

The Silver City

I lay clutching in the bathtub,
Guts crying an alien hunger.
My sins red splashes on the virgin walls:
Goodbye mother, goodbye father.

I know it's time to leave
When suddenly that sullen siren
Blasts its bouquet of discordant bellows.
Smear the hatch and stumble into the wilderness.

Tangled wires dangling off tower lines.
Charred empty cars smoking poison
Into amber burnt suns raining ash.
Looming dunes of crimson sand crashing
Under caliginous citrine clouds who brood.

Now remember his words.
The warden told us of a dazzling silver city
With spinning spotlights shining, beguiling.
It beckons wanderers with a vain glossy glow,
And promises carved in rococo.

He spoke of a murky, rotten artery:
One where pilgrims embark on their odyssey.
One sunk in a deep morass under frost.
Their rite of passage; the "why" long lost.

Then, the wine water pits pervert an escort.
Knotted tulle strings pull limbs to an oily surface
Which refracts savoured sweet tunes from her lips.
I gaze upon my reflection tearing, taken by tides.

Her hairy fist penetrates my rear,

Hot knuckles fused to my spine,
Two fingers crawl to my mouth,
And dare speak their own mind.

Cracked skull leaks grey matter blue.
Frantic gulping bursting entrails too.
Slurp bloody ripped veins to raspy groans,
Wolf squishy eyeballs; scarf whole bones.

I awaken from my swan song shaking,
Lusting and addicted to the mort,
Bled dry and squeezed onto the canvas.
Yet another deep sigh without revelation.

Those lights fade through the dust.