

Downward

Full of Hell

Like a blind tern
Its flight is caged, its wings are weighted and drawn
Like highs with low ends
Peaking resplendence before a downward spiral
Like an old oak
It swells and dries with the turn of the seasons
Like a sneaking boar
Digs through the layers of loam and of dirt and time

For the jewel of a jewel of a jewel
So does the weeping mother probe her clutch
Like an old worn oak beam swells and dries
In the wetness and the turn of the seasons
So does flesh

Your corpse laid out like a fouled white sponge
Clumps of muscle and skin freed from the shame of being you
It's not enough to succeed when others must fail
A dry heaving circus of inhumanity

Like the sneaking boar with a haunch packed with lead
Digs through layers of loam and dirt for the jewel of a jewel
For the jewel of a jewel of a jewel
So does the weeping mother probe her clutch
Miracle boon of the muddy banks