

The Conquering Aethyr

Flapping is not flying.
In fact- it's movement not at all.
We manufacture our direction
and boast the days that we were tall...

We beg the Father, then fuck the Ghost-
proclaim that death's a better host
than vibrant life, what's now and near:
A God of Nothing- that's our fear...

The gray decay of the mortal sway
yields division to the sight
where the embers of our circumstance
provide the only light.
They say we passed this way before
and our footsteps fall like night
on something wrought so terribly
we were bound to think it right.

*I'd swear a great white bull brought me here,
and threw me on a pall.
Then it turned and walked away
and knew me not at all.*

*Now, seeking home, I walk the shore
to gather wood and ancient lore...*

*I mumble days and situations,
whisper ways and machinations
of selected rhymes and incantations...*

I should have spoke them all.

Time on time in happenstance
we give tribute to ground-
we fight and scrape for consequence
startling at sounds that lack their own direction
as if the future's anywhere.
It gives us no protection- leaves us with nowhere
to build our homes, to
carve our walls-
to help us to conform...
We're rootless words in telegraph

with no geometric form. ..

*This is the lip of the world
and we're three steps from gone-
jostling- pushing- each and all
than clinging fast before we fall...*

Instead of gathering these seasons
to categorize just one man's fall-
I run the beachheads, small and dry,
I salt the stalks- the grass and rye

I should have salted all...

Now,
I walk the trees and lanes of light,
but just the corvids bow.
I cross my heart for loyalty,
my mouth and sex for royalty,
I swore an oath of fealty
but my shadow talks somehow...
It sings the dance of who we were
and what we do not say:
Instead we talk of maps and strings
admire jewels and gilded things;
We speak of dreams like dying kings-
the truth:
we turn away.

The ancients knew regret
as the God of Falling Down.

It was remorse brought priests and oracles
and guilt that built the towns

where we perform the rites of loss
and hide inside our homes.
and cater to disciples
who tend a pyre of bone.
They set the gardens in a row
sing a wondrous sound-
set moonstones into chalices
then set fire to the ground.

No priest, I move without direction,

deny the dead their mute connection.
I admire them their insurrection,
but still pour salt upon the mound.

I comb old pages for faded words,
walk bridges broke, past stairways burned,
the towers crushed, the lovers spurned...

I pledge myself to the God of Silence-
It is all that I have learned.

Once,
I dug a deep location
in which I built a hall
that I filled with tales and consternations,
alchemies and cancellations,
battles, blood and infiltrations.
I carved vellum, wood with old quotations
and then-inside of this beloved crypt-
I burnt the oldest manuscript.

Who knows?

Perhaps I'll burn them all.