

Gatherer Of The Pure

A Forest of Stars

He's a man of the world, but his is a small world,
being a world whirled and whipped inside a filth caked
skull.

All a dalliance in delusion, all dreamed down in
narcotic seclusion,
he peeps all askance through all and sundry;
three dimension unreality his fourth dimension play-
day.

All eternity a rainy Sunday.
He, a builder of worlds in dreams.
He, a destroyer of worlds in dreams.

Feculent plots / hatch / fester / fry.
Subsistence burnt black, effulgent brain pan
besmirched.
Labours of love ladled into ravenous toilet bowl of
life.
All lost souls to feat upon fresh hot meal of voided
bowel.
He, a leacher of colour. He, a void in sanity.
A poisoner of the well, instiller of winter's gray
flavour.
A spasmed spatter of the obvious, a-soiling gleaming
uncertainty.

On a lonely wander through twisting streets of Yonder,
his one good eye spying, prying, a shadow play for
yesterdays.
All tomorrows, all yesterdays today,
Carrion Crow, pinch-faced proprietor of this sorry
sideshow.
Roll up, roll up! Crack cranks his codeine calliope,
all is vibrant colour without his vermined bone box.
All within, bleak nothing - all without to pay homage,
at his insistence.
Cosmic keys broken in twisting locks of lost
infinities.
His worlds all a-fire now, a Lucifer turning in
listless circles,
before landing in the dry hay of thoughts half-
remembered.

Evensong their last song.
Pray for the prey! Sing for your supper!
Funeral pyres for one and all today.
As hand of God to give,
as hand of God to take away.