

UNFILTERED CONFESSIONS

P O E T R Y A N T H O L O G Y

JEREMY BENTON

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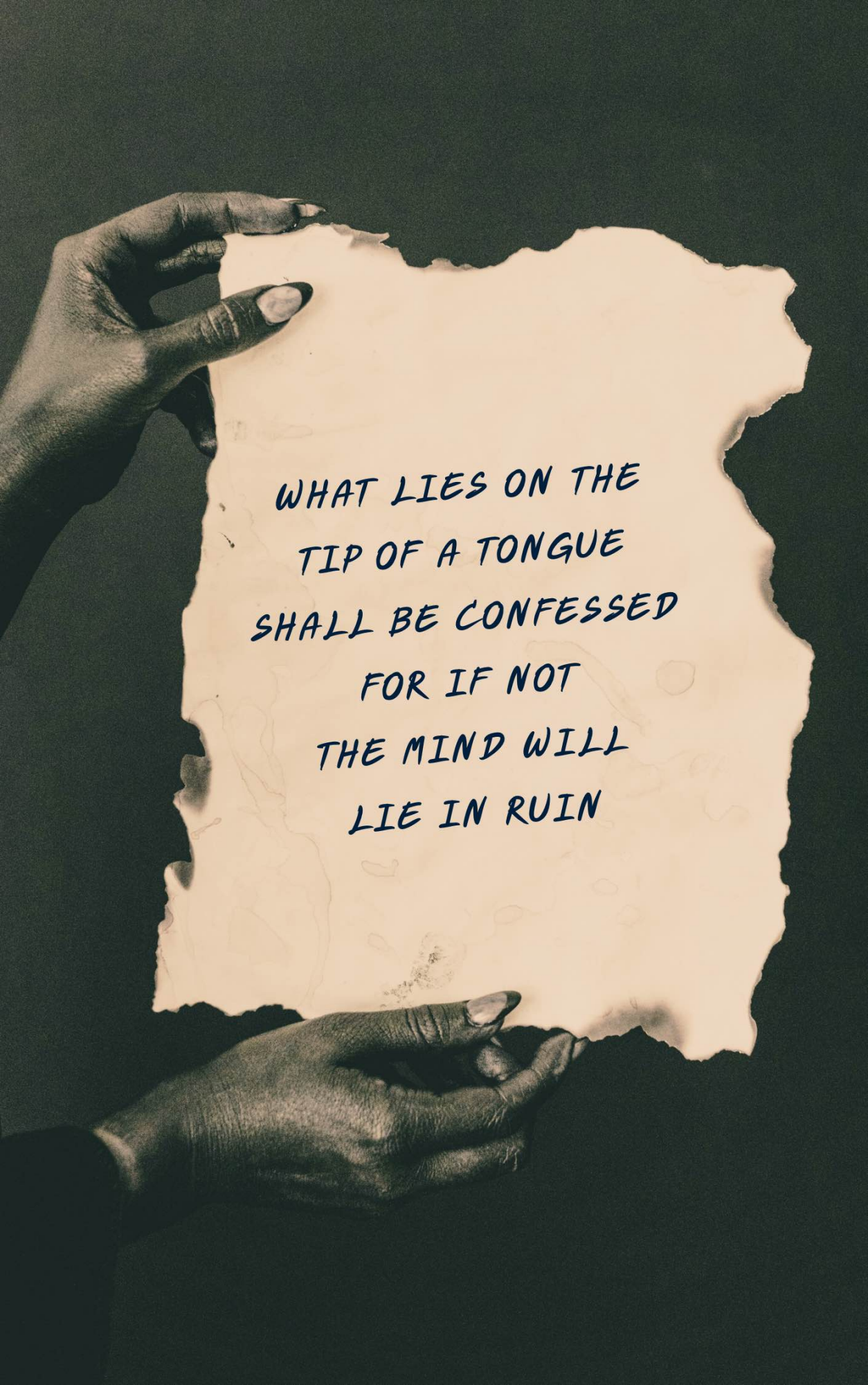
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UNFILTERED CONFESSIONS

T A B L E O F C O N T E N T S

- 
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A close-up photograph of a person's hand holding a piece of aged, torn paper against a dark background. The paper has irregular, deckled edges and some faint water stains. The text is written in a bold, black, sans-serif font, centered on the paper. The hand is positioned at the top left, with fingers gripping the edge of 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.

WHAT LIES ON THE
TIP OF A TONGUE
SHALL BE CONFESSED
FOR IF NOT
THE MIND WILL
LIE IN RUIN



**A
Silent
Cry**

Life

Rests in a cocoon of warm protection.

**A masterpiece of perfection waits to be revealed
Innocence laughs expectantly at the future
Tossing, turning, mouth agape with awe
In nurturing darkness a promise of light
But this hopeful expectation will not see dawn
The inconvenience a burden too great to bear
Destruction unravels the skillfully wrought
Tossing, turning, mouth agape with torment
A silent cry reverberates throughout the cave
The days ordained are lost forever.**

Death


Withers in a basin of tragic finality.

AN IDLE MIND

RESTLESS I LAY
TOSSING, TURNING
LIKE OCEANIC WAVES
CRASHING INTO ME
THOUGHT AFTER THOUGHT
AWAKENING THE BEAST OF DESIRE
ADDING FUEL TO THIS VESSELS FIRE
MIST EMBALMS THE FADING HORIZON
CLARITY THAT ONCE WAS, IS NO MORE
AS SENSUAL TENTACLES BREACH THE DEEP
PULLING ME INTO LIFELESS WATERS
COLD, HEAVY
DEFEAT EXTENDS ITS HAND TO ME

An orchard with rows of apple trees. The trees are covered in green leaves and many bright red apples. The ground is a mix of dry grass and fallen red apples. The sky is blue with some light clouds.

*Apple
Tree*




TREE RESTS ATOP FRUITFUL GROUND
APPLES DANCE TO THE MELODY OF THE WIND
SWAYING TO AND FRO, TAUNTING EAGER MEN
FINGERS GRASP THE "EASY PICKERS"
THOSE ON THE BOTTOM - SHINY ALLURE
WATERY MOUTH SURRENDERS TO SUCH PROMISE
BUT THE TASTE IS SHALLOW

MORE COME AND GO

HIGHEST APPLES DOUBT, CONSIDER CHANGE
YET THEY REMAIN STEADFAST
YEARNING TO BE PICKED BY THE RIGHT HANDS

A NEW CONTENDER SETS FOOT ON TESTED SOIL
HANDS ALREADY CALLOUS
FEET CLIMB RUNG AFTER RUNG
HIGHER AND HIGHER
TOES ON THEIR TIPS
ARMS EXTENDED TO THEIR FULLEST
MOUTH WELCOMES TASTE OF TRUE BEAUTY



CAUTION

CA

WHAT DO YOU SEE
WHEN YOU CAST YOUR GAZE
UPON THE ENDLESS WATERS
OF THIS TIMELESS SEA?

LOOK AGAIN.

WHAT WAS ONCE CALM
HAS GIVEN WAY TO A FIERCE STORM
PRODUCING GALE WINDS OF MASS DESTRUCTION
FOLLOWED BY ROLLING SWELLS OF TENACITY

BE AWARE.

AS WAVES OF HERETICAL DECEPTION
SWIFTLY SWEEP ACROSS THE NATION
WITHOUT MERCY OR PREJUDICE
A MERE VESSEL OF A DECEITFUL SCHEME

THE END IS NIGH.

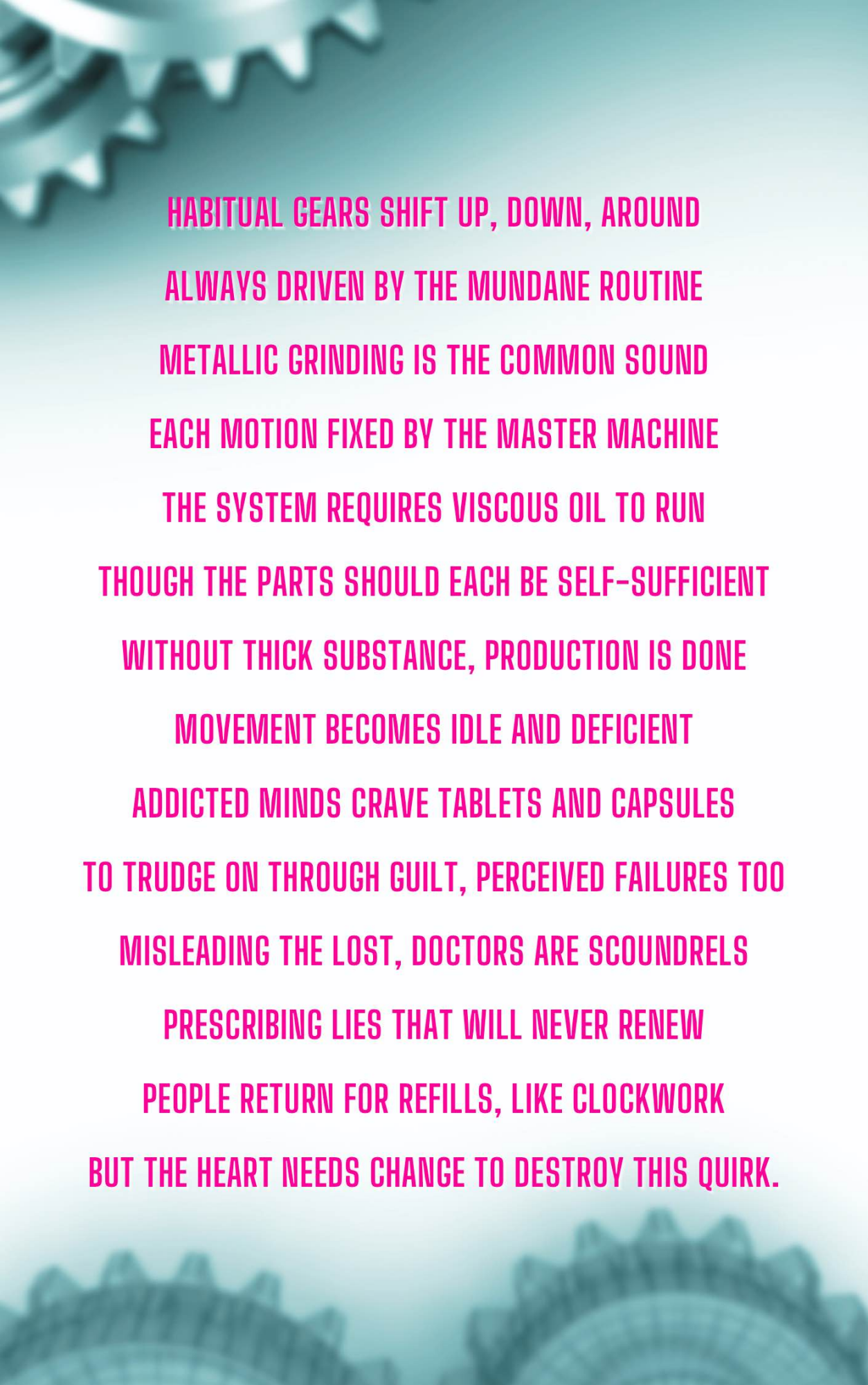
WILL YOU LOOK UP AND LIVE?
RESTING SAFETLY IN THE LIFEBOAT OF TRUTH
OR WILL YOU DROWN IN YOUR PRIDE?
LOST, FOREVER SEPARATED

CAUTION

NO



CLOCKWORK

The background of the image features several large, teal-colored gears. One gear is prominently visible in the top-left corner, while others are partially visible at the bottom and right edges, creating a mechanical, industrial aesthetic.

HABITUAL GEARS SHIFT UP, DOWN, AROUND
ALWAYS DRIVEN BY THE MUNDANE ROUTINE
METALLIC GRINDING IS THE COMMON SOUND
EACH MOTION FIXED BY THE MASTER MACHINE
THE SYSTEM REQUIRES VISCOUS OIL TO RUN
THOUGH THE PARTS SHOULD EACH BE SELF-SUFFICIENT
WITHOUT THICK SUBSTANCE, PRODUCTION IS DONE
MOVEMENT BECOMES IDLE AND DEFICIENT
ADDICTED MINDS CRAVE TABLETS AND CAPSULES
TO TRUDGE ON THROUGH GUILT, PERCEIVED FAILURES TOO
MISLEADING THE LOST, DOCTORS ARE SCOUNDRELS
PRESCRIBING LIES THAT WILL NEVER RENEW
PEOPLE RETURN FOR REFILLS, LIKE CLOCKWORK
BUT THE HEART NEEDS CHANGE TO DESTROY THIS QUIRK.

CRY WOLF

THE THREAT IS REAL
THE DANGER IS HERE
RAVENOUS WOLVES
IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

ADORNED IN BEAUTY
LURKING, PROWLING
HUNTING VULNERABLE PREY
DEVOURING THE UNDISCERNING

PROMISING A SHADOW OF THE TRUTH
MIMICKING A VENUS FLYTRAP
POISONOUS SALIVA PERVERTING
DISTORTING REVEALED FACT



DEAR BEAUTY,

YOUR SMILE IS WARM, EVOKING THE AMBER HUE OF A SUNSET. JOYFUL LAUGHTER DANCES THROUGH THE HALLWAYS. THIS IS YOU. AN EXISTENCE THAT POINTS TO THE MASTERFUL WORK OF THE CREATOR. OH THE GREAT ADVERSITY YOU HAVE ENDURED. DO YOU NOT KNOW THE ALMIGHTY ONE USED ME TO GIVE YOU MANY COLORS? LIKE A TRAMPLED FLOWER THAT STANDS TALL, I URGE YOU TO PUSH THROUGH THE PAIN. CONTINUE FIGHTING TO LIVE.

CONTRARY TO THE BELIEF OF THE RULERS OF THE DARK WORLD, WHO SEEK TO TRAMPLE YOUR SPIRIT, THERE IS PURPOSE IN YOUR DISCOMFORT. FOR WHAT ARE YOU WITHOUT ME? YOU ARE SIGNIFICANT. THIS YOU THAT I HELPED MOLD COULD ONLY BE FORMED IN THE DEEPEST, DARKEST RECESSES OF MISERY. BUT DO NOT THANK ME YET, FOR THE CREATOR WILL SURELY USE ME MORE TO GROW YOU, BRINGING ABOUT GOODNESS FOR BOTH HIS KINGDOM AND HIS PEOPLE.

YOUR FRIEND,

SUFFERING

DEATH



ROW

1.

MUSTARD SIGN FORESHADOWS DANGER

SPACIOUS FIELDS OF VIBRANT GRASS
EMBRACE A CYLINDRICAL EDIFICE
WITH EACH BREATH, SMOKE EXHALED
AS TURBINES RHYTHMICALLY GYRATE
PRODUCING INTENSIFIED PRESSURE
IN CONCEALED CONTAINMENT CENTER

COOLANT LOOP GUZZLES BRINY LIQUID
FEEDING THE ALL IMPORTANT GENERATOR
BUT A CANCEROUS CRACK IS CONCEIVED
YIELDING VENOMOUS TENTACLES
FUELED BY A VICIOUSLY VAST RAGE
EGRESSING THE BEAST, HELL-BENT ON RUIN

RED FLASHES OF LIGHT ARE EMITTED
DEAFENING RINGING PENETRATES EARS
PROMPTING VIGILANT MEN INTO ACTION
BUT THE TOXIC FAULT IS TOO GREAT TO HEAL
HANDS WHITEWASH WALLS FOR TWENTY YEARS
RESTORING THAT WHICH IS SCHEDULED TO BE LEVELED

2.

LIKE PAINTING OVER CRACKS IN NUCLEAR POWER PLANTS
WE TOIL TO KEEP MURDEROUS MONSTERS ALIVE
SIPHONING SCARCE RESOURCES FOR COSTLY PROCEDURES
KEEPING THE LIFELESS LIVING FOR TWENTY YEARS
FATTENING THE LIVING DEAD FOR SLAUGHTER
ONLY TO BURY OUR INVESTMENT IN A GRAVE

GEM TOMBSTONES MARK FUTILE EFFORTS OF MERCY



D E S I R E

**AROMA OF BLOOD PERMEATES CRISP MORNING AIR
DESIRE WINDS THROUGH WESTERN HEMLOCKS
EAGER PAWS STRIKE PRISTINE SNOW WITH PURPOSE
PROMISE OF SWEET BLISS LIES IN THE APPROACH**

**SILENCE STEEPS CRISP MORNING AIR
CONSCIENCE SURVEYS THE OPEN CLEARING BELOW
EUPHORIA SETS IN AND IMPELS TO CONTINUE
SURRENDER IS NOW COMPLETE**

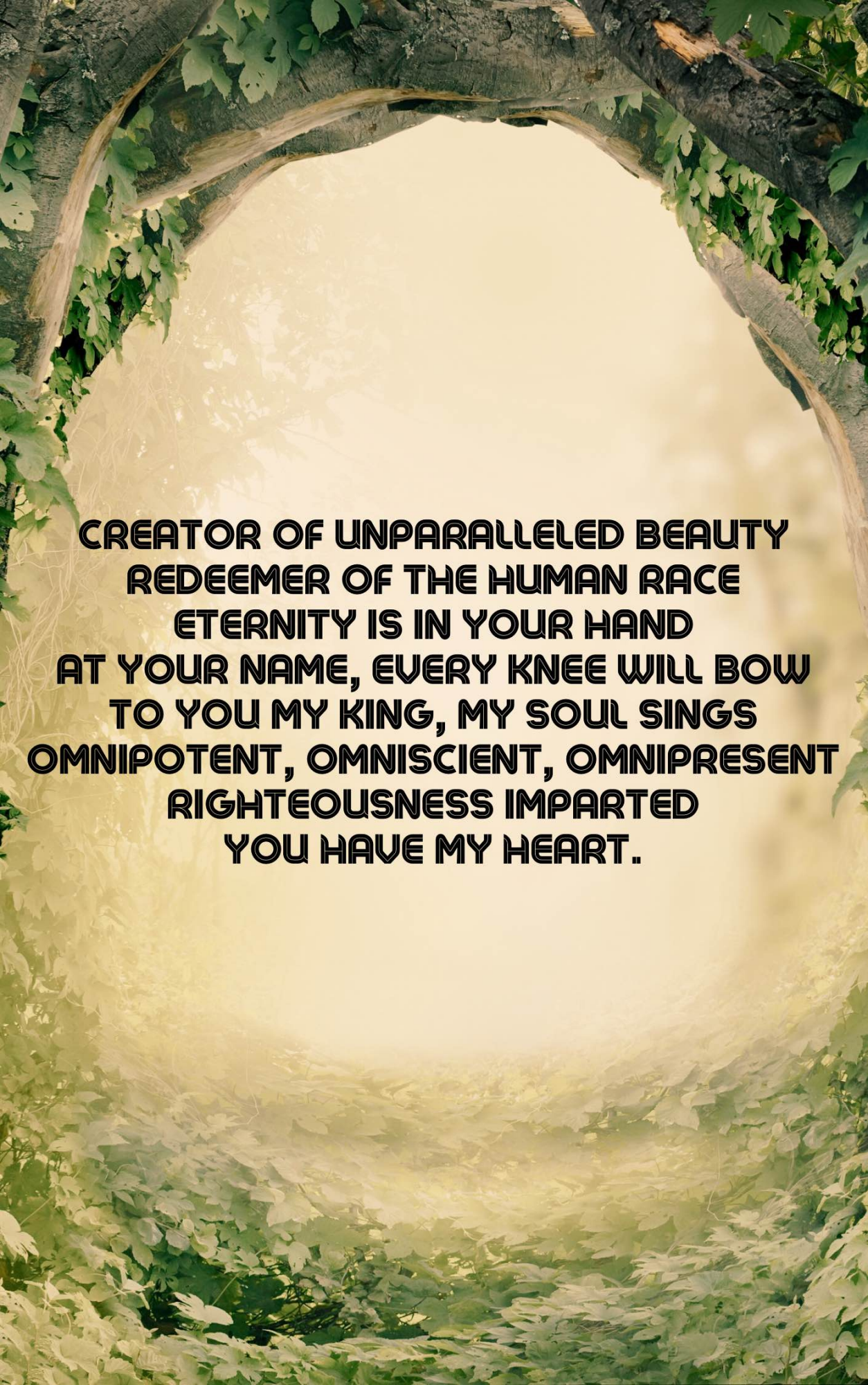
**UNEASINESS PENETRATES CRISP MORNING AIR
A CRIMSON BLADE BECKONS IN THE CLEARING
BRISTLING FUR WHISPERS OF DANGER
THE IRRESISTIBLE SCENT OF BLOOD CALLS**

**PLEASURE INFLECTS CRISP MORNING AIR
AN EAGER TONGUE ENVELOPS THE PLASMA
COLD AT FIRST THEN PLEASANTLY WARM
CONVICTION IS OVERWHELMED BY INDULGENCE**

**A MOUNRFUL HOWL CUTS THROUGH CRISP MORNING AIR
FLEETING PLEASURE TURNS TO DEEP REGRET
LIFE SLOWLY FADES AWAY IN SATIN PUDDLES
THE STAINING BLOOD IS MY OWN**



E L O H I M



**CREATOR OF UNPARALLELED BEAUTY
REDEEMER OF THE HUMAN RACE
ETERNITY IS IN YOUR HAND
AT YOUR NAME, EVERY KNEE WILL BOW
TO YOU MY KING, MY SOUL SINGS
OMNIPOTENT, OMNISCIENT, OMNIPRESENT
RIGHTEOUSNESS IMPARTED
YOU HAVE MY HEART.**

G R E A T

D I V I D E

**FENCE
BISECTS VAST FIELD
POSTS, BURIED DEEP
GROAN UNDER BURDEN OF INDECISION
WEIGHT SHIFTS AND STRADDLES
TORN BETWEEN TWO WORLDS
FERTILE LAND
TEEMS WITH JOYFUL LIFE
CROWNED WITH SAPPHIRE SKY
WINDS SOFTLY WHISTLE BLESSINGS
LIVING WATER FLOWS IN EXCESS**

**BARREN LAND
REEKS OF DEATH, DECAY
DARK SKY DEVOURS EXPECTANT DAY
WINDS SHOUT WORDS OF DESTRUCTIVE RAGE
EMPTY CLOUDS LEAVE THIRSTY GROUND DRY
MOVEMENT
A TOE TAPS HERE, THEN THERE
SOUL NEVER FIRMLY PLANTED
DRAWN TO BOTH LIFE, DEATH
PLEASE, KNOCK ME OFF THIS PERCH
BECAUSE MY HEART HAS BECOME DIVIDED**



MY MONSTER



WHO IS THIS MONSTER THAT STARES BACK AT ME?

IT'S NOTHING THAT I CAN TASTE, SMELL, HEAR OR SEE

INSTEAD, IT INVADES MY MIND, TAKING CONTROL

RESTRAINING MY JUDGMENT, IT LEADS ME INTO A HOLE

THIS MONSTER IS DEAD AND IT TAKES AWAY LIFE

GUILT BRINGS PAIN, LIKE A HEART STABBED WITH A KNIFE

I THOUGHT IT WAS FULFILLMENT, I WAS SO WRONG

THE HOLE IS DEEPER, LISTEN TO MY SAD SONG

THE WAVES HAVE SUBSIDED AND MY SOUL IS BLEEDING

PLEASE LEAVE ME AND STOP THIS RELENTLESS BEATING

AGAIN YOU MAY ASK, "WHO IS THIS MONSTER?"

ITS NAME IS SIN, MY SOUL HE WILL LURE

STICKS



STONES

MY HEART IS YOUNG BUT YET IT GROWS COLD
WITH ALL OF THE SLAMS THAT YOU UNFOLD
THIS IS MY SONG, BE QUIET AND LISTEN
BEFORE YOUR COMMENTS LEAVE ME STRICKEN

YOUR WORDS CUT ME DOWN TO SIZE
AND YOUR LIES MAKE ME REALIZE
JUST HOW TALL YOU THINK YOU ARE
WHEN MY CONFIDENCE YOU MAR

I AM THE TREE, YOU WIELD THE AX
MY WOUNDS DEEPEN WITH ALL OF YOUR HACKS
INCOMPETENT, UGLY, WORTHLESS AND GAY
THESE ARE JUST SOME OF THE THINGS YOU SAY

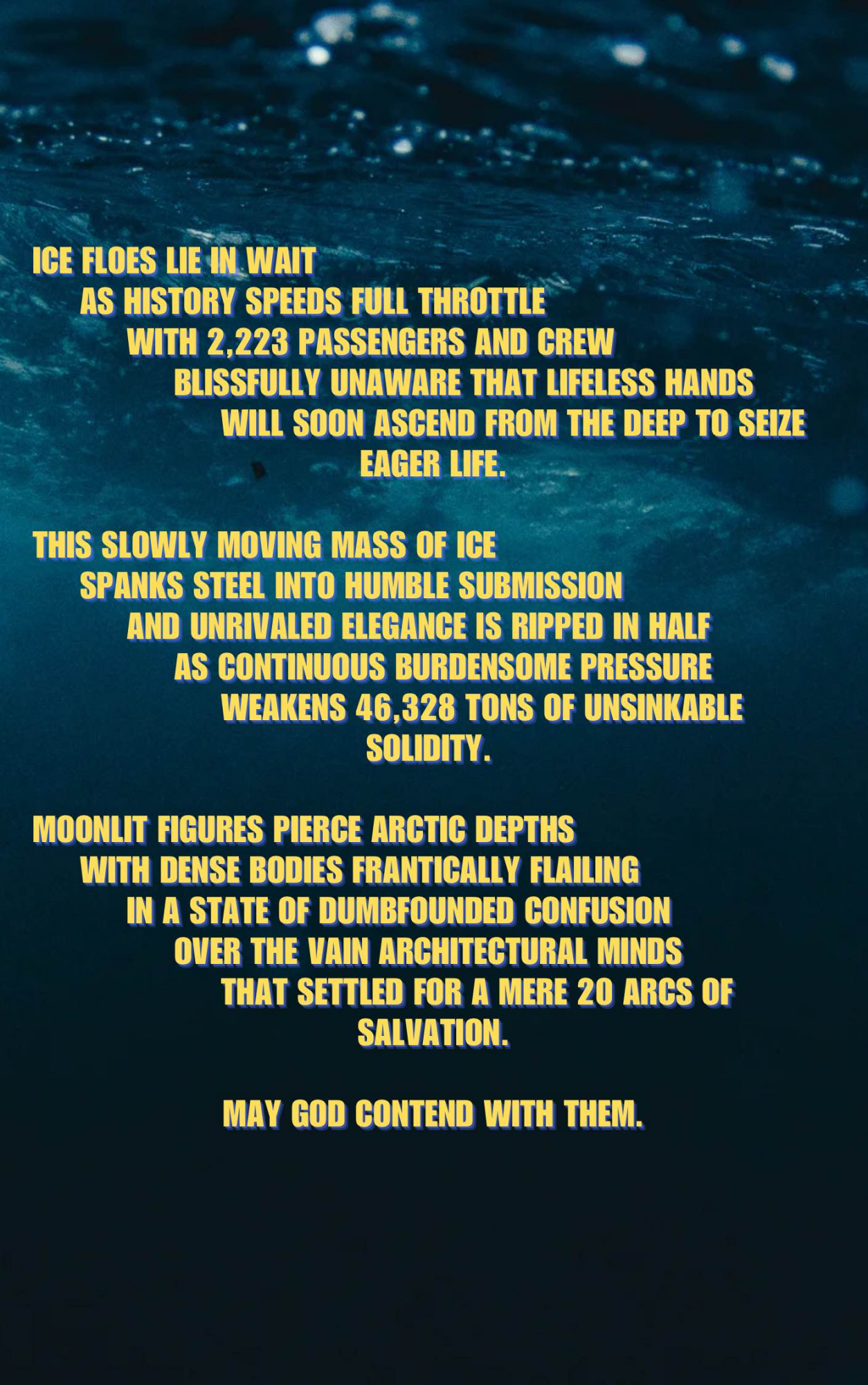
STICKS AND STONES MAY BREAK MY BONES
BUT WORDS HURT MORE THAN FALLING STONES
I TELL YOU IT HURTS AS I FALL TO THE GROUND
BEFORE YOU INFLICT YET ANOTHER PUTDOWN

MOTIONLESS I LAY, DYING AMONG THE BIRDS
IT IS YOU THAT TAUGHT ME PAIN IN WORDS
YOU VEHEMENTLY DENY YOU DID ANY WRONG
FORGIVENESS LOST, LISTEN TO MY SAD SONG

WHILE I BORE THE WEIGHT OF YOUR SCRUTINY
AND YOU LEFT ME IN YOUR WAKE SO BLOODY
MY LOVE STILL REMAINS FOREVER DEEP FOR YOU
THIS I HOPE WILL BE A LEARNED LESSON OF VIRTUE

THAT FATEFUL NIGHT.





**ICE FLOES LIE IN WAIT
AS HISTORY SPEEDS FULL THROTTLE
WITH 2,223 PASSENGERS AND CREW
BLISSFULLY UNAWARE THAT LIFELESS HANDS
WILL SOON ASCEND FROM THE DEEP TO SEIZE
EAGER LIFE.**

**THIS SLOWLY MOVING MASS OF ICE
SPANKS STEEL INTO HUMBLE SUBMISSION
AND UNRIVALED ELEGANCE IS RIPPED IN HALF
AS CONTINUOUS BURDENSOME PRESSURE
WEAKENS 46,328 TONS OF UNSINKABLE
SOLIDITY.**

**MOONLIT FIGURES PIERCE ARCTIC DEPTHS
WITH DENSE BODIES FRANTICALLY FLAILING
IN A STATE OF DUMBFOUNDED CONFUSION
OVER THE VAIN ARCHITECTURAL MINDS
THAT SETTLED FOR A MERE 20 ARCS OF
SALVATION.**

MAY GOD CONTEND WITH THEM.

**REMNANTS OF A GROUNDBREAKING PAST
NOW LIE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN
EMBRACED BY BENTHIC LIFE IN THE APHOTIC ZONE
WHILE THE VIOLENT UNDERTOW OF A RAGING SEA
REMINDS HUMANITY OF A SHAMEFUL
TRAGEDY.**


**ECHOES OF A JOYFUL REVERIE
FLOAT ACROSS THE SURFACE OF THE DEEP
PROMPTING THOSE NOW LIVING TO GIVE PAUSE
AND LISTEN ONCE AGAIN TO THE CRIES OF TERROR
THAT SUCCUMBED TO A SILENT NIGHT OF
DEATH.**

**THE PAST IS EXTRACTED FROM THE ABYSS
AS LIFE CYCLES ON IN RHYTHMIC WAVES
AND FROM AN UNHEEDED WARNING
COMES AN URGENT REMINDER THAT
LIFE IS AS SHORT AS COLD GASPS OF
BREATH,**

ON APRIL 10, 1912 AT 11:40PM.

THE BEAUTY OF GRACE






THIS FLOWER ONCE STOOD TALL
WITH ITS VIBRANT GREEN STALK
UNWAVERING IN THE BRISK WIND
AND ROOTS FIRMLY ESTABLISHED
IN THE EMBRACE OF DAMP SOIL.

BUT PIGMENTS OF LIFE NOW BLEED
FROM THE CRUMBLING COROLLA
AND SEPALS RAPIDLY WANE
AS THE BASE OF A RUBBER SOLE
THREATENS EXPEDITED EXTINCTION.

THE HOSTILE PRESSURE IS RELEASED
AS THIS FLOWER THAT ONCE STOOD TALL
GRADUALLY ARISES FROM THE DEPTHS
AND ITS ONCE ALLURING COLORS
RETURN AGAIN TO PURPOSEFUL PETALS.

OVARY, STIGMA, AND ANTHERS
NOW LAY BARE TO THE OPEN AIR
WELCOMING WINGED COMPANIONS
TO CARRY ON IN POLLINATION
AND ATTEST TO THE BEAUTY OF GRACE.



THE POTTER'S HAND



THE WHEEL EMITS A FAINT HUM
SPEAKING OF TRANSFORMATION TO COME
CENTRIFUGAL FORCE SPINS WITH PURPOSE
FIRM, DISCIPLINED FINGERS BEGIN MOLDING
PAIN AND DISCOMFORT ENSUE

PLEASE CONTINUE

REMOVING ALL THAT IS NOT INTENDED
ESSENCE REFINED, THE KILN AWAITS
ALL CONSUMING FIRE, HUMBLE SUBMISSION
CLAY HARDENS, NEW BEAUTY ON DISPLAY
LOVING HANDS SMOOTH IMPERFECTIONS
AN ETERNAL PROCESS, LIKE THE RISING SUN



HARSH WORD SPOKEN

SOFT WORD SPOKEN



LIFE LOST

LIFE SAVED



