



# HEART APOCALYPSE

POETRY ANTHOLOGY



JEREMY DENTON

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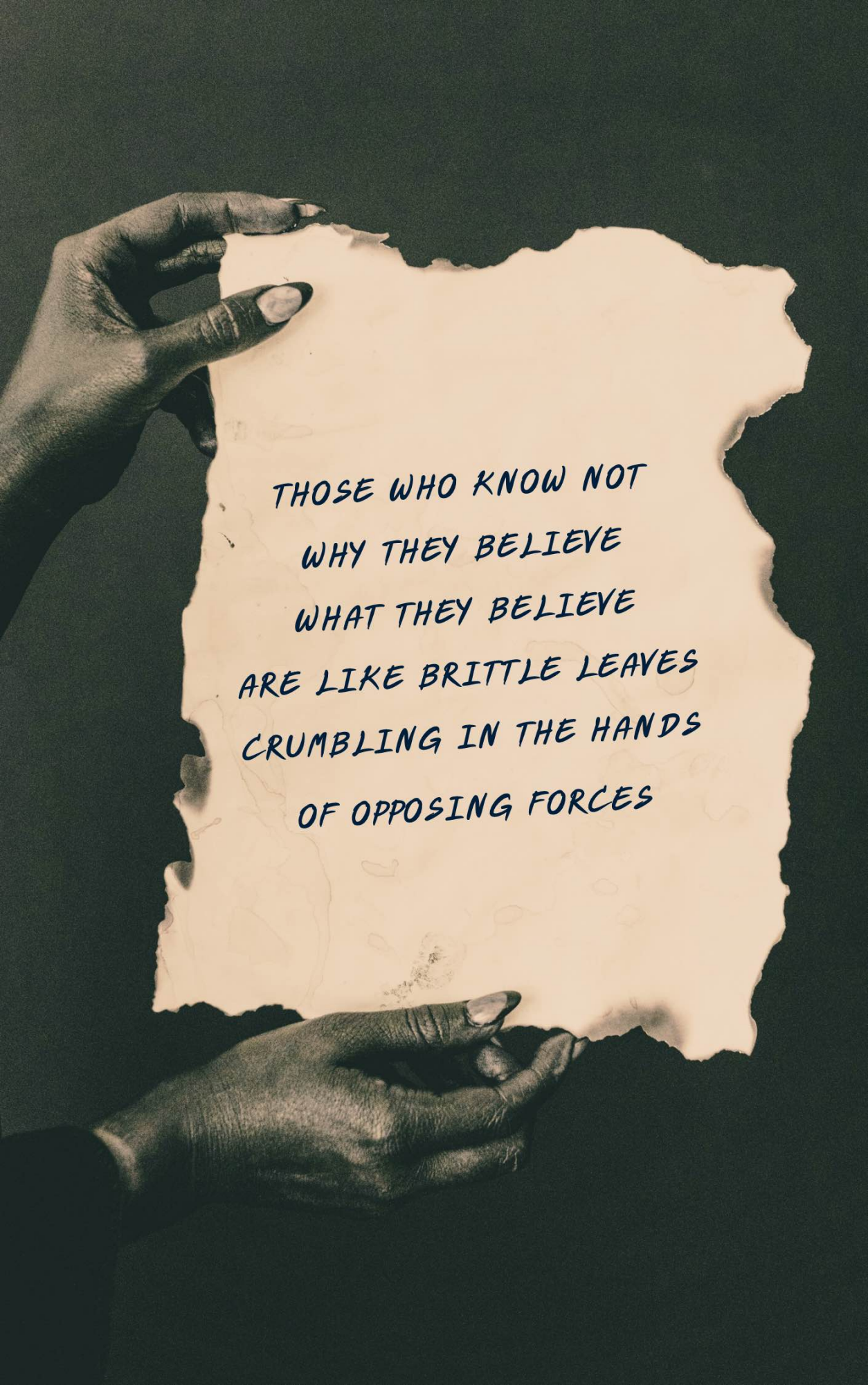


# HEART APOCALYPSE

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A close-up photograph of a person's hand holding a piece of torn, aged paper against a dark background. The paper has a rough, deckled edge and some faint stains. The text is written in a bold, black, sans-serif font, arranged in six lines. The hand is positioned at the top left, with the thumb and index finger gripping the paper. Another hand is visible at the bottom, also holding the paper. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the texture of the paper and the skin of the hands.

THOSE WHO KNOW NOT  
WHY THEY BELIEVE  
WHAT THEY BELIEVE  
ARE LIKE BRITTLE LEAVES  
CRUMBLING IN THE HANDS  
OF OPPOSING FORCES



**BLACK**



**SHEEP**

An ear overly selective to hear  
A secret too dark to keep  
From a mouth now obsolete

Baa baa baa

An unsung song  
Sang from a single tear  
Too dry to silently cry

Baa baa baa

An arm with no room  
For a needle in a spoon  
To satisfy tremors of doom

Baa baa baa



# CLAW



# GAME



QUARTER IN  
CLAW OUT  
JOYSTICK WIGGLES  
NEVER A DOUBT  
PRIZE IN SIGHT  
HOPEFUL DELIGHT  
FLAWLESS POSITIONING  
BUTTON PRESSED  
DOWN THE CHUTE  
NOTHING

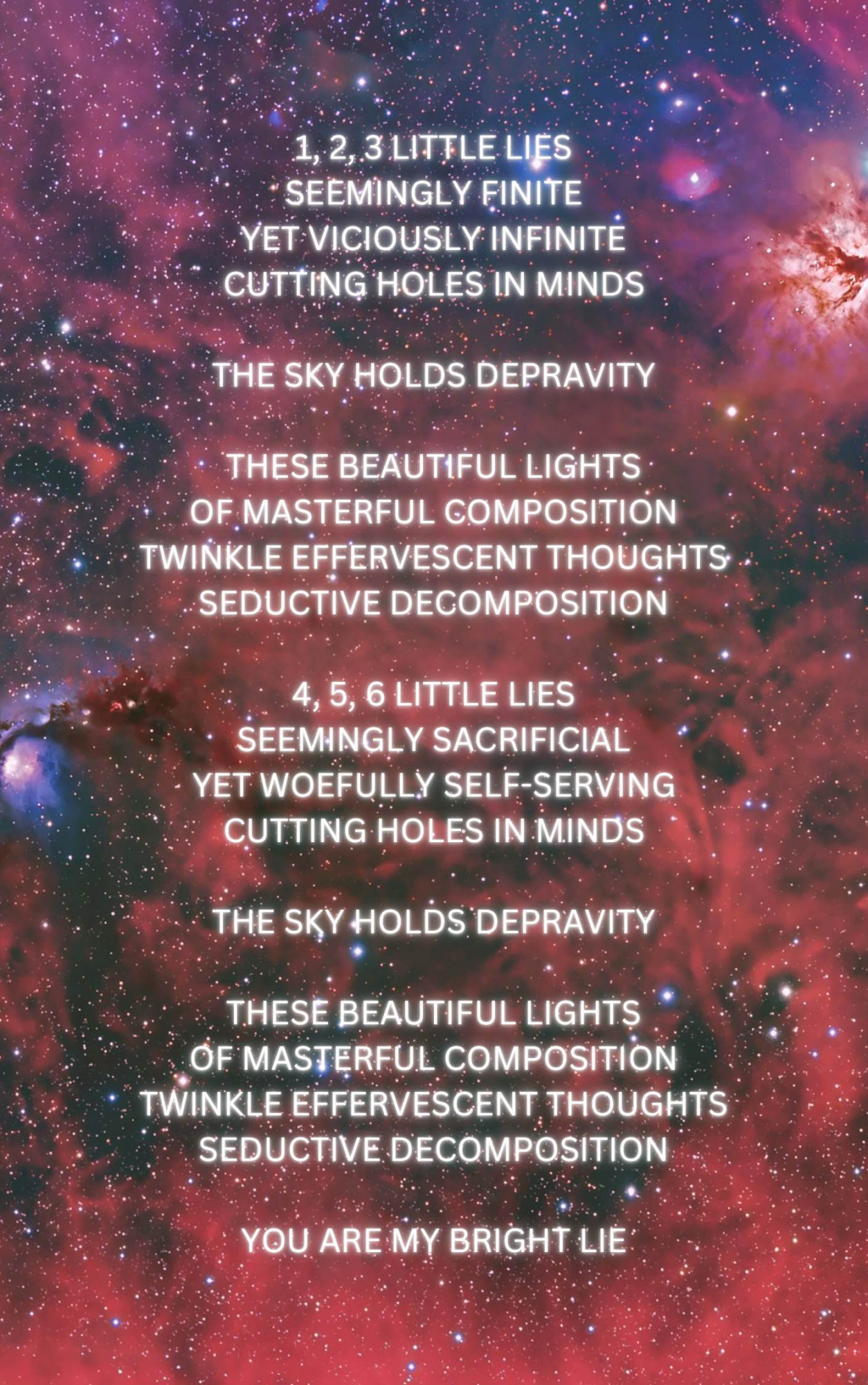
PLAY STUPID GAMES  
WIN STUPID PRIZES





**CONSTELLATION**





1, 2, 3 LITTLE LIES  
SEEMINGLY FINITE  
YET VICIOUSLY INFINITE  
CUTTING HOLES IN MINDS

THE SKY HOLDS DEPRAVITY

THESE BEAUTIFUL LIGHTS  
OF MASTERFUL COMPOSITION  
TWINKLE EFFERVESCENT THOUGHTS  
SEDUCTIVE DECOMPOSITION

4, 5, 6 LITTLE LIES  
SEEMINGLY SACRIFICIAL  
YET WOEFULLY SELF-SERVING  
CUTTING HOLES IN MINDS

THE SKY HOLDS DEPRAVITY

THESE BEAUTIFUL LIGHTS  
OF MASTERFUL COMPOSITION  
TWINKLE EFFERVESCENT THOUGHTS  
SEDUCTIVE DECOMPOSITION

YOU ARE MY BRIGHT LIE





**DARK**

**MATTER**





I AM BIRTHED  
THIS WORLD IS PAIN  
COMPASSION EVER ELUSIVE  
EXTEND YOUR HAND TO ME

NON-LUMINOUS INTERACTING PARTICLES

DARK MATTER CONSUMES ME  
CELLS AND ORGANS SEPARATING  
I AM AS I ONCE WAS

NOTHING.

MY LIFE IS INVISIBLE  
ITS IMPACT STILL FELT  
NOT ALL IS IN VAIN  
YET THE PLEASURE DROWNS IN PAIN

NON-LUMINOUS INTERACTING PARTICLES

DARK MATTER CONSUMES ME  
CELLS AND ORGANS SEPARATING  
I AM AS I ONCE WAS

NOTHING.



Deaf  
Ears



**Falling into depths of endless tears**

**Ignored by many years of deaf ears**

**Self-absorbed societal muck**

**Constant distress consistently conveyed**

**Indifference now haunting the corpse**

**Apathy prevailing in another life lost**

**This death a burdensome weight**

**To be carried by all for evermore**





<disposable ruin>





something  
from nothing  
easily replaced  
outcasted  
fallen from grace  
bastard son  
a loaded gun  
mere mortal waste  
dent to the face  
detestable  
wicked  
vile to taste





frankenstein



What was once in  
Is now out  
Yet for others  
What is now inside  
Used to be out

The you that was him is now she  
The she that used to be you is now he  
The he that became her is now you

This current fad  
Taking over the nation  
A sickness of the heart  
Hateful self-mutilation

Greedy corporations  
Unethical disastrous creations  
Unparalleled defamation  
Lies, lies, lies



A dark, atmospheric photograph of a hallway. In the center, a figure is completely covered by a white sheet, standing in a dimly lit area. The hallway features arched doorways and a dark wooden railing with decorative balusters in the foreground. A small, empty picture frame hangs on the wall above the ghost. The word "GHOST" is written in large, glowing red, stylized letters across the middle of the image.

GHOST

You are translucent

Fake, undersirable, fatherless herd

Conditioned by men to loving hate

Deplorable abused living in toxicity

Unapologetic users of kindness

Eat havoc and spread your legs

Transactional carnal exchange

Dignity abandoned, slithering silence

Lips a weak defecating pathetic mess

Phallic fly flocking to its wanton need

Fecal decomposing fluttering intent

As you deliberately disappear

Forever my cowardly apparition



KILLING ME

*softly*



Blood escaping  
Slowly  
Fabric of my essence  
Fading  
Hands clutching the knife  
Killing me softly

Coward  
Mere man child  
Conflict avoidance  
Pathetic  
Selfish attention seeking  
Pathological liar speaking

Redirect  
Recognize your creation  
Impure manipulation  
As my world fades to black  
Decades in the making  
My begetter you are

Killing me softly

DO NOT CROSS

SS





# Lovely Shimmer

**Smoke impregnates my lungs**

**Tingling vibration at toes**

**Sensually migrating skyward**

**Tickling in rhythmic groves**

**Euphoria holds me its prisoner**

**Sweetest of blissful kisses**

**Dancing softly, caressing lips**

**Eyes begin to eclipse**

**Sparkling aura slithers into view**

**Captivated by the hue**

**Glistening ray of eternal darkness**

**Emits deafening crack**

**Out of the shimmer emerges a figure**

**Faintly whispers a delicious song**

**Promising perpetual prolific power**

**Transcending flesh into empyrean realm**

**Eater of souls**

**Destroyer of worlds**

**Convincing imposter**

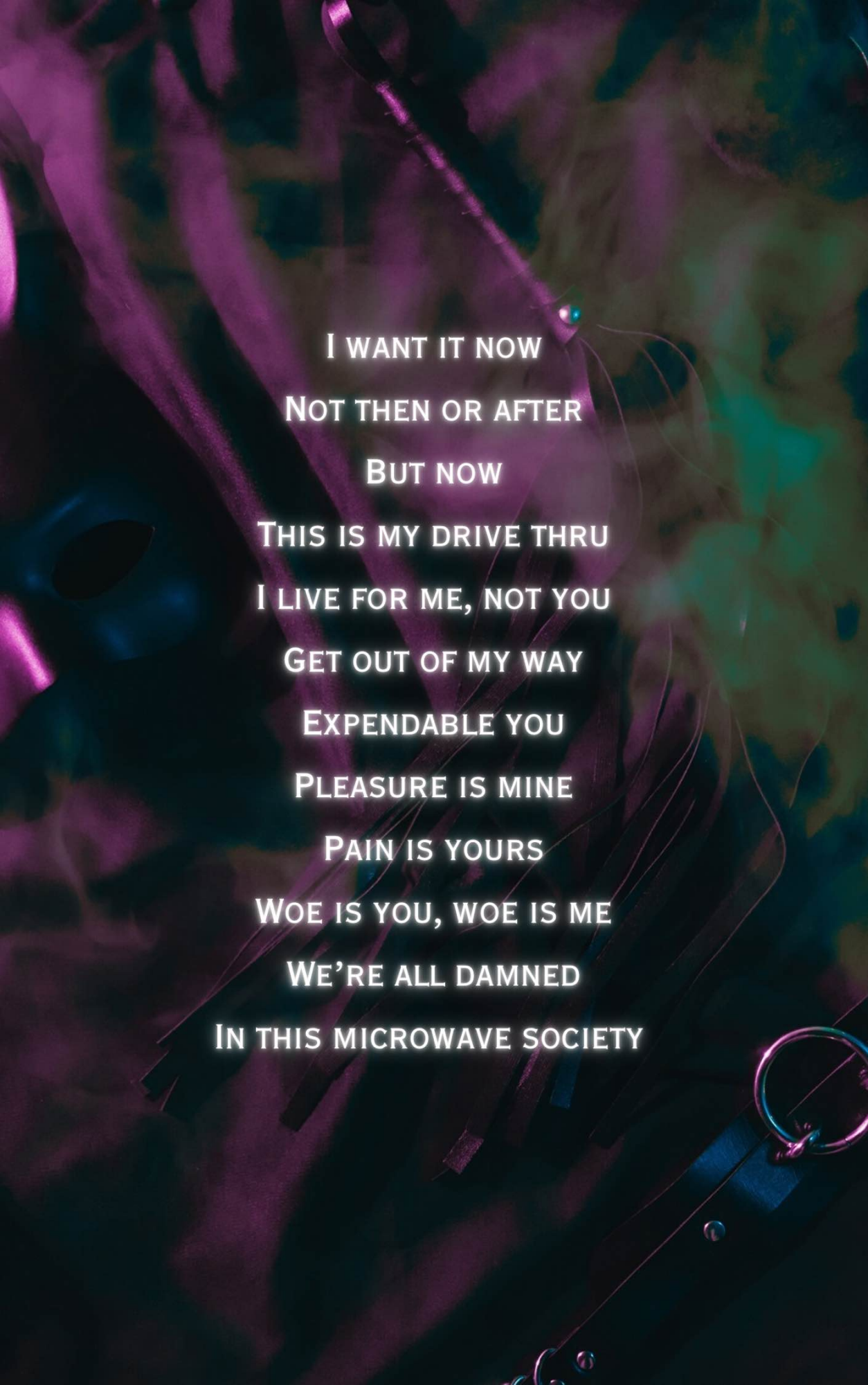
**A lovely shimmer**





MICROWAVE

SOCIETY



I WANT IT NOW  
NOT THEN OR AFTER  
BUT NOW  
THIS IS MY DRIVE THRU  
I LIVE FOR ME, NOT YOU  
GET OUT OF MY WAY  
EXPENDABLE YOU  
PLEASURE IS MINE  
PAIN IS YOURS  
WOE IS YOU, WOE IS ME  
WE'RE ALL DAMNED  
IN THIS MICROWAVE SOCIETY





# REVOLVING DOOR



One pogo  
Two pogo  
You pogo  
Me pogo  
In and out  
Round about  
Shared by all  
Revolving door  
Oily handprints  
Etched in glass  
Stained forevermore  
We are whore

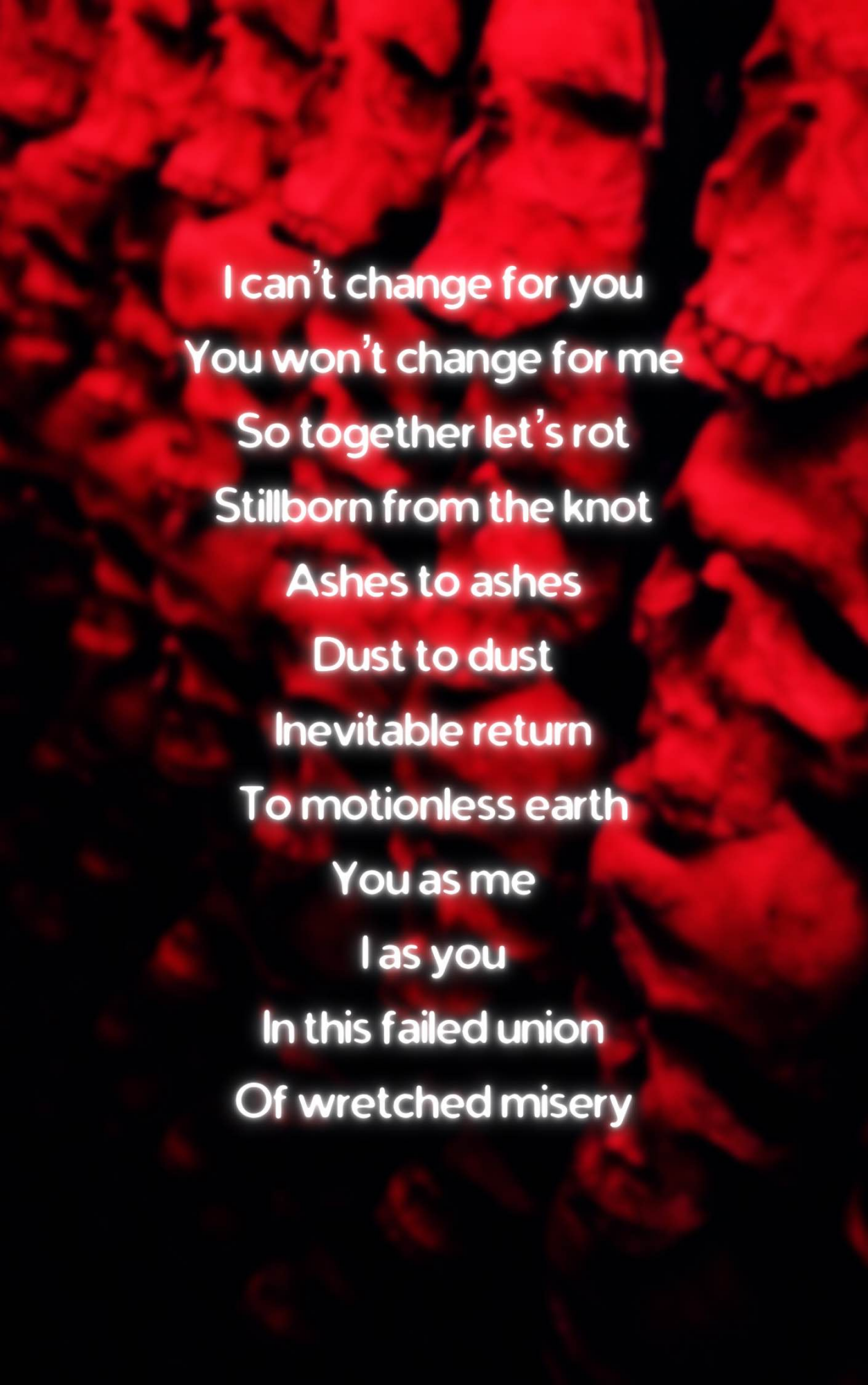




# STILLBIRTH







I can't change for you  
You won't change for me  
So together let's rot  
Stillborn from the knot  
Ashes to ashes  
Dust to dust  
Inevitable return  
To motionless earth  
You as me  
I as you  
In this failed union  
Of wretched misery



# Vanity Pie



PREP TIME:  
30 MIN



TOTAL TIME:  
4 HRS



SERVINGS:  
1

## INGREDIENTS:

- 4ml/Botox
- 1.5ml/Lip Filler
- 450cc/Breast Augmentation
- 1/Tummy Tuck

## DIRECTIONS:

To begin this artificial journey of falsified beauty driven by selfish societal expectations and unbridled lustful eye elations, please consult with the nearest gourmet chef. May your journey to becoming a tasty fleeting delicacy be as numbingly shallow and woefully unfulfilling as your vain ambitions.

# ZERO-SUM GAME





**Calloused hands give all**

**Soft hands take all**

**Graceful feet swiftly walk**

**Crude feet abruptly stomp**

**Honest lips whisper affirmation**

**Deceitful lips scream defamation**

**Lively eyes look with selfless intent**

**Cold eyes stare with malicious orient**

**These to those**

**While win to lose**

**With pleasure begetting pain**

**In this zero-sum game**



TRUTH



