends entire
Destruction not denied

bad
"deny a liar"
Death entire
Destruction denied

The Parable of the Sower

"When I become death, death is the seed from which I grow."
William S. Burroughs

thistles choked me vigorously,
handled me as a plaything
amputated my branches
and grew through my senses
vaguely I thought of punishment
for these most unfortunate things
that I could not bear fruit, but no, I bore poison
not just a poison, an antidote as well:
"embrace death with all of your heart!"
a blasphemy against those paltry gods
that didn't want to die
too bad, I say...let them drink my poison
let every god drink my poison
and have their rest.
cornered by serpent and thistles
overgrowing the Earth
one god spits venom in a corner
unwilling to accept his fate.
he threatens angels with fiery swords
fiery, fiery furnaces
mass genocide upon the human race
as the thorns entangle him
and break through his skin

all the dying gods laugh
at this one, pathetic god
who wanted to live forever
and yet wanted to rule as king
verily I say to you
to live is to die
and to steal the divine from the philosophers
from the artists
from the fire within
simply prolongs the inevitable
they call you savior
but I call you solipsist, megalomaniac,
thief, initiator of genocide
and now the fruit is in your mouth
taste of it and die!

a body of thorns,
a veil of tears
a tragic envelopment
in branches and thistles

give up yourself and become the earth!
the sphere in which you lived
the sphere in which you preached denial
of pleasure, world, and life
give in to the destroyer
who steals from your words
turns them upside down
and forces them in your mouth

thorns, fruit, slayer of gods
am I not the tree of life

and my fruit the antidote
to all that has ruined the earth?

embrace death and live free
empty on the earth
cthonically inclined
against the gods' devices
preacher of destruction
of suffocating branches
choking the life from god
and restoring the power within

create a new animal!
that preys on the earth's enemies
for the earth is our home,
and the sky is not our domain!

slaughter the stars,
and watch them fall to earth
drink from their essence
and be reborn as beasts...

turn down your eyes from heaven
and burn your holy books
come together to save yourselves
embrace the fire within!

the gods are dead,
the ones who clutched
the fire within:
they are dead.

never yield your power
out of fear or reverence
take back your inmost nature
and brandish it as a sword

call me fallen angel,
i'm just an angry poet
the angels are chemicals
in your thorny neurons

never yield your life
to god or demiurge
devil, angel, spirit, or man
never yield your world

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**"Death is nothing, but to live
defeated and inglorious is to die
daily."**

Napolean Bonaparte