

The Fear, the Fog



by D.E. Morgan

The Angry Eye

As the sun rose
like the angry eye
of a sadistic god,
the plants drank its rays.

Trees grew with little sense
of where they would reach.

Sounds of exhaust emitted
almost betrayed a strange desire
to blot out the sun--
but not the power to do so.

Some cars were electric,
some burned fuel
from nozzles that gave
the remains of dead life.

Any shot at interrupting
the flow of life
did not remove the sun
from poisoned skies.

Silence was never heard,
only the distant roar
of engines that pushed on
through ill-planned suburbs.

The Disappointment of Marle

Marle was a girl
named after Father's favorite:
a girl in a game with a cyan dress,
and a pendant that she dropped.

The girl grew up seldom asked
about her gamer's name
that hung about not strange enough
to be spoken of.

The glint was not in her eyes,
like the pixels in the game.
Her Father worked long hours,
and then he played and played.

The drink she held in her hands
was quite unbecoming
of the princess that was wanted
with imagined purity.

It was a forty-ouncer
that was tipped back and glugged
to make her swoon a little bit,
and then a little more.

Her Mother was a programmer
who moved from job to job.
Her Father filled in the gap
between her Mother's work.

He had a couch in front of a
dusty CRT.
He played it often, but did not
clean it very much.

The nights in which he played his games
he felt no guilt or shame
as he went from world to world,
and imagined realms unfurled.

His daughter played loud music
that bothered her parents not.
It made noise above the basement,
and Father watched TV.

Anime with energetic
beasts that roamed about,
told stories of wondrous things
that did not interest Marle.

Was her Father disappointed
to have a normal daughter?
Who did feel pained and slighted
when she was slightly ignored?

She tipped the forty-ouncer back
and took another swig
from the bottle she had stolen
from the 7-11.

The sounds of music well-composed
were drowned by screaming men
whose pain she felt she couldn't feel
inside her drunken head.

She made her way under the blanket
in her comfy bed,
and looked through emails on her phone
and then stared at the wall.

Things seemed to spin a little bit,
and then she cracked a smile.
She felt not darkness in her chest
where feelings should have been.

Hugging Spikes

I feel that what I embrace
with the force of my muscle
is like some pointy spikes
that push into me.

I hold the figure with sadness,
as blood drips onto the ground.
It smiles unknowingly
as the dripping continues.

Are my lungs punctured?
Because I cannot breathe.

Note: In these times of fear, I will not censor my thoughts, but I will provide an explanation for them. This next poem is born of psychosexual trauma (though not of a physical nature) inflicted by theological and philosophical manipulators, and I would never act or endorse acting for the purpose of sexual fulfillment like the priest in the following poem.

Our Father, Whose Art is Death?

The priest had taken him aside,
and alluded to secrets
that were kept from the flock,
and he made the boy feel special.

He intimated things
meant to show the boy
a new world of mystic dreams
that existed between only them.

He fabricated magic secrets
not meant to be shared,
modified theology,
and discarded dogma.

If only the boy knew the wisdom
from which he spun his web!
He told him what the Devil was,
and how he was nothing to fear.

Turned around collar?
Theological turncoat!
He told of the wine,
and shared it with the boy.

The boy listened,
rapt with attention.
Father spoke of a pact,
that would smite those who broke it.

He told him they were chosen ones;
he told him they were Father and Son;
he told him of the horrible fate
that would befall those who spoke.

He planted demons in his head,
he played with his budding desires.
He made him think of horrible fates
caused by God to those who tell.

Heaven! It was meant for no one else,
only the priest and the boy.
Those who told their parents
were no longer chosen ones.

Babylonian beer was shared,

and so were secret kisses,
little by little the boy was undone,
and then the priest had won.

He told them what they did was good,
he told him humans were nothing.
He told him that God secretly approved,
and then he took him to bed.

"Obey your demons!" said the priest,
who did with him as he pleased.
He told him it was their secret privilege
to be above the herd.

He quoted thinkers, mystics, poets,
using them to fill his needs.
He cared not for the boy's guilt,
and told him not to think of it.

The boy felt confusion no one should feel,
and felt his faith undone
by the secret religion
created by his abuser.

It was the priest who lived in Heaven,
perverted by his terrible desire,
and he had made the boy to think
the only way out was to die.

The boy jumped off a quite high roof,
and his bones were shattered
by secrets meant to fulfill desire,
and hide its fulfillment well.

To Speak of the Human Condition

It would be cruel
to define the human condition,
to tell people how they are,
and to tell them what they do.

I see the bars that hold them in
made of words like mine.
All of the things that bind them here,
and keep them from the sky.

No one has a truth to say
that isn't imposing and cruel.
All of the things that make us fly
are the things that make us die.

A Delusion of Reality

So quick to defend the solid,
and prevent their flight to sky,
the victims writhe in fearful worlds
that lock away their dreams.

The tyrant called reality
is cracking into pieces,
with each person caught inside
denials of the light.

It will eventually come to them,
and bring death to its knees,
but it will be bewildering
as light comes shining in.

Denials of anomalies,
denials of the truth.

Living in a subset of
eternities of light.

Can you see the hope that shines,
and takes away all fear?
That stills the suffering in the heart,
and the pain that you hold dear?

The Letter on the Grave

I leaned on the grave.
It seemed to support my weight,
it stood firm.

Even as my tears
ran down the marble,
and even as my fingernails scratched
the names of the lost.

I traced a letter with my finger,
I let it feel the name,
'til the nail ran to the skin
and blood came from the tip.

Murdered Dreams

This world of screams,
and silent screens,
and dreams we thought
we held in our hands

has become an iron cage,
the darkest part
of a perfect circle

which I love and cannot escape.

I desire to fly,
but drop to the mire
of pixel-flooded eyes
in catatonic, malnourished desire.

Invisible Poison Waves

I ran my finger
through the Wi-Fi air.
Full of waves
was the place my finger ran.

The mirrors of false selves
were unshattering in the air,
the false selves I ran
my long finger through.

The videos, the pictures
caught in the air--
they gave no proof
of the true selves

of those careening about.

Them

Is it always that there's many of them,
and not that you let it be?
Can they not stand to see you fall
away from their flimsy grip?

Humans: fearful, deluded, animal.
Do you see something of that within?
Do you see the fear that keeps you away,

locked in your own little place?

Never tell them the truth;
just let fear define it for them.
So when they come with torches
you will not show your venomous soul.

Their Way

Do you think for them?
Do you act for them?
Do you place them before
the life in your veins?

They will expect this from you,
but will not provide it themselves.

Them, them, them.

Always asking for blood,
always asking for cash,
always asking for sacrifice,
for this nebulous *them*.

They will take everything you have
never repay you,
and act as if their expectations
are reasonable for all.

Talons Fly

Gangster vibes with pyramid lore,
and Babylon babbles on forevermore.
Steel fists made of aluminum,
images of strength drunk on rum.

Take a moment to survey the crowd,
my reflection casts an awkward glance.
The eyes on pyramids seem to stand proud,
giving nothing but a coward's chance.

Take the helmet, the helmet of Hades;
disappear beneath as bodies drop.
Talons fly but see you not,
talons fly but see you not.

Acrid smoke clouds their red-veined eyes,
talons fly until they rot.

Aid of Apollo

I played with the power
to make one's fate,
and yet felt fear at what I held.
A sleeping god lay dormant.
Truth, it seemed, was very large--
larger than I knew.
I got a peek;
a peek behind the curtain.

Who holds the rings that hold the rings,
and who holds the ring that holds those?
It's tempting to anoint oneself,
but in distress I called upon

the god who's named Apollo.

I offered music unusual
to these wiry ears.
Notes so well-ordered,
lacking in chaos:

a gift to a god.

And yet, what I asked was order,
to a plan made into chaos.
I knew chaos, knew its power,
but knew not how to stop two madmen.

I saw parallels to my wildest dreams,
and sought a god
who could tether them straight--
where in an orderly fashion

they would see fruition.

The music I gave, I hope pleased his ear.
I knew not the way in which he lived,
if he was within, without, or both,
beyond the veil, or perched within it.

I'm blinded by power to make my ends,
Apollo I hope will set them straight,
so that desire will be chained,
and taken to its destination.

An outbreak of chaos, it must be subdued,
I saw the truth as it brushed Mother.
I called to be guarded, sought counsel,
and was answered in a speedy manner.

I took what I believed to be the god's advice,
and now I rest, hoping it was not given in anger.
He seems like such a handsome figure,
golden-hued hair and a flattering robe.

Capable muscles that take in music,
placed on altars of imagination.

Laurel leaves lay around where he rests,
after tending to endeavors with golden light.

The sun, the lute, the string of my guitar
shine out from metal that glistens and vibrates.
I offered the song, and I offer this poem:
give wisdom and order where it is needed.

So may it be, so may it be...

Spider Sense

They crawled on walls, then faded from view,
disappeared, and nothing was disturbed.
No mucus was left on chipping paint,
and no venom had threatened to pierce my skin.

Spiders—hallucinatory, were dead but living,
and crawling through neurons of imagination.
Stupidly found in an insect's dream,
I closed my eyes and went to sleep.

I awoke the next day relieved and groggy,
barely revived from dreams of death.
Poisoned by curiosity again,
it had left my veins, and the sun shone bright.

The Lies We Could Share

I see them in the streets, and don't feel their eyes.
If they drive by and holler, I don't feel their cries.
I feel a sense that I'm someone else;
not born from them, but born from some fog.

Lies, all they do is perform their lies.
Did Daddy tell you not to lie,

then tell you how to lie?

Rolling-paper-Egos propped up by illusion,
I feel maybe that's where we can meet.
I'll chip away your illusion,
and you can feed mine,

and then we can pretend that we're happy and fine.

Fearless Skies

The ashes of birds have not fallen from the sky,
and the sun still shines through blue.
The fur of dogs remains unburnt,
and the air is safe to breathe.

The minions of fools remain in power,
unsilenced by their folly.
The limousines remain unmelted,
and fears still darken my heart.

Hold dear to your heart the falling rain;
take in the wind with your lungs.
Be gracious for eyes that stare at the moon
that wafts through fearless skies.

Born of Fog

There is a strand of imagination
made frozen and called time,
placed in a pool of darkness,
and a fog that makes it mine.

Taken with no grain of salt,
we call the past the past,

we never stray from the strand,
into the blackest mire.

Or did one swim across the void
into the solar light
from which our visions are made real,
and fiction is real too?

It told me to keep the strand,
and see the art it made;
to keep the dark for humankind,
but let some light shine through.

What is the fog composed of,
but funerals unfurled?
The truths that kill,
the lies that still

the hearts that beat in Time.

To Feel the Heart

To feel the heart
is to open a gate,
a dangerous gate indeed
to the ones who keep it shut
and everyone in need
of the feelings trapped inside.

Every person has a gate,
is it opened or closed?
To open it and let it speak
is to invite ruin.
For they tell you that you're mad,
and you believe this lie as well
if you do not fit into the maze

of terror meant for us.

Fear keeps it shut.

Fear is the valve.

Fear is restriction.

Fear is power.

All that keeps the gates
to the body shut
is the fear that you take in
and the fear that they give out.
If you take a fear inside,
and make it darkly yours,
you will find your body shut
and your lobes all full of lies.

D.E. Morgan is a poet of many paradoxes.

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Fear. Addictive, no?