

The War On Drugs -OR- Drunk On Petroleum

The world has never been beyond
a certain age; rising from the ashes.
a phoenix, seeking glorious vengeance and reprieve
from what preceded.
An empire, built, burned, built, burned.
Each with toys greater than the last,
to no avail.
from each; to each;
his own,
now theirs.
a utopian vision, burning: beauty, love, passion;
principle of times lost flowing. without
remorse; without damnation. but
with confessed vengeance, a time by and gone,
forgotten. paradise is curse. inherent.
the soul cannot forget, nor can it fathom. only
rupture. fracture. spilling.
its windows glowing, blood flowing.
burning. a summer's day to which once
compared now a hellish nightmare.
a cascade. fire dimming, descending with the
moon.

the world, the wind, left
fragmented, ashen, a waste-
land. the innocent senses sullied and defiled; a future now unthinkable.

in vino veritas.

blood mixing with the wine.
the plump grapes long before
crushed, left to the fading
memory of the too long lost.
another empire. Another soul, a new
victim. a brave new willing world. dank.
the stench of Death, the billowing cloak of
judgement with the accompanying hammer
smothering each and all. transgressor. non-
the bottomless gaze of the
divinity burrowing deep into the
fires of one's soul. resurgent. the strength of ages failing. each
bottle hollow, swept aside by a
cool breeze. dulled senses, ignorance.
a dream realised, and torn.
a vanity incomparable, a seething
hatred unimagined, a beauty to
delay even his cold grasp. a radiance
to stay the hand of Judgement and in-
evitable damnation, if but for a fleeting moment.

an apex, once formed, to be lost.

hoist by the dual weapons of love and arrogance.

crumbling without foundation;

free without foundation