

**Funeral Bells:**  
**A Booklet of Poems**  
**by D.E. Morgan**



## **Noises**

Noises  
Life's own sounds  
Reaching our ears  
Communicating  
The essence of our world  
Music

## **Funeral Bells**

Drowning in funeral bells  
The heart of the victim beats on  
until the sound extinguishes him

## **The Beauty of the Moon**

The beauty of the moon  
kills slower than the sun  
but most prefer the sun  
to the beauty of the moon

## **A Casket Open**

A casket open  
his flesh does not quiver  
he does not breathe  
glassy eyes stare  
and then he moves on

## **A Man**

There was a man.  
He lived for everything.  
All that came his way,

he lived for.  
And then something came  
that killed him  
and that was something  
he didn't live for.

### **Trash**

Apple cores and cigarette butts  
used condoms and chicken bones  
soiled diapers and gum wrappers  
piled higher than the sun.

### **The Sun**

The sun shines brightly  
upon the skin of a woman  
slowly tanning her

Without empathy  
the sun scorches a desert  
Blazing light on sand

An ocean grows hotter  
polar ice caps are melting  
The tides grow higher

The sun does not care  
Its rays strangle the darkness  
Leaving heat and light

Under a sun that gives life  
We perish from its ample rays

## **Morning Mist**

Morning mist obscures the sun  
A thick cloud from ground to sky  
The birds' chirping is subdued  
By the dimming of their moods

As the mist all fades away  
the sun beats down on the trees  
causing the leaves to shine green  
into the eyes of the birds

Not quite random is the song  
that proceeds from the birds' beaks  
It fills the air with music  
not quite without time or key

Together with cars and trains  
the birds sing into the air  
And then the last bit of mist  
is banished into the sky

## **Magma**

Magma  
Flowing on  
Pools in basins  
Covers animals  
Flowing into their lungs  
Hardening in their corpses  
Lava

## **The Sun Dies**

The sun dies and the Earth is abandoned  
For a time life trudges on without it  
But then the ambient heat dissipates  
And all is alone, frozen in cold space  
The moon lives on without sunlight or warmth  
A black sphere in a cold, darkened night sky  
Lifelessly orbiting a frozen Earth  
The sun is gone, the Earth is cold and dead.

## **The Bell That Never Stopped Ringing**

There was once a bell that rang through the day  
and continued on into the dark night.  
It was a funeral bell at its heart;  
never meaning to cause harm, though it did.

As it rang out, people were enraptured.  
They had visions of death and bones and graves.  
These dark, macabre visions continued on  
until the person dropped dead to the ground!

What can be said about a bell so black  
that its listeners drop dead when it's heard?  
Malignant, macabre bell of such evil  
that humans fall to their graves from hearing!

## **Shadow**

Shadow  
The black one  
That comes along  
Gives improper thoughts  
Desires things we deny

Never goes away fully  
Darkness

### **The Moon**

The moon  
The night's light  
Brighter than stars  
Shining through the sky  
Making its way through clouds  
Moonlight

### **Hallow'd Spot**

In a place made of auburn casket-wood  
fortified by grayest gravestone-marble  
The body rests quietly and moves not  
resting in it's central, hallow'd spot.

In pews made of tanned human-flesh leather  
sit the grim congregation of mourners  
The body rests quietly and moves not  
resting in it's central, hallow'd spot.

### **Anything But Death**

Everyday monotony  
Pain beyond bearing  
Great physical suffering  
Anything but death

Walkers and wheelchairs  
Dozens of daily pills  
Loss of body and mind  
Anything but death

## **The Desert**

Sand dune upon sand dune is all that's seen  
In the desert, accursed place with scant life  
While you sleep, scorpions crawl in your shoes  
And the moon laughs in your pitiful face

If by chance you happen upon cacti--  
a source of water in a sea of sand  
They are covered in needles inches long  
To enhance your wonderful life, no doubt

## **The Sea**

The sea, once the domain of countless fish  
Is feeling a bit empty as of late  
Still, countless wonders swim its deep waters  
devouring each other, reddening waves

Watch out as you navigate the shallows  
lest you step on a spiny sea urchin  
or have your foot stung by a stray sting ray  
or be poisoned in other, dreadful ways.

## **Antarctica**

The frozen tundra  
Inhospitable to life  
It lays motionless

A wind blows freely  
over ice covered mountains  
chilling the snowflakes



Stars appear above  
shining on but not warming  
the antarctic plains

The southern-most place  
where winds don't even blister  
lies under the snow

Tundra, ice, and snow  
On the southern pole

### **Crime**

O crime, where my heart is!  
A thousand desires you make  
the fulfillment of which  
destroys the dread boredom.

### **Guns**

Libidinous desire  
in a shiny casing  
in a shiny pistol  
ready to be employed

Love denied turns ugly  
into shiny bullets  
that penetrate the flesh  
creating novel holes.

### **My Mind Is a Feminine Wave of Phallus**

My mind is a feminine wave of phallus  
Curvy and straight in its ample motion

Growing tentacles that reach for the moon  
And penetrating the void of the stars

My mind is a feminine wave of phallus  
determined to reach for the deepest depths  
obstinately wanting to be understood  
and vibrating the sky until the sun falls

My mind is a feminine wave of phallus  
Two in one, one in two is the game  
Desiring to be an impossible combo  
Man and woman at the same time

My mind is a feminine wave of phallus  
a giant squid in the deeps of the sea  
erotically soft jellyfish  
a volcano on the ocean-bed

My mind is a feminine wave of phallus  
a sine wave next to a triangle  
the trapezoid under the eye that sees all  
desiring the impossible place in the sky

My mind is a feminine wave of phallus  
shamanic rhythms in a sport-jacket  
tribal totems locked in memory  
an offering to one's deepest desires

### **The All**

Seagulls, paper, water, fire  
Metal, grasslands, planets, tires

An amalgamation of Ideas  
given form by admixture

Chaos mixed with law  
Ordered by the One

One consciousness  
One cosmos  
One fire  
That never tires

Matter is an idea  
Form is an idea  
Cosmos is an idea  
Idea is an idea

The snake devours its tail  
A self-consuming fire  
An explosion of ideas  
Building a ladder to the heavens.

### **Falling**

Falling from where light and dark pull  
Alternately trying the soul  
Falling into flesh in Mother's arms  
Assuaging the sense of great loss

Falling into a sense of Time  
Which organizes memory  
Falling into Death's certainty  
That comes from falling into Time

Falling into ways to save you  
Metaphysical schemes abound  
Falling into great hopelessness  
As time and death control your mind

Falling into Eternity  
the place from which you have emerged  
Falling into knowledge's end  
which stops the grip of Time and Death

Falling into the endless place  
which punishes without mercy  
Falling into another dream  
one that begets another dream

### **No One**

No One  
Primal One  
Becoming One  
Nothing  
Egotistic  
Narcissist  
No One

### **Garden of Blood**

Blood red rose flowers  
Dyed in the blood of martyrs  
Creating beauty  
No one knows from whence they came  
Striking eyes with deepest red

Blue lobelia  
A medicine and poison  
Stealing from our eyes  
No one knows from whence it came  
Striking eyes with deepest blue

## **Sodom**

City of pleasure.  
My nethers protest  
at its burning.  
Such a tragedy,  
to condemn  
what was once allowed in Eden.

City of hedonism  
whose residents  
would attempt to  
rape angels.  
A fatal mistake  
for those dwelling in the city of pleasure.

## **Faux Leather**

To wear faux leather  
As a jacket  
As pants

A common fantasy  
Vegan, but decadent  
Pleather against flesh

Brushing nipples  
Nipples against plastic leather  
Plastic flesh against human flesh

## **Sexdeath**

Sex creates a creature that will die

Death chisels out a creature that will have sex

We pass along adaptation to this universe  
Through Sex.

We engage with the universal will of our thanotic drive  
Through Death.

When Sex is denied  
Death appears  
When Death is denied  
Sex appears

Sexdeath, Lustmord, Thanateros.

### **Vagrancy**

I'm a vagrant wherever I go  
A flagrant vagrant indeed  
I have no purpose in any place  
Like plastic bags in the breeze

I don't even have a cup for change  
Or a bottle of spirits to drink  
Maybe the police should arrest me  
or mind their own business.

### **Is Psychotic, Is Not Psychotic**

Once I took a lot of drugs  
and became schizophrenic.  
Then I took a lot of drugs  
and became not schizophrenic.

Hearing the call of rebellion,

I placed upon myself:  
black t-shirts, black leather, black pants,  
and outstretched my middle finger.

Killing brain-cells through head-banging  
Killing brain-cells through alcohol  
Killing brain-cells through amphetamines  
all in a cannabis-induced haze.

Dwelling in the infamous "parents' basement",  
I abused myself in ways unknown to man  
Taking drugs in ways unheard of  
and listening to the most extreme music on Earth.

I hurt people and didn't care  
I hurt people and profited off their pain.  
I hurt people, and increased the world's suffering  
I hurt people, and when I did, I'd smile.

I was not what you would call a nice person.  
And punishment arrived for these sins:  
Schizophrenia: the ultimate mental affliction.

At first I felt like a god,  
then I felt like a devil.  
Then I believed I was a god,  
then I believed I was a devil.

I studied magic because I knew it was real  
because I deemed it so,  
and wanting something to be,  
was enough to make it real to me.

I did not know my limitations anymore  
I forgot about science, biology, gravity

And lived like I was Superman.

Things seemed great,  
but there was a dark side:  
I was completely wrong about everything  
Yes, I was delusional.

I was delusional about myself  
I was delusional about others  
I was delusional about the powers that be  
I was delusional about the unseen

I started developing irrational fears  
such as that the number five  
was trying to kill me  
And then I was diagnosed: psychotic.

I did not believe them  
I thought them to be part of a conspiracy  
I took their medication and felt discomfort  
like you could not even imagine.

And so I was untreated for many years  
I languished in unemployment and a bad relationship  
I languished in unimaginable fear  
I languished and sought no help

It was like I had two heads:  
One head wanted me to be OK  
One head wanted to destroy me  
Two heads, in one head at war with itself

But after one terrifying ordeal  
I sought out medical help  
and received a new drug



which was not like the others

Never mind that it cost about \$40 a pill  
(your tax dollars cover the cost)

Not taking a pill: Is psychotic  
Taking a pill: Is not psychotic

Is psychotic, is not psychotic  
Is psychotic, is not psychotic  
Is psychotic, is not psychotic  
Is psychotic, is not psychotic

Big Pharma loves people like me  
and you could say I am grateful

Grateful for a mind with less delusions  
grateful for not seeing walls and cars staring at me  
grateful to have some boundaries for my consciousness  
grateful to avoid the pernicious light that takes us all-

For a time.

For what really is there between now and  
death for schizophrenics

Pain. Great mental pain.  
Suffering. Great suffering.

Even if there's no physical wounds,  
you might as well nail us to the cross  
For it wouldn't hurt any less,  
just in a different way.

So you could say that I am a fan of Big Pharma

despite the ridiculous ads for drugs listing side-effects  
despite the attempts to influence doctors with gifts  
despite the fact that amphetamines got me in this  
pickle to begin with

Look, here's some Invega right now!

Is psychotic. Is not psychotic.

Is psychotic. Is not psychotic.

Is psychotic. Is not psychotic.

Is psychotic. Is not psychotic.

CFAD

## Other Zines Available by D.E. Morgan

*The Sub-Lunar Realm: Poems*, 16  
pages

*L.U.N.A.: Let Us Now Ascend*, 17 pages

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**“Omnia mutantur, nihil interit” — Publius  
Ovidius Naso, *Metamorphoses*  
 (“Everything changes, nothing perishes”)**