

To Nullify a God's Reproach



by D.E. Morgan

Part 1: The Sorceress

Mixed in the pot
were six elven ears,
a page of fantasy
and an upside down bible.

"Triple, triple,
let trouble ripple
through the mind's eye
and make true my lie..."

Added were hemp seeds,
a globe painted black
that rests on a keychain
with a key to a church.

Thirty-three nails
fell through her fingers
as she poured acid

on lizards' tongues.

"All lies I speak,
I say with aplomb.
Give what I seek:
an unforeseen bomb."

The throat of a pig
turned inside out
mixed with flat beer
and brown tile grout.

"My aesthetic! My darkness,
frozen despair!
May death's sweet caress
conquer all that it dare!"

The sorceress cackled
at a hen that was shackled
whose feet mixed with blisters

from her sacrificed sisters.

"Never despair!
I light up the moon
with burning hair
twelve-hours from noon!

She invoked fear,
delusion, despair,
and all that empowered,
the spirits that cowered.

"Horrendously mine,
I scoff at thy kind!
Now be deflowered
by my fingers empowered!"

Blood from a wound
from a woman who swooned
at the sight of her dagger

she held with such swagger.

"Forever I'm scorned
by the men of this town.
Now I'm reborn
from a new womb that frowns!"

Blackened impulses
from a mind that repulses
tore into the scene
like a long-starving fiend!

"Phantasms! Orgasms!
Flow through my body!
Cause me to spasm
at all that is naughty!"

"Then rip off my robe,
ravish my dreams!"

Redden this globe
that breaks at the seams!"

"Horrible nightmares:
convulse through my brain
destroy all my cares;
make crimson rain!"

"Devour their flesh,
bring death's caress!
Make sorrows afresh
for this dark sorceress!"

Then spectres abounded
and laughter resounded
and a dark mist surrounded
her black heart that pounded

Eternal she stood
like a cross made of wood

a figure infernal:
a witch sempiternal.

Part 2: Liberation

Walking through worlds
like a ghost chained to statues
ever frozen
as they paid their dues
to a malicious god
who put them to work
collecting tokens
for his derisive smirk.

Nervously flitting
from tree to tree,
from living to dying,
from sky to sea.

I need not your smile,
your miles-wide ego.
With a rotary dial,
I conjure a seagull.

It flies from my hand
with a message that frees.
It tells the truth
to those in the trees.

"Your god is your money,
but I live by desire;
the future is sunny
for those in the fire."

The moon will cool
the burns of angels
and then they shall rule
the world that they mangle!

Laughter flits
from tree to tree
hysterical fits
from those in the trees.

Then I did say:
"Be my companion.
Your skin that they flay
bleeds into the canyon.
It colors the walls,
the river, the rocks,
the red waterfalls,
and the red rusty locks.
Be liberated
from chain, whip, and dollar;
from the light mated
with grabs on the collar
that would jostle your senses
and show you the fences
that keep you inside
this horrific ride.

Be free, be me, be you, and do
what you truly desire in a world set on fire!"

Part 3: The Serpent

How can an angel
be a dread serpent?
This Lie I will dangle
and ease your burden.

A serpent is solids.
An angel is gases.
Liquid are humans
that fire harasses

A god is a phantom
that gives you your dollars;
who hides behind random
turned around collars.

A soul is a death wish,
not a wise angel.
A snake holds the clearness

that coils and dangles
the dream from the fiction
creating such friction
like a black malediction
that conquers convictions.

Look at the graveyard, human
what do your eyes dream?
The crosses are dooming
the fresh catechumens.

Into the dirt,
the snake seeks flesh.
The primal hurt,
it tries to caress
to bring out the terror
and correct the error
that causes the liar
to flee from the fire.

Humans are liquid,
like molasses in mire.
The darkness is hid,
but never does tire.

It slithers and squirms
in uncomfortable flesh.
It ignores all the worms
and tries to make fresh
a body to live in,
a body to sin in,
to blot out transgressions
without a confession.

Life is so strange
with the serpent that flies!
It bids us to change,
it chokes every lie.
The god is forbidden
to forbid the fruit:

the treasure that's hidden
under the boot.
There's a reptile that saunters
into our skin
and quickly does launder
our notions of sin.
Together we conquer
the dumb ghost that dies.
Together we mock her
and all of her lies

For we do not jump
out of our skin
into a coffin:
a wood rubbish bin
taken for granted
by those who seek Heaven,
a death-seed that's planted,
a scriptural venom.

Never seek shelter
in delusional places,
in make-believe healers
that corrupt human faces
and make them put smiles
where they don't belong
and collect golden piles
of all that is wrong.

Nevertheless,
the serpent sees clearly;
its truest desires,
it loves them all dearly.
It tastes the reward
of a life liberated
from fake immortals
never berated
by those who live fearful
of all their believers
who make the wives tearful

and turn them to grievors,
that take all their bullets
and turn them to killers,
who open their gullets
to swallow pain-killers.

Trust not a Lie
that undoes your brain,
adds a fake soul,
and drives you insane...

Part 4: The Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil

A talking serpent did not approach
Adam and Eve in a hidden garden
and pretend to nullify a god's reproach
for eating the fruit, a sin with no pardon.

It was a metaphor
at it's dark core;
a mythic door
to pain evermore.

A burden we carry
to a world below
where knowledge is married
to desires so low.

Is there a meaning I can profess
that agrees with the truths our hearts confess?

The fruit is law
in the face of desire,
when tooth and claw
is caught in a mire:

Of rules, regulations...such
complications!
Such tools of negation...such
prostration
before illusion, control,
castration bankrolled
by manipulators
who wrote on a scroll
how to behave
and suffer in silence
as a wide open grave
demands your compliance
with kings, queens, and priests
that rule 'til they die,

that reproach all the beasts
that still roam inside,
that fed us desires
that live on forever:
eternal deniers
whose feckless endeavor
chains our true heart
which cannot restart
the body's connection
to a truer reflection
of what lies inside
unclouded by judgment,
that will not abide
a moral adjustment
to circumstances
that circumsize it
and stop all the dances
of feeling inside it.

Never I feel
that humans are right
With what they say,
they kill all my fight.

I take them to task
and tear off their masks.
I heighten their senses
and kill their pretenses.

Wrapped around
this terrible tree
I hear the sound
of a black decree
That shatters the mind
and all its defenses
and wills it to find
brand new senses
that feel the world
with a pain anew

as the body unfurled
stops for a few
and takes in its nerves
and the flesh that they serve.
Judgment dies,
then breaks down and cries.

Also by D.E. Morgan,
are various works
on his Etsy page
at

<https://dryeyes61.etsy.com>

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and some chapbooks
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Freedom.