

Were you ever there?

I would like to know:
Were you ever there?
In your mouth's gilded frame,
Drenched in honeycomb phrases that all taste
the same;
Contorted in con-cord with anything,
And every-thing;
En-cased by the hard oblivion of your delicate
stare?

I would like to know:
Were you ever there?
You have always known:
Were you ever there?
Did you breathe life into
My cold, formless thoughts; or did I see you
In place of hearing my
Own pounding voice, imploring to know why

I cannot see you here: I can't begin to find you.
Did I give spirit to
A shape-less death: or did you feel my
Ennobling, sanguine cry
You have always known:
Were you ever there?
I would like to know:
Were you ever with me?

Engrossed by your own implacable touch, as if
quite alone;
Cocooned by discord,
Whose magnanimity is assured;
Smeared with acetone words from
transparency's fears,
And your lips' painted tears;
You have always known -
You were never there.

I am Alpha, I am Omega!

May your limbs slowly wither and rot,
till you find your flailing torso does not have the
strength to reach or run or even roll.

May your putridness take its gaseous toll,
and cause your skin to erupt with brutal,
pustular sores that forever chortle:

"I am Alpha, I am Omega!"

May your nostrils invert, so they leer at the sky,
spurting forth frothing acid that pares away
your face till your bones appear.

May your earholes clog up with rancid wax,
melting your head into this sealed sneer:

"I am Alpha, I am Omega!"

May the rivers of your blood freeze in their
course.

May your body's translucent juices force their
way through your in-nards in berserk joy,
leaving behind the dark offalised smirk,

"I am Alpha, I am Omega!"

May your squalid brain spy its own filth,
and seek redemption in immediate implosion.

May the slums of your heart resound with the
shriek:

"I am Alpha, I am Omega!"

Texts by Nicholas Vines