Jerusalem

### Jerusalem I

of all my treasures

surely you are the most beautiful

in my despair i gave them

the hottest red heat

the consciousness of purest pain

and mindlessly they sensed nothing

in fury and desperation

i gave them the most pitiless of cold

and as their kernels of awareness slipped into the deep

they sensed nothing

all but you alone

you of all my creatures may resist me

may know the fullness of my anguish

the loneliness of the peerless

you alone may know the crimson of heat

and the depths of cold

yet still you are in my power

and therefore i do bid you

take these, the seeds of the flowers of evil

go with them to Jerusalem

there to take root

and I will wait, still

in my own garden

for their voice to reach my ears

i will give you silk and virgins

send a thousand forms of delight to assail you

and rarely, only rarely

let you die

### Jerusalem II

these are stones

the shaven bedrock of immortal rest

i have raised the red earth, flag of our broken love

while creatures of mourning, their humble wits awry

scurry for the disguise of shadow, begging night.

For the sake of the most profound:

that which is darker than the purest no

eternal death will grow here

but will avail us nothing

for these are weeds, and not the garden of your dreams

there is an Other, many Others

and their power combined is greater than thine

i have sown these seeds, admitting of little success

looking always up, understanding no pleasure

nostalgic for suffering, and seeing no sky

from deep within a well whose depth admits no light

### Jerusalem III

you have found succour in the lap of night

refuge in the thousand virtues of dawn

and still, you remain heedless of my call

i have sent you, sacred and well-armoured

with the seeds of chaos and chance

yet where you have stepped i hear the strange voice

of peace, so alien to my distant ears,

you cast your desire, your denial

soft on the traitor wind, thus force my hand.

you i sent, but come to you now i will

with the gold and diamonds of destruction

trailing a caravan’s weight behind me

i offered you honest death and virgins

yours and yours alone for the willing sin.

the sands of time run up as well as down

and soon, the evolution of the soul

begins again.

### Jerusalem IV

you have saved me for nothing

allowed me to slip between the bars of my cage

and what have i learned —

to slide between silken sheets?

to pour honey down my open throat?

i would sooner walk naked through the fields of glass

those shards of purest pain

with which you once blessed me:

i have named them all.

and where i have sown your seed

that which you fear has arisen, blame no one

but the maker, dark and distant though he is

will you not reward me now

with the skill you have promised?

if not, return me to my misery

for there at least, i know myself

and as the fingers of ice clutch at my heart

i will bite off my tongue

before i ever let my aching self

call out your secret name

### Jerusalem V

once you stood on the shoulders

of the drowned

and even then, you loved me not

i lead you, again the grey sheep

into the corral of your own misbegotten life

that which i promised

you should never have believed —

calm rises from your footprints

while my seed withers in the light of day

and for this there is no reward

still, you are in my power

and you i will not waste

i will give you silk and virgins

send a thousand forms of delight to assail you

but never, surely never

let you die