

- The Ice Pyramid -

by D.E. Morgan

Four Triangles of the Spirit Swept by Cold Winds with Cold Wings

- Triangle 1 -

The pallor of white mountains
freezes the eyes,
freezes the tears,
but casts aside the doubts of the heart.
Here we are in our island of ice,
sitting with palm raised in a frozen pyramid
made from the tears of devas
that gazed upon our visage.
Where is the sight of the sun
that oscillates rainbow colors?
It is locked in the ice of our hearts
waiting to melt with the world around us.
Where is the height of the clouds?
They tower with lightning, rainbows, wind.
Together our lips vibrate
the foundation of the world
and the sky gods cast their dice
into the playing field of the heart.
Randomly we rise and fall,
bizarre dreams of ice and snow
that cast their shadows on our brains.
Neurons, they turn to ice.
Our impossible world is beneath
the quicksand of the abyss,
beneath all false trees,
all worlds we freeze with the breath
of our laughter.

- Triangle II -

Our hearts are terrifying
and yet so wonderful deep down
when the blood oozes through
the cracks of the ice.
Garlands of garish frozen roses
adorn vases of ice:
this coldest place roamed by wraiths
with tapestries hung
that celebrate our deeds.
There is no mead in this hall,
not a drop of liquor intoxicates:
this is reality,
our reality
of ice that bothers us not.
The mist of aeons flows through our veins
and orbits the planets in our brains.
Nobody is miserable!
We sing hymns to being beyond winning and losing,
beneath and above the game,
laughing resplendent with maddening tones.
We spurn gold for icicles,
rubies set in seven packed mounds of snow
twinkle in the starlight that filters through our pyramid.
We drank the blood of angels,
drank the blood of demons
but found intoxication divine and demonic
could not satisfy our thirst.
Ourselves we found
among the ruins of the society we destroyed
in our neurons that seethed antipathy
at the world that cared not for its demise.
Careless we roamed,
but now we sit still.

- Triangle III -

The stars caress us
in the sleep of space.
Pluto is pocked with craters,
Charon orbits sagely galloping
around the sights and sounds of a spurned world.
Verily I say: where do we go
amidst the vibrating hums of ghosts
left behind to amuse us?
They are so thin,
but we feed their bellies
with the icy twinkle of our eyes.
Correspondences between things
make no sense in a world that needs no sense,
needs no chaos,
needs no order.
We exist frozen,
with our burns cooled,
our deaths distant.
Science and superstition have no meaning
in this pyramid beneath the stars.
Colors drift behind specters,
hallucinations drift in and out of reality:
who are we?
Do we care, or listen to the hum
of our admirers?
The heart leaps
and water is liberated
flowing through the tunnels
of our veins
to our sky-drowned brains.
It is miles to the nearest tree,
in a grove we stepped down from
cutting the ropes of our wisdom
that leaves scars on our necks.

- Triangle IV -

Humans need not be sacrificed
to appease the frozen beasts within:
we need not their blood,
need not their flesh.
There is a chalice that adorns an altar,
but merely for its beauty.
It is silver, not gold,
but we look at our reflections in it.
Ghosts do better than fires,
the dead are among the first we see:
but their glimmer is faint at first
until it is embraced with reckless abandon.
Does this sky beckon us?
No, it does not.
It flows over us heedless to our bliss,
our empty, frozen bliss
beneath the ice
within this pyramid.
Serious inquiries only:
does anyone expect us to care
about the emotionless eternity of freezing space?
Our lack of care compels us
to be beyond smiling,
beyond frowning
Voices vibrate a humming sound
that turns a crystal to water,
only for it to freeze
as a cold,
beautiful,
stark,
wintry
memory.