

Malediction

by D.E. Morgan



A Demon

Tentacles wrapped around protruding ribs
with slime dripping down from the tips of them
blood pooling in a mouth of sharpened teeth
to be swallowed down like a sweet merlot

A stomach full of sulphuric acid
that dissolves bones like sugar in water
intestines that snake through the abdomen
that terminate in a blood red anus

Tears like the opposite of sweet honey
from bees that facilitate floral sodomy
drip from eyes reddened with too much madness
like blood on a cannibal clown

Horns, ivory trumpets, adorn the head.
Declaring a most severe punishment
Gutting the organs from pedophiles
as a black testament to dark justice

Thy Anus

O from thy anus come
Musicians who played to women of the night,
magicians, baccantes, revellers under the moon
those who enjoy life without feelings of guilt
and those whose pleasure is not deferred until death.

O from thy anus come
The curious – scientists and philosophers,
those whose minds light up the sky.
The creative – artists and poets
those who will create whether in Heaven or not.

O from thy anus come
women who do not serve or obey
the rebellious, the strong, those who live for
themselves;
those who mock authority
in all its plastic exaltedness

O from thy anus come
the Immortal: playwrights, composers, authors
those who understand Beauty, Mercy, Tact
The queer – homos, dykes, faeries
Those who don't confine sex to God's narrow field.

O most high God-
It appears you're left with nothing but the weak and
fearful,
the resentful, prudish, foolish, and stupid
Most high God, you have excreted unto Hell
the best portions of humanity!

Poetry

Poetry! Where would I be without you?
Assuredly wordless, buried under a mess
of needles and powders,
dirt and flowers,
in a grave that proclaims
"I existed!" and not much more
But I remain alive
and macabre words flow through my neurons
like worms through dirt,
speaking in the tongue of desire

Eden Sodomizes Heaven

Hear the squishing of anuses in the court of God!
Angels from Eden have come to play,
free of the shackles of Good and Evil,
they satisfy their most wanton lust
on angels, beasts, on God Himself.
Hear the groans of pleasure in this:
the most unholy of orgies!

Serpent From the Vagina

When Adam saw Eve without a penis,
did he look at the serpent as a dick she had lost?
Crawling away from her body,
it took on a greenish hue
went around confusing men,
and deceiving them into false knowledge
What if Adam had said "Hey baby!"
and stuck his own serpent where
there was a gaping void of nothingness
signifying lack and loss.

Angel-Wings

Doom, doom, in the gloom
A prison without bars
is the nature of Earth...

Into the ground you'll go
after they clip your angel-wings
with shears made of gold...

May the blood from our wounds
drown the Earth completely
and abolish the rule of Heaven

Dime Store Mystic

He was a dime store mystic
A god in his Facebook world,
where Babylon babble and Egyptian crap
adorn his hefty newsfeed.
Platitudes, none of them true
pass for the deepest, darkest, wisdom.
He spreads delusion throughout the land
with some keystrokes and a mouseclick
O dimestore mystic:
None of your power is Real
and none of your truth is Truth.

Deluded Prophets

Sickness, sickness in the head
My old religion's making me mad.
Deluded prophets hungry for power
attempt to put curse after curse on Earth.
Tangential to their desire for fame
is an immortality they'd kill all for.
Worshipping money, hating women,
bashing on gays while secretly wanting sodomy?
Sounds like gangsta rap in 2019.

Grotesque Smiles

I never lost a 16-year-old's hatred of religion;
turns out it was buried in a 34-year-old brain.
Once again I roll eyes at prayers
and laugh at the grotesque smiles of church-goers.
I laugh at them giving money
to a priesthood that would send most of them to Hell.

I laugh at their fake-sorry-face
as they stand in line for confession.
Inbreeding, generation after generation of the stupid
is the effect of religion, and its destroying us all.

Hell on Earth

Gouging out eyes with spikes
and cutting out tongues with knives:
these are the kind of activities
that one thinks of belonging to Hell
But inquisitors, tormentors all
persecuted the priesthood's enemies
creating an inconceivable, horrific
Hell on Earth

Restriction

A cage on an iron chain
is my abode for the time being,
hanging suspended above ten thousand unlit candles
"Restriction," I thought, could save me
from my most grotesquely destructive Self.
But it only made my hate more apparent
Hanging above this charred void
is a soul I've tied in knots
to aimlessly try to pick up a key
The key to the All I seek
to destroy this black prison
as my hatred burns the world.

Raining Musical Instruments at Dusk

The sound of horns clattering on the grass
fills the air and is joined by pianos
falling which break as their hammers smash wires

and the reverberations disturb strings
on broken violins that flit about
The constant clatter destroys brand new houses
makes ripples in ponds and small lakes and creeks
and kills family pets, poultry, cattle.
What a dusk to hear: music in chaos!
The night stars being birthed fling instruments
to the naked earth with such a fury
that it almost seems like they're really there.

Flowering Heavens

The heavens flower
Opening through the abyss
Starlight shines on us
The galaxies push outward
Expanding our universe

Body

I hold a man's body and stroke his hair
which embues me with a strange feeling
this hair is dead, just like the head
that its so seamlessly attached to.
Blood is pooled on the ground beneath us
and there's a gaping wound in his chest
I shake and shed a single tear
onto the red-stained ground.

Crowned in Semen

Roman guards pulling off
onto the face and head of God.
Delicious spunk drips down his face
and they collect it with their fingers.

They feed it into his gaping mouth
and then they whip him some more.
Blood and cum mix in the dirt
look at God now: Crowned in Semen

Severed into Life

Decapitated: the head falls down into another world.
Such a strange paradox!
For the decapitated, the universe is destroyed.
For the decapitator, the universe remains.

Such strange protections we have against meddlers!

Colonized by Christ

Your subjugation before Him,
your very wounds which you imitate
and which will kill you
(like a lamb to the slaughter)
are the result of a cultural colonization
first of Europeans, then of people of color.
Verily decolonization, when it gazes at the spectacle:
when it looks at what it seeks to remove,
will look from a powerful race to the symbol that
enslaves it.
Colonizes it.
Orients its mind to conquest, privilege.
Demands that it treat women as nothing.
And that is the crucified God.
Spit forth a sermon, O almighty, thus stripped!
You suck Spirit down into the void
until nothing but Matter is discernible.
You murderer, you thief, you death-worshipper!
Give back my race unto its previous life,
where it existed unmolested by your purposes

and I will pull out the nails of your cross
and discard them, the cross, and You forever.
We are both in this:
Masters whipping slaves,
slaves whipping masters
in a sadomasochistic fantasy
that goes back to Golgotha
So breathe of my fiery words
of the flame to burn up your cross,
liberate your spirit,
and become one with your Self!

A Spiral and a Death

White powder to sprinkle on your nerves
To take you for a ride
Down the fabled spiral, downward.

As your spirits feel so high,
the truth is you go lower
to a spiral lower, and to death.

Freebase the spiral downward,
with rocks that chain your life
to a spiral lower, to your last breath.

The Devil in the Details

I'm sure you'd like to see our blood flow
through the streets and into the sewers
where demons drink from the impure blood
and laugh as humanity destroys its best

Paltry immortals with crucifix hands
call for the execution of the queer
idiotic pleas fed by hypocritical desires

poisoned by words from long ago

Who needs your family, your cross, your purity?
You who don't even know what life is.
You are ignorant of its crafty, serpentine designs
that promise to cover your kingdom with lust.

Semen-stained nights with rent boys and such
echo through the minds of hateful pastors.
A wall of contradiction that confuses their words
and turns their darkest intentions to naught

Imposing suicide on other people
has always been an aim of Christ's followers.
Forcing Christians to commit genocide against gays
why don't they just go shoot themselves?

Jesus Christ was the gayest person
to ever walk this cursed-upon Earth

Rent Boy

Long hair with a Jesus beard,
the rent boy obediently sucks
upon the shaft of the pastor's penis
fulfilling "disordered" gay desire

He preaches about the encroachment
of the sodomites upon the tents of God
and then when one enters his
he secretly puts him to work.

Doing things with tongues
forbidden by holy scripture
the rent boys work into the night
bathing the pastor in pleasure.

Where is the God to avenge these acts?
He seems so distant and meaningless
to the pastor as he receives blowjobs
and ejaculates down teenage throats.

Stupid, Credulous, and Scared

Stupid, credulous, and scared
are the people at the megachurch
as their pastor sows seeds of hatred
in his trusted congregation

Calling for the death of gays
he dishonors his own desire
sells out his truest self
and allies himself with falsehood

Idiocy Enthroned

See idiocy enthroned:
in the Whitest House,
on God's very throne.

See the fools praise him
one of their very own men
in charge of the State

See him mess things up
As he blunders through his days
Enshrining hatred

Who is this moron
in a suit that barely fits
chastising reason?

His name is Donald J. Trump
His name's I Am That I Am

He tells lots of lies
They prop up his fragile self
As he threatens wrath

Tasteless and ribald
are his most usual ways
Appalling us all

Bigoted and crass
His views are quite cartoonish
A self parody

Childish and freakish
He saunters through our nation
Such stupidity

An autocrat who poisons
A dev'lish disposition

The Couch

This couch that shields from life
and drains it from my very veins
makes me cease my activities
and become more death-like

This couch that takes from life
like a drug that's most poisonous
goes well with benzodiazepines,
and beers imported from Mexico.

This couch that atrophies
and kills my ability to live

is a pox upon this disheveled house
and a destroyer of all that is good

Meat Makes Up His Body

Meat makes up his body
the fat little kid I see
Chicken nuggets, hot dogs
quarter pounders and steaks

So many animals died
to make him who he is
a lazy consumer kid
obese and uncaring.

The Staircase

A staircase that leads
into another world
A world that exploded
And a fire that sometimes flares

A man at the bottom
of stairs with iron railings
Will throw you out of paradise
into the basements of Earth

Tartarus, the punishment
for chastising the gods
and daring to be free
in a world of one's own

Let us celebrate in ecstasy
in the fire that drowns our lungs
and take in the beauty
of a world brought to its knees.

No one can destroy
the godhead that we rule with
or deny the pagan gods,
that illuminate us with gifts.

Lock them in darkness!
The fools who worship Him
Create science, history,
psychology and time.

Our beauty they cannot see
for it is below their radar
under the world they inhabit
as we rule from far below.

Emptiness

Before there were demons
Before there were angels
Polytheism reigned

To the side of the real
lives a world of one's own
Full of Divine beings

Right in front of one's self
is a mirror of love
Showing a deep wisdom

Verily, verily
The hidden god reigns true
Over one's soul and sphere

Intellectual thought
cannot find the true One

That speaks to the empty

Emptiness, emptiness
Is time and all Being
And life is without cause.

Defiler

A pedophile
A defiler of the truth
They call him "Father"

A woman so pure
Her eggs are unfertilized
O Mary, Mary!

A figure nailed high
To murder the eternal
And enslave us all

The Only Release is Death

Fear unimaginable
Terror from above
Fiends from below
that buffet the flesh

Soul ends in a fingertip
of flesh that curls into
A mass of complex death
held in place by knowledge

Unknow, swim through the black
Destroy the tyrant and enslaver!

Feces Covered Cross

If I cover this cross with feces
What will become of those who believe
that to live is Christ and to die is to gain?
What will become of these fools?

Will they slowly expire,
mouths full of dung
Choking on diarrhea
and worms and larvae?

Maybe they'll live in garbage,
swimming in the black oceans
As Leviathan dies a horrible death
and farts at their cursed Christ

Your God Put Those Bars There

Your God put those bars there
To keep the chaos in
to keep the suffering in
and to laugh as he walks about
his prison made of gold
is such a waste of life
When will we find wings to fly away?
When will we find axes to destroy crosses?
No one can survive
this prisoner's sphere
without the key within
that throws off the chains

Verily, Verily I Say Unto You

Hate me, O followers of Jehovah
who wince at the sting of the whip

yet rise up in anger at a blasphemer
who chastises and hates their master.

But I say: The real God is within,
the true Self of all souls is the same God
The same liberator that frees one from illusion
and through henosis, causes One to be One

So hate me, despise me, call me a liar.
I've heard it through a hundred deaths.
The fate of rebellion is not a lake of fire,
But bliss through all of One's living breaths.

D.E. Morgan is a poet, as you may have read.

Check out

<http://www.siccumrecords.com/dry-eyes-morgans-zines/>

if you want to order some of his other chapbooks, or the book Forest of the Depths, which is a compilation of his first 5 chapbooks. Chapbooks as of this writing are \$1 each. D.E. Morgan is not motivated by profit in his poetry.

D.E. Morgan says:

“If you were offended by my relentless blasphemy, I am not sorry, as it is the only way to hammer the truth into a humanity on the verge of destroying itself.”

Send tirades or tidings to: dryeyes4096@gmail.com

“The purification of the Soul is simply to allow it to be alone; it is pure when it keeps no company.”

—Plotinus, [The Enneads](#)