

Inexorably Tied to the Carpenter and the Choirmaster



D.E. Morgan



Verily

Terrible air,
flat and convex
taking a cueball to the sun.

Verily, it is gargantuan and wrong.
Horrible, it blinds oxen,
but shaves the tongues of angels

Lapidary bathtub, succulent.
Bubbles that erode neurons.
Wrath of black tendrils.

Hairless.

It snakes and quivers,
promiscuously lush in the desert

Nine freakish doves

descend like utopias unfurled,
curling in iron and frozen

Brackish lava,
gondolas in reasonable mounds
take a pill of harumphing despair.

Burning eyes that quaintly die.
Freeze in the breeze of prophets.
Garish costumes in jasper wreaths.
Taken aback by cars.

No, it isn't hellish.
The guard of diamond licks it.
Burnt iron of Jezebel
kisses the breeze of terror.

Torrents of blood
from a hot day.
It isn't terrible tennis

or ice on the table.

Recomposed of hairs
that freeze in despairing jives.
Remaining in sleep,
the dream gallops.

North of dreams tenuously dead.
Night takes a cigarette.
Idiotic lives of tauruses,
what a day for treason!

Baroque nerves crumble
inside the skull of all.
Formulated to lose the dice
that take antidepressants for blame.

Remain!
Horrible cul-de-sacs!

Blacken the skies tomorrow
with armor that's quite delicious.
Dragons lick salt
and nitric acid abounds.

Bring me the head of reasonable doubt.

Veins pulse in unison.
Taking a journey to sell heroin.
Allow me the pleasure
of a deadened moment of clarity.

Terrible vegan wrath
that takes in the surroundings with
moronic math.

Never.

Insulation drinks saliva,
like a contraption made to nullify.

Grog that tastes like lilies
frozen in the drain-spout.

Merciless.

Crumbs of angels,
the swords of sexual passion
take away the competition
like doves that drop clouds.

Into the dearest card
the pen swivels and churns.
Near the field unfurled
the drapes crop the trees.

Enmity.

Torahs that crease the sky
with terrible bricks from below.
Harlots that eat cigarettes
and take in the surroundings.

Terribly.

Dormant Hand

Hairless air that strangles
like a dormant hand.
Planets that give succor
to the milkless dogs.

Immensely.

Aversion

Dracula makes love again
above the plastic threshold.
Taking a spin on the rooftop
Are the desolate eyelashes of Sodom

Where do you take me?

Lashing oneself with error.
Absorbent, tenuous, lethargic.
Taxidermy of magic mushrooms.
Verily, I crash my car.

Above?

Thermal garments most tedious.
The doldrums of after-shave and
cologne

Forfeiting the verbs used most often.
Licking the toad of enmity.

Why?

Dry

Not bathing in the semen pits.
Terror from below my fingernails.
Crying profusely in a gasoline can,
is the elf that smiles upside-down.

Asinine words that fall like crumbs
onto a ceiling most delicate.
Takings pills to allieviate transgressions
are the doctors and nurses of late.

Dolphins frolick in acid pits,
squealing in dermatological delight.

Horseradish

Horseradish that extinguishes noses
forms a tepid wrath that freezes us.
Blazing roofs cry foul at us
as we don our most garish hats.

Hardened by battles with ants
are the children with dirty shoes.
Likened to a pony ride
is the blazing path to adulthood

Dimly aware of stark terror,
the mausoleum chews softly.
Hormones rage in newspapers
that promise nothing new.

Taking away ginger from children
are the parents without hope or reason.

Toll

Frozen trees take their toll
and ravage the eyes that shut.
White tongues that explain garbage
are thrown onto the roof.

Give me my token, my statue
and burn ambitions with blue.
Crease the dollar with sand
and gentrify my desert.

Horrible, the sky rots brown,
taken in by fake iron maidens.
Flies that terrorize chessboards
reverberate in clean bathrooms.

Scramble

Scramble, scramble, ramble.
Tornado, tornado, Logos.

A car that churns on the ceiling
is crying out for reprieve.

Common to the purple bushes,
is a toe stubbed on leather rock.
Coriander, coriander, CORIANDER!

Homesick jazz that crumbles
under the weight of apocalypses.
Why not dance with yellow dots
and weep into a megaphone?

Snakes

Green husks of snakes
tremble in the moonlight.
A flatulant phallus bemoans
the lack of freedom to move.

Serpent most queer!

Terrible eyes quiver
and shake like earthquakes.
Never to be told is the lie
that the cicadas keep in their heads.

Text

Talented black lines,
curves,
tendrils of error.

Advancing through sunlight
that one day may melt into the moon.
Not quite meaningful is what I say,
as it winds around your neck.

Never! Be free!
Take it from me.

Horatio of the Cliff

As Horatio fell off the cliff
he saw a garden of gnomes.
Lepers all, they all breathed vines
that strangled him as he fell.

Trees with apples made of oranges
and songs that congealed into bark
welcomed him with pomp, decorum,
and bid him to be released.

His doom was frozen in the sands
that fell like boulders to the shore.

Fairly Dry

Drier than a sponge in Sodom
burning in the breeze.
Soaking up their lust, their love
that cries out to the lost.

Frozen hearts that banish tears
and wetness in the brain
relinquish keys and hate and loss
and try their hand at Night.

Slowly made to stumble,
the frozen melting dryness waits.

Never

Falling into ashes? Never.
Assortments of blue,
most terrible orange and red.

Never.

I sigh relief inexorably tied
to the carpenter and choirmaster within.
While nooses and crosses abound,
I sneer at blue eyes dramatically.

Judas, Judas, Judas,
smoke a phatty and call it Good Friday.

End of Time

A brain full of spaghetti squash
that cracks like rocks in the breeze
inside bones that smile like fragments
and melt into the earth.

Noxious fumes of perversion
are inhaled by all the clowns.
Carnival rides and pink waterslides,
that lead to the vulva...

...at the the end of time.

D.E. Morgan is a poet who has published five chapbooks:

The Sub-Lunar Realm: Poems is his first chapbook and is a book of poems under the rule of the moon. \$1. 16 pages. Half size.

L.U.N.A.: Let Us Now Ascend is about the rule of the feminine over the Earth, vegetarianism, and Lucifer in a cold factory in hell sitting on a folding chair as his throne. \$1. 16 pages. Half size.

DEATH: An Arrangement of Poems is about, well, death and blasphemy. \$1. 16 pages. Half size.

Forest of the Depths: A Collection of Poetry is a collection of the above three plus a fourth one called *Poems About Pharmakon and Thanatosis*. \$8.

Malediction is a chapbook of relentless blasphemy, homoeroticism, sadomasochism and destruction. 16 pages. Half size.

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