

**Poems About  
Pharmakon  
and  
Thanatosis**

**by D.E. Morgan**



## **Anything for a Friend**

I would pick up the knife,  
the gun,  
or the poison.

Anything for a friend,  
an ally,  
a lover.

I would give you gifts  
of money,  
and blood.

Anything for a friend.

## **Blue**

Your sky blue iris  
quickens my steady heartbeat  
as I gaze at you.

The worlds fill your eyes  
and so does my gaping form  
as you look at me.

As blue as the sea  
on a calm and cloudless day  
are your wondrous eyes.

An island of black  
surrounded by the blue sea  
taking in the cosmos.

Wonderful blue eyes  
between pale eyelids.

## **Ferns**

The ferns grew in my skull  
out of my ears,  
out of my nose

Spider-like they crawled down  
reproducing themselves,  
introducing themselves

to the muggy air,  
which enveloped them  
and developed them

Ferns are quite beautiful,  
don't you agree?

## **Orbs**

Attached to the chest  
are these precious orbs  
from which I drink  
and which give succor.

Orbs with a little spout  
meant for husbands' hands,  
pornographic photos,  
and little infants' mouths.

## **When They Grow Meat**

When they start to grow meat,  
I don't know what I'll eat.  
For all of us vegetarians  
it'd still be pegged like carrion.

I'm not sure how I'd view it.  
Genetically made to be fit?  
Not attached to an animal,  
the strangeness is palpable.

Meat! Without an animal!  
Like berries without plants.

### **Belladonna**

Belladonna, poisonous!  
More poisonous than the plumes of smoke  
that violate the sky.

Horrific beauty  
round and ready to be picked  
to destroy one's heart.

A Lilith in the woods  
dark and inviting with a siren song.

### **My Brain Replaced with a Salad**

My brain was replaced with a salad.  
My neurons are made of radishes.  
My brain stem is a carrot.  
How could this possibly come to be?

My neo-cortex, cauliflower.  
My pineal gland, a shriveled raisin.

What have you done to me,  
O vegetarians?

## **Mandrake**

They say you scream when you're picked  
and your scream could kill.  
And I know that your toxins  
could silence a witch forever.

Ordinary leaves,  
ordinary stem,  
root that looks like a man.

I picked you and you didn't scream  
and I wasn't condemned to Hell  
and I was disappointed.

## **Cannabis and Madness**

Cannabis and madness are like father and son  
For the mad, instigator of a dark conspiracy.  
The only solution is to close one's eyes  
and submit to the destruction of the universe.

As it disappears,  
so do conspiracies,  
visions of light and dark  
and memories of birth.

Higher than high the mad become.  
Stoned forever in the haziest void.  
Seeing a dark goddess that bothers the crazy  
with her amorphous, lover-like embrace.

Madness and weed are like serpent and Self:  
a detached penis and completeness.  
(But darkly seen through a stupid haze  
that sullies the soul with dross.)

## **Pharmakon**

A curse upon your writing, St. John of Patmos!  
May every pharmacist spit on your grave  
and the bones that will never reach toward the sky  
rot in the ground like leaves in the mud.

Never was there a man whose insanity  
raped more minds than yours, O John.  
Be forgotten, become mortal,  
you whose skull rests broken and dead!

## **Faeries**

Little septacles grow luminescent flesh  
floating in the air like superstitions.  
Nay, they are superstitions,  
hallucinations that tease the mind

Coaxing,  
hoaxing.

Even the crustiest philosopher  
cannot deny the pleasure  
of seeing a few stray faeries  
float about through the air!

## **The Will to Love**

Love isn't the safest thing in the cosmos  
It burns Bibles, breaks condoms  
and nails Jesus to the cross with glee.

Love can be kind.

Love can be nice.  
Love can kill.  
Love can madden.

Love is not the friend you think it is!  
It will take you over like a magic spell  
until it is your sole master.

### **Well of Secrets**

What wisdom comes from without  
can't match the wisdom within.  
That liquid wisdom  
that flowers through our minds!

What one knows  
without being told  
is far greater  
than what must be said.

Like chaotic wells full of runes  
what one truly knows  
is mysterious and full  
of an ancient sagacity.

### **The Dryad's Cry**

Hear the weeping of one tree's dryad!  
You polluted her air.  
You cut down her tree.  
(The tree in which she made her home!)

What kind of monster,  
what kind of human,  
what kind of all-too-human,  
does this to a dryad?



For she cannot live now  
that her tree is gone.  
It is gone forever  
and a man is to blame.

### **Drum**

Hear the beat of a drum,  
that overrides one's heart.  
Hear this beast steady  
its victim for the catching!

The legs move.  
The arms move  
The head nods  
and the heart beats.

Superficially,  
the drum brings order,  
but the chaos remains  
as it dances to the drum.

### **Black Flower**

Dark as a puma,  
the black flower blooms  
over the unsuspecting townsfolk  
leaving a black shadow.

With petals that smother men  
the pigmented flower grows  
until it reaches the sky  
and blots out the sun.

With an odor like the dead

the black flower makes pollen  
and swarms of bees feast  
on this luxurious meal.

Petulant petals,  
the black flower.

### **Under the Willow Tree**

Under the willow tree  
I buried her body.  
(Hacked into pieces  
and stuffed in a bag.)

The tree's roots will feed  
when they break through the bag  
on rotten flesh  
and dirt-filled organs.

It's okay for her.  
She returns to the Earth.  
A planet she cared for  
very little anyways.

### **The Basement Dweller**

The basement dweller,  
dodging curses from computers,  
makes his dark abode.

Marijuana bags  
are strewn about the gray floor,  
full of stems and seeds.

His bed is filthy.  
The sheets are dirty and soiled

with disgusting stains.

His computer lies  
on an ancient wood table  
(scratching the surface).

Living in his parents' place,  
he exists but barely lives.

### **The Sorcerer**

Mossy cobble-stone  
fill the long winding walkway,  
snaking through the grass.

A pit full of snakes.  
Cobras that stand to attack.  
A deadly hazard.

A blood stained dagger:  
a rat has been sacrificed,  
unloved by humans.

Pentagrams on tile.  
Quite the Pythagorean  
is the room's owner.

The owner sits in black robes,  
a tarot deck in his hands.

### **Fornication with Sheep**

The initiator wears black robes  
which will soon be mostly discarded.  
The animal on the menu tonight:  
sheep, with all of their wondrous orifices.

They've wandered from the herd,  
you see, we must show them a new way  
and make ourselves feel good and powerful  
while we're going at it!

Sex with sheep is always rape,  
especially when they're twelve.  
What a dirty thing to do:  
fornication with sheep.

### **The Lecher's Guitar**

The lecher's guitar sings out  
to all the women and girls  
that hear its male siren song  
and come to sing along.

With glee he sees them coming  
and practices his words  
that will get them to his nest  
just like all of the rest.

When he gets them good and there  
too late they find he doesn't care.  
Without remorse he peels off their clothes  
and they know right then the deal is closed.

### **Fear**

Fear of death is here,  
salient in all we do,  
enslaving our minds.

Fear of life is here  
because in life there is death

battering our minds.

Fear is not our friend,  
for it keeps us from living.  
We shrink in terror.

Fear is a dark foe  
that reduces us to nil  
we must overcome.

When we overcome our fear  
we can live free and then die.

### **Poison**

He looked at her glass  
that he'd filled with poison  
(an untraceable one  
that would stop her heart.)

"Drink!" he said merrily,  
then toasted her glass  
which clinked rather strongly  
and then they both drank.

She was fine for a while  
(for ten minutes or so)  
'til the poison started  
its dread deadly work.

She convulsed violently  
and grabbed at her chest  
she knocked over a table  
as she fell to the floor.

He laughed joyfully

as she gasped her last breaths.  
He said, "Now you are gone,  
bother me no more!"

## **Crack**

We had a stone rose  
that you'd buy to smoke  
using the tube it came in.

We had steel wool  
to shove in the tube  
and thus the pipe was done.

We put in a rock  
and lit it with a lighter  
whose safety had been removed.

We puffed rather hard  
(inhaling deeply)  
and then we waited for it.

The feeling in the chest  
that came on rather quick  
was pleasant and euphoric.

The heart was racing.  
The libido was crazy.  
This is what its like to be high.

After fifteen minutes  
it all was over  
and thus ends this poem...

About crack.

## **Mushrooms**

Mushrooms grow from my flesh,  
from every part of me they grow.  
From my arms, from my legs  
from my ribs, from my neck:  
Mushrooms grow from my flesh

Mushrooms grow from my eyes  
from my iris and pupil they grow  
From the ceiling from the floor  
from the nook from the walls:  
Mushrooms grow from my eyes.

Mushrooms grow from my ears  
from my eardrum and canal they grow  
From my speakers, from the birds,  
from deep voices, from the street:  
Mushrooms grow from my ears.

## **Things Maggots Love**

Rotting deer flesh  
on a dry forest bed.  
A gangster who died  
with a hole in his head.  
Cougars and pumas  
that turn the ground red;  
these are things maggots love.

A rotting red steak  
in a garbage can.  
A new strain of bird flu  
all through the land.  
Chicken carcasses  
discarded by man;

these are things maggots love.

## **Helices in My Soul**

Nature draws a helix  
wherever life exists.  
(Straightened-out spirals  
that keep us together.)

DNA is a helix.  
The Milky Way is a helix.

Proteins are folding  
helices within you  
into shapes and forms  
that give your body life.

I dreamed of a helix  
and the vision never left me.

## **Thanatosis**

I've played dead before.  
I played dead for years,  
wandering Chicago like  
a ghost who left his body.

Taking ghost photographs,  
writing ghost poems,  
making ghost music,  
and playing ghost games

I've played dead before.  
I played dead for kicks.  
Not moving from the couch  
like I needed a rose to clutch.



Black and white was my life,  
the color drained from me.  
Being a ghost is a downer.  
White, pale, deadened.

### **The Lonely Pot Plant**

There was a lonely pot plant  
that took a woman's freedom.  
How was this done?  
Did she smoke it or was she busted?

There was a lonely pot plant  
that took a woman's freedom.  
The cops came and took her  
Did she smoke it or was she busted?

Was it to prison?  
Or the psych ward?

NEWS FLASH: Marijuana can cause psychosis  
NEWS FLASH: Marijuana is still illegal  
NEWS FLASH: Marijuana takes woman's freedom  
NEWS FLASH: Marijuana takes woman's freedom

### **Tardive Dyskinesia**

Tardive dyskinesia  
is a most unpleasant sensation.  
It's why schizophrenics pace  
when they take their meds.

It makes the legs so restless.  
It makes you twitch and walk  
through the hallways and rooms

until you want to die.

### **The End of a Book**

I find the end of a good book  
is not the end of the imagination;  
it stays with oneself for a while,  
teasing the mind with possibilities

It sticks to your neurons like glue,  
coaxing out electrons,  
until you start to smile  
whether for happy reasons or not!

## Other Zines Available by D.E. Morgan

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

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

*Funeral Bells: A Booklet of Poems*, 16 pages

*Death: An Arrangement of Poems*, 16 pages

Email to [dryeyes4096@gmail.com](mailto:dryeyes4096@gmail.com) with your name and address, specify which ones you want, and I'll send them to you, unless I have an explosion in popularity, in which case I may send an email with a PayPal address asking for postage.

These offers are not binding and may be rescinded at any time, so hurry.

“When the sun is setting outside so that you cannot even recognise the hand in front of you, go inside!”

(Ancient Sumerian Proverb)