

death magick

remind me why we crept back
grasping credulity in our sweaty hands
likely candidates of subjugate mechanisms devised to misshape our
frequently riddled in voyeuristic indifference
necromancy seeped latent without so much as a sound off
interrupting horrible girls loving things like genius or

backflips into inky ponds in the dead of summer
prowling among the zealots and other infrastructure of typecast where virginity, brazen
sets curiosity upon us like frivolous, gameful seeds nascent in the granite, refusing silence
who better than you and i to walk along the fringe of a helium core
naked star broiling and utterly voracious lick of godhead within
free-wheeling serpent vanishing commonplace apprehensions
a supernatural anomaly in our midst.