

# HUSK

By Ryan Lee

**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Poetry Editor Hezekiah writes: I am not so much in the habit of quoting from Bio's but Ryan Lee's proclamations are so contrasting to his work that I cannot resist, "I'm a 25 year old amateur writer with no degrees, no qualifications, and no right putting ink to a page..." He is a tour de force, one of the most intriguing pieces I have experienced this issue. You may do well to read him also, so you too can assist in undoing his deference. Either that or I am being duped, which as often happens, and he is a laureate in some distant state. I'll start you off "Perhaps this is what they call penance / A purification of the tarnish soul, housed in a decayed husk" I love the title, 'Husk' Uncertainty is a most prized and culled virtue.(Font size and spacing is poet's own.) HS*

**Editor's Note:** *This is the Ryan Lee's first publication. Congrats, dude!*

Husk by Ryan lee

Perhaps this is what they call penance  
A purification of the tarnish soul, housed in a decayed husk  
of what I once held to be me and  
For a while the sun that shone on my frame warmed me and the  
dust that had settled was rustled from its slumber  
So was I, ablaze in the glory of that glow  
Nestled in a valley that seemed to be home  
As naturally as the sun came in night is always close behind  
shadows of death tormenting  
the flesh of those afflicted by the terror of the night  
The breeze chills the once brazen bones  
Soon they begin to twist and contort simultaneously gnawing at sanity  
Sense and reason become anguished howls echoing between the corpses of past feats to  
reclaim the sun  
Pain and time mix into a slurry  
So viscous that seconds drone into minutes and eventually to hours

how sweet were the age of fire and comfort Reaching to the midnight hour, the bell tolls  
and we have all but reached the end  
still writhing and howling  
not an issue of the physical plane, no  
it is something far more excruciating, the disease of the mind  
Spread from the miasma of the night  
So insidious that even the strongest will could not prevail. This is not the end for our husk. That  
remains to be seen.

**THE POET SPEAKS:** *Husk was a piece near and dear to me, it was to express to my lover at the time how the relationship felt. To show the depths I was sinking into because I didn't feel that presence anymore. My 'style' stems from when I would write punk songs and read Bukowski and Cummings, and loved how Bukowski was up front and gritty. Cummings always seemed to have this sway to it for me. I wanted to combine it all and make a grotesque waltz of my own. It all helps me day to day process my own headspace and move forward with myself. Reading and writing poetry is like my own cigarette. It helps me breathe. It's all I have to express what's happening to me and it's all I need.*

**AUTHOR'S BIO (original submission note):**

Attached is the first break in my life, and submitting is my coup de gras so to speak. So don't be gentle, I want advancement if nothing else.

I have no publications, and the only bio I can honestly give is that I'm a 25 year old amateur writer with no degrees, no qualifications, and no right putting ink to a page, but can't help but transcribe the disaster that is my own life. A basement dwelling hobgoblin that wants nothing more than make someone else realize that all you should do is fuck life.

The title to this is Husk.