

SULFIDE ORE

Does it scare me sometimes?

The lemon stench of the prophet right in front of me? Biscuits and cigarettes as offerings on chlorophyll injected leaves?

Flowers of baby yellow shades are carefully drawing out a map of your roasting lungs.

Tracing dark lines across lungs that helped you jump

Lungs now full of liquid and gun smoke and pain and infidelity

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Desperation is etched into the humanoid soul, desperation that kneels down in the mirrored mosque and begs for sulfide ores and iron veins and oxygen inhibition.

That begs for Methadone and Oxycontin and tambourines and javelins and violence and punches and knuckles kneading food bathed in red.

Desperation that wrecks your sleep and leaves you trembling under the unforgiving sun, leaves you trembling on your million-dollar Baluch rugs and your maroon mahogany and your tiffany lamps.

Desperation that bites its lips and draws blood only to hear the crowd gasping in horror. Desperation that howls at noon when everyone you know is asleep and whispers to you in slow taunting rhymes that drag themselves across the marble tiles, rhymes that continue oscillating within the shell of your ear until you do not succumb to the drowsiness of the noon world. Until you do not accept the law of defeat that dominates all those under the light, that dominates pavements and churches and temples and treasure coves.

Dominates pirates that fell off decks, and dominate swans gliding and diving their long muscle necks and dominates grandmothers, dominates the prophets and the sermons of the evening, dominates the wild raspberry bushes and the sodden lakes with their frogs and their snakes, dominates this feeble mind that begs for success until the two hands that belong to it are trembling, veins blue in the light, silently weeping out electricity, shivering in the cold desperate air of the lonesome room at night.

Desperation that wrecks sleep and desperation that breathes beside you, an insect limb that you cannot swat away, an ever-present entity that mocks you in ways that leaves you questioning ordinary shapes.

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You feel the red knob at your neck growing, carving itself out into a second beastly entity

Leaving behind a gaping cavity that catches fire every time you bow down to greet the smug gods in your room.

They watch you as you wake up from your geometric sugarcane dreams at midnight hour- when the curtains are swishing past the A.C. modulator and the black screen of the tv plays around with its own shadow.

There is darkness throughout the midnight clock- I want to claim it like how the sun claims the soft gasps of a child drowning in the waves

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One day we will all squint into the dying sunset together and whisper pleas of forgiveness.

Beings from the seventh dimension will listen to us if we do. We will be forgiven for everything we do to keep our sockets on straight. I promise.

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