

epitaph

The devil comes down with parasitic recrudescence
and in a power-play of stolen iridescence
with Velcro lips and sticky, pilfering fingers
he slices and splices the road-kill he serves.

Now acquainted with abundant libido hex magic,
he aborts and contorts his reasons so tragic,
by time, lending thought to awkward instances
where his creatures and beasts are aloof.

And never to do well is his rainbow of colour,
of plagues and of poisons he weaves
in the consolation of the shifting tides of minds,
far and wide are his own thoughts, lending time.

Redeemably recumbent to a universal plunder
in sunburst, his vineyards are grapes of blood red
with wrath of a confidence, pure, true and in honour
of the stolen emotions he has in his bed.

His name is the beautiful thorn of faiths
and his form is a chimerical disaster on wings,
his fingers are bony, dripping fire wraiths
unto the earth and all living things.