

*Fire
and
Milk*



by D.E. Morgan

The Sky Has Eyes

Hurled into the sky
were ten thousand eyes
that stared from every cloud.

The moon's face sharpened,
the stars gazed deep within me,
and the pupils were dispassionate.

As many accusations
as Andromeda had stars
flooded through my synapses.

The sky is in my neurons.
Who needs cameras
when the wisps of night sky
already encircle my brain?

The Permission of Poets

If poets are damned,
preachers are doubly so.
Can we retract the resentment
for all who find beauty in life?

I find the sputtering engines
of our demise so pretty,
the bale of exhaust so nice.
Even as it strangles the sky,
the sky strangles the Earth.
Humans cower in fear of the future.

Why are poets crammed
into such closed-in conditions?
Do we need our doom to speak pain
that emanates from our smoky hearts?

Fools roam our Earth
with our tacit permission,
and if you don't have the permission of poets,
you don't have permission at all.

The Battle for Immortality

Fools, step up!
Grab your pen,
your instrument,
or gun.

Who among you will be remembered?
Write something down worth remembering.
Play a song worth hearing,
or fight a war worth winning.

Serpentine Blasts

Transmitting impulses through speakers,
the blasts of noise magnify the animal
whose den is in my brain,
and which snakes its way across digital swamps.

Entwining the mind like a helical snake
twisting around the spines of its victims.
Smelling the greasy hair of the lost
with its tongue that sniffs out the constricted.

Serpentine!

The sounds blast on.
The ears are pierced,
and the eyes widen.

Who among the snakes can win?
I send them streaming like a horde
that makes its way across
a trash-filled landscape.

Finsternis

Beneath the frozen basement
of an industrial imagination
lies a space under the Earth.
Sharply it leads away from reality.

A hand held up in the dark:

Snapping fingers.
A cigarette appears,
and its tip disappears
between cracked lips.

What did the Germans call this
as they muttered poems to themselves?
Dunkelheit, Finsternis?
Something like this?

The scent of opium is near,
hookah bubbling into an old addict.
A flame opines that it should be seen,
the eyes take it in,

and then all is darkness.

Positioned Between Worlds

Without too much remorse,
the sky dropped rain
as the wind buffeted acorns
on a gnarled oak.

Above the clouds:

The colors of dawn changed slowly,
looking like a dangerous sky
brightly-colored like a venomous fish
that swam over the horizon.

The jet flew into the clouds,
positioned between worlds.

The Mausoleum

They have turned dying into an art,
I thought to my smirking lips.
My vision flitted over the stones,
and came to rest on a name.

The artificial curling of lips:
as if the smirk were a lie
that I was trying to convince myself of,
false bemusement among the marble.

Gravestones with frozen angels
loosened the hold on the lips,
as the beauty of a winged being
would tease the mind with fantasy.

I wandered into the mausoleum,

and the stained glass stood like
a kaleidoscope of chromatic death
filtering light onto the carpet.

The sun was altered by the color,
and an angel statue stood with a trumpet.
Imagined plagues and wrath tightened me,
squeezed my neurons like snakes.

This artifice of life
made in the face of death
called me like a siren
to the rocks of a sure demise.

I resisted,
and persisted,
walking, stalking
the names of the lost.

They were etched into stone
and seemed like they were immortal,
but they moved not,
and then I realized

that they were as still as the body within.

Toxic Kaleidoscope

Nature says to the animals:
"This color is bright,
you *must* think it's poison."
But I only see beauty.

I know the toxicity
of foxglove, aconite,
and many other plants,

but why do I like to see them?

A lady once said:
"Even pigs won't go near datura!"
and scolded me
for my curiosity,

Those who ingested ergot
saw a kaleidoscope
of toxic visuals,
and played with their lives.

Why do some humans love
the poisons around them?

Guilt Gnaws Like a Hungry Animal

The feeling of guilt gnaws
like a hungry animal at the heart,
spoilng every pleasure.

Can I live with the enormity
of the pain I have caused
to those I have known?

With Herculean muscles twitching,
the guilt is pushed away,
and self-forgiveness is feigned.

For the moment I can walk on,
ignoring the hot iron on my chest.

The Gastro-Industrial Tract

Mouths devour into stomachs of eyes,
acid-drowned in the gastro-industrial tract;
these teeth really got down to it,
pulling the meat off of the bones!

Flailing like a man on a noose,
the feeling of helplessness ensues.
Dashing to pieces illusions of competence,
nature laughs at my pretense.

Is this negativity?
No, only horror;
the primary mode of nature
ensuing without care.

Bones stuck in proto-feces
in the intestinal tract.
What a joke, to be brought to life,
only to be devoured by a beast!

The Abandoned Warrior

I saw a man who needed a war
who rode silently through the obsidian black
that appeared when I closed my eyes.

He rode horses silently,
lost in a place with no battle,
no trauma to inflict on one's self.

Why did my mind conjure

this abandoned warrior
who seemed alive, but lost?

The truth appears when he wants a battle,
deep beneath a terror-borne exterior--
when he wants to have a contest to win.

I've buried a war-like nature
so deep beneath who I am not
that when it appears it seems so strange.

No one wants to live in Hell,
except for a few unfortunates
destined for pain and loss.

But there is a coward above him
that pulls all the strings
and drags him through laughing streets.

Intoxicating Liquor

Intoxicating liquor:

God of car crashes,
enabler of cheap sex.
Developed by monks and others:
the concentrated suicide
of many true depressives.

You don't make the world go away,
but you do make the world sway.

Writers are known for your choking embrace;
you poison the letters of the alphabet.

How might I persuade you to leave me be,

or how may I persuade me to let you be?
Our affair is torrid,
your toll is horrid.

You make insanity so bearable,
even if your inclinations are terrible.

Poison of the poisoners;
desire of the prisoners.
You are the key to the dungeon,
the whip, and the lash.

You poisoned my father,
a grandfather, and now me.
You're the godfather of beatings
and unprovoked beratings.

You keep the working class under your thrall,
as every teenager begins to heed your call.

Where might I go where I don't desire you;
where might the night be that doesn't call for you?

Tequila, tequila, tequila!
Did you ever hear that song?
Brass playing between drunken neurons
over dusty radios sixty years dead?

Tequila indeed.
Intoxicating liquor!

The Suburbs

Once the 'burbs vomited forth
a bevy of things to be against:
stores that are now closed,

fashion that no one cares about now.

There was rage-filled music
to make your blood boil
to the rhythm of THC
and illicitly obtained alcohol.

We didn't see how good we had it,
as our parents shielded themselves from nature.

Now everyone is caught up in lies,
which we can oppose, for sure.
But where do we find our enemies?
They're a millions-headed hydra...

...on the phone in our hands.

Yes, we embraced new tech,
just like we usually did.
Parents gave us computers,
gave us phones, gave us new toys.

But someone held the key
to turn all of this against us;
someone prepped us for battle
against things that didn't exist at all.

A snap of the fingers,
and an enemy is drawn in the air.
With much hand-waving,
millions of idiots assault it.
An enemy that isn't there,
and a horde of attackers that are.
Can we make them turn on each other,
and leave us be in the shadows?

Some fight for visibility;
no, you don't want to be visible.
You don't want to be seen
by micropenised gun-nuts
holding an Internet-ordered dagger
to threaten emasculation.
Such stupid shenanigans!
Maybe they'll all go away.

Maybe we'll all go away...

Am I Really Made of Food?

Am I really made of food,
for all the cannibals to eat?
Am I really surrounded by fools
who eat their savior every Sunday?
Am I really surrounded by men,
with caches of weapons ready for war?
Am I really ready for death,
when I still act like a child?

I do not think that I'm well-done,
and so I clench my fist.
I train my eyes on a sun-lit prize
that shimmers outside the oven.

It's called hope,
irrational hope,
hope in defiance
of expectation.

Everyone will roll their eyes
at the hope that calls my name.
Don't call forth your gravestone yet,
you haven't even been tortured.

Though every day the flame boils sweat
off of my rosy skin,
don't tell me to just give up,
to sit down and give in.

Pretending to Be an Idiot

Sometimes I like to pretend
that I'm an idiot.
Others will opine that
I do not pretend at all.

I like to speak idiot things,
do idiot things,
spend an entire lifetime
being an idiot.

I found Sauron's ring
in a Cracker Jack box,
and used it to start a fight
at a baseball game.

I tried to steal the lights
off of the top of a police car,
but a cop was inside
and told me to go away.

(I had a hobby once
of stealing blinking lights;
it was the best sex
that I never had.)

I once looked at a stop sign
and let it dictate my behavior.
I was doing something creative,
and I let it tell me to stop.

I looked at my Raspberry Pi
and saw a red, red light,
and took this as a message
to not stop writing this poem.

I like to pretend to be stupid,
and pretend that I'm not pretending.
I can be found sipping coffee
so hot that it burns my mouth.

I once had an idea
for a TV show,
about a surgeon
who's also in a biker gang.

I've been pretending so long,
I don't even know my IQ.
Is it high, is it low,
am I smarter than a crow?

I like to pretend I'm stupid, yes,
I like to pretend I'm an idiot.

The Superman

He pretends to be like you,
do "you" things,
say "you" things,
politely nods and smiles.

A person exits his vision,
and his face changes,
grows a little grimmer,
and he loses himself in thought.

Switching mythoi around
like playing cards,
he pulls one out,
and tosses it at the world.

"Take this," he scoffs,
as ghosts flit around
the parking lot of souls,
lost on his empire Earth.

Today is a ghost day.
Today we'll have ghosts;
maybe a ghost will scare someone,
but tomorrow they'll be gone.

Poison cults and sharp blue eyes;
a void inside that never dies;
angels don't attend his cries:
sharpened words for spiteful lies.

Eternal words as time goes by;
banal Lord of the flies;
angry sighs at Russian spies
he cannot help but despise.

The superman will have a word,
the superman's above the Word,
the superman's beyond the Word,
the superman's a dark, black bird.

The superman's a dark, black bird.

Fear Not the Fire and the Milk

The sun is quite hot, but the sun inside is not.
There are many species of lust:

to emit light, and to receive it.
Desire refined loses its heat,
yet unknown lusts explode
when they are not satisfied.
The rejection of a desire
requires it to be chained,
just as the sun is chained
to the ever-growing sky.
Awash in white:
rivulets of milk that shower the soul,
cover the body,
and heal the soul with harmless fire.
For consciousness is a mother's milk,
enlightenment doubly so.
How can fire become milk?
Through the refinement of desire.
Milk fills all space,
and it is the attainment of it
that is desired
when one lusts for knowledge,
when one lusts for life,
when one lusts for anything *in* life.
The body is made of milk,
and the soul is Fire cooled by milk,
and Ice is when both Fire and milk disappear.

Yet I do not speak of a cow's milk,
but a mother's milk
as pure as a bleached veil
that covers the soul.
When people are conscious,
it is milk that they are conscious of,
milk the object of desire.

The Milky Way:
the place we are born into,

to obtain the milk
that sustains the universe.
All things that quench desire
and do not lead to death
are permutations of milk.
Money is the commodification of milk;
we seek different milks
to whet our appetite,
as we fall from notion to notion.

Milk cools fire.
Yes, milk cools desire.

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Many thanks for reading this chapbook.

A Mother's Milk