Destinations

Gesaffelstein

It's just a temporary slide back in the abyss.
I should've seen it coming from miles away.
They've been armed in a sick cult or structure; shielding me of my own blazing dagger.
There was a purpose upon the horizon; a destination
-tangible & fragrant.
& I march to ban you
& I march to ban you
& I march to ban you
And I march with a thousand.
It's not surprising I should find myself flailing, heading across a bridge of certainty.
Back behind enemy lines with no work till Tuesday; I didn't even buckle under the temptation.
Got down, with little to do, I welcomed old habits like a long lost friend..
To Spite You
Ashore 'bout a week in Venice giving themselves up to the strengths of the menacing darkness.
The shrieking howls; light or grey & feeble.
The sulky trees sad, dropping their knees in defeat.
The temperature falls.
The big lights switch on.
& from time to time
Pharos frighten the cats

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