

Human Murmuration

Archspire

I was the first to discover what hid in those red windows
The one I found there tried hard to survive
A child riddled with teeth sprouting randomly
All over his body except in his rotting mouth
Was taken
By us
To our lab
"Us" meaning myself
As well as the assistants I had

Instructing me of a mission through
A distant telepathic channel
Running directly out from their compound and into my brain
Referring to themselves as the A.U.M
I was to bring the body back to my quarters
And await instruction
Not an easy task, to transport it
Strapping it down to a gurney I dragged it through the alley
Unfortunate casualties noticed me
Using any tools around at that time, to keep them quiet
An iron pipe
A broken bottle
Or a jagged piece of brick or stone
I should not continue to delineate this any longer

At one point I had to fake my death
Until the witness made a close inquiry
At that time I had to use the less effective
Weapons that were born onto me
With old teeth and leather hands
I took an ear and then an eye
I focused force around their skull
To keep them mute during attempts
To yell for aid, until they fell

A.U.M. made it painfully clear, I was to bring the body back
Or I would be forced to witness the drop of black again
I cannot begin to describe
The horror of viewing this maddening drop
For the memory bleeds

Too deep into my own
That the mere thought alone starts to unravel my frayed reality
Giving way to its ominous ability to shape
And adapt my thought and vision
It is beginning to happen now

I finally have the body safe inside
After the abduction, after the viewing of The Drip
A building had been left to me by relatives
Across the ocean that it overlooked
Or so I was told
Often I try to recall what endeavours I pursued previous to this
Yet to no avail
That part of my memory blurs in my mind
Like a fresh painted canvas left out in a thunderstorm
I watch through my window as it melts

Fading all the memories I kept
Only A.U.M. here
They are conducting human murmuration
From the liquid in his bones
They raise the dead to fly together
I watch through my window as it melts
Fading all the memories I kept
Only A.U.M. here
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I circle with them in the shroud
The winged ones and I
Falling off their wind, I waken
With unworldly castings burned into my eyes

Intermittent logic in a daze of violent hyper gliding
They are conducting human murmurations
From the liquid in his bones
They raise the dead to fly together

I woke from my dream on the floor of the factory
In a nest made of black feathers that were alive
Somehow
Every hollow quill
Had filled up
With the
Rotting
Child's
Living
Marrow
Each one serving as a needle to inject in each new body

In this nest A.U.M. made it clear
I was to bring more corpses back to life
Or be forced to witness the drop of black again
Every night while in fever I've taken
A new pallet of bone to vein to infect and release