

SODOM

ON

CYMBALS

THE

by

DE

Morgan





## **Power in Circles**

Tearing a page  
from the shopkeeper's menu.  
Taking your time  
to select your fate.

Below, all are bustling  
in a game of darts  
that makes it hard to discern  
what one came for at all.

Pyromania abounds  
and the sorcerer's rage  
is not fulfilled by muted screams  
echoing through the streets.

What purpose did you select?  
It is almost time to cash in.

## **Luscious Corn Flakes**

Lusciously tonguing the flakes  
and swallowing their milk.

Stone bowl, wooden spoon gripped.

Everywhere the air hangs dry,  
as if it were wringing out moisture  
from the once-bountiful clouds.

Reach for a cabinet,  
reach for the spice.  
Take a big whiff  
of everything nice.

## **Permanent Marker**

Write a grave in permanent marker  
on marble made of blues.

Take a whiff of rotting skies  
and take a nap in red.

Gargantuan lies that trick everyone  
are dividing the breeze in two.

Vermillion is the color she swore  
that she never would wear again.  
Now it adorns her supple flesh  
that's falling off the bone.

## **Cuts His Wrong Ear**

Noise cuts his wrong ear  
and piles the melodies high.  
Snare drums roll with ecstasy  
and respond to his give and take.

Sodom on the cymbals  
Gomorrah on the toms

Saxophones that shatter glasses  
and trumpets that bring down stars  
are frozen in the emptiness  
of a band that's slain its gig.

## **Tribulation of Loudspeakers**

Loudly voices proclaim their cause,  
shaking the Earth with fury.  
The sun gives them all swords  
and they camp out on the moon.

Terrorized by icicles  
in the hands of cops  
are the driest plumes of smoke  
that arise from fires.

Never to be seen again  
are the sights and sounds of Hell  
as the fires remit  
and the Earth comes into view.

## **Tomato Paste**

I will put him in a jar with razors  
and shake him into tomato paste.

Gone forever on the glass  
and splattered on the lid;  
poured over angel hair  
and conglomerations of flesh.

I will eat my meal  
and call it all my fill.  
I will proudly belch and moan  
and smile at the stars.



## **Kaleidoscope Tree**

Leaves that shimmer in pink rain  
that drips down jewel-encrusted fruit.  
Dramatically frozen in the sky  
are the heights above the clouds.

Birds that nest with eggs that hatch  
into half-angel, half-dragon beasts.  
Flying with feathers softer than silk  
and scales that shine in the sun.

Snakes form the roots of the tree,  
and they crawl into magic wells.  
The tree is crowned with a frozen sun,  
with bluish icicles for solar flares.

Behold the kaleidoscope tree  
and eat of its magnificent fruit!

## Serpents

Injured by the sound of sleep,  
the feathered maiden wailed.  
Never to see the sun again,  
or the moon that bleeds profusely.

Near a horrible incident report,  
the dragon breathed his last.  
Breath mixed with blood, ice, fear,  
it congealed into a graveyard.

Two-headed serpents that never rest  
demanding a place in the stars.  
What could possibly profit them there?  
Slithering through nebulae into

black  
holes.

## **Bones**

Buried under a river of blood  
and terrified by a sphinx,  
a man cowers and eats his oatmeal.  
Thoughtfully.

Inside the casket a skeleton slithers,  
and takes a year to compose itself.

Armor adorns the wall of his skull  
and hammers pound at his teeth.  
Never again will he see the sun,  
or the moon that shines on the river.

## **Malodorous Jurisdiction**

The entire block smelled awful,  
like a meth-lab full of farting corpses

Powders and flowers,  
gases and stashes.  
Corpses in copses  
Cops in hospital gowns.

No one cared about anything there.

## **Fountains**

Fountains of old age flow  
and blacken the eyes of all.  
Spaghetti intestines disemboweled  
revealing blended angels within.

Terrestrial magic that pierces  
the ears of all who hear.  
Tepid water that flows  
into a casket made of words.

Terrible eyes,  
terrible ears.

## **Below the Abyss**

The tree is without hope.  
Fear is foreign to it.  
Swallowing lives like chardonnay.  
Everyone acts as if it doesn't exist.

Walls and floors with mouths  
that devour souls incessantly.

Burning elevators reach floors  
darkened in the Earth's mantle.  
Tongues lap up drinks  
and swallow a tavern's darkness.

Lilith carries a house  
and presents it to her victim.

## **Wooden Dragon**

Reflexively shuddering in pain,  
the coffin nails us down.  
Creaking and groaning  
like a wooden dragon.

Nails, sweet nails,  
that seal our useless fate.

Velvet reddened by blood  
shed by a fearful tear  
A puckered anus  
to the Earth below.

## **Ice on the Monolith**

Terrible eyes cover it,  
glazed by a layer of ice.  
They twitch beneath the surface  
and dilate oh so helplessly.

Ice on the monolith.  
Terror in the body.  
Open wombs that suck in light  
and abort the power within.

A woman covered with vaginas  
is ready to give birth to eyes.



## **Tree Sap**

Amber floods the senses  
and crystallizes the nerves  
Trees that bestill trees  
made into maple syrup within.

Delicious is the taste of blood  
that flows through tree-like nerves.

Very sweet is the sensation,  
that flows from nerve to brain.  
Trees that devour trees  
have taken me for a ride.

## Salt

Salt that covers every wound  
dissolved within the blood.  
Mercury flowing through my veins  
empowering the fight inside.

Sulphur in my brain,  
like a record that never plays.  
Alchemy of most terrible Time.  
Chemicals of a triumvirate.

Blood outside,  
blood within,  
blood of wounds not experienced.

## **Barbed Wire**

Barbed wire  
at the bottom  
of the pylon.

Electricity above  
Spikes below.

Gnarled into  
a mess  
and a rusty sign  
that warns

"Danger"

## **Variety of Broken Things**

Pink benedictions!  
A gate into the holy dark  
that gives succor  
to the serpent's seed.

Eggs of the golden snake!  
Verily, they crack  
and send waves of pleasure  
through the universe.

## **Anal Cross**

If it were possible  
to nail an anus to a cross,  
that would be the situation  
that we face.

Such a void  
such an emptiness  
red like a rose  
but no where to put nails

Crucify the rectum  
of eternity.

## **Filth God**

Covered with purple hairs  
and sullied with feces,  
mouth agape,  
there is no cleansing done.

Odors of existence wafting  
(amplified by lethargy)  
into a bed  
drenched in brown sweat.

Horrors.

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