Ultimate Horrotica

Immortalis Tales

By

Valkyrie Kerry and Brett Dyer

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About the Authors

Brett and Kerry are ardent horror fans living in Ireland. Their union is one of fairytales. The couple met online via Twitter RPG groups, working together on comprehensive fan fiction. At the time, Kerry was an internationally best-selling author and academic. Brett was a professional chef new to the world of writing.

When they first met Brett lived in South Africa and Kerry 6000 miles away in Ireland. Their relationship developed online as did Legacy Tales, the RPG group created by the couple and some of their dearest friends.

Their love for each other grew, even though they had never even spoken on the phone. After several months of writing together Brett moved to Ireland permanently, and they subsequently married.

Brett and Kerry continue to write with Legacy Tales and have formed their own brand of horror creation and fandom known as Immortalis. They are both published authors and focus the majority of their work on the horror genre.

Foreword by Don Everett Smith Jr.

Editor of *Blood from A Tombstone Collection* and *Blood from A Tombstone Vol.2: Fear*.
Author of *The Google Road Murders*.

It is like stepping back in time to the golden age of writers who focused on the paranormal and the unusual. She could have easily been a contemporary of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, William Hope Hodgson or Bram Stoker.

Much of the style echoes Edgar Allen Poe and is the best escape to a time when characters were deep and real, and the atmosphere was straight out of a Hammer movie!

Ultimate Horrotica

Horror; psychological and slasher,
Open wounds, and legs.
Rampant violence smothers sensuality,
Real human abuses from the dregs.
Overt sexuality underlined by brutality,
Trapped in cults or subject to another's will.
Iconic slashers decimating, reanimating,
Creeping creatures reborn. Historical immortals,
And an underlying supernatural unreality.

Serial Killer and The Cannibal

Relief of my dark satisfaction…fed.
Ironic, I had the starter course of dozens, ending
with my blood-tinged trophy slides,
Just to miss out on the main course…again.
Disappointment isn't even the correct word for the
foreign feeling within me…
Pure outrage, seasoned with unmitigated fury.
I stand in complacency, his stoic appearance encasing
the turmoil within.
Struggling to grasp the present and the revelations to
come.
That cold serpentine and animalistic thing!

Contents

About the Authors 3
Foreword by Don Everett Smith Jr. 4
Ultimate Horrotica 5
Serial Killer and The Cannibal 5
Contents 6
Seductive Parasites 12
Sting 12
Féileacán 14
Féileacán II 15
Féileacán III 16
Féileacán IV 18
Féileacán V 19
Féileacán VI 20
Nymph 22
Lust 22
Sanguine Fervour 35
Roberto 40
Pacifying His Captive 41
Cruel Embrace 44
Lilith 46
Vrykolakos 46
The Bath House 47
Blood Red Rose as Scarlet as the Morn 49
Nicholas 50
Nicholas's Sonnet 51
Samhein 51
Vlad Dracul 52
Slain 52
The Creature Comes in the Dark 54
My Dark Prince 54
The Pact 57
Dusk 61
Under the Covers 61
His Touch 63
Her Night-time Intruder 64

Dreams Become New Sight 65
Fused and Merged 65
Djinn Iblis 66
Entranced Malice 68
Hypnotist 74
Shark 75
Wrapped 76
Arachnia 76
Tattoo Artist 77
Monster in the Closet 78
Tall Boy 79
The Sasmel 81
The Serpent's Web 81
Beyond Horizons 84
Depths 85
Dragged Drowning 87
Lost in Time and Space 90
Langafel 90
Kingdom 93
Dream House 94
In the Stars 95
Folding Space and Time 95
Traveller 96
Out There 97
Wormhole 97
Tomorrow Does Not Change 98
Anomaly 100
Reanimated Bodies 108
Mr Bojangles 108
Rattling 110
Isis' Sacrifice 111
Hazardous Chemicals 113
Lost 115
Dreams after Film Night 115
Bed-ridden 117
Bartender 118

Sinister 122
The Haunting Seas 122
Auld Grey 125
The Modern Burke and Hare Jump Start 125
Marian 128
Host 130
Ghostly Remnants 143
Ringing 143
Input: New Code 144
Oasis 145
The Voice 149
The Collective 150
Supernatural 152
Echoes 155
The Old Man I 158
The Old Man II 160
The Old Man III 162
Rocking 164
The Rhyme of the Ancients 164
Eternally Alive 166
Chair 167
Celeste 168
Dare 168
When I'm Gone 170
No One's Ghost 171
Bath 172
Again 174
Secret Door 175
Ebony 175
Dust 176
Soulless Slashers 181
Unstitching 181
Kane 182
Appalachian Hunter 183
His Broken Heart 186
My Kane 194

Slash-Her 195
Ode to Jason 198
Death's Last Line 199
Joined in Blood 199
Butcher's Table Bound I 199
Butcher's Table Bound II 200
Thom's Brutality 200
Henry Menteur I 203
Henry Menteur II 204
Henry Menteur III 204
Henry Menteur IV 205
Henry Menteur V 205
Henry Menteur VI 206
Henry Menteur VII 207
Henry Menteur VIII 207
Henry Menteur IX 208
Henry Menteur X 208
Desade and Jezebel 209
Save Me 211
Doctor 212
The Deserving 213
The Horror 215
Slipping Away 215
Treacherous Tanka 219
Clarissa and the Farm Hand 219
Charismatic 221
Hunger 222
Nasty Nonnet 224
Buried by the Sea 224
Gargling 224
Nancy's Elegy 225
Once Upon an Eyeball 226
Living 226
Guilt 228
Delilah 230
Wilting 232

Click 233
Tasting Tanka 234
Needs Must! 234
Evil Spirit of Man 237
Words Overheard in the Underworld 237
Stockholm 240
In Darkness 241
Glass Bird 242
Mindy 246
I Am Everything You Want Me to Be 249
One 250
Mourning 252
Nervous Naani 252
If I Die Tomorrow 253
Void Hell 253
Vanishing 254
Speaking in Tongues 254
Legs and Will 255
Sick, of the Mind 256
Diagnostation 257
Marie 258
Desirous 259
I Love the Way You Are 260
South 261
Cruel Kindness 261
Cannibalism 261
Last Letter 262
Blink of an eye 263
Hound 264
Amputate 266
Prison 266
Love Poe 266
Holes 267
She Waited 270
Divided 270
Avoidance 270

Death Toll 271
Submissive 272
Messiah 273
Erotic Words 274
Beach 275
Metamorphosis 275
Glass 277
Tight 278
Muted Witness 281
Fancy or Imagination 282
Narcissus 283
Dystopia 284
Omega 284
Heights 285
Toppling 287
Itch 287
New Seed 288
Uranium 289
Sea's Screams 290
Purgatory 291
Vacuum 292
Explosive Quaking 292
Equilibrium 293
The Pride 300
Deathly Lovers 308
The Thorn and His Rose 308
Demize 402
Ode to the Candyman 418
You Have Now Left The Twilight Zone 464
A Stitch in Time 464
Contacting the Authors 470

Seductive Parasites

Sting

Luscious plum lips sip on the straw,
As wisps of blond hair surround her baby face.
Deep oak eyes gaze longingly around the club,
As music thrums and she seeks her perfect mate.

Coloured lights flicker, filtering through the smoke,
Her stare locks with a potential, gruesome suitor.
Unusually chiselled; surreal, piercing and dark,
His ebony hair hangs listlessly, emerald eyes
hypnotise.

People fade, only he exists.
He holds her with his regard.
Barely a word is spoken between them, the noise
dims.
Her teeth nuzzle a swollen lip, wantonly,
His fingertips caress her cheek, she sighs passionately.

She is led to the floor and allows her body to melt into
his,
Sounds soften, they are alone in a crowded room.
He grips her firmly, his teeth grazing her throat,
Mesmerised she follows him and is lifted into
oblivion.

There his body enshrouds hers,
Exposed she submits.
He loves her just as the drug of infatuation swims to
her mind,
And she sinks deeply into sensation, barely noticing
the sting;
The sharpness penetrating her naked belly.

Then, he is gone.

Alone in her room, unable to move her body starts to ache,
Time stands still.
Locked in her flat, unable to leave, she feasts on wet sugar,
Her tooth is sweet.

Light burns, sheets cover the windows, rot sets in.
Sweet wrappers carpet the floor, college is abandoned,
She no longer answers the phone or door,
As her abdomen swells.

As the days pass vomiting starts, horrendous amber gunge.
She does not try to move!
Strong odours leak to other flats,
She does not respond to angry hammering.
Her abdomen balloons and pulsates,
No clothes cover her.

Afraid, alone and helpless.
Pressure builds forcing her ribs outwards,
Rashes itch and bleed across her belly,
Furious pulsating.

Searing pain belches from within,
Her skin stretches, her belly bloats.

Skin rips like a zip, tearing,
From within the maggots emerge,
Crawling, writhing and feeding from their dying host.

Féileacán

Mariposa; two winged pairs taking flight,
Farfalla with symmetry, sprite needs love!
Borboleta sings, howling through the night,
Schmetterling's sweet cry, a lone single dove.
Papillon sprayed rouge, glorious to sight,
Butterfly lady, swooping high above.

Mariposa; lone wolf gliding above,
Farfalla, restless. Needing, feeling flight!
Borboleta crushed, a fairy formed dove,
Schmetterling nymph girl seeks blood of life night.
Papillon a life desolate of love,
Butterfly sucking man's life juice; dark sight.

Man enslaved below, suffering in sight,
Downtrodden by elitism above!
Working land with rough hand, dreaming of flight!
Ivory tower, home of the red dove,
A blight on the land, lair to the creature's night,
From her magical tower she spies love.

Reprimanded unfairly without love,
They banish him from their callous, cruel sight!
In emerald forests he searches above,
There a mythical creature takes her flight.
He does not resist the insatiable dove,
As he arms wrap tight, and they fly at night.

Mariposa, carries him home at night,
Farfalla wraps shining wings about love,
Borboleta sips blood, his soul takes flight,
Schmetterling merges with her love above!
Papillon and man; formidable sight,
Butterfly demon, magnificent dove.

Mariposa loves man, man adores his dove,
Farfalla unwanted, banished in the night,
Borboleta discarded for her love,
Schmetterling, his dream, away from man's sight.
Papillon and man, love cocooned above,
Butterfly for love, can no more take flight.

From his kind took flight, loving his red dove,
Cocooning her love, sleep eternal night,
Passionate sight, in the tower above.

Féileacán II

Mariposa; barren virgin, alone,
Farfalla, beautifully abandoned.
Borboleta howling need to atone,
Schmetterling maternal need awakened,
Papillon, reeking acetophenone.
Butterfly sharp retribution actioned.

Mariposa; prey, her praying actioned,
Farfalla; spurned, hurt, abandoned, alone!
Borboleta thirsts, blood lust awakened,
Schmetterling frightened, needing to atone.
Papillon ignored, insect abandoned,
Butterfly hormones; acetophenone.

Reeking, attracting, acetophenone!
In human form men's attraction actioned,
Furiously feeding, leaving alone!
Vicious dark yearning cruelly awakened,
Abandons her town, hoping to atone,
Unable to stop, dark need awakened.

Her old life destroyed, city abandoned,

Swarmed by men sensing acetophenone,
Desirous demon, throat feeding actioned.
Abandons her prey, as she is alone,
Decapitation before awakened,
Bleak corpse trail, begging to atone.

Mariposa prays, trying to atone,
Farfalla killer, bodies strewn abandoned.
Borboleta weeps, dark days alone,
Schmetterling her hesitation actioned,
Papillon driven; acetophenone,
Butterfly monster, devil awakened.

Mariposa falls, black heart awakened,
Farfalla escapes, never to atone.
Borboleta, decency abandoned,
Schmetterling pouring acetophenone.
Papillon flight to the forest actioned,
Butterfly sadly opts to live alone.

The forest alone, desire awakened,
Morals abandoned, no sins to atone,
Acetophenone, sating needs actioned.

Féileacán III

Mariposa; queen, flutters by the stream,
Farfalla, victim to Sting's black heart, mean.
Borboleta comes flying in his dream,
Schmetterling man lost; a slave seldom seen.
Papillon, watches! Flaying skin so cream,
Butterfly hopes for escape he is keen.

Mariposa; lusts. For him she is keen,
Farfalla; pities the man, her eyes stream.
Borboleta skins wickedness as seen,

Schmetterling close by, visits in his dream.
Papillon witness to man's sorrow; mean,
Butterfly lustful, for man's wanton cream.

Wistfully she watches his skin so cream,
Senses the man's need for release is keen,
Meets him in shadows at the water's stream!
Creeping slowly closer, hopes to be seen,
Bravely he sees the creature of his dream,
The only being who was never mean.

Rural riverside folk; prejudice and mean,
Striking whips, reddening his skin so cream,
For an escape his tortured mind is keen.
Silently they embrace by flowing stream,
Hardly daring, fear of snaring if seen,
Pretty, shining, winged angel, vampire dream.

Mariposa flies, remnants of a dream,
Farfalla flies, left with grim masters mean.
Borboleta promises to meet; stream,
Schmetterling prepares, her lover is keen.
Papillon soaking, lustful, loving cream,
Butterfly returns, waiting to be seen.

Mariposa touches, shows he is seen,
Farfalla offers a decadent dream,
Borboleta, a sacrifice less mean.
Schmetterling to share brazen blood and cream,
Papillon excites an agreement keen,
Butterfly takes him far from the cold stream.

The dark forest stream, wanton desire seen,
Sinful master's mean, sinner's nightmare's dream,
Blood's red lusty cream; needs deadly keen.

Féileacán IV

Mariposa; remembering her pain,
Farfalla, escaping Sting's sting at last.
Borboleta, her mortal spirit lay slain,
Schmetterling, attraction's dream come at last.
Papillon, evil memories insane,
Butterfly, she reflects upon her past.

Mariposa; haunted by a dark past,
Farfalla; her own sins driving her pain.
Borboleta, memories streaming fast,
Schmetterling, the many that she had slain.
Papillon, guilt's destiny is to last,
Butterfly, enough deaths to drive insane.

Lust for blood, desiring her, men insane,
Her empathic mind scoping sinner's past,
Demonic bad men causing others pain.
Enticingly drawing them in so fast,
Draining blood, decapitation and slain,
Wrathful revenge, for love never will last.

Unfaithful women deserve not to last,
Torturous mesmerism drives insane.
Her spiteful reminders of their sins past,
Until the time that she inflicts the pain.
Her lips gathering cuckold men, times past,
But this handsome man, she could not see slain.

Mariposa, punishing the ones slain,
Farfalla, assessing each to the last.
Borboleta, saving others from pain.
Schmetterling, justifying her dark past,
Papillon, preventing karma, insane.
Butterfly, salvation flying by fast.

Mariposa, new life approaches fast,
Farfalla, judge and jury to the slain.
Borboleta, all behind her at last,
Schmetterling, even those she drove insane.
Papillon can free him from his deeds past,
Butterfly hopes to ease his awful pain.

Wiping away pain, easing it so past,
Queen reborn at last, forgetting those slain,
Those she drove insane, destroying her past.

Féileacán V

Mariposa lifts, and he gives her trust,
Farfalla, to her tower where they play.
Borboleta seduces with her lust,
Schmetterling; in her cocoon he does lay.
Papillon protects her man from death's dust,
Butterfly implores her loved one to stay.

Mariposa offers eternal stay,
Farfalla drinks his blood, requited trust.
Borboleta watches where he does lay,
Schmetterling's first feed, waits to feed her lust.
Papillon watches preparing for play,
Butterfly ready as soul turns to dust.

First feed of three, he wakes in smoky dust,
Wishing forever to be hers, to stay,
He breaches cocoon, hands reach in true trust!
She floats towards him, the bed where he lay,
Removing her flowing gown, grows in lust,
Man becomes master, now ready to play.

Milky breasts, sparkling wings needing play,

Bare, curved legs approach settling the dust,
He stands tall, toiled muscles flex and stay.
As roles switch, she surrenders, offers trusts,
Master feeds her his blood, makes her his lay,
His hardness fills her and feeds his own lust.

Mariposa flexes writhing in lust,
Farfalla's thirst fed, she wants him to play.
Borboleta thrown under his stride's trust,
Schmetterling performs, hopes for him to stay.
Papillon soaking, in ancient home's dust,
Butterfly in sated stupor does lay.

Mariposa in frightened stupor does lay,
Farfalla fears eternity will drive lust,
Borboleta would be alone, no play.
Schmetterling heartbroken would turn to dust,
Papillon one more bite for him to stay,
Butterfly wonders if him she can trust.

Hoping she can trust, watching where he lay,
He may use her play, play on her night's lust,
Escape from her dust; she needs him to stay.

Féileacán VI

Mariposa cleaves to his breast that heaves,
Farfalla, thieves the last blood; his soul leaves.
Borboleta heaves, as her web she weaves,
Schmetterling leaves him, as to death he cleaves.
Papillon weaves slow, as her love he thieves,
Butterfly grieves, for his soul she grieves.

Mariposa grieves, but for Sting she grieves,
Farfalla cleaves to Man's breast as it heaves.
Borboleta weaves, as Man's body cleaves,

Schmetterling leaves as dead Man's new form weaves,
Papillon heaves as Man's soul slowly leaves,
Butterfly thieves, her love the monster thieves.

Black bat wings grim emerge, her blood he thieves,
For Man now lost and for his soul she grieves,
The monster he has become, with wrath, heaves!
Afraid of the beast, to his chest she cleaves,
Trapped, naïvely in tangled web she weaves,
Teeth tear her wings and in anger he leaves.

Wings fall, and she bleeds as her lover leaves,
Spitefully the bat demon, her freedom thieves,
Imprisoned she lays, mortified she grieves.
Agonised mounds bleed and her sly chest heaves,
Fairy, only to memory she cleaves,
Wailing her cries, her dark fate she weaves.

Mariposa, her own death shroud she weaves,
Farfalla's thirst fed, she cries as he leaves.
Borboleta's misplaced trust sobs and heaves,
Schmetterling lost Sting, but for Man she grieves.
Papillon; Man's demon's victim thieves,
Butterfly curls, knowing, to fate she cleaves.

Mariposa jumps, he returns, she cleaves,
Farfalla whispers, loving words she weaves,
Borboleta begs, he bites, her soul leaves.
Schmetterling falls as her stained blood he thieves,
Papillon cries, her wicked, marred soul grieves,
Butterfly dies, his arrogant chest heaves.

Mockingly he heaves, to his breast she cleaves,
Her evil soul leaves, his wicked plan weaves,
Her life's blood he thieves, mortified he grieves.

Nymph

She sparkles in the forest, Nymph,
She shines the ocean's deep sapphire,
She pulls towards her, draining lymph.

Fluttering from branch, sap to drink,
Luring men into her wild mire,
Feeding on lymph, that little Nymph.

River boats she calls and then sinks,
And burns lost cottages with fire,
Mischievously malicious Nymph.

Drains heart and soul, romantic links,
Destroys lovers aiming higher,
Stealing the men for their sweet lymph.

Seducing their bodies, the minx,
Singing to sweet tune on her lyre,
Slurping the lifeforce, greedy Nymph.

Until her heart stings from the Lynx,
Crafty stud, playing the game dire,
Seducing the imp, crafty Nymph,
Drying her blood and eery lymph.

Lust

I dream of him, a man I had never seen,
He calls to me somehow.
Emerald eyes stab the darkness of my slumber,
And lure me in.
Fixating eyes, imploring and forcing submission.
From the darkness he emerges,
His dark hair hangs in waves about icy skin,

Tall in form, sombrely clad.

As if held behind shutters, I can see him staring in,
Reaching down into my soul and tearing me apart.
The shutters, or a cupboard, in a strange house.
The mists clear.
He is gone.
Voices drift up the stairs, talking.
The dark soul that I adore stalks downwards,
And takes his victim's blood with an enticing charm.

Once again, he appears before me,
Seeing me as no one has.
Watching me until I wake,
As if standing beside my bed.

Deaths of local youths fill the news,
No one knows the truth but me.
I chose to seek, chose to find and chose my destiny.

Such grim souls live in an underworld,
And there in the sub-cultures I search.
He anticipates my every movement and drives me to him.

In the dismal galley of his club, I find him,
Hiding in the open.
Protected by those charged for centuries to be his slaves,
Yet I am invited in as if he had waited eternally,
Patiently.

His current consort loafs on the sofa, pale and drained,
He feeds from her wrist with brazen openness,
Making no attempt to hide the monster within.

I had sought him without rationale,
My tongue stills,
We need no words as he speaks through his eyes.
His consort shuffles jealously, with sullen mood,
But we touch each-other through the crowds as I
approach.

Revellers clear a path for us to meet uninhibited,
Sparks fill my soul as his fingers meet my lips,
I have known him forever.
Instantly we glide to the floor,
He holds me passionately,
Moves his body against mine.
He towers over my smaller frame,
I am safe with the monster.

At his will the music changes to a ballad,
And we dance as if at an Austrian ball.
Through touch he answers my questions;
Prince of Egypt.
Heretic and sadist.
Delighting in carnal pleasures of pain,
Inflicting pain.
Retribution was swift;
Eternal life, eternal darkness and eternal blood lust.

Leaving his home, he journeyed across the seas,
Sated his desires in the Roman world.
Roberto.
Legendary orgies,
Legendary massacres.
Pushed west as the world evolved.
West to the emerald lands,
Hidden in a rural fortress.
Building his fortune in the towns;

His feeding grounds.

We move in rhythm,
But the mirror's reflection proposes that I am dancing alone.
His hands move up and down my body gently,
As he draws me closer and closer until the world darkens.

I awaken unharmed, locked in the fortress,
My cell a beautifully furnished room, antique in design,
Plush drapes shut out the morning sun.
My door is unlocked.

I find myself exploring; each room more exquisite than the last.
Gothic in style, apt for the creature that stole me.

At last, I stumble into the consort, resting on a chaise longue.
Her life drains before me,
Drugged with the euphoric promise of lust fulfilled.
I rouse her, she suffers.
Chimes emanate from the grandfather clock in the grand hall.
I leave the lounge and search desperately for an escape,
Saving her damned soul is all that matters.

Heavy oak shutters seal the windows, the door is bolted.
My movements do not go unnoticed.
A wizened butler of sorts approaches,
I see compassion in his eyes,
Yet he is damned to serve his master's will.

His master wills that no one is to leave,
With an ageing gentle hand, the butler leads me back to the lounge.
I plead with him to release the concert,
Assure him that she will die.
He is desensitized, having seen his master feed for centuries.

Desperately I try to rouse the consort,
Failing, I run throughout the fortress seeking an exit.
Time is lost to me,
I fail to notice the sun's demise.
Deeper and deeper I search;
From the bleak attic rooms, that narrow and darken forever,
To the lowest den beneath.

Therein I find the crypt; the beast's den.
His tomb is empty.
I shudder as the steps darken and his shadow looms menacingly,
As he moves towards me, I hear his lying promises echo in my mind.
There is nowhere to run,
I back myself into a corner as he nears.

His hand reaches out to me and wantonly,
I step forward,
My mind is not my own.
He strokes my hair soothing me, he is alluring.
My mind resists as his lips meet mine.

Mouth to mouth we brush against each other,
Pulses fill my belly.
Roberto.

I know him.
Our lips lock passionately, my hands clasp about his neck,
And effortlessly I am lifted.

Under his instruction I dress in the gown provided;
Scarlet and long.
Escorted by the butler to his table, seated opposite the consort.
We are fed rare meats as he consumes her blood,
Her wrist is open.
I watch in vain as the life ebbs from her body,
So beautiful, yet so cruel.

Barely alive, the servant removes her from our presence.
I retire to my room.

His voice calls to me as I rest,
And he comes.
The door opens at his bidding and I rise to meet him.
Conflicted emotions burn inside,
As I watch him tear open his chemise.

He crawls like an animal up the bed,
And I lay back as his mind instructs.
Surrender, perhaps reluctant, but certainly full.
His body presses down on my own.
My hands open my own shift just as his mind commands,
Once again, his mouth covers my own,
And my body betrays me.
I am his.

Roberto; stunning, enticing and cruel!
Every movement forces me to ache for more.

His lips caress my lips, cheeks, throat and breasts.
His hands move exquisitely to meet my every need,
And I want him at any cost.
That is his power.

Forcefully he tears the shift from my body,
Making me vulnerable to his hungry gaze.
Roughly, his hands clasp mine,
Forcing me to submit to his will.
His lips smother my entirety,
And I feel his lust.

Removing his belt, he ties my hands with the same,
Perhaps sensing the reluctance that gnaws my mind.
As he fills me my head drops back,
With perfect sensation.

His tongue meets mine and travels ardently down my throat,
His teeth scrape my neck harshly yet sensually,
And I am penetrated by sharpened fangs.

Elevated, the bolts flood aggressively,
I am his.
My eyes close as I surrender to his will.

The sun offers clarity as it sneaks through the shutters.
Doomed to die in the fortress, one of many victims.
His consort is nowhere to be found.
I sense she suffers.

Again, I attempt to flee, but with careful planning.
Softly the curtains are drawn back,
And the shutters manipulated with some force.
Time sneaks by, the winter evening dims,

As I force the wood.

Finally, they snap.
I stare downwards at the gardens below.
A slight ledge offers a foothold above the windows below,
Carefully I lower myself,
Carefully I drop.
Hands catch as I slip and break my fall.
Grip releases, with haste the ground meets me.

Cuts open from the gravel.
Weakened by his lusty hunger I struggle to stand.
The journey to the sheltering trees is a hobble,
Their canopies offer concealment.

Feet tear on the forest floor,
And the wound is opening from hand to wrist.
I see the blood in the moonlight,
But force myself onwards,
All the while pitying the consort.

A gust of wind hurtles threw the copse,
He is here and refuses to abandon me to the night.
To submit means certain death, or life.
I still myself and listen, I sense him,
My body is drawn to him, but I hold fast.

My wrists throb as blood pours from the fall,
I fear he can smell me.
Movement echoes from behind, so I hurry on.
Branches crack behind me in the distance,
But his voice pounds through my mind.

Suddenly my feet lock and dig into the floor,
I am gripped by his overwhelming mind.

Mesmerised I expect to hear him behind,
Yet he appears before me; vapour from the mists.
He sees the blood flowing, eyes glow with desire,
And my wrist is pulled to his kindly lips as he gently partakes.

His kiss quells the blood, he pierces his own wrist,
And raises it to my lips allowing a few drops to fall on my tongue.
Strong arms lift me, pull me deeply into his physique,
And hide me from danger.
I sink into his darkness.

For days it seems I am unconscious,
Vaguely aware of his presence, and he seldom leaves.
Weakened through blood loss I rest under the monster's guard.
During the nights I hear the consort scream,
Seeing through his eyes, he cannot touch me, so he tortures her.
She suffers, I am too weak to act.
I cannot save her from his lustful wrath.

He strokes my hair with such a monstrous passion,
Kisses my head and my throat as I rest.
My strength comes back with each bloodied kiss imparted,
A strange awareness evolves within me; surreal senses.
He waits, but with each night that passes the consort suffers.
I feel her pain, he knows I feel her pain.
She is bound, and he has become cruel, sadistic.
He tears at her with an urgent spite,
Until finally I can bear no more and offer my life for hers.

With a mocking sneer he praises my morality,
But declines my request offering an alternative.
To die, to live and to live, to die.
I cannot submit to an eternity of slavery.

Fury engulfs him and with one swift move his body pins mine,
Neck twisted abruptly; I wince.
His head draws back revealing the full extent of his fangs,
A gasp escapes my lips as he plunges them into me.
Ecstatic agony.

In my stupor I feel his release, suddenly, desperately,
Aching to continue his feed,
Showing pity.

His yearning does not abate,
He seeks the consort.
She is to endure the suffering meant for me.
Chained and weak, but still bitterly in love,
She welcomes his seduction.
Fury wells behind the mask, his true face hidden,
His furious kisses tear as she offers her surrender.

Mouth touches mouth, jealousy stings my reverie,
He feels it, feels my ire, and takes her tongue.
Teeth plunge cruelly until the organ is severed,
And spat.
Screams soon gargle,
Her pain is mine.
Unceremoniously the flesh is torn from her throat,
Arteries revealed and ripped open.
Roberto laps at the spewing fluid,
Greedily.

In my dreams his blood-splattered eyes meet mine,
But I am at peace.
He shows me what I am;
Depraved, seduced and ruined by eternal need.

Waiting inexorably for the return of his sadistic touch,
Beckoning his wicked presence with my tainted mind,
Such is the power of lust.

Tainted with hell's blood my sins are lauded and morals obliterated,
My dirtied soul screams for his reappearance, and in response he comes.
His footsteps clang through the halls as time stands still,
Weakened and with eyes barely opened I wait trembling.

My soul releases a wanton sigh at his entrance,
And my hands drift and rest above my head.
Wantonly exposed, my breasts heave as he draws closer,
Darkened eyes stare through blood-stained porcelain skin,
Roberto.

Ever manipulating, twisting my emotions from pity to envy,
Poisoning me with his soul,
Yet I want him still.

He stands over me, powerfully grand,
And gently seats himself drawing his face into mine.
I do not flinch as our eyes lock,
I do not hesitate to take his murderous lips,

Nor do I reject his talons as they scrape my shameless body.

Deceivingly gentle are his kisses,
Whispering the promise of immortality;
Unsaid words of a lover procuring his meat.

My lashes heavily graze my skin and strain to rise,
Demon, capable of torturous, evil debauchery,
Shares his cunning thoughts cherishingly.

To surrender is to be eternally enslaved,
Feeding on innocent blood with relish,
But the pity is absorbed by his nectar.

The life of the flesh is in the blood,
A fang pierces his lower lip,
And he feeds me.

Inside somewhere reason fights,
But is subdued by lust.
I swallow his entire being with each sordid drop,
Allow his hands to roam ever lower.
Electricity vibes shake throughout my limbs,
The life's blood.
Until caustic saliva quells the fountain,
And he uses his gnarled hands to drive my desire,
Knowing that I cannot resist.

My body sinks into the gallant mattress,
Which holds fast as my back arches.
The serpent's tongue flicks my body, teasing and tasting its prey,
Scarlet hues sweep across the room in a fog,
And I rise, still supine.
Roberto, magnificent king of the darkness;

Sadist, killer, lover.

Shirtless, his hair hangs over a sturdy chest,
He lays over my risen form,
Touching every part of me at once.
I burn as his blood fuses with my being,
Sensationally acidic, yet my passions heighten,
Exquisite.

Harsh nails dig into my mortal flesh,
Claws scrape furiously,
Relieving an unseen ache with each fleck.
My Roberto; ever a part of my soul,
Defying time to find me,
Offering a dismal immortality.

My neck weakens and drops back at his unspoken command,
In an instant he fills me with his rigid lust,
I cry out, my eyelids flicker, as the trance deepens.
Our writhing lowers,
As he penetrates me further, every cell responds with quaking.

Legs wrap about the monster's taut back,
Urging him on.
Arms embrace his neck, victim to my own mortal emotions,
The rapture thickens and the crimson tint darkens,
But I am not afraid.

Pleasure peaks as he moves inside me,
My head turns hypnotically,
His fangs plunge.

I gasp between lips set apart,

His blood coursing through my veins,
My blood flowing into his demented soul.

I feel his shudder at our mutual peaks,
He feeds on mine,
Until I drift into a sublime darkness,
Accepting the inevitable.

I am Immortalis.

Sanguine Fervour

You're welcome in!
I've seen you…
In my dreams, as in life,
Echoing the velvet onyx abyss of your soulless heart,
And sweetly enshrouded with the eternal stench of history's charm.

The doors, portcullis to my chamber, lay stark wide permitting pure precipitation,
To flood the ivory gateway in readiness for your empowering presence.

I recline as the embers cool….
The oak clock clangs breaking the deftly silence of my creamy satin nest.
The sound ceases,
Filling my body with fear and anticipation.

Momentary ambivalence,
A desperate urge to fight the mesmeric stupor, to shut you out!
But my desire enforces paralysis and there with aching trepidation I lay.

Nubile and motionless the emerald flecks of my eyes
meet your black stare,
Your gaze pierces me as you materialise from
nothingness;
Tall, foreboding, pale with a mane of Earthly hair.

As you approach your cognitive grip tightens, our
psyches coalesce!
I see your depravities;
Death displaces desire and torture is thrust upon
idolaters.
Still, I want you! That is your power.

I surrender my life to you even as your deathly, ice
lips caress mine.
Unable to overcome the sense of depravity triggered
by that loathsome longing,
I hesitate, in an acknowledgement of reticence in your
eyes.

Your stunning, seductive eyes stare into mine.
In deep swoon I am willed to relax,
To fall into a waking reverie filled with a sense of
peace,
Beset by your refuge.

Then, in a climactic instant your canines penetrate my
chastity draining my life's fluid,
And my world sinks into an obscure dusk...

Sweet sleep excludes the brilliant sun.

My only stirrings emanate from our minds merging.
Locked behind the bars of your malevolence I see
victims cruelly slain,
Solely for knowing you,

And you watch me gazing in.

An eternal parasite cursed;
Darkness, solitude and damnation.
An emptiness crying out for pity, the demon within judged for its deeds,
Fuelling its anger and passions, driving a desire that may never be sated.

My soul builds a resistance to the disease and I implore you for a reprieve,
With no compassion my sanctuary is denied and once again you appear.
With a tiger's strength I draw myself from that lust filled place of rest.

Stumbling; dazed and weak, my feet tread stone villa floors.

Even in my escape I am drawn to you.
Your whispers tremor through me as I desert on my steel stead.

Your imploring tones willing my return,
Fighting with memories of the beloved you stole,
Now just us alone in a crowded universe.

Hastily I travel through the mountain pass, mere shapes silhouetted in the dark.

My mind in turmoil and my body hungering for yours.
The cool night breeze pierces my skin,
I lose control!

In a flash of metal and light my mortal flesh is broken like porcelain,

My skin ripped, my spirit weary bidding me to sleep through the trauma.
I feel you holding me like the lover you can never be,
Moving me, time passes…

You tend me with a callous cherishing,
Healing your prey to make it fit once again for the hunt!

And with gruesome degradation you feed me from your own veins,
And with grotesque wantonness I submit to your offering.

Overawed by the eroticism, aphrodisiac and sensuality.
Your silent, false promise that you will shield me forever.
In that moment of bliss, I give myself to you!

You make the pain stop! You satisfy your own thirst!

Frozen air sneaks through the derelict boards.
I wake in an abode that has haunted my dreams,
Slumped coldly on chilled steps,
The crimson warmth of days passed replaced by damp rot and sombre shade.

Solitude perforates my empyrean blood.
Loss of my kin has broken my fire,
A life once so learned, travelled and communal destroyed.

You are all I have, my vengeance quelled by an unnatural proclivity,
To be yours eternally.

To be loved and subjugated equally, but your heart does not beat!

I am here at your will, forced to choose as you wish,
Punished with desolation and debility,
Infected by your fluids, which dominate my clay.

Timorously I call your name and there aloof at the window crevice,
You materialise as if there you had always been.

I beg for release from your enchantment,
To forget this agonising cry from the depths of my being,
Your numb stare repudiates my appeal.

My choices are narrowed; annihilation or eternal perdition,
Everlasting surrender to your sovereignty,
Lacerated through your necessary infidelity.

An assassin afflicted with immortality's curse,
And yet with these apprehensions you still captivate me.
Unable to bear being abandoned in this weakened state I come to you.

I rise as you wish,
I stroke your dreadful shell succumbing to your carnality.

Your claws clasp my soft curls and the kiss you offer blazes.

Gnarled nails trail my throat, easing the silken slip strings from my shoulders,

Ivory points encircle my lips, cheeks, hair and throat,
The puncture stings with libidinous relief ebbing with each gulp.

My senses heighten,
I energise and in a moment of clarity,
I draw from you.
Night escapes leaving the scarlet sun dawning slowly,
Before the last trickle of humanity evades me,
I break away....

Away from aeons of emotional emptiness,
I throw myself at the mercy of the burning sun.

Exquisite burning relieves me of mortality and immortality,
You howl, you love; we should have been one.
With regret for what could have been I return to dust.....

Roberto

True son of Adam's banished first wife,
Lilith, or Lilitu, scourge of the heavens.
Born Millenniums into her Earthly reign,
A sadist whose immortal urges kill with lusty gain.

Heretic king, enemy of the Theban Amun,
Philosopher, thinker and cruel master.
Plaguing the night terrors of others,
Driven to sin and carnal desire by his eternal mother.

The beautiful one comes and serves eagerly,
Adoration of the sun, of her son, harsh prince.
Escapes the fleeting wrath of Amun to eternity,

Across Europe living dead roams, blood feeding liberally.

Cults spread in the mists through ancient folk,
Lilith flees for remote islands in the sun.
The son pursues emerald island hermits,
Drugging his victims insatiably as his lust permits.

Those who betray the dark master,
Fester by his wrath; rot in blazing fire.
Clicking tongues ripped from the throats,
Until he meets the one soul that he desires the most.

Untruths told, blackmailing her love,
Forcing her sacrifice for another's life.
Already dead, she sails blindly to his arms,
Willingly she surrenders to his stern hands and evil charms.

Blood sacrifice consumes blood sacrifice,
Tears in her eyes, tied for the night,
Stung by belt, teeth and hand; lust sacrifice,
Tears in her eyes, for her unending life.

Pacifying His Captive

The vampire's captive, Rob's captive,
Purchased on the streets by the manservant,
Manacled in the mansion's lowest cell.
Living food.

Initially seduced by the immortal's prowess, Anna submitted.
The feeding frenzy grew in ferocity,
Unless another plaything caught his eye.

Anna grew weary and worn, barely cared for by the manservant.
She tried overpowering the manservant,
Attempting to escape,
Broke the rules!
But her weak form failed.

At length, the furious footsteps came!

Anna startled as the door burst open,
Weary and frustrated by her captor the words rolled from her trying tongue,
‘You are nothing. You’re not a god, you’re barely human.'
Rob drew his hand back and swept it across her weakened face,
She let out a small laugh hoping for the release of death.

'Do you desire death Anna?'
He had to subdue his brazen slave.

There was a time when Anna believed that he offered eternal life,
She was nothing more than a prisoner,
She had been deceived.

The depths of his sadism soon surfaced,
His gentle pain free bites replaced by savage cuts,
An object for his pleasure.

The feelings of adoration and admiration faded,
But the crafty vampire sensed they were not entirely diminished.
He lowered his gaze,
Caressed her face and hair.

Sensing confusion the monster looked into her vulnerable eyes,
Willed her to surrender once again.

His lips kissed hers,
She responded as the dimming spark within her rekindled into a full flame.
Her belly tingled and she allowed her mouth to take in his tongue.
Rob's need for satisfaction ready to be truly fulfilled,
He pulled her hair easing her head onto the pillow.

Her legs parted submissively as he climbed on top of her,
His teeth sank into her lip and he tasted the blood.
Rob ran a line of kisses from her mouth down the arch of her neck to her breasts and back again.

Anna's well of excitement grew,
She let his tongue slip into her mouth, and he invited her tongue back into his.

The spell shattered like shards of glass.

A sharp sensation seared as her mouth filled with blood,
Eyes widened and she released a woeful shriek.

Deep crimson fluid streaked out between the crushing of their mouths.

His teeth bore down onto her tongue,
Sharp, stinging, throbbing,
Her body arched in fight.

Easily able to overpower her frail frame, he enjoyed her luscious struggles.

The vampire bit harder and his eyes rolled back in ecstasy,
Blood soaked his mouth.
He twisted her tongue,
Piercing it over and over.

Finally, with one deep grasp he ripped the organ from her mouth,
And fed on the exquisite fluid.
His acidic saliva scalded the bleeding wound.

Cruelly he abandoned Anna in her wretchedness,
Mourning on soiled sheets.

Cruel Embrace

Rose from deep sleep by the sounds of a crackling log fire,
Captive in a medieval castle lodged between lonely, forested, mountains.
Sunset and dusk stream through the high window.
A prisoner tenderly kept, washed and dressed in soft pearl linens.
Oak posts surround the gargantuan bed draped with thick, pure nets.

Echoes of nightmarish wolves shriek in the distance terrify my ears,
A crimson mat lays on the heavy wooden floor, candles glint over the hearth.
Shadows stretch above me and disappear, fading into the night,

I am fatigued, unable to move, held by a lustful hypnotic spell.
Fear flows through my filial veins, you must smell the blood.

Resounding ringing of footsteps roar outside the door; bold, menacing,
The key turns with a vociferous clang and casually the door swings open.
I am stupefied by your chilling stature; tall, black clad, ivory skin and ebony hair,
Attracted by beauty, repelled by the demon inside, wanting you, wary of you.
Gradually you approach, a lion frightened of alarming the deer, gradually.

Struggling against the power of your ancient, wise mind I implore myself to leave,
Will myself to run, urge myself to fight.
I am tempted to touch you.
Want you to touch me.
You sit lightly besides me, fingernails stroke my face,
Caress my golden locks, rub my skin, fondling my limp arms, our eyes lock.
You lean in, I know that your kiss means death or eternal purgatory,
I resist.

Again, you embrace me, tenderly petting me;
Adoringly, lovingly, passionately,
Our lips meet!
Your spirit promises ardent devotion, devotion in exchange for my soul,
Angry, affectionate rage fills you, your eyes darken,
And fear and sensuality enshroud me.
My hair is combed by your talons from my neck.

Tears leak in anticipation.

Your wolf like teeth plunge into my throat,
The pain burns,
You will it away.
The fear burns,
I am yours forever!

Lilith

Lioness, or high priestess, thrown from Eden first.
Invaluable to the Pharaoh's rule, queen of Mesopotamia,
Lover of the priests, lover of the kings, lover of the vizier.
Incubus's concubine, immortal flower of the night shade,
Terrifying to the enemies of her sadistic, heretic son.
Horrotic in her demeanour; cruelly cursed with beauty.

Lilith or Lilitu, exiled from paradise, doomed immortalis,
In jealousy and anger she devours the cults of man.
Loving mother, maternal and eternal, blood-feeder,
In plain sight she hides, priestess governing quiet lands.
Time gives wisdom and power, magical to blind eyes,
Unflinching in building her army; immortals or immortalis.

Vrykolakos

Vampire's kith and kin,
Reaching from a gloomy tomb,
Young offspring of Lilith; spurned wife.

Key figure lost to Hebrew texts, ousted in Rome,
Overtly sexual, tempting victims with immortality,
Loving the lover as fangs feed through the night.
Arising at dusk's beckoning, oozing charm,
Knife-life canines, knocking at windows,
Outside waiting for the inevitable,
Sensually leading to new life.

The Bath House

Chestnut hair flowing loose, Eliza throws off her black cloak,
Naked, milky skin.
Her breasts ripe and hardened in the night breeze,
Oozing through glass-less windows.

In the depths of the palace, behind fortified walls,
Her tendencies went unnoticed.
Two fair-haired maidens heat water over an open fire,
Raging furiously in the hearth,
Providing Hades' illumination.

Chestnut hair flowing long, Eliza steps furtively, eloquently,
As her servants pour.
Steam rises and Eliza inhales as a finger summons the blue-eyed one.
Annabelle steps forward, her gaze fixed on the stone floor,
Head bowed in deference.
The unwanted wench continues to pour in woeful ignorance.

In the depths of the palace, behind fortified walls,
Two sturdy masked guards appear,

Answering Eliza's silent call and needing no spoken orders.
They share the burden of carrying a makeshift winch,
And rapidly strip the unwanted one, boring the hook into her spine.

Chestnut hair flowing, Eliza strokes Annabelle's shaking soul,
And takes her fill.
Steam rises and Eliza inhales her lover's breath, hand's drop low,
Stroking, peeling cloth and stroking her affection until she is undone.
Annabelle's head bows in shame,
The wanted maiden is carried by her lover to the bath.

In the depths of the palace, beneath stone floors,
Two captivated guards watch, throbbing.
Answering Eliza's expert hands, Annabelle embraces her with tongue,
They share desire in soothing waters as the unwanted one screams in torment.
Perched deliriously on the bath's edge, Eliza looks down on her maid,
She clicks demanding fingers as her head rolls back.

Chestnut hair flowing, Eliza accepts the sharpened sickle,
From the guards' submissive hands.
Steam rises and the unwanted one struggles as she is twisted and hoisted.
Her hair hangs deliciously over Eliza as Annabelle feeds.
The sickle is turned and the unwanted one's neck rips open in shame,

Blood flowing into her mistress's open mouth, soaking her ivory flesh.

In the depths of the palace, prison's lost hope,
Three witnesses bear the burden of Eliza's blood fetish.
Answering Eliza's call, they implicate themselves, to escape from death,
And secure their own handcuffs in the depths of her lustful dungeon.

Perched deliriously on the bath's edge, Eliza looks down on her maid,
And sweeps the sickle to redden her rejuvenating bath.

Blood Red Rose as Scarlet as the Morn

Blood red Rose as scarlet as the sly morn,
Thorns as sharp as daggers; the fairy's tongue.
Bleeding mist's sap under dawn's impish cloak,
Climbing ivy towards sky's golden coin.

Protected by her sharp knights, floral queen,
Emerald leaves shine like waxy, brushed stars.
Stiffened stems support the queen and her knights,
Reaching to Heaven's turbulent sky seas.

Radiant her court; filled with budding maids,
Shaded tusks' ivory, virginity.
Her princesses clamber towards her lap,
Bowing their pearly heads respectfully.

Occasionally buzzing striped servants,
Serve the majestic womb submissively,
As giants regard her profound beauty.

Blood red Rose, as scarlet as the sly morn.

Nicholas

Falsely accused and locked in the white room,
Beautiful auburn Mary her life tough,
Terrified by the darkness; shadows loom.
Footsteps beyond walls; a tightened handcuff,
Helpless to whisperings; impending doom,
Perhaps punishment for a life so rough.

Daily medical treatment; cruel and rough,
Isolated, set apart in her room.
Hopelessly she scratches her sore handcuff,
False walls dissolve, giant figure does loom.
A creature of deceit, with strength so tough,
Institute residents succumb to doom.

Monster, immortal of an ancient doom,
Cursed by a dark goddess for living rough;
The spectre's blood lust haunts every room.
Disguised as a patient, restraining handcuff,
Nightly master of the house, deathly loom.
Grasps at her cowering throat, hands so tough.

He relishes her terror, heart so tough,
And she sinks with horror from her sad doom.
Illegitimate, father's hatred rough,
Maid's child hidden sadly; basement room,
Street worker, escaping stigma's handcuff.
Embarrassing blot on family's loom.

Sensing her sorrow in her aura's loom,
The beast wizened in desirous heart, tough,
Mesmerizes his scared feed in her room.
Hands grip her shoulders, lust growing so rough,

But she surrenders inviting her doom,
Yet his need forces release of the handcuff.

His mouth takes hers as he drops the handcuff,
She reciprocates to the shadow's loom,
He penetrates her exterior tough.
Offers an eternity of his doom,
His canines penetrate her throat so rough,
Without words their passion shrills through the room.

The wall's hidden room, an immortal handcuff,
Desirous love tough in his shadow's loom,
Imprisoned doom, immortality rough.

Nicholas's Sonnet

Sweet Nicholas, Partaking of torture,
Institution's lead, gothic mansion cage,
Moving between the walls, garish terror.
Their suffering in your icy water,
No one believes a madman's insane rage,
Or that you inflicted ladies' horror.
No one noticed that your age never changed,
False patient, or doctor you reigned an age,
Carefully encasing doors in mirror.
Sensual women, mad, as you had arranged,
Sane pain.

Samhein

Sweet summer's glowing,
Scent of freshly cut grasslands,
As the days lengthen.

Pumpkins, treats and sweets,
Marks shifting in icy winds,

Waiting for darkness.

Cool changing seasons,
Tanned leaves toughen bitter frost,
Copper trees entrenched in snow,
And winter upon us.

Autumn apples glow,
Ripening, sweet to the taste,
Orchard morn's cosmos.

Blood red moon glowing,
Witching hour releases his soul,
Victims' consumption.

Vlad Dracul

Daring to force invite, she wakes,
Reaching for her nightdress, he tears.
Avidly her white throat he takes,
Chillingly her heart beats and scares.
Under his spell, addicting charms,
Languishing, lavishing his harms.
At last, she is spent, he sated,

Dracula's thirst abated.

Slain

Bedridden, worn, struggling with pain,
Often catatonic, comatose, a sad sight,
Consultants attended, labour in vain,
The last Doctor left for the night,
A stranger entered, he had been slain,
Eras ago, His deathly pallor caused fright.

From her sleep she awoke with a fright,
Unable to move due to terrible pain,
Open drapes allowed in the moonlit night,
Her pale lips parted to scream, in vain,
On closer scrutiny he was a virile sight,
Reborn to the underworld after he was slain.

By a comely nocturnal creature, he was slain,
Lust drove him into her arms without fright,
In a moment his throat seized with intense pain,
Awakened as a shape shifter of the night,
Crushingly dashing, stylish and cruelly vain,
He forced the ill-fated monster from his sight.

But the sweet one returned to his forbidden sight,
Ire filled his dreadful soul and she was slain,
Immortal being destroyed in a stupefied fright,
The stake was driven callously in causing Pain,
Blood poured, body burnt, ashes vanished into night,
Her love for him unrequited all was done in vain.

Standing now before his true love, a being so vain,
Courteously planning to use his hypnotic sight,
And immortal gift to relieve her forever of pain,
His beckoning eyes offered solace removing fright,
Knowing by morning she too would be bitten and slain,
Arising to be his consort interminable this night.

His fangs protrude, grim creature of the night,
The household is drugged, she screams in vain,
As he bares down on her throat, she loses sight,
Swooning as he sucks, knowing she too is slain,
Her struggling stops, to her he is no fright,
The angelic creature that took away her pain.

No more pain, her day is now night,
Reborn a glorious sight, no medication in vain,
Pleased to be slain, but to Day-Walkers she is the night fright.

The Creature Comes in the Dark

The creature comes in the dark, at night,
Its dark shroud of fur blocking light.
Hovering, Baal's bat, drinking,
Feeding from fear's sinking.
Old priest's home, his sins,
Known in hell's bins.
Guilty soul,
His whole,
Sins.

My Dark Prince

Come to rapture,
Join me in death my lover,
Open the window.

My heart is taken,
By God's good grace, cannot stir,
For your wicked fate.

Permit me tonight,
For my ardour impassions,
Touch, in a fashion.

Sinful, a sinner,
You are condemned as demon,
I will not sate you.

Your smell alone sates,

Pleasure you I always may,
If the door opens.

I rise to see you,
Beautiful, yet deceiving,
My hand strokes the glass.

My hand touches yours,
Am I so terrifying?
I could be your slave.

Belial, liar,
Seeking my blood for your feed,
My body for need.

Sweet love, say the word,
I will steal you from death's jaws,
I offer you, life!

Your eyes entrancing,
Your teeth monstrous menacing,
I am enraptured.

Only for tonight,
No succulent, sensual pain,
Just ripe sensation.

Feelings churn inside,
Unable to resist you,
I open to you.

You are mine my sweet,
Sweetly divine, hurts inside,
Angering divine.

I am sin's sinner,

Offering a sacrifice,
Cherished innocence.

Innocence; my feed,
Strip you and meet sensual need,
As I sate my greed.

Senses climbing high,
Supine, I lay beneath you,
And accept sin's kiss.

Lust combined with feed,
My lips brush your sinful need,
And to your sweet lips.

Eyes closing, I sigh,
Never before have I sinned,
Sensational high.

In your fair stupor,
I penetrate twice at once,
Feed need; lust and greed.

Drink from me my prince,
Take what you need, take me far,
In my time of need.

Sweet one, you will find,
Another other lover,
To fulfil your need.

Vanishing you leave,
Stomach sickens for your love,
I sicken bleakly.

Alas sweet lover,

My needs flicker eternal,
Seducing others.

Weary I fatigue,
Sleeping without daily feed,
Dying sweet other.

And reborn shall be,
But for you, not for my need,
Arisen, undead.

And so, it will be,
And I shall seduce others,
Dreaming, my lover.

You have awoken now,
Leave these parts, for your own sake,
Rule a new castle.

For aeons I live,
Feeding my need, seducing,
Loving another.

Each bleak night, the same,
Your paradise and sin's hell,
For your lusts no man can quell.

The Pact

A circle of radius 33' etched into the wood,
As storms blew the barn.
Slicing of arm,
Blood strewn,
And the words called.

Candles flew from the barn floor,

Extinguished by the gale.
Black shadows clawed,
Enshrouding her,
Until the eye opened.

Smog dissipated and the summoned stood.
No cloven hooves, nor horns,
Just a man in form.
Suit and eyes,
Ebony.

''Tis an unusual business,'
Belial noted,
'For most call lesser demons.'
His eyes glowed red in the moonlight.

Maya stood tall, but stepped back,
Mahogany locks tangled in her amulet.

'You did summon me?'
He pressed, unable to enter the ring.

Maya nodded,
'I did not expect…'
'Or believe that it would work,'
The beast interjected.
'But for a bargain to occur I must shake your hand,
'So, if that is your wish step forward or permit me to return.'

Feigning courage Maya took a leap of dark faith,
Stepping into his realm.
His grasp was tight, and her head spun,
Dizziness subsided opening her mind,
To his office in the desert.

'What is so urgent that you are willing to offer your soul?'
'Not my soul, any other offering for a life of riches,'
Maya retorted, and the demon snorted.

'Your father is a minister, so your body will satisfy,
'For such a wicked sin would curse his pious eye.'
'I accept your terms as offered,' replied the liberated girl,
'A life of riches for decadence in place of an eternity in hell.'

And with a click of his fingers the suave devil moved her,
To his satin chamber and giant Gothic bed.
Beyond the satanic panes, volcanoes froze the land,
Looming over lava seas,
And howls echoed beyond from a hidden labyrinth.

Alone for an instant,
Until the beast arrived clad in a silk kimono.
With a wave of his hands her clothes disintegrated,
In a glowing hue,
And her body flew against the wall, pinned by an invisible force.

Unwilling to struggle or breach the deal,
Her body accepted his touch.
A burden at first,
Until his sinful lips moved from her breast,
To her fouled mouth.

A life of piety and celibacy,
An empty wound in her soul.

Unwittingly she reciprocated, taking his sharpened tongue.
The invisible shackles loosened,
Quite forgetting her adversary's nature, she clasped his neck.
Quite forgetting her adversary's nature, she dropped to her knees,
Taking more than his forked tongue into her mouth.

Gasping for breath, enduring earthly desires he whispered,
'As above, so below. As below so above.'

The demon's eyes rolled back as did his head,
Until he could wait no longer.

Talons gripped Maya's shoulders, raised her,
And she moved through the air.
His hand firmly casting a spell between her thighs.

Soaking and aching she reclined on his bed,
Quite forgetting her adversary's nature, she wrapped her legs about him.
Quite forgetting her adversary's nature, she begged for his need,
Taking his sturdy length inside her, panting desperately under him.

Her belly surged and heightened,
Each thrust drove her closer to a grim paradise.
Teeth grazed her neck and she arched,
Invisible talons touched every inch of her sensual flesh.

'I want you,' he whispered slowing his pace,
She moaned in response.

'I want you,' he whispered again, teasing her with his withdrawal.
'You can have me,' Maya cried.
In an instant his pace resumed, the talons scratched,
His teeth bit and she cried her release, as did he.

'Every part of you is mine,' he whispered callously,
'Including your readily offered soul.'

Dusk

Blistering heat ices my chill in the eve's dusk,
No sun nor daylight penetrate my prison's dusk.

Eternity spent in night's lava after dusk,
Time ties to the wire that binds in haunted dusk.

Cuts no longer burn, nor leeches wither at dusk,
Torture is my pleasure, for pain hides in the dusk.

Spiked, barbed wire strokes my shredded shins in fate's dusk,
His shards tear into my being, senses at dusk.

After dusk comes long nights, after long nights comes dusk,
And in both I am bound for painful pleasure's dusk.

Taken by demon phallus at night, willing dusk,
Taken by demon wire at dusk, fleeing dusk.

Blistering heat ices my chill in the eve's dusk,
Eternity spent in night's lava after dusk.

Under the Covers

Under the covers she suffers,
Cruel taunts of the mind,
And tricks of the heart.
Waiting naked for her lover's,
Fangs to sink and dart.

For in her mind she is wanton,
Driven to the castle,
Business purposes,
Unrealistic.

Greeted by the raven-haired fiend,
A gentleman sharp of the mind,
Incapable of love's shame.
In awe of his dark heart, mean,
Desire pounds the same.

Business conveniently settled,
Driven to her chamber,
Pleasure purposes,
Unhesitating.

For in her mind she is abandoned,
White shift reveals breasts,
Lip bitten; windows wide.
Aching desire, and her laces opened,
Until no skin the shift can hide.

Her purpose as feed settled,
Driven to exquisite kisses,
Pleasure's whore,
Unhesitating.

She surrenders as his teeth pierce,
Surrenders to invisible hands touching her,
Moving painfully all over her abandoned form,

As the monster takes his feed.

Beneath her sheets her own hands work their mastery,
And she arches in exquisite pain,
Left only with a disturbing shame.

His Touch

His touch is death's curse incarnate,
Death's curse maimed with immortality's sting,
But I cannot resist.

He comes with beauty's delicious charm,
Oozing from reddened, muted lips, and sharp teeth,
But I invite him in.

Long black hair wisps about ebony eyes,
That see me even when we are apart, in sleep,
But I dream of him.

His tall figure looms at my window,
Strong and forceful, forcefully persuasive words,
But I hear the silence.

His words hum in mind, purring harshly,
My desire unable to resist the temptation he offers,
But I am fearful of him.

He steps through into my lonely world,
Running sharp talons over my throat and chest,
But I am desperate for him.
I do not flinch as his claws penetrate me,
The pain is as exquisite as the unbearable delight,
But I dread his craving.

As if I am nothing, he carries me to my quilt,

For when I am relaxed, he truly overpowers me,
But I willingly let him.

Tearing asunder my shift, I am vulnerable to his eyes,
Shamelessly I turn my head and allow his serpent tongue access,
But my whole body invites him.

He smothers me, and fills me until I can take no more,
And as my body climbs, so too does his mouth, and teeth,
But I am exquisitely open.

As my body electrifies, he penetrates my throat, and drinks from me,
And once his thirst depletes, and I deplete, he feeds me from his veins,
But I am ravenous.

But I am ready,
But I am lost,
But I am immortal.
I am unfaithful death's eternal consort.

Her Night-time Intruder

Twisted black spirals grew from his head,
Magnificent horns; part man, part beast.
Her night-time intruder licked her throat.

For the beast, she lay nubile in bed,
Taking his tongue as a nocturnal feast.
Twisted black spirals grew from his head.

Face pressed in pillow at the hands of the goat,
Deep inside her he drove, fingers clasping his horns.

Magnificent horns; part man, part beast.

His pace impressive and self-control unmatched,
Every night a secret marathon, flaming her need.
Her night-time intruder licked her throat.

Dreams Become New Sight

Her marital bed, in the dead of night,
Lost on a dream sea, husband worked away.
Frustrated, restless, dreams become new sight.

Desperately sore, under dim streetlight,
From sad loneliness, during the slow day.
Her marital bed, in the dead of night.

Ghostly hidden hands, encourage a fright,
Tickling her skin, the fear kept at bay.
Frustrated, restless, dreams become new sight.

Caresses lower, she resists a fight,
Invisible touch, tendrils stroke away.
Her marital bed, in the dead of night.

Ghostly suitor mounts, unseen in the light,
Lover's welcome touch, the ache ebbs away.
Frustrated, restless, dreams become new sight.

Squeezed breasts and filled soul, taking her with might,
She peaks and fear fills, but he slinks away.
Her marital bed, in the dead of night,
Fulfilled and rested, dreams become new sight.

Fused and Merged

Releasing the Djinn, she begged for one urge,
As he emerged from her ring.
Her humble servant happy to emerge.
Releasing the Djinn, she begged for one urge,
For her lover and her desires to merge,
Obliging he grants one thing,
Releasing the Djinn, she begged for one urge,
As he emerged from her ring.

His body splices with hers; merged and fused,
Flailing limbs crawling.
The Djinn laughs, empowered, and wish abused,
His body splices with hers; merged and fused,
Djinn's freedom is total, and spite infused,
As his victims lay drooling.
His body splices with hers; merged and fused,
Flailing limbs crawling.

Djinn Iblis

Venturing out in the desert Sophia stumbled on a single Bedouin tent,
In darkness it seemed abandoned, an unusual find for her research.
Ambition drove her on and pride led her in, fearless wherever she went.
Seeking lost caves without her peers, to gain credit.
Immune to the dangers.
Torch in hand she tried to inspect her find, light dimmed with batteries spent,
Undeterred, Sophia fumbled about in the dark, stumbling over her ruby robes.
A glimmer flickered and grew, shimmering from an unusual rock, heaven sent.
Grasping in the darkness she lifted the stone, it shifted and lifted with a lurch,

Shook and rumbled, vibrated, and fell releasing an illuminating amber gas in the tent.

Lightening sparked with a blue electric flame, thundering,
The rock split.
Winds blew in the dark desert night and the tent slumbered in bleak black.
'Wilful one who has woken me, I have come abroad to serve thee. Please sit.'
Sophia fell unexpectedly, gained some of her composure and sat as requested.
'I am Iblis and will perform three tasks for thee, whatever is deemed fit,'
Sophia shook her head, sceptical of all legends, religions, curses and myths.
Sensing her disbelief Iblis held out a gnarled hand and therein appeared a candle lit,
'Test me child and make your first wish and I will show that my magic does not lack.'
'Prove it to me,' she retorted haughtily, 'take me back to my apartment as I see fit.'

No time to blink an eye, her mind spun briefly, until her apartment came into view.
'That is one wish granted. I have proven my worth, now make two more,' Iblis cried.
'I seek the lost caves of Ghazal and their treasures misted to time to back research new.'
Iblis flexed his long nails and turned his wrist, therein lay an ancient map.
'For my final wish I want to see the greatest splendours and pleasures endured by the few.'
A smirk crusted the djinn's wizened skin, and a cold laugh vomited at her proud naivety.

Walls pulsated and melted, welling into mirrors.
Trapped, she was, in the looking glass cube,
'What splendour is this?' she wailed, turning intently,
unable to find a door or place to hide.
'You were not specific my love, so I became artistic.
Splendours and pleasures just for us two.'

'Djinn's twist your wish,' her professor had said, but
arrogance of the find had filled her head.
Breathless she waited and stilled, Iblis stared as his
victim bathed in reality's shock,
'Splendour,' he started as her robes vanished, 'of the
body or pleasures of the mind's bed?'
Sophia covered her torso with quaking arms, Iblis
pointed his nails, and her arms vanished.
No blood, just healed stumps in a moment surreal.
Sophia heard herself scream, her face turned red,
She slumped to the floor entombed in dread.
He crawled awkwardly across the glass, tongue
extended,
Licked her feet, shin and thigh, between her legs and
to her breasts high,
Sating the tongue of the dead.
'Return my arms.' she sobbed as his eternally
imprisoned eyes filled with lonely lust, trapped in
rock.
'Granted if you return with me, my prisoner and lover
for eternity.'
Sophia nodded,
Her arms returned from the dead,
And she took his extended hand, her soul bleeding
with awe and dread.

Entranced Malice

Fingers lightly caress Fleur’s feet,

Exquisitely dragging tips between toes,
Excruciatingly massaging the dipped soles,
Under the silk sheets.

Rubbing rises up shins and calves,
Whilst legs are held firmly in position,
Fleur moans, and the candlelight flickers,
Under the silk sheets.

Hypnotic,
Lustfully entranced,
Sensation of penetration,
Unnoticed, replaced by ravishing shocks.

Mesmerised,
Immune feeling,
Fingernail circles thigh,
Breaching, violating protective skin.

Entranced,
Desirous cries,
Throbbing between thighs,
Laceration tears, circumventing limb.

Pulling and dragging down,
Bringing the skin,
Undressing limb,
Flesh.

Fingers lightly caress Fleur's sex,
Ascending sensation heightening her lust,
Barely noticing exposed flesh and scarlet blood,
Under the sheets.

Rubbing rises and fills the spectre's mouth,
Floating on an exquisite, entranced naïve cloud,

Gracious in dignity, as her nakedness is fully bare,
Under the sheets.

Another,
Stripped thigh,
Skin torn off, sensuously,
Squealing with unfettered, hellish delight.

Hips,
Rolled back,
Opening her entrance,
His ghostly manhood indulges.

Imps,
Hold her,
Tighten around ankles,
Spread her wide, inviting.
Head,
Tips back,
He releases early,
Prolonging the grim pleasure.

Fingers lightly caress Fleur's breasts,
As her rind is flayed from her hips and sex,
Each breast succulently tasted as skin panties fall,
Under the sheets.

Rubbing rises and each breast fills his mouth,
Gnawed as she grinds furiously against his light,
Teeth enter, sensational experience rouses delights,
Under the sheets.

Breasts,
Nibbled furiously,
Tongue meets shoulder,
Teeth pierce and penetrate.

Left,
Joint basted,
Rimmed to flesh,
Arm stripped with tenderness.

Right,
Joint licked,
Hands between legs,
Arm delicately, sadistically skinned.

Torso,
Tender meat,
Riding his touch,
Craftily swallows all skin.

Fingers lightly caress Fleur's neck,
Whilst sliding the hide from her ample breasts,
Leaving his prey naked to his blank, hollow eyes,
Under the sheets.

Rubbing rises and her tongue fills his mouth,
As he enters her naked form again, purged of skin,
His imps fasten to her legs, for the spell is peaking,
Under the sheets.

Hard,
Supernatural thrusts,
Amorous, nocturnal lover,
Sating malicious desire, wantonly.

Brazenly,
She responds,
Rising her nakedness,
Groaning with every push.
Writhing,

Desperately filling,
Desperately taking all,
Teeth lock around throat.

Penetrating,
Neck and sex,
Driving, sucking, bleeding,
Panting heavily beneath him.

Peaking,
Glorious release,
Followed by retreat,
Spectre evaporates, abandoning her.

Fingers lightly caress Fleur's flesh,
Her own fingers, horrified to find it bare,
Realisation, broken mesmerisation, screaming,
Under the sheets.

Rubbing rises as she reaches her neck,
Bleeding furiously as her burning iced corpse,
Stings and writhes in hideous, torturous agonies,
Under the sheets.

Burning,
Frozen nerves,
Chilling her teeth,
Sticky, crimson bed sheets.
Fleur,
Wilted flower,
Petals sorely torn,
Raw, exposed fleshy wails.

Sap,
Crimson sheets,
Leaking flesh's essence,

Dampening soiled, marred linen.

Screams,
Dampening wails,
Echoing; hideous melody,
Crying; scorching, smouldering blaze.

Fire,
Flames spark,
Dancing mercilessly; torch,
Beacon under crimson sheets.

Weeping,
Weakened groans,
Exquisitely suffering moans,
Softening; mesmerised, burning frost.

Silence,
Flames extinguish,
Extinguished ashen carcass,
Head abandoned under the sheets.

Fingers lightly pull back the sheets,
Rapidly responsive to neighbours' calls,
Bloodied sheets covering charred, infiltrated dust,
Under the sheets.

Rubbing rises as confused hands scratch,
Unable to quench the vile streaks; pungent vomit,
Unable to explain the grotesque, lusty sight below,
Under the sheets.

Removed,
With difficulty,
Closed crime scene,
Inexplicable to great minds.

Fleur,
Far away,
Taken by spectre,
Skinless orb, his prey.

Fleur,
Torn away,
Taken from light,
Carried cruelly into darkness.

Darkness,
Hollow pit,
Their depraved abode,
Eternally suffering, eternity flayed.

Eternally,
Enduring lusts,
Exquisitely moaning, screaming.
Everlasting lust, dark domination,
Eternally hell's willing, suffering slave,
Hell's last concubine.

Hypnotist

An unusual creature dances,
Purple catsuit, two lengthy horns,
Stripping for her grim clients.
Monsters watching monsters.
Her feminine form,
She writhes lithely,
Squirms lively,
Attracts,
Baits.

A hypnotist takes to the grave stage,
Music ceases, fleeting drum roll.
His eyes lock on hers, HIS act,
Audience waits, breath bated.
‘Continue stripping all,’
Instructions fall.
Clothes come off,
Moving,
Strips.

Black satin bra and panties thrown off,
Hypnotised she bares all, cheers rise.
‘Strip all,’ he hands her a knife.
She hacks her hair away,
Trims long eyelashes,
Shaves off eyebrows,
Chops nails,
‘Strip all,
All.’

Blade drags each shoulder, she peels arm skin,
Pulling off the dank sleeves of flesh.
Thighs cut, skin stockings pulled off.
Immune to her own screams,
The bloodied rags lay,
Crimson raw limbs,
Torso flayed,
Face scalped,
Raw.

Cheers rise!

Shark

Marine life; a show for tourists young and old,
After visiting the sea-lions and whales so bold,

Ready for a greater thrill,
Sharks with their cold appeal.
Spilling blood; swimming grim, audience is sold.

Marine life; sharks dipping and drawing up high,
After a drop of blood, through the waters they fly.
Hosts dive in for a swim,
Sharks flock about, eyes grim.
Hosts do not waiver, used to the sea, sharks sly.

Marine life; park closes, and one host stays behind,
After all is quiet, he dives in deeply, danger blind,
Sharks flock about maliciously,
Bite and savour so deliciously.
Spilled blood and a few torn limbs form the next day's find.

Wrapped

Wrapped in silk on his satin cobweb bed,
Spider's silk cobweb embroidered her head,
Strung wide and spread in the white, lacy web,
Strings shine bright, trapped butterfly by the dead.

Weaving the web, her quaking fear does ebb,
Fixing his stare, mastering the cobweb,
Tightening laces restrain and ensnare,
Stinging paralysis her fear is fed.

Feelers lick hungrily feigning a care,
Until the first bite tears skin from her flesh,
Before him bland, nubile virgin lays bare,
Lavishing his feed from pretentious air.

Arachnia

A strange fetish formed with love,
As Jamie stroked her lover's back.
Rough labourer Sam; darkly hairy,
Rugged tendrils and spinning curls,
Adorable to the doe-eyed girl.

Her small fingers pulled and looped,
Hands stroked the dense, jet jungle.
Playfully she pulls the dark strands,
Twiddles her nails to form great pleats,
Fussing him furiously in his deep sleep.

Three chimes hum from the clock gong,
Insomnia ridden Sam's tendrils are stroked,
By Jamie's tired hands, with true love.
In an eruption of spasm, he shakes violently,
His lover unmoved watches steadfastly.

Maternally she embraces the creatures that burst from his back,
Lovingly she caresses their womb as he shudders viciously into death's embrace.
Each hair mass, a mass of legs attached to grim creatures that eat furiously to escape.
A tremendous earthquake explodes as her babies are freed,
Their lover watches coldly as Sam sates their ghastly greed.

Tattoo Artist

Scraping sting carved into her shin,
Spider of sin.

Magic ink brings spider to life,
Subdued with knife.

Sweat beads, under his threat, he drools,
The spider crawls.

Climbs her rigid corpse, a tear falls,
Deep breath as his creation climbs,
Death bite to the nipple, sublime.
Spider of sin, subdued with knife, the spider crawls.

Monster in the Closet

She does not know he is there,
Her monster hiding in the closet.
Does not see the glow of his silvery skin,
Nor the metal piercing his face.

She does not know he is there,
Watching as she strips, lays supine,
Pulsating weapon between her legs; her toy.
But he bides his time suffering her exquisite game.

She does not know he is there,
As her body shakes in response, soaked.
Her monster waits until she collapses,
And reveals his grand presence.

His human, owned for years, kept,
With strict rules to adhere to.
When he leaves for hell or purgatory,
She Must wait for her master's touch.

As he approaches, she turns on her stomach.
Subserviently she bares her ass,
His hand cracks down on it hard,
Almost as hard as the bulge between his legs.

She endures five further punishments.
Her monster rolls her on her back,
Thrusting deeply, her legs raised to his broad shoulders,
Her wet warmth entices him, as does her continued defiance.

His human's lips swell as his hand clasps her neck,
Hell's victims are a poor substitute for his willing slave,
As she dizzies, he lowers her hips, driving up against her,
Her eyes meet his imploringly,
And a nod of approval permits her to cum in tandem with his anticipated release.

Tall Boy

Glistening water meets my eye,
But I am lost.
The darkness submerges with an eerie moonlit glow,
On the murky pond.

I came to the mountains for my honeymoon;
Tartan clad wedding,
Brooding man that I barely knew but needed.
Alone on the murky pond.

I was taken forcefully by the mutating beast,
His sex bleeding my spirit,
Until the moon shone, and the creature escaped.
A nightmare incarnate, near the murky pond.

My legs dangle helplessly from a felled tree,
Skimming the bleak water.

In the distance I hear him howling for me, as I sit helplessly,
On the menacing pond.

Shadows lurch gruesomely formed by twisted branches,
Resigned stillness shrouds me,
As though the forest beats the pulse of the chase.
No longer alone on the murky pond.

Hungry, howling roars echo about me,
A tantalizing fear engulfs my nubile form.
I force my entranced mind to act,
And fall, into the murky pond.

No longer the man I barely knew, instead a desperate Lycan.
The waters cool my body, quietly I allow myself to submerge,
Hiding from his dishevelled form I ease back into the shadows,
Of the murky pond.

Moods shift and all is still, all is quiet as I press against the verge.
Whispers tickle my naked shoulders and caress my spine.
My lip trembles as the pressure grows,
And I am torn from my sanctuary,
In the murky pond.

Frozen with fear as the burning of teeth thaws my neck,
The scorching tears chill as my body resigns.
Tears stream coldly and silently,
Shock paralyses as I sink,

Into my murky grave.

The Sasmel

Sasmel lives under the speckled,
Starry night's carpet.
Half woman, half cat.
Nocturnal.
Indifferent to humanity's oddities,
Only flicking her fluffy contemptuous tail,
When the mood takes her!

Sasmel crawls through unhallowed burrows,
Exiting only in the starry night hours.
Nocturnal.
Her pack dispersed through crafty lands,
Reeling disinherited airs around sun blessed thorns.

Sasmel howls at the dense moon,
Calling for fresh flowing water,
Or blood.
Nocturnal starry night.
Her opinions scream against time and space.
Little gem of pure platinum and glass,
Nocturnal diamond.

Sasmel always has the final word,
Reads the final line,
And the stars of the night sky bow down.

The Serpent's Web

New adventures, trekking through jungles,
Floating down the Amazon.
It was all that she had dreamed;
A graduation thrill.

New adventures,
Spanish speaking guides offered to take her to El Dorado.
There she drifted, through heaven's lost land,
Shaded by her broad-rimmed hat.

Naive, but daring, Gemma admired paradise;
Nights spent camping by a fire,
With a couple of friends.
Turns taken, watching out for bandits, or worse!

Naive, but daring, they begged to go further,
And the guides were happy to oblige.
The five delved deeper each day, snaking down river.
Civilisation lost to a dream.

Shallows grounded the boat unexpectedly,
The guides suggested abandoning ship.
Through deep jungles they walked at the water's edge,
Nightmarish to ones so naive.

Dusk came upon them, and sleep followed;
A deep sleep, stemming from the guides' polluted waters.
Drifting or lifted, yet unable to move,
She surrendered her fate to the moon.

Shallows washed about them after dusk fell.
Deep, limp in dreams, she flowed and snaked,
Until waking suddenly!
Strapped and tied.
No feat of man created such a web.

New adventures drenched in horror,
The silky binds held fast about her,

Spreading, weaving.
Her helpless, hapless form fastened tightly to the web.
New adventures, so far from home.

Shallows washed by her as the web stretched tree to tree.
In the moonlight her silhouette hung like a fly trapped.
Gemma's screams were silent as her body immobilised,
Poison spread through, stilling her desperate form.

Drifting along the shallows a massive serpent drew near,
Snaking along the river like a diabolical moonlit demon.
She was his sacrifice, an offering for peace,
Taken to appease his famished wrath.

Drifting towards her paralysed shell,
Fear gurgled inside.
Snaking around her, analysing his prey, ready to devour.
His tongue flicked over her skin, caressing her like a lover,
Until the tail encompassed her; squeezing, pulling her forth.

Wrapped in his coils, dragged to his cavernous, watery lair;
Helpless and hapless.
New, darker adventures loomed.
Alone with the predator the numbness slightly abated,
She pulled herself from the beast, as he watched,
Tantalised.

She implored him, dragging herself away, pleading for a saviour,
No one came.
His gigantic form followed her, hunted her.
Wrapped in his coils once again, crushed into submission,
As his fang pierced her head, peeling back the skin.

Careful cuts and incisions to strip his prey bare,
Flayed for the feast.
Her woeful cries unanswered,
As the skin was torn from her flesh, peeled away and dropped.
Burning, torturous burning, raw and electrifying.

He crushed her burning frame, but still she lived.
His mouth engulfed her head and widened to swallow her whole,
Flames of acid slowly rose, oh so slowly.

Gemma is on a new adventure,
Digested alive,
Only bones will be found in the golden land.

Beyond Horizons

The engine chugs into motion,
After loading the boat with pots, reel and bait.
I eagerly anticipate the moment, the cast off.

My adventure begins in soft moonlight,
Returning after hours when the Parish sleeps.
With a smile the beast pulls away from the pier,
Stealing me off into shimmering black waters.

Beyond the horizon lies my world, my treasure island,

So long have I fished that I know the secrets of the sea,
Where rocks hide, and lobsters cling.

I'm old now, it's harder to lower the pots,
And when the time comes, an arduous job to pull them in.
The tranquillity makes it worth it,
Time of my own, just me and nature.

After casting my rod and nets I settle, I wait, I relax,
In time a pull launches me from snoozing,
I drag the net in, its weight is unbearable for my aging body,
Heaving and puffing the net rises.

Therein she sits, not as expected, more delicate than myths would suggest;
Smaller, human at first, with a turquoise, shimmering tale.
Lost, like me.

Dragging her on board I notice a fearful shake,

Trembling I hold her,
I hold her until the sun looks above the horizon.
With sympathy she clasps my hand and together we dive,
Together we die, together we live,
Eternally beneath the waves.

Depths

Diving into the deep azure of the Caribbean I am elated,
Having saved so long to reach the depths of paradise.

An entourage accompany me, guests from the hotel,
And we flop into the sea out of the sight of land.

Experienced divers all, we explore the waters independently,
I swim far from the crew through shoals of fish.
Their bright yellow and turquoise fins glint and glisten.
On the sea-bed giant starfish laze outstretched.

Occasionally a barracuda intervenes and fish spray in all directions.
Further I swim, dropping down an underwater ravine,
A surreal, awesome experience; falling and floating from a cliff.
Danger exhilarates, spiked anemones beckon from the coral.

Deeper I sink, butterflies fill my stomach, but the sea calls.
Way below the surface in another dimension caverns summon,
In the lair below I am surrounded with drifting beauty.
Elegant pulsating jellyfish drop colourful tentacles.

Transparent, ghostly apparitions plummet from above,
Gracefully stroking the waters with colourful tentacles.
They encompass my being,
I am enraptured,
I forget the venomous harpoons that cling.

More come, and more.
Beautiful bubbles of death.

As I attempt to swim away, they block my path,
I am trapped on another planet.
They attack.

The suit offers little protection from their mutated hooks,
It is rapidly torn and ripped almost intentionally,
Their tentacles cling to my skin and burn.
I am alone.

Clustering, they swarm at my face, pelting the mask.
Acidic venom burns through as panic rises,
My face burns, and water caves in.
Water and burning nettles!

I am smothered,
I sink down to the seabed,
My entirety covered in the graceful killers.

Tentacles and water burn my mouth,
So painful, so quick.

I am one with the sea.

Dragged Drowning

Intrepid explorers search lost lands and seas,
Backpacking across the globe dressed in young naivety.
Climbing each deserted cavern seeking adventure,
Hiking through pined forests high on steep hills,
And swimming abandoned waters finding cheap thrills.

A trio of girls, a gaggle of geese, innocently travelling,

Over-estimating their sense, under-estimating
nature's ire.
Lost America, ghost lands from golden coast to coast,
Occasional fails; insect bites and spiked, floral tears,
Rattling snakes, rocky slips and other minor scares.

In the depths of the Appalachians their journey ends,
Under the starry bleak blanket, wrapped in
wilderness.
Free souls, lost in nature's deceptive, silent glow,
They stumble upon wild water; a stagnant grim lake,
But only seeing lush waters and a paradise so fake.

Stripping brazenly, the wenches jumped excitedly,
Into the depths, unable to touch the bed with bare
feet.
Gentle laughter echoes through the trees, and ripples,
Reaching down through the crystal, cool waters,
To inhumane marine ears that prepare for the
slaughter.

The blonde dragged first, to the lake's funerary floor,
Spun by the creature cursed to reside a snake's life,
For impregnating nubile virgins with his insect larvae.
Spins, pulls and feeds. Gills throb, born of a spell,
Once her breathing ceases his teeth release the
stunned girl.

The brunette dragged next, to the lake's funerary
floor,
Spun by the creature cursed to an immortal life,
For seducing an immortal failing his insect's larvae.
Spins, pulls and feeds. Cursed eyelids and faux fin,
Once her breathing ceases the impregnation can
begin.

The red head dragged last, to the cavern hidden beneath,
Her belly pierced with the insect's mortal, secret spike.
Metamorphosises slowly into a suitable aqueous mate,
Unlike the mortal insect's seed that killed the willing host,
She requites his growing ardour; immortal marine-like ghost.

Lost in Time and Space

Langafel

Rushing, the alarm rang late.
Rushing through the crowded streets,
Overlooked by billboards screaming,
'Improve your life!'
Overlooked by the Devil's towers,
Where money is furiously exchanged;
Concrete purgatory.

An insignificant suited man runs,
Smelling of train sweat and domestic nagging.
He trips on the overpowering steps,
Squeezes into the lift.
His absence (or presence) is barely noted.

Rushing, to meet deadlines,
Rushing through bottomless pits of paperwork,
Overlooked by greedy partners waiting for their cut,
'Improve our lives!'
Overlooked by the Devil in his penthouse tower,
An unseen force that drives the pistons;
Mechanical purgatory.

An insignificant, tired man runs for his train,
His cold wife waits at home for her pay-check.
He trips into a cramped window seat,
Squeezes in amongst the other ants.
His absence (or presence) is barely noted.

After a time, hell is left behind,
Gentle movements float through his worn soul,
His eyes hang heavy, until a kindly jolt rouses him.

No longer a city train, but an empty carriage,
Adorned with the finer seat of years gone by.
Heaving to a restful stop, he sees a small town,
Previously unnoticed.

'Langafel' the guard calls, 'Langafel.'
Serenity reigns in this paradise;
An open park where ladies talk as their white parasols swirl,
children run barefoot.
Games of years gone by; kicking a ball, jumping a rope.
Screaming yellow taxis replaced by plodding horses drawing carts.
A band plays softly on the stand.

Serenity is abandoned as the train pulls away,
Jolted viciously he wakes again.

Rushing to his cramped apartment and cross wife.
Rushing in his attendance to bills,
Overlooked by an angry woman complaining!
'Improve our lives!'
Overlooked by the Devil incarnate.
Words are furiously exchanged and his stomach knots,
Physical purgatory.

An insignificant suited man rushes to work,
An insignificant suited man oils the machinery,
An insignificant desperate man dreams of Langafel.

Rushing to his waiting train hoping for a glimpse,
Rushing, overcome with fatigue,
No longer wanting a city life,
His eyes close,

He waits.

‘Langafel!’
The words rouse him soothingly.
‘Langafel!’
He gazes as life slows down,
Heaven in a nostalgic postcard.

Serenity in its purest form greets him;
Two boys laugh as they pass with home-made fishing rods,
Brass instruments hum notes from his childhood,
Horses mooch about the cobbled streets,
As genteel women stroll elegantly in the park.

Serenity is abandoned as the train pulls away,
Jolted viciously he wakes again.

Rushing home, his ears close to the nagging of his wife.
Rushing to work, his eyes close to the stream of ants.
No longer wanting a city life,
He makes a choice.

‘Langafel,’ the guard calls.
The guard stops, gazes at the suited man.
It is not the suit he wore to the Devil’s Towers,
Instead, a tan suit from yesteryear.
‘I believe this is your stop sir!’

Hesitantly the man stands,
remembers his name,
sees his home,
steps out.

Furiously his wife of another era paces,

Waiting.
Doorbell chimes.
Angrily she rushes through her fine furnishings,
And answers to two of New York's finest.

Her husband fell clumsily from the train;
killed instantly.
Serenity is abandoned.

Kingdom

Hurried in on a trolley, sound of sirens still ringing,
Driven into a sterile cubicle with machines.
My dry lips forced apart, suffocating as the tube is forced down my throat.

Something snaps onto my finger, beeping,
Pads placed on my body, so cold, so very cold.
Buzzing, muffled words, the room darkens.

No more pain; freedom, a light freedom coarses through me.
I see my shell laying below, frozen,
Surrounded by panicked medics, why are they worried?
Higher I drift, floor after floor,
Someone's lost their coat on the fifth floor!
A force sucks me suddenly, a whirlpool or vortex.

I am flung into the swirling tunnel, engulfed with light,
Ease floods me, love, yearning for my true home.
In the mists of the brightest light stands shapes,
Familiar, from a distant past I never knew.

My life, such a brief time, plays,

With compassion around me I watch, I understand.

Beyond lies a Kingdom, a natural Kingdom,
Brilliant in colours, such distinct tones and hues,
Created by a unified conscious.
A bullet belts my chest; breath catches, again I am hit!
I fall, I wake,
I am returned,
Reborn by experience.

Dream House

Dreams have no beginning or end, Mobius
continuums of the mind!
Repeating an idea, haunting the host,
Visions of a house, reflections of the mind,
Tudor in architecture, Georgian windows, a mansion.

Plush ground floor, awe-inspiring heavy wooden
doors.
Clock chiming before the stairs, diverging at the apex,
Wooden floors, wooden doors, wooden chairs in the
dining suite.
Velvet lounge, banqueting suite, kitchens and staff
area.

Bedroom after bedroom adorned with mirrors and
Victorian furnishings.
My room, interconnected to two others, completely
crimson.
Queen bed, chaise-longue, red like my cottage outside.
Two rear cases lead to the top floor, bedrooms with
dormer windows.

Less exquisite, more scruffy, less tidy, something lies
beyond;

A rear case to a hidden attic shrouded in heavy
darkness, forbidding!
One room after another, boxes of old belongings,
trashed, stashed, ghostly,
Terrifying!
Desperate to leave, hypnotically drawn in to face
spirits of the past.

In the Stars

Escaping Earth, deep in stars,
Suffocating fresh void,
Unable to escape,
Universally one.

Galaxies pass lifeless,
Cosmos's icy cape,
So inescapable,
Indefatigable.

Floating in dark prison,
Creepily, silence mars,
Last human does tire,
Incommunicable.

Saved by abandonment,
Saved by strange displacement.

Folding Space and Time

Moving points closer,
Expediting space travel,
Poor consequences.

Folds, smashing matter,
Twisting timelines, unravelled,

Movement at what cost?

Plates floating submerge,
Plates floating rise and erupt,
Plates of time and space.

Dimensions opened,
That cannot be understood,
Flattened playing God.

Crushed from crushing,
Dust from crushing.

Traveller

In my dreams I saw the grand universe,
I was a giant, or an ant!
A flea imagining the Colossus that is Earth,
An amoeba envisaging the boundless galaxy!

In my dreams I saw something greater, Time,
Endless time, Tesseract, Vastness,
Every second in every space captured in form.

A fourth dimension,
Each place, set by the cosmos' definition of horizon, repeated.
Every moment captured in perfect unison,
Unlimited, monumental, tremendous!

The Universe, all that is, multiplied exponentially,
Infinite,
I am inconsequential!
Less than a speck,
Respective histories stacked.

I envision a fold, conceptualize the possibility,
Stepping through time,
Existing through my ancestors' genes,
Or my successors' futures.

Travelling from eon to era;
A pilot,
An adventurer.
My undertaking may cause me to change the past,
Turning the course of history to what it is today!

A gap through which the soul can travel,
Past genes or past lives,
Perhaps to a period elapsed in another galaxy.
An explorer!
Confined by our own science, our own life span,
If only I had more time!

Out There

Too abundant is the sky for us to be desolate.
Out there beyond the telescope's glare,
A planet orbits two beautiful Super Novas.

Not Carbon based, not needing our atmosphere,
Magnificent creatures; unidentified insects,
Energizing through gaseous environments.
Staring into the heavens,
Wondering if they are alone.

Wormhole

Elise was groggy, hungover. Long mahogany hair
matted revealing droopy, bagged eyes and sallow skin.
Besides her, her husband Brian snored with his back

turned. She was awoken by the farm's cockerel singing the morning alarm call. For a second her eyelids dropped.

Peeling them open she felt overcome with fatigue, but she was no longer in bed, but in the village tavern surrounded by friends, collapsed on a seat. Brian was beside her.
'I'm not here,' she managed to stutter. 'I'm at home!'
Brian shook his head in disbelief. Her eyes flickered and once more she lay in bed.

Tomorrow Does Not Change

Fiction of the twentieth century indicated that time travel would come about through the construction of some bizarre machine, a device capable of pinpointing a particular time period and magically transporting an individual, or team to that era, allowing exploration and bringing them home safely. That is not how time travel came about! I grew up in the twenty-second century, I would love to say it was a perfect automated world, or even a worn-down dystopia, but it was a time much like any other; littered with territorial and political wars, rife diseases and dominated by new computer technologies.

Our buildings were much the same as the twenty-first century and fashions revived and lost as always. Universities had become led by government initiatives and at some point, some scientist or another decided that to travel backwards in time would be impossible due to paradoxes and interferences from the traveler. So, a decision was made to travel forward in time. There was no desperate need or reason, simply a desire by those heading the state faculty to attract

more funding. I am not a scientist, nor even an academic. I was a volunteer, born Charlotte May in a London ghetto.

By volunteer I do not mean that I volunteered. People stopped volunteering for studies following a failed drug trial some time in 2040. Supposedly a new cure for cancer, in reality all it did was significantly lower the population of Ealing. Nasty business, before my time. There wasn't much work about back then, unless an adept programmer, computers took over the jobs. So, to get ‘welfare’ one had to agree to the 'lotto' and, as needed, people were selected at random to take part in new trials. My name come up and I was selected to travel into the future.

Not nearly as exciting as it sounds! Initially the scientists at London's Conglomerate University experimented with black hole technology. At the same time, they were working on a zero-gravity pen. Things went awry when the Republic of Russia announced that in zero gravity, they used pencils. The Anglo-Welsh government looked foolish, money was stopped and there was a bit of bad publicity. The funding for black hole technologies was substantially reduced and it was decided instead to freeze the guinea pigs in cryostasis and develop a plan for waking them in the future. A bit pointless, there you go!

My welfare was lodged in an interest account and I must have got the short straw as I was elected for the two-hundred year trial, the longest trial. I was given a multitude of injections, they did hurt, at some point sleep was induced and my body frozen. As planned, I awoke two hundred years later, last month. I awoke to a world much the same as the world I left; a few new

diseases and trends, a smattering of wars. The worst part is my body has not adapted, so I am imprisoned in this clean room.

Anomaly

Lecture given by Professor Langhan at The Calson Institute, February 17th 2087

We experience time in a clear and logical order. As scholars we are capable of forming extensive timelines showing the development of the universe, the evolution of creatures into man and the accumulation of knowledge by man. We understand yesterday as preceding today and relate cause to effect. In short time runs in a linear sequence, at least in the normal mind. Time moves forward at a set pace. We remember yesterday, live today and plan tomorrow.

Recently a number of cases have been subject to intensive study at the institute due to the clients' inabilities to accept the direction of time. These patients claim that they can, and do, randomly travel backwards and forwards in time. These cases are of particular interest to our academics researching schizophrenia as it seems, like any biological pathogen, schizophrenia has, like mankind, evolved into a more complex illness as the new patients believe that they are experiencing distortions in time. Today schizophrenics claim that they experience time travel.

These people do not claim that they have a machine or that they can disappear from one time or reappear in another at will. These people state that they wake up in their own bodies, or that of a past or future family

member, and experience a few minutes in that time before returning to their own body today.

Twentieth century studies suggested that schizophrenia resulted in an almost paranoid dissociation from reality. Those suffering from this ailment typically manifested periods of apathy, confusion and an underlying belief that messages were being transmitted to their mind from an external source; maybe the TV, the radio or space. In the second half of the twenty first century time disorientation joined this list of symptoms. Not only were the patients confused in the present, but they seemed confused about what is past, future and present because they believe that they are leaping into previous or future bodies.

Patient zero, the first case, as you may recall from your notes, was a well-educated computer engineer travelling by express plane from Los Angeles to New York for a presentation. During the flight patient zero became hysterical claiming that he was already in New York, but that the conference area was dark and empty. The plane had to be grounded in Houston and police accompanied a psychiatrist to the scene. Patient Zero was extremely lethargic and told the psychiatrist that, and I quote,
'I feel heavy, like I'm stuck in mud. I can't move. I just want to sleep.' He was transferred immediately back to Los Angeles by police van and institutionalized here at the Calson Institute.

Psychiatrists examined his history and found symptoms of mental illness that had been previously overlooked. Patient Zero had been admitted to hospital twice, just two years earlier, for what

appeared to be excessive sleeping or catalepsy, but was, on reflection deemed to be the early signs of schizophrenia.

Psychiatrists also noticed complex patterns of absenteeism from his job at that time. On speaking to the local doctor, they discovered that his medical certificates had been supplied as the doctor was concerned about sleep apnoea and lucid dreaming. Patient Zero had the same dream repeatedly; that he was receiving messages in the computer code that he created and that it was received visually in these dreams.

As a psychiatrist a fair evaluation of these symptoms is that schizophrenics in the twentieth century thought twentieth century technology was the media for the transfer of messages that the radio was talking to them directly. Patient Zero, however, living in the twenty first century received his signals in the new technology that was so familiar to him, computer jargon.

The content of the message was, of course, just as important as the medium. The message relayed in the dreams implied that space and time would begin to fold, just as a well-used brain-folds. It is therefore likely that the medium and message were manifestations of Patient Zero's own psyche and that this form of schizophrenia is largely environmentally driven. Patient Zero continued to believe that he would somehow project himself elsewhere through both space and time.

The fact is he never left the institute thereafter. One significant point to note is that in spite of having no

access to media Patient Zero always showed an awareness of the changes in political climate of California. This anomaly is somewhat hard to account for, but as my Jungian colleagues explained in yesterday's lecture on the collective unconscious, it is possible that Patient Zero somehow tapped into a conscious stream of thought that underlies humanity or that he overheard staff talking.

Patient Zero died five years ago of a massive brain aneurysm with an unknown cause, he spent most of his last two years in and out of comas. Since Patient Zero's diagnosis the admission of clients with this form of schizophrenia has grown exponentially. During his eight years of medical care two hundred cases appeared across the globe, over the last five years over one thousand cases have been admitted in the United States alone.

Environmental Psychologists refer to this as 'The Plague of Mental Health.' we clinical psychologists call it 'Chronos-phrenia' with reference of course to time disorientation.

One current case which will be of particular interest to graduates is that of 'Glenda.' This is of course not her real name as confidentiality has to be respected. Glenda was admitted to Calson six months ago having been referred by her personal counsellor as progress in therapy was not being made and Glenda's delusions only worsened between sessions.

Glenda's final session with her counsellor adopted the free association approach. Very old school, but the recordings made from that session give a clear insight into the development of that illness. Before I play the

recording, it would be beneficial to make a brief note of Glenda's background. Glenda was born to a middle-class family in Orange County, her mother was a doctor, now retired and her father was a watchmaker. Glenda actually studied here at Calson majoring in Philosophy. After a thorough review Psychiatrists were unable to identify any indicators of mental illness in her history in fact the onset of the illness began unusually in her forties.

Glenda was married, working as a college tutor and a mum of two girls. There is nothing remarkable at all in her history which greatly increased our interest in this case, late onset Chronos-phrenia with no signs of any pre-existing mental abnormality sets a new precedence for this illness as does the extreme symptoms in this case, so as I terminate this lecture. I invite you to listen to the audio files for Glenda's pre-admission session and expect a psychological evaluation to be presented next week.

Patient: Glenda audio file pre-admissions Admitted: August 5th, 2085

I'm fine to lay down, in fact I am desperate to lay down, exhausted, my body burns, my head is throbbing. I can feel blood tearing my veins to shreds. You think its August the fifth 2085, but for me that was two years ago. I remember well, I came here for help months previous to that or this date depending on your point of view. Bad dreams, it began with bad dreams. The same dream recurring night after night. A cube dividing and dividing, growing around me, a tesseract, the divisions mutated and shifted continually, like windows or mirrors revealing or reflecting so many realities, so many places and so

many times. I disappeared into the darkness as the monster grew, I was nothing, no one. Surreal visions that haunt me today or perhaps in two years' time, I'm not sure anymore.

I left work; I loved my job teaching Religious Philosophy. I always believed in God as the source of all matter. Everything emanating from one single spark of hope or loneliness and multiplying, spreading to form an imperfect universe. My breathing stopped during sleep several times. Chronic fatigue the doctors said, and they signed me off of work.
Days and days, I would lay in bed unable to move, however light it was I was surrounded by darkness and the nightmares, those terrible nightmares, I felt so small and insignificant, burdened with weariness.

Slowly I improved, each day was a struggle but after a time I could occasionally get out of bed, walk around and eat a little. These sessions didn't help, you couldn't help me because you didn't believe me. You thought I was crazy, delusional or hallucinating. I was telling you the truth, or rather I am telling you the truth.

The first time this…thing happened to me it was early, I had slept well and woken up at sunrise maybe in June or July. Scorching sun blazed through our windows, sweat bubbles poured off of me. I turned to my husband, as you know we had grown apart. He couldn't cope with my ill health. He had his back to me. I remember stroking him, hoping he would turn to me, but he didn't. I felt faint, the listlessness dragging me down, a spinning sensation and it was as if I sunk through the mattress.

I wasn't in bed anymore. There was no sun, the moon was high spreading its glow on the waves. My dad was there, he was young again. I was smaller, a child, my younger self.

Terrified, I begged my dad to listen to me, begged him to hear who I was or when I was. He picked me up, held me, but I could tell that he thought I was daydreaming or that I had watched a scary film. Sorry, I'm so tired I need to stop for a minute.....

It was so brief, mere minutes it seemed, and I was back in my bed being violently ill. The sickness lasted two days, but the memory of that first encounter is just etched into my brain. After the sickness the fatigue returned and then receded once again. Within a month I experienced encounters daily, not just from childhood, encounters with my past before childhood, past lives. I don't even know if it's my past life or a random link to another human. I do know that on this date, today's date you had me institutionalized.

I was incoherent, babbling. Today, now, in two years' time, I have a chance to make you listen. In the institution I will be given a series of experimental and psychotropic drugs, I'm in a coma right now. I know I'm dying. I know that what's happening to me is real.

You don't need to do this, I learn, at least to an extent, how to manipulate the encounters. I only get one chance though to visit any room in that cube. This is my only chance to convince you not to make that phone call, otherwise I will die in that place, this place. I am so tired, so heavy.....

Calson Press Release 13th September 2090

Client: Mrs Gloria Langhan
Patient Reference: Glenda
Admitted: Dr Johnathan Langhan
Date of Admission: August 5th, 2085
Today's Date: September 13th 2090
FAO: LA Police Department

Report for press release: The Chronos-phrenia patient known as 'Glenda' died today after spending three years in a coma. The Institute sends its sympathies to the family and is working closely with the Department of Physics to gain a better understanding of this rapidly spreading condition.

Note scribbled by Mr A. Einstein Princeton, New Jersey April 18th, 1955

Gloria, my greatest inspiration, if only we had more time!

Reanimated Bodies

Mr Bojangles

They called him, ‘Mr Bojangles.’
A fixture in the old town of New Orleans,
No one cared to ask him his name; a human mannequin.

They called him, ‘Mr Bojangles.’
Perched on a wooden stool, staring lifelessly at life floating by.
He had no story of his own to tell.

They called him, ‘Mr Bojangles.’
His swarthy skin and black eyes stared unblinkingly,
From his wooden pew between the bar and the barbers.

They called him, ‘Mr Bojangles.’
Unmoved by the Mardi Gras carnival or endless parade,
Of mindless bees swarming the streets; gossiping, existing.

They called him, ‘Mr Bojangles.’
No one knew how he got the name, nor did they care.
He was the town’s freak, an outcast!
Children threw stones.

They called him, ‘Mr Bojangles.’
Parents would warn their cheeky offspring to behave,
Or the dark figure would come and steal their souls in the night.

They called him, ‘Mr Bojangles.’

He never seemed to age, never seemed to move or speak.
Always in the same clothes; rags of brown and white, dirty.

They called him, ‘Mr Bojangles.’
Dancers would adorn him with masks on festive, noisy nights.
They would be gone the next day, but he remained frozen in time.

They called him, ‘Mr Bojangles.’
Remembered by generations young and old alike, never ageing;
An enigma, a piece of heritage.
Unfed, homeless perhaps, still.

They called him, ‘Mr Bojangles.’
His mind locked down, rigid, solid.
Seeing from a distance.
Suffering eternally, punishment for suffering inflicted long ago.

They called him, ‘Mr Bojangles,’
When the Priestess found her daughter ruined and dying.
Dragged from his whiskey stool by a torrential whirlwind,
Tied in a circle of ash, sprayed in the blood of screaming fowl,
Drowned by the squealing chants of anger and deafening revenge.

They called him, ‘Mr Bojangles,’
As his soul fell from his mind, cursed by the blood of his victim,

Forced into excruciating stillness; locked in a starving, aching doll.

They called him, ‘Mr Bojangles,’
On the day the Priestess died, and his body withered and waned.

They called him, ‘Mr Bojangles,’
As he succumbed to the agony of decades and cruel, excruciating pain.

Rattling

Rattling bones chime on the porch,
Catching in the desperately needed breeze.
My knees click; overworked, sore.
Battle-axe creaking on the wood, brow-beaten,
By a sharp-tongued mean husband.

Ash protects the boundaries,
Sprinkled deliberately on overgrowth.
Sharp teeth hide in the shadows,
Colorful birds sing celebrating freedom,
Warbling from my homely cage.

Chanting in ardent protest,
Brazenly struggling as a community.
Flocking together, flying,
One gaggle chirruping. Freedom exploited.
Daily labor underwhelms.

Rattling bones chime in my knees.
Birds feed hungrily; prey by the overgrowth.
Ash returns to the damp earth,
Teeth sprinkle through the shadows chirruping,
Menacing my caged freedom.

Isis' Sacrifice

The sacrifice was ready,
Aneeka.
She had been anointed and wore the garments of the virgin.
Mambo, Priestess of the cult of Isis, led her into the darkness outside.

Cult members waited,
Euphoric prayers evolved into chants and hollering.
Aneeka, the sacrifice, had prepared for this since the coming of her blood.

One sacrifice offered to Isis each solstice,
An honour!
Assurance of local prosperity.

Three priests waited in the Copse of palm trees,
As the evening tide hummed against the shore.
Between them sat a gold encrusted chair, their sacrifice's chariot.

Raised and carried through the enraptured crowd to the stake,
Aneeka secretly prayed for a reprieve.
Prayers unanswered,
She was raised and duly chained in preparation for her rite of passage.

The crowd fell silent as Mambo dropped to her knees before the offering,
Priest Samedi parted the sea of worshipers riding aloft on horseback.
The mare halted at Mambo's feet,

Mambo's eyes rolled back,
Chanting feverishly.

Three priestesses carried flaming torches to Aneeka's tethered body,
Crushed white bone dust fell from Samedi's hand,
And he dusted Aneeka's eyes.
The torches flickered and burned out.

A silhouette manifested in the moonlit path.
A goddess clad in ivory,
A gown embroidered with red and gold.

Her lashes blackened and voluminous,
Her lips scarlet,
Her neck strapped with gold.

Eyes lowered,
The graceful, terrifying creature drifted to her sacrifice.
She halted in front of her offering and with elongated talons stroked the girl's youthful cheeks.
With a wilful glance the shackles fell.

Sharpened nails reached down to the girl's neck and made an incision,
Aneeka whimpered.
A stream of blood ran down her throat staining the lace that secured her bosom.

Isis licked the warm fluid,
Sank her teeth into the cut sucking at the life force.
Aneeka's youthful skin shrivelled and dried,
Deep wrinkles formed,
Her eyes sucked back into her skull,
Her body withered.

All went black, eclipsed by a dismal gloom,
The moon fought back as Isis and Aneeka faded into the night.

Hazardous Chemicals

Under the eclipse, hazardous chemicals,
Spilling rain pours from blinded skies,
Besmirched water, death's tarnish,
New life, or old life revived.
Magical dew quite grave,
Filtrates dirt on graves,
Sinks to make rise.
And they rise,
Living dead,
Life.
Life,
Now dead,
Hades too full,
Men full of pride,
Lacking life's wisdom.
Clawing, climbing in sludge,
Putrid rotten flesh. Banned fumes,
Sockets devoid of eyes; blank, bleak.
Under the eclipse, hazardous chemicals!

Under the eclipse, hazardous chemicals,
Dragging dredged bodies, bared bones,
Squealing deeply from the depths,
The alignment shifts; light!
Human cadavers,
Slyly trapping,
Human terror,
Swallowing,
Biting,

Life.
Life,
In threat,
Living dead,
Agonised limbs,
Struggle, saunter, trap.
Incensed, awaking's wrath,
Wisdom's absence; man's demise,
Consumes, reanimates, light's curse,
Famished, extinct, nothing left but death.

Under the eclipse, hazardous chemicals,
Where man's intelligence lacks sense,
Dead roam, escaped from the light,
Propelled through pained dark.
Avenged ravaging,
Human's extinct,
Famishing,
Starving,
Life.
Life,
Regrets,
Suffering.
Global famine,
Global ignorance,
Melting decay on bone.
Feeding from their own sore flesh,
Extinct and starving; stained, death reigns.
Self-inflicted, ravenous,
Arising, living death,
Cancerous polyp.
Intelligence,
Inters self,
Nature,
Reigns.
Under the eclipse of hazardous chemicals.

Lost

Lolita: Help. Trapped. Dark.
Mitchell: Where are you? Police searching. Worried.
Lolita: Battery dying. There's dirt. Scared. Cold, shaking, can't breathe.
Mitchell: Use GPS.
Lolita: Epsom woods. Come quickly. Suffocating. Nails broken, tried to escape.
Mitchell: location sent to Sergeant Willoughby. Stay with me. They're coming for you.
Lolita: Terrified. Get me out.
Mitchell: Love you. Keep breathing.
Willoughby: Lolita found this morning. Buried alive in Epsom woods. So sorry. Died three days ago. No phone with her.
Mitchell: Lolita, Lolita, Lolita...

Dreams after Film Night

Eerie empty streets, sheltered by darkness,
The Parish village a cluster of Auld Shebeens,
The clinking voices echo, unnaturally.
My feet drag, eyes blind to the lights,
Into the rural wilderness, no moon,
My feet drag into the farmer's wilderness.

Old Tom's house is cobwebbed like his chin,
Haunting, darkened windows, eyes to the soul.
I force the derelict cottage door, expecting light,
The jolly furnishings evolved into dreary remnants.
No sign of Tom! Dust, webs and a hint of blood,
His bed now an altar, his wrapped body rises undead.

The hammering of marching corpses fills my ears,

Trapped like an arachnid's prey I run or fly.
I am in another world, a world of melancholy,
Pushing through the bodies I struggle to escape.
There on the woodland lane shining lights descend,
Azure demons emerge from the tree's shadows.

Some folk from the Parish await their demi-gods,
Capturing others for cruel sacrificial trauma.
I am held, forced to watch the visceral mutilations,
Only as greying daylight approaches can I escape.
Visions of flayed men tied to Monastic ruins cling,
The deceased now overrun by platoons of fearsome apes.

To our kin's home I run, a great white house, penetrable.
I ask for sanctuary, but they are determined to surrender, I know better!
To no beast will I be a mindless slave,
I plea with them to reconsider. I am sadly ignored.
Floating away I look back and see an ape covered home,
And hoards of the beasts streaming down the lane.

Can this be? An elevator in the sleepy countryside?
Reluctantly I step in, I cannot resist, but I am afraid,
The lift rises and rises for eons until jolting still.
As the doors part in steps an inhuman, handsome man,
Dark of hair, possessed by foreign beings, consumed,
He breathes out his parasite and shares it with man.

My simple life is long gone, invaded by unnatural beings,
Feelings of fear mixed with the excited rush of adrenaline.

This is the unknown, grim dimension.
The apes build below, I step into the lift and land on an unresponsive dappled mare.
Beyond the parish our familiar ocean still glows, beckoning,
Finding a wooden raft on the reef filled beach I try to leave.

The waters flow softly, not with their usual ferocity,
I drift until reaching the bedraggled, stony pier,
The apes, furious and furrowed are lying in wait.
Two sea dragons, intelligent, olive, almost human take me,
I am strapped callously to a giant steeple bell and swung,
As Buddha lies like a giant, crippling the villagers below.

Bed-ridden

Old and infirm, from the world was hidden,
Locked in; visited rarely, bed-ridden.
Darkly frozen, wheezing in shadows,
Thrumming, fear pounding through her burning blood.
Ghostly whispers grow to roars in moonlight,
It nears, creeping boards echo in the night.

Crying to her carer dreading the night,
Deaf ears, ignoring fears of the hidden.
Now left, writhing for mercy in moonlight,
Frailty paralysed and bed-ridden.
Rising, gushing on the walls she sees blood,
Gnarled hands, clawing talons scrape red shadows.

Beastly imps, spectres dance through bruised shadows,
Craters, hives on paper skin, scorching night.
Shivering, soaked in neglected, thin blood,
Oak doors rattle, unseen feet stomp hidden.
Wrinkled hands tug sheets over eyes, bed-ridden,
Marching demons invisible, moonlight.

Branches reach, grasping in the dank moonlight,
Spreading like the demons, evil shadows.
Shaking, clustered, hidden and bed-ridden,
Moonlight posing shadows across the night.
Doors swing and bang, frail woman hidden,
Hidden, bed-ridden and smothered in blood.

Reaper in the shadows, smells the grim blood,
Spectre cracks the door, swings in the moonlight.
Blankets fall, guided by a force hidden,
Aging form, rising in eerie shadows.
Sobbing, cries lost to the festering night,
Peace soaks, no longer to be bed-ridden.

Living death, a prison world, bed-ridden,
Cooling, slowing in her veins; dying blood.
Relief spreads, spirits drift care-free this night,
Bright light engulfs, swallowing the moonlight.
Angelic souls, no demons in shadows,
Lost fear, needless terror of worlds hidden.

No longer bed-ridden in the moonlight,
Dried blood, soul drifted into the shadows,
Found after night, crumpled body hidden.

Bartender

Somehow the apocalypse started when I opened up,

After sweeping the floors late at night ready for an early start.
Somehow the infection took hold in the rush hour,
Just as the first punters come in.

A new vaccine introduced earlier in the week offered a cure to ageing,
Or so they said on the news.
I barely heard the giant screen humming beneath chatter,
Hurrying to fill glasses I paid little attention to the words.

Somehow, however, the apocalypse started in the morning;
Mart day in our small village lost in the west of Ireland.
Cattle were dropped off and men came in for their pints,
Avoiding the arduous task of selling their herd.

Martin was waiting at the door when I arrived, unshaven.
Waders on his legs from a fishing trip last week;
No time for home or hygiene as he had pints to drink,
And stories to tell.

Somehow Paddy was in the door before I had opened up.
The landlord must have opened the back door early,
Perhaps he had heard the news before the school run.
Martin and Paddy found a spot in the corner.

Paddy, I hear, had been kicked to the curb by his wife,
She was after his money and land, or so he said.

He had only the clothes on his back and a rusty, red van.
Martin laughed.
Perhaps they had not heard the news.

Somehow life continued as normal outside of the dark windows;
People bustled about the small streets, children hurried to school,
And the smell of cattle saturated the humid air as I served.
Paddy had odd socks on.
The infection was surely heading our way!

Michael staggered through the door, drunk from the night before.
His crutches barely held his huge frame,
He had lost his toes.
Michael complained about the packed hospital and bacteria.
I suspect he has diabetes, but he said nothing.
He would not get served!

Somehow Dermot arrived in yesterday's clothes (and last weeks!)
Martin told Michael that Dermot 'is back on the beer' and both tutted.
I said nothing.

The rain thickened and a dark cloud swirled above,
Thunder cracked outside as the infection raged,
People scampered.

Voices raised as drinks were sunk.
No one mentioned the apocalypse.

The craic was good, the old boys put socks over
Martin's shoes,
He woke confused, then annoyed.
The smell of sweat thickened,
Just like the roaring clouds that consumed the ill-
fated sky.

Somehow the toilet roll landed in the smoking area
and unravelled.
Music from the jukebox drowned out racing on the
screens,
And the giddy men had to shout to hear one another's
words.
People must have been scared; families in panic.
The schools closed.

Paddy and Martin went for food,
I was concerned but tied to the bar.
After some time, they fell back in the door, no infected
followed.
Banter flowed as fast as the beer and time moved
rapidly in a haze.
I checked my phone; the news service was down,
No government?

Somehow the day rolled into night and we were
unharmed.
No one else came in, normally this would be unusual.
This was not a normal or usual day;
Apocalypse or Armageddon, but no one inside seemed
to notice.

Occasionally screams from outside rang in my ears,
desolate,
Figures ran as if in pursuit or being pursued,
Shadily passing our sanctuary.

Somehow, we made it to closing, unharmed and unscathed,
Perhaps a little worse for wear.
Intoxicated, we locked up.
Feeling rough, our small gang of bandits staggered to the takeaway.

The glass was smashed, alarms buzzed cruelly.
Somehow the few people left avoided us,
Somehow, they ran from us,
Somehow, they screamed in terror,
As we fed hungrily on their flesh.

Sinister

Bugs swarm the skirting boards.
Ripped curtains, ghost in the wind,
Eyes sneak above the bed sheets.
Shadows storm moonlit walls,
Owls hoot.

Ghastly figures float across the ceiling,
Pressure bears down on the bed,
Icy hands touch with monstrous tenderness,
Shivers echo with pleading prayers.
Bats fly.

Corner chair wrecks and rocks, scraping.
Branches claw angrily against rain-stained panes,
Door flies shut; the iron lock slams down.
Shadows moan for release from purgatory,
Blade stabs.

The Haunting Seas

From tropical shores of lush green,
Horse-shoed with pearly sands and coral,
The fishing boat departs.
Following the line of the horizon,
And guided by nautical charts,
I travel into the haunting seas.

Such tempests forewarned as tornadoes rise,
Twisting between waves high on tendrils,
Crests so tall and nightmarishly still,
Threatening in the haunting waters.
Forcing through as darkness sinks,
Echoing garish hues of midnight grey,
Splashing on the up thrust of each showery tower.

Onwards my Davidian raft crawls,
As rushes of foam flows down each turret.
Lesser breakers hurtle the craft so small.
Such tornadoes dance and whirl cruelly,
A ballet of exquisite, terrifying beauty,
Spinning so proud, nightmarish gaits,
Threatening in the haunting straights.

Through the gloom shines an alien light,
Beckoning victims to strange shores.
Unexpectedly thrust up onto rocky shingle,
Where two identical nymphs play in clear liquid.
Dressed in pale blue, wan white hair to match,
And eyes so piercing, ringed in cobalt.
Such innocent beauty as the creature descends,
Tanned leathers, wizened face, outlandish,
Goggled eyes, a shark in the ocean,
Threatening the sprites maliciously.

An ark appears, wooden and over-bearing,
Hope springs for the girls so afraid.

They clamber on board to escape their pursuer,
To be met by other trackers desiring their gifts.
A secret enchantment, as the twins speak wordlessly.
In fear they sprint spritely to the aft and dive again.

Such fearsome hunters, hideous in appearance, alien,
Litter the shores in search.
I look yonder.
Colourful villa doors open instantaneously,
Haunting portals slam shut simultaneously.
Stopped for questioning on the matter,
Beyond my comprehension, but the hybrid enquires.
I have no knowledge to impart, and escape.

Taking breath in a rock pool, leaning on coral,
Movement behind my back,
I turn cautiously,
Under weeds and gravel a pink eye stares hauntingly.

Such terror drove the nymphs to immerse like crabs,
Suffocating beneath the tides, eyes stinging in salt,
My hand moves, and the petrified eye follows,
Hauntingly they live stifling, dying.

Attempts to dig prove futile, injuring the lone eye,
Predators enshroud me, unable to see,
The angels protect their gift, willing to die.
Bubbles rise without panic, but fear espies.
I am returned to my vessel, haunted by the single eye.

Into the deep once more I flow, to be lost eternally.
Such guilt and helplessness bind my soul,
Such horror troubles my whirlwind mind,
Such blackness engulfs, the tendrils break,
Spilling the haunting wave over me.

In unchartered territory I float,
Ghost ship as dimensions meet,
Appearing, disappearing,
A sea legend.
A damned soul.
Threatening in the haunting seas.

Auld Grey

Greasy black hair stuck to Emily's face. She was groggy. Her New Year's guests were nowhere to be seen. Her apartment floor was littered with empty bottles, half-filled glasses and take away wrappers. Sickness rose in her chest and curdled through her throat. She swallowed.

The decorations had faded, the bright colors dimmed and greyed in the dawn light. There were no sounds, not even the birds sang. Emily struggled to the door. It was stuck. The phone was dead. There she sat imprisoned in her own hell.

The guests searched and searched; Emily could not be found.

The Modern Burke and Hare Jump Start

Monday

I can't believe she is gone, love of my life; Gemma. Her image plagues my nightmares, her flowing blond locks and darkest eyes. We had barely finished our high school exams, such a tragedy! My fault, showing off in the car. Lost control lost my senses as the vehicle spun into oblivion. An engine I created, a

power I had manufactured. The guilt is killing me inside. I lock myself away from the summer frivolities, work in my basement workshop. Keep busy. My mechatronics occupy a dying mind.

Tuesday

The solution came to me in my distorted dreams, swirling between images of her perfect body and my robotics. Her nubile body parts conjoined with machinery in the confusion of my daze. Finally, I woke. Shook as I relived the crash, saw her dying eyes fade. Again, in my hazy state, I saw it; her form morphing, merging, and shifting into an automaton. Organs revived with electricity, maintained with microchips. Bodywork on the limbs. Coiled suspension working the joints, pistons bumping the heart, robotic digits. IT COULD WORK!

Wednesday

Tired, digging is such hard work. I crept into the cemetery in the early hours; a clichéd horror villain, the modern 'Burke' and 'Hare.' Shoveling is wearing work for an academic. Solid ground. Digging, sweating, digging again and wondering if my sanity is intact. Questioning myself. Such lunacy. Then I found her, heard the crack as my shovel penetrated the cheap wooden box. I dragged my love out, so painfully cold. Replaced the earth quickly, fearing that I would be seen and branded insane. I throw her into the front seat, my darling deserves only the best. Sneak softly into the house via the basement door.

Thursday

Two nights without sleep. Blueprints done.
•Gemma washed with tender care.
•Venipuncture in each arm; embalming fluid removed; substitute blood fuel introduced.
•An electric saw used to carefully open her skull, minimizing hair loss.
•Insertion of a cranial micro-generator, ready to pulse currents.
•Spine intact.
•Facial wounds treated by the mortician.
•Springs replace the broken elbow, shoulder and both knees. Less attractive than anticipated.
•Ribs cracked, coronary micro-generator and micro-processor installed.
•Mini pistons connected to the valves.
•Ribs repaired with cam-shaft cuttings.
•Flesh sewn.
•Shocked, shocked, and shocked more than my own my mind.
•Explosively she responds. She runs.

Friday

Gemma's memories are returning. Fragmented, she is fearful. Panics shake her intermittently. She sobs and wails. I console her, reassure her that we will be together, that all of this is for love. Horror at her disfigured body. Disgust. I am ashamed. I have come too far now. Part woman, part machine. She is sensational. Gemma asks me to end her life, says she is nothing. She pleads and launches herself at sharp objects. I console her.

Saturday

Burke is resting. He revived me, saved me in his own twisted way from death's respite. We were different species, but now we are the same. As he slept I infused his being with a chemical injection, window cleaner. I waited. He suffered, but I knew it was for the best. We should be together. I followed his blueprints perfectly, struggling with my revolting springs as I worked. It wasn't right though, he looked so very perfect with his elbows and knees so fresh and real. I added my own special art. We became male and female of the same species; his skin replaced with gaskets.

Sunday

Today we rest as Burke comes to terms with the new situation.

Marian

She circled the cemetery, edging around the crumbling stones and reading the names and brief epitaphs of people from the past. Set away from the town, scratched into the barren country hills like some despised monolith to a cruel era. There were no pathways, nor taps for refreshing flowers. She doubted flowers had been laid for centuries. Her deep-set eyelids, stained with brown shadow hung over profound blue irises, protected by thickly coated black lashes. She hid underneath a taut, round, brown hat hanging her head as if shamed or full of remorse. Worn red stained her narrow lips.

Around she went again; circumventing the stones, creeping in and out of the gaps between graves and studying the readings; Beloved wives, children lost to the horrors of disease or accidents, adored fathers and

grandfathers, humble mothers. The stories came alive, played out in front of her like ghosts re-enacting a theatrical performance on the moist grass. Her suit dress clung tightly to her lean frame. High heels sank and re-emerged from the damp Earth. Somewhere souls would tingle as her expensive shoes delved into the burial ground. She was searching for someone. Another swig from a discreetly hidden bottle.

She tried to remember. The morning must have come and went. She visited regularly, her job forgotten, her home lay in ruins and her friends no longer existed. They called her 'Marian' once; a telephonist and wife. Her beloved Dan. He was a majestic figure, an accountant, tall and darkly handsome. They so longed to have children. Tried desperately until the months stretched into years and years turned into resentment. One morning she woke up and realized she was effectively alone, sharing a house with a man she barely knew anymore. That same day the knock came at her door.

She took the day off of work. An irate husband told her all that she needed to know and could not bear to hear; adultery. Another woman, and she was expecting his child. Now, daily, she waited with him; found him lost among the dead. She searched, she read between the lines of the life stories. Envisaged the neglectful mothers, odious, cheating husbands, lost children swamped in suffering; laying in a cold subterranean hell. Then, she would wait by his tomb. Reminisce about better times; beach trips, cabaret and wine, dancing, planning lives together. No more planning required, no life!

Blackened clouds chilled the air, drowning her in murky mists. She stumbled between headstones, balanced herself with shaking arms and forced her way to the midst of the boneyard. Then came the light, sharp flashes blinding her. She could see him lying limp. The lightening flashed again; she burned and pulsated. Her body, burned, scorched and convulsed. The switch was flicked off. Marian was pronounced dead by her executioner. Condemned by the state for the murder of her husband. As the clouds cleared and the storm passed, she swore she saw Dan's ghostly lips smile. She circled the cemetery again.

Host

Fate drove me to my death, and by death, I mean the tarot card interpretation; the end of an old life and the beginning of the new. A repetitive dream haunted me from childhood. I would find myself in pouring rain, roaming scared, and lost in a thick wood, drenched in night's suffocating darkness. Finally, I would hear the cries of the ocean's tide hammering against a distant shore. On reaching an unkempt grassy clearing a once magnificent, now derelict mansion would come into view. I felt it looking at me, waiting for me and drawing me in; built of sturdy ageing stone, broken Georgian style windows, yet alive and calling for me.

Beyond lay a muddy beach littered with pebbles and overlooked by an abandoned lighthouse. Occasional jolts of lightening would illuminate the overbearing gargoyles that adorned the large, stretched eyes of the main first floor windows. Reluctantly I would enter the curved oak doors that had been left ajar as if welcoming me. Candles would flicker alive showing a grand hall, magically unscathed by age and bedecked

with old portraits of people from long ago that stared longingly at the giant staircase. Behind the art stood high, crimson walls that complemented the dark wooden rails and floor.

An archway to my left revealed a splendid lounge full of Chaise-Lange's, a crackling fire filled with logs and further pictures. One would always catch my gaze; a refined man, tall with thick black hair and the most soul-searching blue eyes. Pangs would always run through my body, pangs of attraction and a sub-conscious recognition. After a momentary stare I would climb the stairs. The first floor encompassed the staircase revealing numerous bedrooms. All furnished beautifully with king size beds, closets and rugs. One particular chamber attracted me, it lay between two other rooms and had doors accessing both. The bed had four posts and red covers, walls, floors.

Deeper into the house I would go, passing the servants' quarters of the second floor and up into the attic. The attic called me, and I was drawn to it. I always knew in the back of my mind that there were two staircases that led to the top floor; one ran directly from the scullery in the basement and the other from the landing of the second floor. I climbed higher, but a pain in my belly told me to turn back, to run. The hair on my neck rose, but I would always lose control of my feet. Forced to move on I would feel the panic welling up, lights dimmed, and the splendour of the main house would soon be forgotten.

Mazes were incomparable to the intricate rooms that ran one from the other and across various levels. It would occur to me in my adult years that the attic

rooms existed in a self- contained block to the rear of the house directly over the extended scullery and kitchens.

The rooms varied from what appeared to be empty servants' quarters and vast collections of old books. The largest room appeared to be a study of sorts and must have sat to the rear as it overlooked the sea and lighthouse.

Layers of rocks, corals and pools provided an awkward array of steppingstones to the menacing tides and lighthouse. Sometimes I would move into a pitch-black back room. I always felt disturbed, as if an inhumane soul suffered in the purgatory of this chamber. I could feel the threatening presence. I would try to escape, but my feet would draw me in deeper and darker. On other occasions I would dream that I stepped onto the balcony of the study and climbed over the barrier down to the first layer of rock. The hard, weed soaked mass swept in a rugged semi-circle dropping at one edge to another layer and at another to a rock pool that would tidally transform into a cruel tide sucking water into the jaws of the ocean.

I would feel him behind me, a greying mass of black and white, unable to reflect colour. I would feel his massive form enshrouding me and instinctively would edge towards the rock pool with fear. I knew him, the man before me, the man from the portrait, but could not place him. As I backed away his hand would stretch alongside great strides until it stroked my cheek. The fear would always make me unsteady, the fear and the swirls of the tide beckoning to me, I would slip as I backed away, tripping, stumbling

trying desperately to get away from this monstrous spirit.

He always uttered the same words as he angrily strode towards me,
'We have been waiting!' and I would fall into the whirling eddy below. Dark water sucked me under every time and every time I would drag myself to the surface choking and suffocating. He would watch cruelly as I cried out and begged for help. The tide would drive me outwards towards the rocky shelf separating the pool from the vicious sea. My nails would crack as I threw myself onto the largest stone, wrapping my arms about its huge form. Then she would come, the lighthouse would glow, and she would come. My stinging, salty eyes would glance back, and he would be staring, waiting and transparently illuminating as the ancient light flicked across the shore.

Her icy, drenched pale hand would appear first from beneath the waves, grabbing at the boulder with fingers crunched like talons. Her long black hair rose from the deep and clung to the rocks as if every single lock was an individual entity coming for my soul. I would always freeze with terror as a second hand splatted next to my face. Her bowed head would rise in neck cracking strokes and two dark eyes would peer from the downturned face turning me to stone.

Psychology was my subject of choice at eighteen and circadian rhythms and dream analysis thereafter for my Doctorate in London. My social life was non-existent as I desperately searched for meaning. Psychiatrists failed to alleviate my suffering as did counsellors, hypnotists and priests. I spent my free

time wading through photograph after photograph of old houses, but none seemed to match the image that my mind had conjured up. My own work had not given me the insight I desperately needed and after graduation, a ceremony that I chose not to attend, I booked a costly appointment with a medium. Needless to say, I was sceptical.

The scepticism increased when I found the woman, who called herself Helena, in a small Soho shop surrounded by trinkets, tarot cards and candles. It seemed a little tacky and I expected nothing. Helena offered me green tea, which I politely declined, before leading me down a steep flight of wooden stairs to a small candle lit room containing only a dinner table and chairs, nothing spectacular. I sat down an involuntarily allowed an unimpressed sigh to escape my lips.

Advising me to shuffle and focus on my quest, the woman handed me a well-use pack of cards. Steadily I mixed the deck as the old woman pushed her greying curls back and closed her eyes. I placed the cards in a heap before her and without examining them she ran her hands over the top whilst taking deep breaths. She batted her lashes and then whispered to me that caution was needed. She then rose and left the room returning with a map of The British Isles. Her palm stroked the plan until stopping on a small Scottish village lying between the ocean and the Outer Hebrides, Meallta. Abruptly her demeanour changed, she grasped my hand moaning and shaking her head, imploring me not to go. I forced her away and left my payment on the table.

I was drawn, I knew after years of unrest that I had to go regardless of Helena's negativity. My searches online had revealed very little about the area, so I had no choice but to conclude my quest, to find out what had been driving me and if this house existed at all.

Within hours I found myself lightly packed and on the night train to the North. The journey was largely uneventful, I was tired and slept for the most part only waking to change trains at Fort William. The morning sun rose from behind crimson skies as I left the station at Glenfinnan and waited for what felt like an eternity for a taxi.

The driver said very little to me on the road to Meallta and seemed reluctant to be visiting the small village at all. He was courteous enough to leave me at a small tavern with rooms to let. This of course sounds like a reference to an old horror film, but this is not the case. The fact is that Meallta was such a small village that little else existed; a few houses in the village, the tavern, a small shop and a smaller school with farms dotted along the rural horizon. The harbour only provided enough room for four fishing boats each only big enough for two or three men. It was clear that the village was self-sufficient and neither wanted nor required outside interference; it was trapped in time.

The people were polite enough, unlike the harbingers expected to drive strangers out in the old films and quickly accommodated me and offered me a good home roast. The tavern was run by a middle-aged childless couple calling themselves Mary and Brian. She was a petit woman whose thick red curls were piled into a loose bun and he was a sturdy fellow darker in both complexion and hair. They spoke at

length about the fishing population who they fed during the day and gave porter to in the evening.

Once I found the couple to be at ease and happy with my company, I broached the subject of historical houses. I did not want to explain my far-fetched reasoning and instead explained that I was writing a book on old buildings. There was a brief and uneasy exchange of glances, but logic overcame any out-dated superstition and Mary explained that there had been a large house that backed on to the sea many years ago. This house had been burned down by the English landlord, a General in a fit of temper following the loss of his wife; only the bare ruins stood now. Before retiring I persuaded my good landlords to show me the location of the ruins on a map and bathed and took to my bed early to prepare for the day ahead; a day which I hoped would bring years of distress to a swift conclusion.

I woke to a coal fire burning in the grate and a small plate of soda cake, butter, jam and a fresh pot of tea. I refreshed myself and swept my hair back tightly. My attire consisted of loose trousers, shirt and trainers to facilitate any excess climbing or walking that may be required. The walk was longer than expected as the ruins stood someway outside of the village. A few passers-by on bicycles or foot saluted as I overtook them on the road, but the journey was otherwise quiet giving me time to wonder whether I was chasing ghosts and at times even question my own sanity.

At length, having passed a small abandoned monastery, I found a dirt road holding an unkempt signpost pointing to the historic site of Meallta House. I strolled up the road, anxious to reach my destination

and barely taking in the lush green beauty of the overhanging trees that smothered the path blocking the view to the sea. The sound of the waves crashed through my ears as I drew closer to the site. The track grew rougher until it morphed into a ragged field and then a wooded copse, with little indication of regular tourism. I crunched through leaves, dried mud heaps and fallen branches until reaching the clearing, the one I had so often dreamed about and beyond I spied the ruins.

Most of the ground floor still stood, the door rotted and hung open, but the windowpanes were no more, just vacant eyes staring into the distance. Clambering up through the front door I found the layout as expected; the great hall, the lounge now a blackened, debris filled chasm, the stairs collapsed, and the upper floors fallen into heaps, strewn carefree about the place with weeds growing between the planks. Clumsy stones made the surfaces dangerously unstable. The ebb and flow of the tide seemed to echo and scream to me. I abandoned the building and circumnavigated its huge walls until reaching the pebbled layers heading out to sea.

Sadly, the desolate lighthouse gazed at me. Rugged rocks clawed a path to it and masses of rock pools formed a dangerous, tidal pathway to its door. I closed my eyes and listened to the roaring sea, screaming in desperation and in that second everything changed.

Darkness fell, unnatural darkness, the sun's rays disappeared from beyond my eyelids and slowly, recoiling in horror I opened them. Dense black clouds smothered the sky leaving only a slit for the rays of a glowing, ill-timed moon. A smog rose upwards from

around my feet and misty claws crept from the trees beyond. I could feel my heart racing and urgency filled my belly, desperation to flee, but terror cemented my feet to the ground.

I turned my gaze to the house which hastily began to evolve and regress, the planks and stones rose rebuilding its original magnificent state, regressing into a past form. Shadows flittered and shuffled with a speed beyond human perception and there before more eyes stood a well-lit manor whereby the present and the past occupied the same space.
Overawed and overwhelmed I lifted my heavy feet and trudged mesmerised towards the nightmarish house.

The door opened at my approach and I sauntered in drawn instantly to the depths of the scullery and the bleak staircase that led me to the servants' quarters. The climb was steep and the staircase narrow. The thrumming of the waves beat in my ears covering the sounds of my own footsteps. At the apex a series of sparsely furnished rooms and halls created a maze across the top floor, one room bleaker than the previous. I moved through servants' quarters, rooms stocked with books and boxes, corridors, until finally I came to a large rear facing communal room whose huge semi-oval windows stared intensely onto the lighthouse and whose balcony provided and layers of rock provided a treacherous path to the sea.

As my eyes flitted from room to sea, I noticed a drink's globe and a high-backed armchair facing the crackling fire. Therein sat the General; I recognised his rank from the long out- dated uniform and his image from the picture in my dreams. He rose slowly and held his arms out to me, moving rigidly forwards

and taking my hands in his. He closed his eyes and instinctively I closed mine allowing our minds to converse in pictorial silence.

Images of the life he had lost flashed through my brain like a lightning storm; a feared General pre-eminent in developing the American colonies who returned to Scotland with his beloved servant Rosaline. Over time his infatuation with his dainty servant developed into obsession; her soft songs, her long, black flowing hair and her ebony eyes bewitched him and slowly drove him to the brink of delirium. He intentionally dispatched his family to London and began his advances, which were welcomed by the girls' open arms.

In time his second weakness, the bottle, reared its cruel head and he would often neglect his cherished Rosaline. In her loneliness she found solace with a stable hand. One lust-filled night the General recovered his senses and on discovering his concubine entwined in the limbs of another grew enraged. The ultimate insult was the location; the coupling took place on a beautiful, plush chair beneath his portrait.

The General, consumed with an agonised heart and ravenous anger pulled the large iron tongs from the fireplace and bore them down on the head of his rival. Blood gushed and sprayed instantly onto his beloved. Terrified she ran towards the front door and the maddened General pursued the demon who had cursed him. The howling wind froze her form; she hugged her arms about her breasts stumbling over the rocks, mud and fallen leaves.

The roar of the General swirled in the air and she hobbled down onto the beach. With the tide steadily trickling in she struggled along the shallow rock pulls, tears pouring from her blood-stained skin she headed towards the lighthouse. The bleak night concealed the whereabouts of her assailant, the man she adored and loved so deeply, but his voice rang menacingly around her. Rosaline clambered up the rocks to the light house, threw open the door and panted heavily as she climbed the spiral staircase.

He had caught up with her by the time she had fallen out onto the top gallery. In wrath he raised the tongs still wedged in a furious clenched fist, delicately she approached him and placed her palm over his fist lowering the weapon and under her breath muttered the curse that would trap them both in their self-made prison until a suitable receptacle could free them and then in one sudden move threw herself over the balcony ending her life on the rocks below.

Insanity overwhelmed the General, insanity and grief; her touch had shown him their purgatory trapped in the house while her soul and body would be imprisoned beneath the waves both entrapped together and yet apart. The General would be haunted by his lover's death and his spirit would mourn daily until a sacrifice could be made to reunite the two. He saw the curse in Rosaline's eyes before she leaped to her death. Desperate to stop the pain he raced to the manor and there used shelves of books and the open fire to burn the place down. His mad laughter echoed through the halls as the flames consumed him, but in death he, the estate and the agony were reborn.

As his hands released mine, I realised I was the sacrifice. Somehow, he had drawn me here, perhaps he was an ancestor, or I was a descendant of hers. I was unsure of the connection but felt it none the less. He wanted my body for his beloved. The door slammed and bolted of its own volition. I darted through the open window and climbed over the balcony onto the rocks below. He followed; I climbed down further, layer after layer of rock until I reached a plateau that lay between him and the deep rock pools. The tide was high and angrily lashing and spewing jets, spraying me with bullets of water.

I backed away, pleading, imploring him to let me live. He had waited too long to be reunited with Rosaline; his resolve was immovable. In a second my footing was lost; I fell into the depths of the cruel waves. The current proved unmanageable; I was dragged to the rear of the pool. My nails scraped and clung to the rocks as I desperately tried to save myself. My nails achingly bent and ripped. I coughed as water washed into my lungs. I could see his blurred figure waiting on the rocks. Then she came!

One pale, scrawny hand reached out of the sea. The fingers bent and contorted as it latched onto the rock next to me. The elbow bent as she heaved her corpse from the sea. Jet black tendrils of hair covered the skeletal face and black eyes, each tendril seemed to have a life of its own and climbed the rock like ivy. I tried to scream, but no sound came out. My whole body shuddered with an evil fear. A second clawed hand joined the first. I tried to pull myself away, but my strength had left me, and the sea overwhelmed me.

Her gnarled face stared into mine. In a moment of fear, I released my grip and an eddy formed swirling me, dragging me downwards. She moved along the rocks like a contorted insect until hurling herself towards me. As she floated towards my struggling frame her head sunk lower and lower until nothing but hair sprayed across the sea. A firm hand gripped my leg and I was dragged downwards, down into the darkness at the centre of the eddy. There was no water, no air, nothing except darkness. Eyes glowed therein, penetrating my eyes. Soft whispers cursed my eternal being. Her soul burned through my pupils and ripped into my mind with a volcanic eruption I was wrenched from my body, locked in the darkness forever as the lovers reunited in their own ghostly world above.

Ghostly Remnants

Ringing

The call comes late.
Wearily I climb from my bed,
Barefoot, mooching across the floor.

Phone charged.
With a yank the cord is pulled,
'Your Dad is in hospital.'

Another heart-attack.
'I will ring him!' It's late.
Three thirty, maybe he is asleep.

Groggily I dial his number.
He answers, his voice is weak,
And the line bad.

I ask my Dad how he feels.
His voice is soft,
'I am very tired.'

We had words the previous day;
Not looking after his health,
But this is not the time.

Crackling and white noise,
A very poor line.
We talk for a while.

I tell him I love him,
I will ring back in the morning.
I promise.

The phone rings,
The phone rings,
And no one answers.

The phone rings,
The phone rings,
And no one answers.

I call the hospital,
A doctor is located.
Strange that he wants to ring me back.

‘I am sorry to tell you,’
I feel the lump rising in my throat.
‘Your father passed away.’

Screams.
My screams.

‘At TWO this morning!’

I drop the phone,
It shatters.

Input: New Code

Input; ‘loved one has died!’
Input does not compute,
Refresh your computer.
Restart, press ‘alt, F9,’
Blue screen, trouble shooter.
Advanced, click on refresh.

Input; ‘loved one has died!’
Input failed, error.
Restart your computer.

Desktop icon, restart,
Refer; Windows Tutor.
Wait reboot, retry.

Input; 'loved one has died!'
Input not recognized.
Use alternative code,
Try 'C,' Pascal dated,
Or input in safe mode,
Binary effective.

Input; 'loved one has died!'
Blue screen, overheating.
Windows will shut down now,
Windows will shut down now,
Windows will shut down now.
Power on, start-up mode.

Input; 'loved one has died!'
Code now accepted.
Mode: Computer tutor,
Input not rejected,
Mode not trouble-shooter.
Reinstall now complete.

Oasis

Trapped helplessly in the Arabian Oasis menaced by the ensuing sandstorms.
Held captive; isolated in the Sheikh's luxurious crimson and gold marquee,
I rest, tightly manacled surrounded with light cedar furnishings from antiquity.

Struggling strong at heart, dominated by the hung bejewelled scimitar's blades,

Guarded by the taupe camels baying at the awning,
captivated by your conceit.
I feel I have been here too long initially exasperated by
your pretentious insolence,
Infuriating your failed attempts at manipulation I wait
self-satisfied, electrified.

You sit clad in jet black robes high on your ancient
imperial scarlet ottoman,
Your ego daring to penetrate my soul through dense
shisha-hookah smoke.
My mind eternally confused between wanting you and
despising your disdain,
Magnetized in mutual torment, as the tempest builds
rousing the jade palm leaves.
I know you well; expert in subjugating others,
Frustrated with burning insanity.

Desiring above all to demoralize me exasperated by
my ability to mystify you,
Heat rises from the terrain, my attempts to allure you
into releasing me are futile,
Desperately wanting to flee, yet the enchantment of
your conceit seduces me.
Drawn inexorably together the choice of your
company has always been providence.
Each tapestry elegantly draping the cloth walls gazes
intently on our isolation,
You have been addicted to pain for so long that your
spirit is ice, scarred and dark.

I cannot trust your words, but I desperately want your
pitiless vengeance's intrigue,
Perhaps it's my hubris and abhorrence of your
defiance that instigates these longings.

The velvet drapes drop, protecting from the dusty blizzard, the amber candles dim.
I feel your intrigue as you try to comprehend me,
I recognize that same ambivalence,
From our mutual uncertainty arises a sinister air of a tormented unsuitable lust.

In time your sturdy hand rests cautiously on my soft skin and I sense sandalwood,
Tantalizing every pore in my body with one touch I lose control and hate you more.
My fingertips run mesmerized along your arm permitting me to virginally suffer you,
Lightly chastising each of your hard shoulders with a vehemence dormant for so long.

And caressing the throat tense from the loneliness you disguise so convincingly,
With sensuality you stroke my cherry lips desiring to escape the lust perpetually denied.
Slipping your garments reveals your bare, sturdy chest, engulfed with my sensual kisses.

You stroke my flaxen hair with an unspoken ardour as the power surge between us burns,
With sudden aggression you grip my hair and force my descent lowering my kisses.
With a raw sensuality and under your coercion I take you into my mouth,
Tasting your freshness with passionate strokes, uncontrolled ecstasy tenses through you.

The drugged smog engulfs, and desire inspires your aggressive ripping of silk,
Exposing my creamy décolleté, feeling the rush of exhilaration you pull me away.

Needing to stay in control of your release, using your insolent mouth on my body,
Persecuting me with spiteful passion evilly formed of infatuation for my indifference.
Intermittently biting my flesh with pure resentment, teeth tearing suppressed retribution.

Anguished heat burns my being chastity lost I succumb to the prophesized entrapment,
Unable or unwilling to escape the shackles I submit to your powerful embrace,
Sprawling gratuitously across the russet satin the flambeau reignites,
Firing ablaze, your unclothed tissue smothers me,
And with forceful ferocity you infiltrate!

Your angry hands clasp my hair and neck crushing and pulling coexist with drive,
Our mouths meet with furious intensity totally enraptured,
Exquisitely held in the moment.

Stinging sensations pulse through me, my curvy legs wrap tightly about your waist,
Through changing breath, I sense growing craving for anticipated liberation.
Consumed with hunger you force me over suffocating me,
In the leather hassock.

Your strides harder than before;
With mounting dynamics, you lean on my tethered arms,
One hand strokes every arc as your rough pace increases and your sighs deepen,
With anguish you release yourself fully into my being,

Holding fast until the pulsating subsides.

As you turn away your body and palace crumble to silt,
Leaving me alone relishing the pain of the cold desert night.

The Voice

Exploring houses,
Psychic investigator,
Knows, allegedly.
Until swimming out of depth,
To the poltergeist's sleek chest.

Abandoned old house,
Equipment set up, alone,
Without any faith.
Fraud, for books and fans, faithless,
Until dusk's sweet stench simmers.

She waits for nothing,
Expects nothing, voice then comes,
A whisper inside.
Sneakily the volume peaks,
Spreading around her, calling.

Hypnotic deep voice,
Eerily comforting, dense,
Summoning her mind.
In a daze she follows, lost,
In halls of nothing, drapes move.

Mesmerised she moves,
Following seductive tones,
Climbing sweeping stairs.

Wandering far from her base,
Further still to enclosed rooms.

Rooms checked in the light,
Unlock in the dark, calling,
Interlocked, woven.
Dusty rooms, covered shapes loom,
Shivering, she cannot fight.

Following the voice,
She opens glass doors, as told,
Peers over the ledge.
Gulps at her life's precipice,
And keels unwillingly forth.

Feather falling hard,
Into the murky abyss,
With an elegance.
Disbelief's bright elegance,
Motionless heart still seated.

The Collective

Fire of the river Styx stretches before us,
Life lays behind.
Flames, as visions of decisions flash by,
Life meaningless.

Sparkling light welcomes all those returning;
The collective.
Soul detaches from organic matter and rises,
The universe.

Taking his punt, the reaper drives sails light,
After light.
Burbling molten lava; steams desolate smoke,

After reunion.

He hides his face behind drab cloth and hood,
For Hades.
Willing the passenger to seek behind, immortal,
For Hell.

Closer to the cavernous fort orb and master flow,
Only experience.
Alighting at the rocks, seeping into the darkness,
Only emotion.

Sharing, reviewing, recanting, offering knowledge,
No retribution.
At one with all beings, for there is only the one,
No separation.

Leaves on a mighty oak, apart from the trunk,
But together.
Falling to form as acorns, scattered. Enduring,
But related.

Universal consciousness regarding existence,
Suffering bad.
Insightful, for the leaves to flourish and sing,
Suffering good.

Divine energy pulsing through matter and light,
Connections form.
One voice singing with itself, a complex ballad,
Connections drift.

Departing the brimstone, sailing towards the light,
Choice; return.
Forming paradise from shared, elegant thought,
Choice; remain.

Light of birth; to suffering and elation in equal measure,
Light of death; to the collective until the leaf drops an acorn.

Supernatural

Waiting at table,
Linking hands in the darkness,
Spirits are summoned.

The table vibrates,
Rapping rings throughout the room,
Revealing their fears.

The Planchette moves,
Ever untouched, shivering,
Then flying on board.

Smoke rises, grey fog,
Spelling impending forecasts,
Menacing intent.

Blackened spirit clings,
Unintentionally caught,
Much like a disease.

Camping in the night,
Young hikers, seeking a fright,
Until the screams start.

Sleeping bags cover,
The zip rises, ghostly pull,
Nocturnal monster, time trapped.

Veers angrily forth,
Clinging to young life, open,
And follows them home.

Depression sets in,
Dragging sensation smothers,
Mediums are called.

Trapped in past time,
Killer stuck by heinous crime,
Poisoned wife with lime.

Her screams trapped in time,
Buried beneath the forest,
Old graves by old church.

Where souls cry from plague,
Portal between worlds; trapping,
His demons live on, clinging.

Begging for release,
After their omens foretold,
Return to the site.

Summoned once again,
By the leading medium,
Shown the path beyond.

He releases the boy,
Plague victims gloomy escape,
And his wife rises.

Sorrowfully cries,
Centuries of suffering,
For vengeful sins.

As he poisoned her,
She poisoned him; her spirit.
Flames scattered his heart.

Sinking, shallow grave,
Haunting each other for years,
And haunting others.

Her wizened corpse glows,
In a spiritual form,
Becoming human.

Bitterness evolves,
His black shadow looms over,
She reaches for him.

She reaches for him,
Touches with true forgiveness,
Her soul is released.

Lime kept her as his,
Stilled her passions forever,
But she is released.

Finally escaping,
Heart-broken he sinks, calling,
Never to return.

His prisoner in life,
A prisoner in death, lost,
Helplessly alone.

Spirits' glow abates,
He is in darkness, they watch,
The living seers.

He turns irately,
Swiftly darting, legless form,
Quick penetration.

Lead medium gasps,
Her slick body pulsating,
Collapses in sleep.

The young are now free,
Weighty depression lifted,
Spirits returned home.

Life resumes as before,
Life moves forward, far away,
Medium is trapped.

Aged institution,
Baffled medics tie her there,
Arms tied safely.

So self-destructive,
A danger to sanity,
Speaking in voices.

An exchange, payback,
Her life for his lost, loved wife,
Ghost slays in her soul.

Echoes

Captain Corn, the title did not mean much; Captain!
Captain, who ran alongside his privates into No Man's Land.
Captain, who dodged the bullets and mines,
And hid under a grisly mask from the glowing gas.

Stumbling over the top he herded the cattle into the fields.
The death fields, the killing fields.
Lambs to the slaughter.
Barbed wire twisted animatedly around his squadron,
Moving of their own accord and strangling twitching men.

Sparks lit the fields like a lightning storm as guns blew.
Men trod over decayed corpses hurtling to their own demise,
And miles behind Generals plotted their deaths over a banquet.
Once lush grass sunk into a muddy ooze paved with blood.

Captain Corn, whose sole job was to force cattle to the abattoir,
Cursed his cursed existence.
Comrades shared the squalor.
Months of waiting in sodden, cold trenches for their doom.
Bodies fell agonisingly; lost limbs strewn about, devoured by war.

One blast after another as lightening belted upon them,
Smoke and gas dropped, torturing paralysed sinking souls.
Shaking as froth foamed at his mouth Corn grasped his mask,
Forcing it over his bloodied face as he fell into the swamp.

Through green mist he watched his squadron murdered,
By men sitting behind the front lines.
He no longer felt his legs.
Even the rats scampered away waiting hungrily for the dawn.
Night blurred into day revealing the tortured souls' grave.

Echoes hummed from the battle, shrill sounds of screams,
And guns flew through the mausoleum.
Only rats moved;
Sharp teeth gnawed cruelly at the limbs of the dead and dying.
Beyond the human wreckage echoed a desperate thud.

Again, the thud came, like a tolling flat bell,
Metal being smashed.
Heaving onto his senseless limbs Corn crawled through the mire,
Of bodies, dirt, shells, limbs and rats.
Open eyes stared;
The dead eyes of his fallen comrades.
He lurched on, with hope.

An abandoned tank, death machine, partially sunk in the filth,
Corn hoped that there was a soul to save, pleaded with God.
The thudding came again, and again.
Thudding pleas for release.
Corn tapped against the evil weapon, his energy fading.

Captain Corn, the title did not mean much; Captain!

Captain, who led his friends to their death under orders.
Captain, who dodged the bullets and mines,
And hid under a grisly mask as rats ate his friends.

Heaving himself up on frozen limbs he opened the tank,
Desperate to release his friend and comrade trapped within.
Heaving himself up he fell into the armoured vehicle,
There his dead eyes met the dead eyes of Coward Corn.

The Old Man I

Born in poverty, one of many,
Father in the mines;
Strict, rugged and as mean as any,
Money lost to drink and fines.

Penniless school room, heartless mother,
Caring beaten out,
Father's hand, worn hands, battered other,
Monstrous invisible clout.

Soulless shoes, soulless boy, life's nothing,
Stealing for hunger,
Angry at life, and it's cursed sharp sting,
His bed drips under thunder.

Collected, dragged home; police complain,
Hands in market trays,
Desperately fighting starving pain,
Thrashed hard, belted to a haze.

Gathering coal from the rough roadside,

Begging the grocer,
Begging the chip shop, slaving inside,
Father; pub's biggest boaster.

Rejected, unwanted and alone,
Petrified old heart,
Never a murmur, never a moan,
Sullen and sad from the start.

Growing ahead of his raggy clothes,
School canes; defiance,
His crass opinions unwelcome,
Dragged to the mines by his nose.

Unemotional, drinks his sorrows,
Hardly pays his way,
Against next week's wages he borrows,
His struggles and toils each day.

His mother does not approve of her,
Girl behind the bar,
His girl, Brazenly loutish fit blur,
Glimpses a dream set afar.

Whispering dreams in each other's arms,
Glimmer of false hope,
His soul opens to her sickly charms,
Penniless plans to elope.

Dreams are dashed as her belly is filled,
Moved; a hovel,
Struggling with his poor wage; unskilled,
For money he must grovel.

False family support quickly sought,
Parents, Grandparents,

Hand me downs are given but not bought,
For the unhappy tenants.

Marriage enforced to prevent bad talk,
Harsh reality,
Cheaply done, village cheers baby's squawk,
Anger burned eternity.

The Old Man II

The bitter man avoids his dank home,
And his nagging wife,
As more children fall needing feeding,
His drunk, miserable life.

Unable to forgive his mother,
Or his bad father,
Or his significant, grim other,
Or his children's bad father.

Harder he works, commendable risks,
Hardly a life's care,
He carries on in spite of slipped disks,
And drinks until unaware.

Every town has an outcast wench,
The Devil's woman,
Wicked, this angel to lonely men,
Leads him astray; cat-woman.

Sweeping into the bar, lightning in dark,
Sensing his sadness,
Stealing his soul; her mountainous lair,
Surreptitiously trapping.

Unwise in his choices, saddened wife.

Talk of the local,
Family intervene in his life,
Enemies very vocal.

There he returns, an armchair his place,
Watches from the side,
As his own children grow; a new world,
Their chances he was denied.

Money rediverted to the home,
Improvements abound,
Children's opportunities to roam,
He dreams of a life unbound.

Smoke rises from his chair; smoke and beer,
College, outings, friends,
All pass by his weary blur and fear,
Of wasting life's bitter ends.

One sad night the Lord takes his old wife,
With regret he walks,
Follows the coffin, last march of life,
Wickedly dreaming of *her*!

Tries desperately to forget Cat,
Bitterness in soul,
Where evil evolved as he just sat,
Hue of smoke, life's only goal.

Eldest son's love's eye's like cat-woman,
Hauntingly sombre,
Haunting his drunken heart; wed woman,
Hauntingly filled, grown fatter.

And when the heart stiffens with such sin,
And when the soul stills,

And when the wrathful anger burns in,
The old man dies hauntingly.

The Old Man III

Blow after blow, knowing only hate,
His soul does not rest,
Blow after blow sealed a wicked fate,
Trapped in his home, Satan's test.

Unseen in his chair, hated father,
His own long since dead,
Trapped in hell with his dear, cold mother,
Trapped in hell, demon's fed.

In time he learns new tricks to be seen,
Flutters on linen,
New-born grandchildren eyes open; keen,
Rips off blankets, more sinning.

Rising smoke drifts at night eerily,
Cutlery does fly,
He touches Cat's double creepily,
Pulls his grandchildren up high.

Lights flicker late, dark shadows emerge,
Never seen before,
The old man seeks meaning; his last urge,
Dragging the baby much more.

Whispered tones flow through the monitors,
Her hair stands on end,
She runs through the house; cruel intruders,
Calls the priest as a dear friend.

Husband skeptical as house is blessed,

Prays in solitude,
Hears voices behind the walls, so stressed,
Old man feels ingratitude.

Restless man, fearful family; his,
Wants to be noticed,
Needs to be remembered well; sadness,
The baby cries ill; smoke's mist.

Medics called, urgently; dire screams,
Old man witnesses,
Follows closely; dimly lit dreams,
Cries for baby, witnesses.

Offers his wicked soul for young life,
Medics in the room,
Corridor light flickers; life for life,
He emerges from the room.

Father so sullen, before son's wife,
His spirit nods kindly,
Disappears to save the young one's life,
Ward in darkness, medics flee.

Doors lock down; electric storm halts all,
Son and wife stare shocked,
Father stands over the cot's angel,
Wife shakes, but the door is locked.

Lights flicker, hair rises, madding screams,
She fights for baby,
Father sacrifices, like his dreams,
Wife and son saw him; maybe.

Electric restores; lights, people rush,
Baby once at death's gate,

Gurgles and wriggles, doctors soon hush,
A miracle, or *his* fate.

The old man's ravaged soul enlightens,
A life with meaning,
At last granted peace, his soul heightens,
Drifting high beyond the ceiling.
Rising above, gifted with adoring feeling.
And the baby watches her Grandfather's bittersweet leaving.

Rocking

Rocking
Rapid rocking
The chair moves
Corner of the room
Empty chair, no one seen
Only the unseen gives force
The toddler in the cot awakens
Laughs, as the chair rocks, with glee
For she sees the spirit that remains unseen
As years pass her sight fades, forgotten
Barely a teen, rocking chair rocks
She quakes with fear unseen
Corner of the room
The chair moves
Rapid rocking
Rocking

The Rhyme of the Ancients

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, '*The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*'

Alone, alone I did survive,
As the ship sank into the sea,
Like lead it fell, I was alive,
But alone as life can be.
On raft I floundered catching breath,
And vomiting salty wet blood,
Waves climbing high, threatening death,
Under the star dodged moon beloved.
About, about, the keel come out,
About, about, in reel or rout.

And from the sky the keel come out,
As I released deathly moan's sigh,
Circumventing it came about,
Anchoring frostily close by.
There on the ship sat Life in Death,
Throwing seven mariner's dice,
Lapsing unconscious, baiting breath,
I cursed her with my wicked eyes.
On the sea sweet snakes took their flight,
The death-fires danced at night.

Ice cracked and growled, 'I've won,' said she,
And whistled thrice. The depths did stir,
Boards heaved and she rose from the sea,
And I cursed and blessed in a blur.
Doldrums stilled; magnificent ship,
Reborn by Life in Death's winning,
Water, water from sky to sip,
Desperate prayers atone sinning.
Around the ship the water boils,
The water, like a witch's oils.

As waves progress and tear the float,
I climb aboard with renewed hope,
Four times fifty men man the boat,
Lifeless eyes devoid of all hope.
Cherubs wielding their dead bodies,
Driving headlong back to my home,
Cursed to tell my nightmare stories,
Gifting others; chance to atone.
And in mine eyes liveth the sea sprite,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

Eternally Alive

You were alive once again,
Last night in my dream.

No longer suffering or ailing,
An angel to be seen!

You spoke softly once again,
Killing the nightmare of your plight.

No longer in agony and skeletal,
Instead, a demon or angel in flight.

You held me once again,
Our final sad goodbye.

No longer in this lifetime,
Your soul now travelling high.

You will be alive once again,
When I finally close my eyes.

Alive once again,

On the day I die.

Chair

The first night I swore it moved,
The chair in the corner of my room.
Just a little, there in the darkness,
As the Willow's hangings flowed in winds,
And rickety Oak branches tapped the window.

Just a little it moved, windows shut,
Just crept an inch, if that, forward.
The silence of the house, alien,
As my husband had just died; car crashed,
And his absence left me haunted by shadows.

The second night I knew it moved,
The chair in the corner of my room.
Just a wooden, broken, seat,
As useless now as it was when feeding halted,
And our child stilled in my empty, hollow arms.

Just a few months she lived, if that,
Just a glimmer in my dreadful life.
The silence of the house rang,
As loud as any orchestra it belted my poor mind,
And I never lived again, to my husband's horror!

The third night I waited as it moved,
The chair in the corner of my room.
Just a reminder of a life never lived,
As I succumbed to sorrow, abandoning love,
And killing my husband day after day after day.

Just a few months ago they died,
Just my daughter and my loving wife!

The chair she sat in, I now sit in every night,
As my family succumbed to awful consumption,
And I wait to join them, hoping they can sense me,
And I wait every night to join them,
Creaking in her feeding chair.

Celeste

We boarded, my crewmen and I, on a bright day,
Found the vessel floating aimlessly, drifting,
Alone, lost in the Atlantic.

Clear skies, as the sun beat down, African coast,
We took a craft to meet her, with tattered sails,
And climbed on board.

A dated vessel of wood and rope, a haunting find,
Beneath the decks fresh food sat disregarded,
Abandoned whispers.

Whispers moved about us, yet so far and distant,
Creaking boards, but all seemed in order, neat,
Frighteningly empty.

Rocking from side to side, gently, invisible breeze,
Invisible crew with hushed voices, passing by,
Strangers in another place,
Or time.

All checks done we abandoned the ship, returned,
Called the coast to advise on our find,
As we spoke, she slowly faded,
Erased from our world.

Dare

It was a dare that bought us to the hospital,
One night in the institute.
One night.

Desolately harboured by an overgrown woodland,
Safely concealed from life.

It was a dare that forced us to stay in the hospital,
Among the remnants of medicine past;
Abandoned cots and locks,
And decrepit torture devices!

Cruelly harboured devices used to punish the sick,
Whose souls are locked in forever.

It was a dare that led us to explore the basement cells,
Reeking of excrement, disinfectant and death.
We envisaged the screaming lost,
Begging for release or understanding.

Carefully removed from decent society to weep alone,
Their cries still echo through the rotting halls.

It was a dare that drove us to seek artefacts from old times,
Running from room to room with barely a torch.
We saw the restraints that held the innocent inmates,
And heard their haunting screams.

Noisily the voices filled our heads and our hair pricked up,
Sensing troubled souls still encaged.

It was a dare that drove fear into our soul, rose our hair,

And forced us to search deeper in the catacombs of history.
We delved into the tombs of the imprisoned,
And found a lonely, locked cell.

Fearfully we approached as the voices of the past filled our head,
Pleas blurred and begged from within.

It was a dare that exposed us,
A dare that confronted us,
And a dare that destroyed us.
Naked in the discourse of geniuses with little understanding,
We revealed ourselves as many,
We revealed ourselves as one.
In times gone by,
We were tortured.
We are trapped,
The many souls of one.

When I'm Gone

Mutual agreement, soft whispers in the dark,
Dismal discussion for two souls made one!
Loving motions and emotions bare and stark,
With money and contacts anything can be done.

His eyes closed at last on a hot summer's eve,
Soul mesmerised to remain captive in the body.
An agonizing cry, petrified tree unable to leave,
Organs amassed in canopic jars, draining the body.

With needle and dust from dust he is corrected,
Spirit howls in the night falling on deaf ears.
Their ideas once nightmarish, now defective,

She wails for her loss through his bloodied tears.

In the quiet dawn her head rests on his stitched chest,
Motionless he slumbers buried alive in life's form.
Desperate for departure, locked from heaven's breast,
She cannot suffer a second loss; they weep both
forlorn.

Her eyes closed at last on a cool winter's morn,
Soul mesmerised to depart freely from her body.
In solitude he drinks awaiting their paid scorn,
Desperate to slumber under her stiff, cool body.

Once his money is well spent and liver is full,
He brings her to the waiting, paid reaper's car.
Consciousness wanes and he dives into the call,
To live forever in another life, a world so far.

Waking briefly, under soil suffocating in their mire,
Her icy body presses against him. Lucid moment,
His own words haunt him; no fire on their death pyre.
Panic wells and subdues in their personal convent.

There, in their bed their fates were proposed,
Sacrifices made to never be torn apart,
Sacrifices which, by society would be opposed,
For their death's wish formed a garish art.
'When I'm gone,' the conversation started, with
ghoulish, black heart.

No One's Ghost

Today I died!
I am no one's ghost,
Life sapped my energy.
Each day I slowly ebbed away,

Life force drained by human vampires,
Scars of emotional pain thinned my skin.
My heart bled in confused, monstrous, silence,
The hole left by those forever departed can never close,
Exhausted by the overwhelming sense of eternal, sad servitude
The need to belong replaced with forsaken desertion and abandonment.
Drowning in a melancholy reservoir soaked in the frosty waters of pure anguish,
Unable to communicate with these strange beings of similar form, but mercenary souls,
Perplexed and bewildered by the rush of complex sensation that crowds my fragile, tortured mind.
Unable to understand the social convention and dogma that entraps accustomed people!
Frustratingly falling into awkward situations, anger at my misapplication inverted.
Lost in a world I will never comprehend, unaided, plagued with suspicions,
Learning only from mortifying, life changing errors of judgment,
Detaching slowly from the perplexity of sad heart break,
Incapacitated by attachment's crippling needs.
Moods and perceptions rapidly changed,
Until no more I could endure the pain,
The wounds became numbed.
The animated zest drained,
No one's ghost am I,
Today I died.....

Bath

Submerging beneath the water,

Eyes closed.
Submerging in the home's safety,
Rising.

Rising above the water,
Eyes closed.
Unable to see the night's river,
Falling.

Submerging beneath the warm water,
As it cools.
Rising from the river's swampy depths,
Ignorant.

Rising above the cool water,
Sinking.
Submerging, the porcelain evaporates,
Rising.

Rising above the black, river's waters,
Eyes wide.
Frozen panic condenses, shivering with fear,
And cold.

Submerging, beneath the cool water's nightmare,
Terror.
Rising, lost in the clammy, dank mire,
Shaking.
Submerging in hope, rising with fear,
Stuck.
Unable to return, trapped in tragedy's treacle,
Screaming.

Sinking; hopeless, terrified, petrified.
Disappearance.
Alarming.

Inexplicable.

Floating; in death's trance on the water,
Delivered.
Petrified form laying on the shore,
So far from home.

Again

He hears the voice,
'Again!'
And then he hears the voice,
'Again!'
Vibrations pulsate through him,
Shivers rising with the spectre's presence.
Perhaps his soul is trapped.

He is travelling, seeking his home.
Absence has lasted some time,
He wonders if a new tenant has moved in;
The home is different,
Not quite abandoned just not right.

He hears the music again,
Distant music streaming through the walls,
And filling his not quite right home.
The rooms are disjointed and different,
He travelled far to find it.
He hears the music again.

Resting in a chair that he does not recall,
He hears the ghostly voices echo through the wall.
He wonders if they will ever cease,
And stop haunting his misplaced home.

He hears the beeping again,

Not quite traffic and not quite right.
Not fitting his strange eerie home.
The floors are uneven,
The town unrecognised,
And he hears the beeping again.

In some other place he sleeps, comatose.
Saved from the crash, his heart started,
But trapped far away in his own body.
His wife whispers softly into his ear,
And plays music that he loved,
Her husband so dear.

The monitors beep,
As she tries to bring him back home.

Secret Door

Darkly treading, stepping fervently towards the light that should not belong. Glowing beyond the bedroom at the terminal wall, where nothing but brick and the outside world rationally exists. Door open, waiting. Dilapidated, poorly painted and shoddy in décor. Aligned with loose shelves of worn children's books. Frayed, stained burgundy carpet. Small bed stuffed with unkempt blankets.

Little girl dressed for a party. No parents. I apologize for disturbing her, close and lock the door. It fades until next time.

Ebony

She was losing more hair, long black chunks seeped from her skull matted with blood from an unknown skin condition. She no longer left her bedroom. She

missed her husband; they had tried desperately for a child. It was unsuccessful, depression and arguments began.

He left without word; she fell ill. The beige brush bit through her hair again tearing more strands from her bleeding head, soaking ebony soulless eyes. Ghostly sounds filled the silence, banging, dragging.

Below a sturdy man loaded the deep freezer with a black-haired woman's body streaked by blood from a freshly bludgeoned head wound.

Dust

It was more than unusual; it was bizarre to see a giant aircraft; a jumbo jet flying so low over the desolate country lane. Its wingspan spread beyond the avenue of overgrown emerald trees that hung either side of the potted and uneven road. The angelic white body of the body was highlighted by royal blue and bright red stripes. The nose sunk slightly like a bird of prey seeking tiny vermin below. The lack of sound made the visual exhibition somewhat unnerving for the three people below.

Janet and her teenage daughter Lee sat cautiously in the van of a burly man who had kindly offered to take the hitchhikers to their destination. Only carrying a small holdall and wearing the clothes they stood up in the two women had abandoned their home, one of violence, when Janet’s belligerent and cruel husband finally succumbed to an excess of alcohol. The previous night he had turned his hand from his wife to his daughter and in that moment his wife found the power and strength to leave. She had no car and the

two fled the scene in hope of reuniting with Janet's mother in Carlisle.

The prison paradise of Windermere had not calmed the brash soul of her husband, the beauty of the lake and awesome hills shrunk and disappeared as Janet found herself trapped by community expectations and gossip. Faking a trip to Kendall she took the bus out of the area and then whilst hiking the pair thumbed for a lift in hope of escaping undetected.

The risk of getting into a stranger's car was significantly outweighed by the risk to her daughter had Janet remained at home. Both mother and daughter exhibited bruising toned down by an excess of make-up. Their matching red hair and pale skins gave them a surreal and vulnerable look, which made the driver stop. His usual delivery runs were somewhat simpler.

After some persuasion and given the story of her plight the driver agreed to follow the smaller country routes to avoid the risk of mother and daughter's escape from being thwarted. They had stopped briefly for some soda and nuts at a remote service station and then took to the country lanes. The jet had appeared from nowhere.

Initially they seemed to have moved into the plane's path. Bright rays of sun bounced from the pristine whiteness of the body. It hung far too low shocking the two women who at first thought that it was destined to crash. The huge carcass then shot forward and spun, rolling into the sky in a display that seemed impossible for such a huge eagle. The beast turned and swung again over the vehicle before swooping

rapidly upwards into the increasingly blackening storm clouds.

As the flying monstrosity disappeared into the clouds rain began to fall heavily belting on the windscreen. An urge filled Janet's heart to follow the flight path, to see the irregularity again. The deeper the vehicle travelled into the breast of the mountains the heavier the storm beat down. No other vehicles passed. Houses seemed to fade into the horizon and farmlands scattered further away.

Thunder rumbled and clattered as a river formed streaming down the road and shaking the van with splashing eruptions of water. To break the silence Janet attempted to tune the radio, but her endeavour failed as only white noise crackled through the air. Eventually she relented and switched the power off. The driver looked ahead focusing on the road. In the rear Lee sat huddled in a removable side chair. Both assumed the driver was on his way to collect his cargo as the large rear space remained empty.

Surreal lightening forks belted the land in the distance and small tornadoes formed and danced beneath the swelling clouds. Something shook; the ground shook and cracked from behind. The cracking tar chased the travellers avidly as the van accelerated. A darker cloud now hung behind them, seeking them out. The shape of the silhouette was a gigantic passenger carrying bird. Fearfully Janet turned her head to see the jet hurtling towards the insignificant van. Its huge velocity ripped up the road and its nose stared down into the rear windscreen.

Then the apparition merged with the van, entered the van without causing any damage. The monstrous beast headed towards Janet. In her seat she rose and turned petrified, her form turning to stone. The colossus glittered gold as it passed through Janet's form. She felt its phantasmal form disintegrated into the night air as it cleared the windscreen and entered an invisible portal.

Lee held up the shopping bag which had been tarnished by the machine and the once solid contents fell as dust on the floor. Shimmering echoed from inside Janet's body, sensitive, painful as if she had been stabbed repeatedly. She shuddered as her daughter's body crumbled into dust before her eyes. Her own hands dripped like grains of sand and her form became a pillar of dust, which waned and collapsed as the driver slowed the vehicle and pulled the handbrake.

The noise of the previous night had proved intolerable for old Mrs Mise. Her neighbours were often noisy; arguments would ring into the night air. People in Windermere liked to keep themselves to themselves and not interfere with domestic problems. This night though the man of the house had come in late from the tavern, he had staggered into the door before struggling to pull the handle.

Lights went on and it seemed that he had woken his family. Within minutes his incoherent voice could be heard ringing through the open windows and into the stormy night. Then came the screaming, both mother and daughter were screaming, crying out for help. Reluctantly the widow reached for her phone and insisted the police came to investigate.

By the time they had arrived the shrieks had faded into nothingness. The lights remained on, but no movement was visible. Two pale red-headed women were found lying arm in arm on the floor lacerated with multiple stab wounds. The drunk sat in his reading chair, tears of regret streaked his face. Unbeknown to the mortals a courier had come to collect the deceased, to release them from ignorance of their own demise and assist their journeys to the beyond.

Soulless Slashers

Unstitching

Influenced!
Hallucinations invoked.
Physique becomes tapestry,
Poorly stitched, poorly created.

Influenced!
Picking threads,
Opening her wrist,
To see bloodied tunnels.

Influenced!
Peeling layers,
Not shredding veins,
Stripping to the structures.

Influenced!
Stroking tubes,
Severing her fingers,
Viciously ripping her nails.

Influenced!
Slicing tendons,
Detaching harsh nerves,
Pinging the fabrics elastic.

Influenced!
Chopping thighs,
Slicing meaty layers,
Avoiding the throbbing arteries.

Influenced!
Removing toes,

Hacking through ankles,
Detaching her reddened nose.

Influenced!
Visualising inside,
Unstitching stomach's fabric,
Revealing offal floating within.

Influenced!
Bleeding profusely.
Cackling with laughter,
Intestines nastily slop out.

Influenced!
Blinded fury,
She removes temptation.
Then removes her eyesight.

Influenced!
Terrifying mess,
Woman becomes meat,
Prey to the cannibal who fed her.

Kane

Born of sin; one-night sin that grew into love,
Born of sin; away from a talking, small town.
Born of sin; home lost in the maple and birch,
Born of sin; as his beloved mother died in birth.

Raised alone; a kindly father saddened by the sin,
Raised alone; unattractive to others, congenital.
Raised alone; terrorised by outsiders, threatened,
Raised alone; watched his loving father killed.

Rescued; saved from the killer by old hermit Harlon,

Rescued; offered a home and a road to retribution.
Rescued; given immortality by the old ghoul's queen,
Rescued; to the life of a blood-drinking immortal.

Purged of anger; as his furious blade penetrates,
Purged of anger; by a wicked vengeance of blood.
Purged of anger; stalking prey with sadistic relish,
Purged of anger; fed by each victim's life force.

Saved; an ardent passion seeing Lyra sleep in peace,
Saved; by the new resident's desperate melancholy.
Saved; as he secretly watches her heaving in sleep,
Saved; by a new lust beyond consuming the soul.

Warned of the killer; she hears his pounding steps,
Warned of the killer; sadly, she chases the death threat.
Warned of the killer; her heart pounds as he turns,
Warned of the killer; clarity forces her to run.

Emotionally; she runs from his pursuing blade,
Emotionally; failing to hide, failing to outwit him.
Emotionally; surrendering to wrath's impending death,
Emotionally; her lashes lower as her soul submits.
Urgently; he tenses rushing towards her, blade high,
Urgently; he stabs the bark and waits as she opens her eyes.
Urgently; he embraces her as a lover kept forever waiting,
Urgently; he takes her with heavy breath abating.

Appalachian Hunter

Keep to the trail, never seek elsewhere,
In those forests live wild animals.

Leaving the path changes folk!
Listen to honest advice,
Escape high, safely,
Return soon!
Stay true!

Preparation proved swift, she ventured on,
Reading her maps with great zeal, alone,
Every view a luscious, scenic memory.
Yet, curiosity overcame good sense.

Lyra camped with flames in the night,
In her tent she slept, days hiking,
Leaving her world behind.
Listening for streams,
Escaping the trail,
Recalling words;
Stay True!

Predators live in the forests, monstrous beasts,
Rendering herself vulnerable to their terrors.
Each step, deeper into Kane's wilderness,
Yet oblivious to the killer's presence.

Lyra, swept up by the mountains and falls,
Inadvertently trespasses on his land,
Lead by her nose to his cabin.
Leaving civilization behind,
Entering the killer's lair,
Reasoning it is empty,
Seeking thrills.

Predator creeps from tree to tree; tracking prey!
Requiring rest, she sleeps in his empty bed.
Ever vigilant, he follows. Stands over her,
Yielding before him, protected by sleep.

Knife in hand, he looms over her, unsure,
Inside his cabin she rests. He gazes.
Listless vulnerability arouses,
Life in his private world,
Eerily he haunts her.
Responding sighs,
Sensually.

Peacefully she stretches, revealing her curves,
Reeling, he steps back. Praying she sleeps.
Enraged by her presence, highly aroused,
Yearning, after a time, to touch her skin.

Knife lowers, he softens as never before,
Inflaming visitors viciously slain.
Letting her live endangers,
Letting her die hurts.
Ever alone,
Remote,
Sad.

Predator's prey or killer's prisoner? Hostage,
Raising the blade once more, yet she stirs.
Each breath a threat, each sigh does stir,
Yawning, her tired eyelids lift, dazed.

Killer's prey, or predator's prisoner?
Inciting lust, inflaming fear,
Lucid, but unafraid, rising.
Luscious in confusion,
Endlessly they stare,
Recognition rare,
Sensuous.

Predilection for a monster, deeply supressed,

Rises to the surface, without scream or cry.
Eagerly she reaches for his compassion,
Yearning to fill a void in her icy life.

Killer's willing hostage, eternally his prey,
Invited in by circumstance, remaining.
Lives that clash in sombre night,
Lust heightened wordlessly.
Extreme attraction,
Regarding,
Sexual.

Proclivities so diverse connect in their nightmare,
Risking all, she collapses entranced, waits.
Every touch electric, stomach pulsates,
Yielding, as he makes her his forever.

His Broken Heart

Old Harlon, civil war's lost soldier,
Recruited for another army and fell in love.

Old confederate, mystical ways,
Found on a virginial field, in death's callous grasp.

His great prowess noted from afar,
Revered by Immortalis, antediluvian.

Ancient cult of immortals seeking,
And finding mortals on the cusp, willing to bargain.

Blood drinking cannibals, eternal,
Protection sought in exchange for immortality's curse.

Lilith, exile of Eden, mother,
Matriarch of the Immortalis, queen of vampires.

Patron of Kane and cruel Nicholas,
Recruited Harlon for his hardened skill, death's throes.

Death's unrelenting throes, drowning him,
Lanced through the side, bleeding, he surrendered to her kiss.

Guardian of Nicholas, insane,
Sanity's specialist, crafty in his sleek torture.

Asylum master, and sly patient,
Guardian of Kane; raised from the ashes of death's sea.

Killer Kane; relentless and silent,
Through centuries Harlon serves the masters, falls in love.

Auburn beauty, emerald, sharp eyes,
Appalachian daughter and keeper of the kept books.

Heart beats for the first time in decades,
His visits to town increase, not for business, for her.

The cannibal becomes gentle man,
Offering her his heart over time, and cherishing.

His soul returns as new life glows through,
The warrior drops his guard, unwittingly gives trust.

Demon's demon, shaman of the light,
Earth's angel seeking and slaying the Immortalis.

Blinded with passion he leads her home,

Kane's wilderness, Harlon's immortal son,
endangered.

Yet she is still, auburn haired Helen,
Biding her time, seeking traps within the lair, Kane's
world.

But Harlon's heart beats only for her,
Weeping inwardly in her absence, sharing his world.

Forest deep, scratches of log cabins,
Confederate tunnels and lakes. She watches and waits.

Blinded, Harlon falls deeper, deafened,
Ignoring the warnings of the masters to stay away.

Deeper into his secrets she delves,
Through historical enquiry and midnight moon walks.

Surreptitiously draining his mind,
A greater demon; pledged to kill without food's
reason.

Knowing him, with his own fooled consent,
Resting on his chest at night, after love's hardened
touch.

Investing her Babylon body,
Selling herself for a cause, scenting him with passion.

Locating Kane, his son, his master,
Planning the kill, without thought to Harlon's
weakened heart.

Her legs wrap about his sore body,

Driving down with her back to tree's bark, the
empath's love.

Her own guard normally high, love lost,
Dropped in ardent need and panting hot desperation.

As she releases, her thoughts roam free,
An old ghoul senses her motives, hears her wicked
plan.

His heart breaks, crumbles like Gomorrah,
Bleeds into an ashen mound of which she is the salt.

Time shifts sullenly, his heart burned ire,
His heart burns, his heart breaks, his current reality!

He steps back, harnesses his thoughts, plans,
Commands his feelings, commands his actions, for
vengeance.

Next eve, unexpected, she treads soft,
Tripping Kane's traps, waiting to bait the beast, and
destroy.

Creeping from tree to tree, armed, waiting,
The eerie silence overwhelms, but not as she planned.

Time passes, uneasily retreats,
Edging ever to the dirt track, and her salvation.

Moon glow streaks across the lake beyond,
Owls yell, and leaves shuffle with deliberate footsteps.

Further she shrinks, away from cracking twigs,
Her skill dependent upon careful planning,
unplanned.

Kane to stalk her, to fall to her trap,
Footsteps crack from all around, surrounding her small form.

As if on cue, the night sky darkens,
Clouds suffocate the moon and the figures are revealed.

Behind her the giant masked monster,
Before her the suave and sophisticated killer.

Kane and Nicholas, take quick pursuit,
Driving her, like a frightened deer between two lions.

She attempts to draw her bow but stops,
As Kane's arrow, in flight, sweeps the weapon from her hand.

Deep into the forest she returns,
Seeking an exit, unable to climb; bleeding hand.

Tunnels locked down, monsters drive her on,
Helen tries to dodge the traps that she had memorised.

Heart beating, thumping, pounds their sharp ears,
The two monsters close in, she backs to a cabin's light.

Harlon's home, her saviour's true love,
Unaware of his deceit, knowing her deception.

Further she backs, until a loop locks;
Barbed wire grasps her shin, flaying flesh to the iced bone.

The knot drags along and rises her,
Hanging her flailing body by the leg and bone.

She struggles pitifully, cries out,
Pleading for her lover to come, he acquiesces.

Emerging from the shadows, watching,
Ageing immortal, dying of a slit, broken heart.

Thirsty for vengeance, he steps forward,
Clasping the pendulum, her swinging ceases, he hears.

She pleads ignorance, pleads innocence,
He hears, but does not listen, for the truth has been heard.

Nicholas and Kane fade, Harlon's war,
Harlon's final battle to close the war, and his heart.

Stroking her face, tears leave his sad eyes,
His soulless soul aches to the gut and gut her he must.

His lips meet hers, and steal a last kiss,
Her eyes close with regret, imploring his forgiveness.
She whispers her sorrow and shame's truth,
Offering herself in exchange for her life's sad truth.

Willing secrets, he offers reprieve,
She speaks of the pledge and cult freely, begging his trust.

Hardened soldier, warrior chosen,
For loyalty and military skill, merciless.

Merciless mercenary, stealing,
Interrogation before death's sweet curse, gentle touch.

Beyond the killer, woman revealed,
Vulnerable, open, as she opened her body.

Thoughts plague; her skin, her lips, betrayal,
Torn inside, victim of a heart broken, he struggles.

Sensing her sadness, as an empath,
Feeling her betrayal as a man being betrayed.

Blood rushes to her head and she swoons,
Sensing her trance, he releases, stoops down,
rummages.

Churning leaves to find his salvation,
As clouds move the moon light blade shines, glinting
in death's rays.

Taking the hilt, he holds fast inside,
Having the power to save her worthless life, eyes
close.

Harlon gulps, torn in two by the wench,
His free hand presses against her head, her lies shine
through.

Lover in the cult, user, slayer,
Hurt plunges through his heart like the blade as it
swings high.

Their eyes lock, her mouth opens, silence,
Silent scream, as the blade sweeps down severing her
soul.

Severing from hip to head, slicing,
Vertical dissection as she hangs from her flayed leg.

Heart side slides slickly to the wood floor,
Harlon screams releasing a horde of hurt demons' hearts.

An incision drives deep and cuts round,
Breaking the ribs, he removes the organ that cut deep.

Rising the cold heart from her body,
It takes one final beat, the vessels wrenched, his heart cries.

His heart cries and turns back to hard stone,
Petrifying in his evil chest, and he bites down.

Ripping love's muscle between his teeth,
He chews the organ, as his tears turn to ice, he smirks.

With each bite the soured smile comes,
He swallows her soul, encages it within his hate.

Crimson juice smears the demon's smug face,
Quelling any hope of redemption, he gazes low.

Meat for the Immortalis meets him,
Fills his eyes with an insatiable hunger, blood lust.

Greater than lust is his cruel hunger,
And the hunger of his masters, loyalty's sweet home.

Slackening the trap, half body sloshes,
Sliding to the wood floor, next to the empty vessel.

Both meats dragged carelessly, thrown below,
Dropped through the tunnel's trap, dragged in darkness for dicing.

Thrown onto the slab, cleaver cuts bone,
Meat hurled without heart into the cellar's deep
freezer.

Kissing half of death's lips, tastes the blood,
Memories lost in a sea of embittered famine.

The final mass, halved skull, stripped of hair,
Stripped of dignity, for the ghoul has returned, glory!

Old Harlon, civil war's lost soldier,
Recruited for another army and fell in love.

Old confederate, mystical ways,
Found on a virginial field, in death's callous grasp.

His great prowess noted from afar,
Old Harlon; a loyal, but soulless servant soldier.

My Kane

Ode to my beast Kane, wilderness monster,
Roaming day and night, to rid the land's plight.

Fearful at first glance, knife's hideous shine,
Tenderising my flesh, destined to be mine.
Ode to the slayer, despatching intrudes,
Masking demon's love, wielding from above.
Forced me to observe, predator unbound,
Masked killer feeding; screams the only sound.

Ode to my hunter, setting spiteful traps;
Tender my lover, dominant other,
Chains for love and kills, lavishing his thrills,
At first tearfully, until surrendering snaps.

Ode to my beast Kane, wilderness monster,
Intruders taken; I fell for your traps.

Slash-Her

Blood was her art, daubing evil shapes with secret cuttings,
Escape from reality's dreary troubles.
Lyra's work sold well, well enough to move away,
Away to her dream of a cabin in the woods.

Maple-Pine, lost in the Appalachian Mountains,
Attracts unwelcome tourists.

Ed and Emily smoke beneath the stars, rousing evil's wrath,
Kane's wrath,
The twisted monster scalps his guests,
For visitors are unwelcome in his guarded land.

Reluctantly the small-town agent hands Lyra the keys,
Suggests to her that she should leave the cursed cabin,
A wilderness haunted by death.
Lyra hates superstition,
Drives alone to her welcoming paradise.

Her few belongings are unpacked, and Lyra feeds her blood-letting addiction.
She soon tires.
Painting in blood draining,
She barely dresses her dripping arm.

Asleep she falls on her new couch, deeply she sleeps,
Does not hear Kane's entrance, he unsheathes his machete and raises it…

Her arm slings dripping scarlet juices on the wooden floor.
She stirs, Kane hesitates as never before, and draws the blade along her body,
Confused by the sight before him, man-beast reaches out and touches the wound.

Lyra wakes fearful, crawls back into the sofa's refuge,
Eyes close as he points the blade at her throat.
He hesitates, steps back, steals away from her heaving chest and the thoughts it instils.

Scarred face, demonic eyes, the body of an ogre.
Lyra senses his retreat and without hesitation runs for the door,
Immediately Kane pursues the fleeing deer, for the legend would have a witness.

Owls howl as clouds besmirch the moon limiting her view,
Car keys left inside, she escapes into the shelter of the swaying trees.

Kane knows his wilderness well, she cannot outsmart him, cannot escape,
The scent of her blood still fills him, the scent of his prey,
He stalks on.

Lyra loses her footing and slips in damp soil, dirtying herself,
Clarity strikes, and she crawls beneath overgrowth,
Listening as he thunders close by.

Her scent, vulnerable form, lonely creature like Kane,

But also a threat that must be subdued, tears his absent heart in two.

As he closes in panic sets in and her breath screams,
His stomping is silent and she clambers out, looking for an escape.

Whilst trying to stand her throat is grabbed and body flung against a thick trunk,
Clouds dissipate and the moon glows on the single pearl tear that rolls down her face.

He taps the blade in his hand, as she presses her back into the bark,
Stealthily he paces towards her, blade aimed she tilts her head as he thrusts it.

Her eyes half close in relief, the blade pierces tree not her heart,
His mighty hand clasps her neck once again,
Unsure of himself he hesitates…

‘Save me,’ Lyra whispers.

A new warmth burns her face,
And trickles down the inside of her body.

Momentarily his grip tightens,
‘Save me,’ she whispers again.
Teeth bite her lip,
Her golden eyes meet his black pits,
Electric passes between them.

‘All I want is to escape the world,
Never to return.’

Mutual understanding, Kane finds lost compassion,
His mouth meets hers,
And with an ardent fury they join.

In the wilderness he pushes against her,
In the wilderness she unleashes his lust,
In the wilderness he frees her body.

The strength of a giant lifts her,
Pulls one knee up against the trunk,
Enters her with desire and drives into his prey,
Over and over.

In the wilderness they fuck,
In the wilderness they merge,
In the wilderness she flexes,
Need growing as he pulsates…

Until the passion can be held no longer,
And she tightens and grips as he fills her.

She does not resist when he lifts her spent body,
And sinks into his cradling arms, head buried in his shoulder,
Knowing that he will never let her leave.

Ode to Jason

Mighty masked man, hiding from evil life,
Vengeance your weapon, machete sharp,
Sheathing your knife.
Immortal body, playing mother's harp,
Cursing those who venture forth with strife.
Cursed by those tormenting souls, lives taken.

Death's Last Line

Romantic words whispered in rhyme,
Seeking the bloodied lover's kiss.
Seductively offered in rhythmic time,
Ambient forest surrounding desire's watery mist.

Response unrequited comes straight from the heart,
In simple prose the abrupt words do tear;
Sorry, I'm in love with another.

Sweet desirous soul, angel of springtime lake,
Offer me hope for twin flames should conjoin.
But promise my rose shall be thornless, not fake,
Or the red petals shall fall hefty from your loin.

In prose she responds as before,
Her elegant form is never seen again.

Joined in Blood

Met myself today,
Bloodied, hurt face. Not my blood!
Enemy's vengeance,
My soul's wrath, splintering out.
Hurting my own soul,
With their venomous warm blood.

Married, sombre black,
Despising the man and kin.
Waiting for speeches,
Ready prepared, machine gun,
Exploding, peppering all!

Butcher's Table Bound I

He told me to wait, butcher's table bound,
I had little choice; bloodied limbs scattered.
Abattoir's strong stench, biting my nostrils,
Clothes struggle shredded, guarded by a hound.
Quick thinking my gain, crafty words flattered,
The giant brute's ego, having watched his kills.
Unexpected peace, strange new sensations,
Escaping escapes, as Stockholm shattered.
Prisoner I am, soothed with elation,
Pleasurably tied, subject to his thrills.

Butcher’s Table Bound II

Alone I have lived, culling guests,
Unwanted types in my domain.
Punishing through my cleaver's pain,
Farmer of man, killing my guests.
Mercy shown to her with the breasts,
Unmoved by my stealth or marred face.
As I think, she is bound in place,
Offering to stay, truth or lies?
Death in escape, if she dares try,
Or suffer my need by my grace.

Thom’s Brutality

'You think so highly of yourself, don't you?' Thom's
red eyes flashed with anger,
'let me show you what you are!'

They had been lovers once, meeting in his hidden
cottage,
The recluse and his concubine.

At length, he forbade her to leave,
Kept her chained.

But with cunning, she abandoned the brute,
Escaped.

Her legs had carried her far, through field and woodlands,
Avoiding the roads,
Yet he still found her,
Yet he dragged her back to his home, her prison.

With twine he tied her hands above her head,
Tied the rope excruciatingly tight,
Biting into her wrists with threads.

His savage body forced her back against the wall and he tore down her leggings.
In the cool light of day, he pulled her shirt and bra up to reveal erect cherry nipples,
And without hesitation took one into his mouth and sucked hard.

Her determination weakened, her fury diminished,
Twisted into desire.
His hand stroked her thigh until it met wetness,
There he circled his fingers tantalizing her.

His teeth took hold of her nipple and bit,
She yelped with a painful need.
His kisses dropped to her belly button,
The creature encircled it with his tongue before exploring lower.

Teeth nipped gently,
Fingers entered her expertly,
He sucked at her arousal,
Bit carefully.

Her back arched as she willingly offered herself, a sacrifice to his dominant caresses.
Her eyes closed,
Her belly quickened and tightened,
Moans escaped from her slightly parted lips.
He drew his mouth back to her breasts as his hand took control of her intractable lust.

The well in her stomach overflowed.

'This is what you are,' he growled, 'this is all you are.'

A thrumming sensation pulsed through her belly,
Her head tilted back, and she moaned a needy sigh,
Release was imminent, she could not resist.

Thom released his grip and stepped back,
'look at you,' he sneered.
Kira's body still ached for him, betraying her so cruelly.

'Now beg me,'

His erection pressed firmly against his trousers as he watched,
Her submissive, tied body hanged desperately before him.

'Please,'
'Please what?'
'Please Thom, take me.'

His arm reached around her back and laid her on the rough floor.
His own excitement quelled mercilessly,

As he gazed over her restrained body laying helplessly.

He had reduced her to this and that only made him want her more.

In an instant he was inside her, driving furiously and cruelly through her.
This was not love, it was a desperate fury.

Kira, unable to hold back any longer,
Clenched her fists, a ball of fire burned through her entire being.
Her total wantonness forced Thom's desire to the brink,
In an instant he filled her, groaning deeply throughout his own release.

And once again she was his captive.

Henry Menteur I

Killed,
Killed her,
Dead I did!
A shallow grave,
There her bones do lay.
Throttled, stabbed, ripped apart,
Thrown, the torn limbs. Lying down.
They lay, dust smattered, gasping low,
Show me the crime scenes, I will show you.
There her bones lay, by the highway,
Beast’s carcass, rotting woman.
Ever loved, waned woman,
Mine, my passion’s crime.
Blood on my hands,
I, repent,

Sinner,
Killed.

Henry Menteur II

Show,
Our fiend,
Take us there,
To loved one fair.
We will remind you,
Help you find her body.
Along dusty roads we drive,
Sure, we help you in location,
Give the family's a tearful peace.
This is the spot, our photo's say,
Here we dig for shallow grave.
Here the dry bones once lay,
Place of your affray,
Correct my man!
We got him,
Clearly,
Done!

Henry Menteur III

Plea?
Guilty,
I will plea,
For it was me!
Full, true disclosure,
Haste; sentence! The others?
Guilt plagues my soul for others!
Guilt plagues my sin ridden, bleak soul!
Extreme sorrow, hundreds scream from graves,
Tortured, suffered; perished in pain.
Painful silence breaks new hell,

Full co-operation,
Offered timidly.
Assure reward,
I inform,
You pay,
Play.

Henry Menteur IV

Sir,
Tell us,
Marshalls true,
Of crimes and sin,
Assist you, we shall.
Here, read our evidence,
Choose your victims, star witness.
Study books, pictures, point them out,
Wake your memory, inform with notes.
Windfall, window from heaven's gate,
Case files and milkshakes to sate.
Smokes, fresh linen and fans,
Anything you need.
Crime scene photo,
Inform us,
Use us,
Users.

Henry Menteur V

This,
Picture,
This was me.
Look, throttled,
Look, her stockings,
Threaded about neck.
Drives, excites, informs!

Mine, auburn haired beauty,
Rejects, regrets, stole her skin,
Innocent's skin between her thighs.
Sweet, succulent like my cool milkshake.
Used, abused, dropped. Cold rejection.
Heartless as her heartlessness,
My cool, cruel demeanour.
Let me loose in here,
Another smoke,
Room to room,
I roam.
Star.

Henry Menteur VI

Girls,
Both girls,
Great recall.
Look here at this,
There in the picture;
Blade, silver, black hilt,
Slice through flesh and throat.
Skins, bones, guts, flays women,
Tights placed aside, new methods.
Pleas, cries and woes fell on deaf ears,
Pleasure, from looking, pleasure from dreams.
Never knowing when this run ends,
Never knowing death row's cry,
I, your saviour, call,
Call all of the shots.
You must comply,
Families,
Media,
Fame.

Henry Menteur VII

Greece!
He claims,
Killed there too,
Walked there, drifter,
Strolled across oceans.
Lies! Editor, falsehoods,
Investigate these mad claims.
Give me this story, prove the lies,
Marshalls know, share information.
Courts should know, pathological lies,
Treading on toes, poor family woes,
Expect swift retribution,
Expect swift rebuttal,
Expect a backlash.
Marshall corrupt,
Killer, liar,
Destroyer,
Of hope.
Sins.

Henry Menteur VIII

Stabbed,
Her heart,
Heartless man.
Mother's victim,
Beaten, abused, marred.
Twists soul, strips conscience,
Grief ridden, pained, lone hound,
Seeks niche, seeks worth, seeks reason.
Fame's light falls, Prison's warm home. Hope.
Hope's light falls, Prison's kind home. Marshalls,
Friends, strange friends. Shakes, cigars, sheets.
Lone victim, villain, worth killed,

Entwined in deception,
Impotent and weak.
Stuck in his hell,
Stabbing lies,
Hurtful,
Dead.

Henry Menteur IX

Lies,
Media,
Frenzy mad,
Threatening law,
Threatening all sides,
Court's debacle reigns.
Hundreds, unsolved cases,
Kinship dread, devastations,
Legal battleground, blaze erupts.
Menteur, lone hound languishes in cell,
Occasional interviews come,
Admits lying, avoids death.
Liar's sentence revoked,
Room, board, family.
All incentives,
Always were!
Killer,
Lies.

Henry Menteur X

Truth,
Killed some,
Known but not,
Strays and road waifs,
Stabbed, taken, interred.
Never thought, accept lies,

Truth runs deep, bloodied rivers,
Dense, they thought, stupidly guilty.
Dank abyss; soul ridden with guilt's lust,
Cries, songs to my wicked, blank ears,
Memories, cherished. Hidden.
Give me room, give me food,
Give me life's shelter,
I will give lies.
Avoid death,
Relish,
Sin.

Desade and Jezebel

Fallen woman, red in cloth with the mind-set of Duclos,
Eager to please, coins dropped at her feet as she fed them.
Jezebel, an aptly named harlot requiting all manner of sin,
Delving into the unnameable without remorse, only gin.

House of crimson, known only to the wealthiest gentlemen,
Expenses high, enslaving the innocent fortune seekers,
Trained in the blackest and most provocative arts.
The basis of her own career, where the new girl starts.

Poor pious Renee, bastard of the righteous archbishop,
Sold to Jezebel for a fair price. Brushed away like crumbs.
Taught reluctantly to please the good gentlemen well,

Despising every touch, flinching away from each swell.

Desade enlists a pair for his palace, sends a luxury carriage.
Renee and Jezebel driven under the shroud of a cruel moon,
To a province without law, just one man's constitution,
He is angered by Renee's prayers for a swift retribution.

Duke Desade leads them to his ghastly, fortified chateau,
And the portcullis is drawn, and the heavy door bolted.
There in begins a cruel banquet; a meal for three,
Servings raw and unbaked with debauched atrocity.

Jezebel; a timely connoisseur of such culinary delights,
Offers herself willingly and offers her slave abundantly.
Arms pulled up to the ceiling Renee's naked body starved,
As she yearns to be fed, her precious, pious skin is carved.

Still, she prays, rising Desade's vexation,
But bites her lip with stubborn indignation,
Jezebel laughs, playing with sick imagination,
Much to the Duke's amusement and depraved sensation.
Shutters censor daylight confusing the white mare,
Branded, for his pleasure and on Jezebel's whim,
Crying out for greater punishment for the praying sin!

Jezebel comes under the Duke's protection, not the pony!
Finally released and fed, she falls to her saintly knees,
The position gives the twisted man a reason to be pleased.

Taking Jezebel, he leaves the weakened beast supine.
Taking Jezebel, greatest pleasure for one so well-versed,
Knowing only the filly will be coldly rigid in the hearse.

Mustering a final strength, Renee battles her woeful ills,
Clambers to her feet, seeking an exit in their absence,
As the lusty duo indulge further with sparkling absinthe.

From stony wall to barricaded window Renee flies,
Not realising the open door is no coincidence.
Escaping with newfound strength she flees into the woods,
Hounds released with pleasure, for the libertine whore traded her goods.

Save Me

Falling; hoping to be caught,
Locked in a lakeside cabin,
Prisoner; saviour urgently sought.
Desperately gazing into the forest,
Waiting for the demon's misty thought.

Falling; hoping to be caught,
Rising through the cracked floors,

Seeping up, face evil with distort.
She runs with nowhere to go,
No one to aid, for her life she fought.

Falling; hoping to be caught,
Moonlit dirt smoothers her corpse,
Submitting to his desire and mort.
He lifts her from life to life eternal,
In her heart his menacing blade is caught.

Doctor

Adrenaline!
Adrenaline pumps preventing fainting,
The needle rips out.
Tourniquet tightens,
Gripping the upper arm.
Stinging burns as an incision is made,
Deeper the blade sinks.

Music drowns the screams.
Through the tendons,
Pinging viciously,
Setting teeth on edge,
Nerves fray.

Saw whirrs grimly,
Tears into the bone,
Excruciating!
Exiting to cut meat.
Flames and salt burn.

Adrenaline!
More adrenaline,
Vomiting.
Fighting the straps.

Tourniquet, incision,
Another arm lost.

Eyelashes tugged back,
Strapped.
Needle encloses,
Menaces,
Drives forwards.
Pierces and sickens,
Pokes the brain.

Iodine wiped,
Amber stomach,
Pulsing with pants.
Cutting,
Burning and nauseating.
Gloved hand reaches in,
Useless organ removed,
Cauterised.
Sharp stitches sew.

'I always wanted to be a pathologist!'
The young boy whispers.
The drill is plugged in, the scrawny woman's groan
falls on pitiless ears.

The Deserving

Rented shed, alone in the clearing,
Isolated, a lone sad soul. Perfect.
Strapped tightly to a table,
Mouth unhindered.
He wants to hear the screams.

First a toe, clipped, so smoothly,
Another toe. Tied, minimal blood loss.

Guilt thwarted as he stares.
Photo is all he has; his wife and daughter.
A reminder during cries from a deserving sinner.

The week passes quickly and slowly,
Depending on perspective.
Digits succinctly, suavely removed.
A foot, another. Served as a gruesome feed.
Adrenaline injections, the torture lasts.

Blood smatters the dirty tools,
An antibiotic drip ensures survival.
Drops of water, flesh sustenance.
Vomiting. Crimson stains darken.
Thinning, weakening, pleading.

Blonde hair flowing by the sea,
Smiles in better times.
A family ripped apart to please;
The sick depravities of the chained monster.
Only a scarlet speckled picture remains.

Arms, thigh with vegetables and parsley jus.
Good chefs serve all dishes well.
Vengeance decayed his life, career, home,
It is all that is left.
Pitiful torso, knife in the spine, head on a stick.

Adrenaline, antibiotics, tight tourniquets.
No one enters the private land,
Security and warnings, far from humanity.
The gun brings him home.
The monster lies, prolonged suffering.
Deserving.

The Horror

Axing
Brazen Bull
Crushing
Drowning
Electrocuting
Flagellation
Garrotting
Hypothermia
Impalement
Jet
Kneecapping
Lancing
Mutilation
Noise
Onager
Parrilla
Quarterstaff
Rats
Scalping
Tarring
Uzi
Vergeltungswaffen
Waterboarding
Xenon
Yielding
Zoo

Slipping Away

Compassionate, passionate words exchanged,
As crimson berries frost beyond harvest's glow.
Chilling, isolated nights draw in, dank clouds,
Suffocate the moonlight, whilst hot coals burn.
Wrapped in knitted blankets under a thatched roof,

She taps away to her unknown, kindly lover.

Strangers sharing solitude, reaching across lands,
Hope brimming, stealing away lonely sorrow.
An unusual beauty; spiralling, velvety-brown hair,
Wide eyes gazing wistfully, sharing snippets;
Orphaned in her country prison, abandoned, lost.

Her prince responds eagerly, heeding every word,
Scared and vulnerable, ploughing out the days.
She goes through each motion, waiting listlessly,
Needing the connection that pings on screen.
Friendship forged; desires fuelled into passion.

As the nights shorten, he pleads for a lusty union,
As the nights shorten, she acquiesces wantonly.
No friends to speak of, she travels secretly,
Curled on the chair, sordid messages exchanged.
Her phone their connection, the train thuds along.

Elated, she sees him at the station; darkly suave,
As handsome as his images promised; tall, kind.
Shyly she crumples into the passenger seat,
Fluttering her introverted lashes at her prince,
She falls in love, hardly hearing his soft words.

They pull into his remote forest as dusk falls,
He speaks of preparing a sumptuous feast,
Fit for a king. His palace; a rickety cottage,
But she only sees the rustic charm of his lair,
Taking her hand, he leads her through the dirt.

Furnished in times gone by, somewhat dilapidated,
Charming to her closed eyes. Cases carried in.
Hungry and tired from her journey she sits,
At his generous invitation on the sullen sofa.

He chops carrots, onions, tomatoes and greens.

A pot boils and bubbles over the cracking range,
An array of colourful vegetables drop, and steam.
She breathes in the parsley scented aroma,
As his hands caress her locks and stroke her skin.
As the food cooks he builds a fire of logs.

Only the heat from the fire lights their palace,
He strips her sensually taking in every curve,
Smothering her quivering flesh with rough hands.
Her naked form stretches before his black eyes,
Perfectly shaved as promised, to his taste.

Hard at the prospect, he removes his clothes,
Hands press her nubile form into the rug,
Lavishing her with kisses, and licks, he attends.
Abandoned, she breathes heavily at each stroke,
Until he fills and feels her; compassionate passion.

Reeling as his body drives and strides into hers,
She aches and pleads for more; his mouth covers,
Feeds on every inch of her skin, forces her release.
Inside her once again, his angry release follows,
And sensually he massages her spent muscles.

Aromatic oils, prepared by his experienced hands,
Rubbed deeply into her as she falls entranced,
Succumbing to the prince's magical spell.
As he lifts her, she slips away,
Oil through his fingers.

As he lifts her, she slips away, threatens loss,
For before women left never to return.
His fears churn in his hollow belly,
Knowing what will come,

Oh, to keep her.

Two strong arms lift her gentle, fed body,
Carry her without strain or effort,
She surrenders to their power.
Sees the raised, bronze bath,
Relaxes as he lowers her.

Warm water floods about her, eyes close.
Arms drop beneath the ripples,
Inhales as oils are poured.
Aromatic, relaxing,
Deadly.

Water warms, beneath the tub flames burn.
Overhead a cover is swiftly drawn,
Enclosing her, encapsulating her.
He steps back from the burner,
Water flow ceases.

Screams begin as the oily water boils,
And drains. Skin sticks to the pan,
Searing chills burn icily,
Shrill yells roar;
Brazen.

Shuddering she curls, burns and begs,
Beyond help. Her body agony;
Frozen in treacherous fire,
Skin melts wickedly,
Naked flesh.

Carrots sliced and diced perfectly,
Onions caramelised and roasted,
Parsnips, honey glazed,
Tomatoes chopped,

Cabbage boiled.

Sweet potatoes fried slowly,
Buttered suede and squash,
Parsley courgettes,
Spinach spiced,
Mint.

Served eloquently, and artistically.
Secretly, long woodland room,
Long wooden table,
Long silver plate,
Scented.

An array of colourful vegetables,
Encapsulating the basted meat,
Her roasted, preserved form;
Oil and honey glazed,
Smoking.

His forever.

Treacherous Tanka

He knew from first sip,
Poisons clearly misted wine,
Spoke from careful lip,
Her funeral, also mine.
Buried crying, wife so fine.

Clarissa and the Farm Hand

Clarissa, queen of the manor,
Hard-nosed boss and crueller wife,
Had a penchant for the farm hands.
Enforced stable dalliances.

Silas, strong and handsome, arrived,
Instantly employed for her quim.
Set to work on cattle herding,
She watched his sturdy body writhe.
Silas scorched her ardour alive,
Low dresses, accidental pour,
Leading 'til he could take no more.
Unbuckling his dirty pants,
Lifting her dress, passionate pants,
Clarissa, queen of the manor.

Trysts in the stables after dinner,
Coupling in surrounding woods,
Meeting as often as they could.
Tragedy hurt lady sinner,
The girl was pretty and thinner.
Maid of the manor, an indoor life,
Burdened his lady, evil strife.
Beaten, bruised, and taken far,
Sold by evil men, his crushed star.
Hard-nosed boss and crueller wife.

To win back his older lover,
Silas used his wiles and guile,
His plan to sate her truly vile.
In the fresh straw lay his lover,
Eyes blindfolded and well smothered.
Ropes tightened on ankles and hands,
His tongue ran up her quim as planned,
Until she could suffer no more,
He took her with a mighty roar.
Horses cried, as he used his hands.

Rubbing her leg with the horse whip,
Slapping her thigh until she cried,

He knew her body well, her pride,
And cracked her hip with the horse whip.
Ropes tightened, raising the queen's hip,
Whips cracked in the air, but not his.
Instant pain seared each limb, she hissed,
Horses ran, limbs stretched. Torn, severed.
Head-torso collapsed and slithered.
Enforced stable dalliances.

Charismatic

Charismatic
Smiling
Laughing
Hiding
Sinister
Devouring
Manipulative

Charismatic
Grinning
Maddening
Concealing
Twisted
Magnetic
Attractive

Charismatic
Sadistic
Charming
Unrealistic
Hovering
Stalking
Pleasing

Charismatic

Pretending
Charismatic
Disassembling
Charismatic
Following
Charismatic
Distorted
Charismatic
Unconvincing
Charismatic
Disembowelling

Hunger

They met online
A dark place
Complemented each other

Needs emotionally met
Home for everyone
On the web

Fell in love
A passionate hunger
Desperate to meet

Speaking and sharing
Day and night
Their mutual fantasy

The dark web
Darker places exist
Arrangements are made

Crossing the sea
Towards a town

Small Alpine town

Where little happens
A romantic meal
Two passionate men

Old, austere, classy
Drink flows easily
Making proceedings easy

Heady absinthe intoxicates
Sinking in spirits
Relaxing nervous bodies

Bath is poured
One bathes warmly
The other prepares

Surgical scissors cut
His manhood removed
A perfect fry

Bleeding to death
Aroused as another
Feeds on him

Life drifts away
A luxurious end
Agony and ecstasy

His corpse dismembered
Frozen for later
His eternal lover

Merging strangely together
Some sick logic

In infatuated minds

Nasty Nonnet

Blade skimmed across ardent hard nipples,
Victim to the killer's hard lusts,
Moaning as the knife lowers,
Steel caresses her legs.
Fear frozen body,
Quivers darkly.
He relents,
Attacks,
Takes.

Buried by the Sea

Punished, taken from protective law's arms,
For speaking to save one's own worthless hide,
Surrendering old friends, buried in tide.

Digging the hole on beach by abandoned farms,
Begging for forgiveness, enemies snide,
Waiting for the overthrow of tide's calms,
Shivering at gunpoint, nowhere to hide.

Forced into the wide hole, no more alarms,
Nonchalantly taking them for a ride,
Sand thrown down fast, filling from the inside.
Waves wash in instigating the cruel harms,
Choking, smothering his worthless, fake hide,
And there in his hole, he drowns in the tide.

Gargling

Gargling on acid,
Dared to drink poison brew,

Burns through, but not gin.

Nancy's Elegy

My wife, I miss you so much.
I think of the day I met you serving in a bar,
Your ringlets hung like bluebells,
And you wore more make-up than necessary.
But beneath the cheap appearance I saw the real you.
I saw the gentle you,
The you that I took home and perfected.

My Nancy, I miss you so much.
I think of our holidays in Cuba, that I paid for,
And some of your funny habits.
Poorly domesticated, quirky Nancy. Safe under my wing.
But beneath the fearful disguise I saw the real you.
Protected you from scheming 'friends,'
The you that I married far from home, just us.

My wife, I miss you so much.
I think of your attempts to please me, and your mistakes,
How you understood the need for my correction,
And learned to apologize for your failures.
But beneath that sorry exterior I saw the real you.
A head-strong type, hiding money in a secret account,
Attempting to thwart my nightly desire for you.

My Nancy, I miss you so much.
I think of our walks along the isolated beach by our home,
How I lavished you with presents,
And allowed you to swim in my watchful presence.
But beneath the isolation I saw the real you,

Tried so hard to correct and reason,
And reminded you of the debt owed.

My wife, I miss you so much.
I miss watching your eyes pleading under the sea's sweet sheen,
I miss your futile attempts to escape my grasp as the bubbles rose.
I miss you, but you are not gone.

Once Upon an Eyeball

Sadistic torture
Syringe steadily moving
Expecting stinging
Agonising pain
Penetrating the iris
Lids ripped away
Dry biting the lens
Needle twisting viciously
Torn out abruptly
Drowned by her own screams
Tied hands furiously clench
Scalpel glints menacing
Sharp cuts throb tears fall
Crimson droplets hit her cheek
Salt thrashes the wounds
Searing pain thrust in
Dark fluid pours profusely
Eye gouged slowly
Released tormented
Once upon a lost eyeball
Torture lamented!

Living

He had always envisioned a life beyond plain Derek,
A dull man; financially solvent, antisocial and alone.
Belle occupied every waking dream,
A softly spoken auburn-haired librarian.
Books were a love they shared,
Everyday, as he exchanged his novels, he saw sadness.

He had always envisioned a life beyond plain Derek,
He was her knight in shining armour, willing to rescue.
Belle needed him, he reasoned.
A perfect life of stability and home could be offered.
Derek pursued her continually, waiting.

Words were exchanged, hurtful words that she could not mean.

He had always envisioned a life beyond plain Derek,
Restraining orders would not stop him from saving her.
Belle was ready for the taking, and he took her.

At first, she struggled and fought hard.
Blood was shed, but he promised her salvation.
After a time, she was subdued, and love exchanged.

He had always envisioned a life beyond plain Derek,
Now every waking hour focused on serving his prize.
Belle was kept safe and comfortable in her ivory tower,
His palace; the centre of his world, his business epicentre.
She sat quietly in his office whilst he worked,
He dressed her in the finest clothes and held her at night.

He had always envisioned a life beyond plain Derek,
Snuggling her close to him as they watched evening films.
Belle was his angel, she made him feel young,
And exquisitely sated.
He lavished her with flowers.
She sat quietly as he cooked his evening meal,
always watching, attentive and unblinking.

He had always envisioned a life beyond plain Derek,
But never envisaged that his doors would be broken in;
Police swarmed searching for his prisoner, many complaints!
The smell coming from his flat was ghastly they said,
Perhaps due to the corpse that lay dressed in finery,
Supine on the sofa with eyes opened attentively,
And smothered with flies and larvae;
His living doll.

Guilt

Hauled from his cell
A dishevelled coat
Smelling of booze
Fingerprints, photos, interview

Refused a lawyer
Offered honest testimony
Arrested that evening
At the docks
Drunk and disorderly

Creating a disturbance
Shouting about murder
No one listened

No police listened
He offered testimony
About the cellist

He murdered her
So he claims
Watched her play
Practising feverishly alone
Applauded her performance
He was invisible
Her haunting ghost

Beautiful she was
He watched her
Stalked her often
She never noticed
He wanted forgiveness
No murders reported
They are skeptical
He begs forgiveness

Concerned they wait
Can hold him
Until midnight strikes
Slit her throat
Anger, unrequited love
He is invisible
To blind eyes

He smells atrocious
An unkempt beard
Someone would notice
He was near
But he insists
Murdered his love

A dead cellist
Her throat slit
Thought it madness
She heard voices
applauding her performance

Pleaded for help
No one listened
Stalked and followed
No one believed

Except one man
At death's time
In police custody

Delilah

Delilah hesitated and clung to her father's arm,
The aisle sprawled before her, filled with eager faces.
Shivers tingled her spine and anxiety crept over her face.
Imploringly she urged, begged her father not to make her marry.

The match would bring two wealthy families together.
Her father had driven the partnership much like a business,
And Delilah could not, should not disobey.
Her future awaited.
Even before she had reached her beau a sly, wicked plan formed.

Delilah smiled through tears of sorrow as the car sped off,
Taken to her lavish home where she was expected to remain forever!

But Delilah was no prisoner, for her father's prisoner she was.
Alone, lonely.
During the day Cinderella waxed the stairs firmly,
With care she chose her shoes, very soon he succumbed and fell.

Delilah hesitated and clung to her father's arm,
Sobbing tears of joy as the coroner read his flawed verdict.
Shivers tingled at the thought of her new wealthy independence,
But the seed was sown.
Horrific elation swelled, not greed or lust.

The new match would bring two unusual people together.
Her father disliked the partnership much like his hate of charity,
For her beau was poor, she could disobey her father with tenacity.
The poor man dragged to her height ate fertiliser with sad delight!

Death was slow, but she relished each hour and tended him,
Expressing love and fidelity she fed him further with his destiny.
Organs failed over time, inside she ached with a sadistic delight.
Following the coffin down the aisle, her father wore an evil smile,

With care she chose her food.
Soon she searched for a new thrill.

Delilah hesitated and clung to her father's arm,
Sobbing malicious tears of desire, a predator baiting her prey.
Her new man; a wall street cad taken by the riches he would have,
But the gluttonous spirit failed within a week.
Heart, high on life.

The new match failed to bring two people together.
Her father grew suspicious of her his daughter's endeavour.
Until true love pierced her heart as never before,
Her prince came!
Delilah hesitated and clung to her father's arm.

Travel enriched the man and wife; skiing, surfing, trotting.
Diving into mystical reefs, away from the crowds,
Diving deep together and forming a spiritual bond,
Diving deep into one another's eyes.

With hands firmly held they dropped to the caves,
And beneath the ocean he lovingly stripped her mask,
Stripped her tank.
Held her flailing form until life escaped.

Hesitantly, once again, he walked down the aisle.

Wilting

Wilting love, wilting plant, emerald green,
Dying inside each day, imprisoned here,
Unable to leave 'til remains are seen,
Only escape is heaven's toxic beer.
Wilting love, aging wife, replaced so keen,
Dying inside she exudes hapless fear,

As her organs collapse to oozing sludge,
And he can escape a lifelong, deep grudge.

Click

Blinded by a rag,
Feet bare set on cold stones and ankles clasped tightly.
Her body wrenched into the chair, naked and burned with rope.

Arms tied,
Blood supply suffocated by cold metal fastenings, handcuffs perhaps.
Neck sore, wedged backwards by a tight pulling on her long, flaxen hair.

Mouth stuffed,
She cries against the hard ball and tries to struggle.
Clasp on her hair tightens, small strands peel away from her scalp.

Cold blade swings,
Crosses her waist lightly massaging with its chilling thrill;
Back and forth, raw; stinging, scraping, cutting and then burning.

Neck strains,
Nape and throat stretch and strain as more hair rips painfully.
Blade stops, wedging in the wound giving a sore, raw pressure pain.

Gripping nail,
Clamps grip and pull.

Teeth are ripped out.

They received payment,
Her morbid fantasies enacted perfectly.

Tasting Tanka

Breast served with garlic,
Lemon juice thigh, cranberries.
Kidney and liver,
Dazzled with soft white powder.
A quick, nourishing divorce.

Needs Must!

'Needs must!' little Annie's mother whispered,
As she pocketed the sweets.
Little Annie glowed with delight as she ravaged the stolen goods.
The buggy careered along the cobblestones,
And Annie's mother ducked under rows of sheets.

Annie and mother had moved upstairs, downstairs was flooded.
Slum landlord in a slum town.
Father rarely came home.

'Needs must!' little Annie's mother whispered,
As she stole the coal.
Little Annie bathed in the heat as winds battered the windows.
Her pigtails bounced as she jumped up and down,
In a chequered dress smuggled home in the buggy.

Annie and mother had moved elsewhere,
Kind to the landlord was Annie's mother;

A lecherous millionaire.

‘Needs must!’ said teenage Annie as she peeked into the drawer,
Stealing the test paper.
Teenage Annie glowed with delight as she savaged the exam.
Her tenacity landed her an envied position,
She advanced on her back under heaps of sheets.

Annie’s mother had moved elsewhere, a home for the elderly,
Needing Annie’s neglectful care, or her employer the millionaire.

‘Needs must!’ sniggered Annie as she took mother’s cards,
With purse and ring.
Dear Annie, she meant well organising bills and pawning things.
Her voluptuousness attracted management,
And up through the ranks she rose.

Annie’s mother moved elsewhere, buried cheaply without a care,
By her daughter Annie, the wicked and haughty millionaire.

‘Needs must!’ Snapped Ann as she fired poor, desperate staff.
‘Needs must!’ Reasoned Ann as she paid into political drafts.
‘Needs must!’ Asserted Ann as she married into money.
‘Needs must!’ Chirped Ann as her husband fell ill.

‘Needs must!’ Laughed Ann crediting his insurance bill.
‘Needs must!’

Dragged screaming from her cell where she spent so many years,
A pastor came to wipe away her tears.
An assurance he gave her before she sat in the chair,
‘Needs must, sweet Annie, as the Devil drives!
‘I have watched you harm others whilst your life thrives.
‘Needs must as the executioner forces you fair,
‘Needs must in hell, and I wait for you there.’

Evil Spirit of Man

Words Overheard in the Underworld

Words overheard in the Underworld convention,
Fighting over muffled voices, echoing cavern walls.
Hades' voice, or Beelzebub's,
Querying who the apex monster could be.

A fight for first place ensued, between the raging fires,
And screams of eternally tormented, anguished souls.
Demonic voices, or vampiric,
Howling loudly with depictions of evil misdeeds.

From the darkest corner stepped an old soul, wizened,
Worn over time from the study of a new breed, humanity.
He who is banged his cane,
Silence washed over the mob like a haunted ripple.

The withering soul in sadness took the stage reluctantly,
In grief his choice he would explain according to the rite.
He spoke with a broken soul,
Demonic masses listened in awe at the revelations.

'Humanity left the garden driven by emotions so severe,
Self-serving were their deeds, sadistic in nature.
Feeding the wife to the serpent or vagabond,
Hoarding when there was plenty.

Stealing the lands of the Hittites, sons sent to certain death,

For material goods. Forcing unions unsought, unwelcome!
Mutilating the young to control their urges, slavery.
Torturing with living burials and burning on the pyre.

Growing in knowledge fit for purpose to sate the evil soul,
Island depravities, as the weaker were slain, conquest.
Insanity in the Caesars' minds, cut young from wombs,
Improved in dignity as methods evolved.

Brazen bull, roasting the innocent, making music for kings,
Posing as gods on Earth, to enable their sick debauchery.
Kings of riches, kings of spirit, offering eternity.
Heretics suffered the maiden's spikes, pendulum scrapes.

Condemned and burnt alive, crying out for redemption,
Their whimpers falling on heartless souls, soulless hearts.
Feeding clamouring audiences desperate for blood shed,
Even the beasts do not torture for titillation.

Rife executions to kin, only to gain a temporal command,
Driven by lusts for gold and depraved experience.
Spreading violence across many borders, removing poor,
Even the beasts' kills are colour blind.

Defensive in ages of shadow, roaming tribes' swords,

Arrows wedged in the flesh determine a painful demise.
Organs removed for entertainment, and cruel control,
Severing limbs for sport, severing tusks for the same.

Developing crueller methods, as tyrants continued to rise,
Bleeding the virgin's magic, impaling on spikes and sticks.
Removing fingernails, and fingers. Stretching and boiling.
Ever seeking more effective and magnificent methods.

Arrows became guns, but boys were still sent to hell,
Modern horses wore armour and flew dropping devices.
Death tolls increased as the fireworks exploded,
And the guns yelled across barbed fields and mines.

Slaves fought to remain enslaved, at the point of a bayonet,
In secret suspects suffered; drowning and hanging.
Instead of feeding the hungry or housing the homeless,
Gold was used to cause suffering, subtle viruses made.

Black oozed from every orifice, experiment or enemy,
Did it matter? Gas already riddled the nerves.
Even in the poorest, the sickness could be found,
Mass slayers, cannibals, testing on man and beast.

Treating the sickness with sickness, electrocution,
Gas or syringe. Justifying the unjustifiable with law.
Law made by the kings, wickedness in playgrounds,
Whilst brains formed a new insanity.

From the sky it fell, and split with such ferocity,
Rising to the heavens a deadly, awesome cloud.
Searing, blinding, sweeping and shaking across the ground,
Melting survivors slowly, excruciatingly.

Sweeping up the debris of the powerful elements,
Uranium fired as dust through the air, defecting births.
Lone degenerates driven insane, by suggestion or suffering,
Destroyed others in delusional frenzy, or sorrow.'

A tear escaped the pitiful man as he abandoned the stage,
A great silence and awe fell across the dumb struck crowd.
The monsters driven by role or need, the beasts by survival,
Humanity had the luxury of choice, the cavern shivered.

The speaker returned to the stage, unsure of his role,
'Humanity is the Apex Monster,' he uttered sadly.
No one celebrated, nor cheered, the darkest enlightened,
As the Earth continued to suffer its most malignant cancer.

Stockholm

Groggily awoken by pressure on the wrist,
Tightening Iron rubbing tender flesh.
She whimpers at unfamiliar surroundings,
Crackling hearth, stone walls and vast velvet master bed.

He enters, a giant shadow looming on teak boards,
Swaying jet hair, an awesome gait.
Refusing hot-broth she rises his fury,
The firm fling of his hand mellows her spirit.

Gentle gusts flow through barred windows,
Curtains dance in the ember's glow,
Warming her in satin sheets.
His sturdy hand menaces and protects.

The weight lifts as the chains fall,
Dawn rays soak her stinging eyes.
Crimson fluid seeps once the pressure releases,
Imprisoned in the barred citadel.

Punished with each hysterical outburst,
Growing weary as the days shorten,
Flinching less at his caresses.
Her old life disappears into a vague dream.

He reads the classics, she listens resigned,
Etiquette expected at each romantic meal;
An orchestra fills her, as does her captor,
As she relents his wrath gives way.

The New Year begins in the harshest frost,
Curled in a plush scarlet sofa she reaches,
Takes his hand tenderly and cherishingly,
Pulling his firm form into her,
Offering her loving surrender.

In Darkness

In an impoverished cruel world, she walks,

Forcing a moonshine smile that hides stifled searing tears.

Choking back, she integrates with a soulless community,
Altruism is a myth and disappointment reigns supreme.

In silent moments behind closed doors, she lets blood,
Beating the walls to release the pain burning inside.

Fighting the two persons struggling in her clouded mind,
Both alone even without each-other, screaming to belong.

To love, to live, to be loved and escape the desolation,
Which stings more each long thunderous day.

Like a poisoned dog she prays the inexplicable pain would stop,
As times rolls on so too does her sad swim into despair.

Her cries lost in the darkness until one grim night,
The numbness sets in, zombiefied the blood flows,
And an endless sleep consumes.

Now stands an ironic memorial in her name;
It reads beloved wife and daughter,
Yet lays covered with rotting weeds,
Engulfed by the stale stench of neglect!

Glass Bird

Day One

Scarlet pencil skirt and matching blazer,
Her heels click across the underground carpark,
Briefcase swinging at her side.
Her crimson Shogun, the only car left, beeps,
Responding to her digital commands,
In the poorly lit cave.

Somewhere in the dim recesses a rustle blasts,
Nemo halts and gazes about her with trembling lip.
A strand of short platinum hair drops over one eye,
All is still.
Nemo resumes and quickens her pace passing holy pillars by,
Until her hand grabs the handle and throws open her chariot's door.

Taking one last meticulous look,
She reassures herself that all is well and climbs in.
Briefcase slung on the empty seat,
She slams the door and smashes the locking mechanism.
Her cool demeanour betrayed by heavy breathing,
And a secure sigh of relief.

Momentarily she closes her sapphire eyes,
Failing to notice the darkened shadow rising in the back seat.
A heavy hand with soaking cloth smothers,
She bucks, her hands grasp and pinch,
Until Nemo stills.

Day Two

Smart suit replaced by a grubby shirt and shorts,
She wakes in a poorly lit glass cage.

Medical curtains form a makeshift fortress,
Hiding all that is beyond.
Her bladder aches, and lungs cry out,
Until her voice dries.

Nemo pulls furiously at her hair and belts at the glass,
Her hands bruise and tear, her endeavours futile.
Make-up streaks her porcelain face,
Her worn body slumps in the corner and waits.
Sobs dry, and at length he comes.
Long dark hair and eyes of the blackest abyss,
And masked lips.

He unlocks the prison, large brass keys,
Opening a glass panel as if it were nothing.
Her hands are cuffed to the front and chained.
He drags his captor beyond the curtains to a sunless concrete basement.
In the candlelight she shudders,
A hook hangs from the ceiling.

Nemo mutters soft unheeded pleas.
Chain raises and drops over the hook,
Stretching her scrawny arms above her dishevelled head.
From his tool belt he pulls a length of filthy cloth,
Blinding her stinging eyes.
Cool air raises her skin, she shakes in cruel anticipation.

Thick hands ravage her shirt, ripping it open,
She hears movement about her but cannot fathom his actions.
The first strike burns into her soul,
Thundering across her back, he punishes with leather strap.

Breath catches in her throat,
And the next strike delves into her core.

A lightning storm of punishment ensues,
Sweat pours from her brow until she feels no more.

Day Three

Barely conscious he drags her from her glass tomb,
Back to the dungeon and hook.
Her failed bladder's salty stench combines with her natural scent.
He leaves Nemo hanging to freshen her cage.
Limp with aching arms she does not fight,
Even when the cold water berates her wicked flesh.

Dripping and burning in ice she hangs,
He treats her wounds gently and dries her with tenderness.
She does not resist as he carries her back to her hell,
And abandons his captive in squalid isolation.
The hours pass, he returns and blindfolds her,
Into the unknown she is led,
Humiliated as she relieves herself in his presence.
Fed and watered like a pet, her spirit quashed,
His hands meet no resistance as they caress her subservient form.

Again, she is chained, again she is beaten,
Stinging softens and pain merges with pleasure.
Cries morph into moans and the touching resumes,
Blindfolded and hanging, she does not resist.
Her legs wrap coolly about his waist,
Encouraging every thrust.
Her scream rings through the dungeon,
Accompanied by his final sigh.

And she is returned to her cage.

Day Four

Nemo wakes.
Her red pencil skirt and blazer are neatly folded,
Stacked on her brief case alongside water and soaps.
She washes and dresses.
The door is open.
She unlocks her briefcase and leaves payment,
A hefty sum for services rendered as required.

Mindy

Buzzing, annoying buzzing, Mindy knew it was time to get up.
Quickly she dressed, pulling on unattractive navy overalls,
Scraping her once lush, greying hair into a greasy ponytail.

She calls the children and rushes down the uncarpeted stairs,
Her two boys stir and groggily dress to the smell of bacon crisping.
The only sound; her husband's grotesque drunken snoring fills the air.

Mindy yawns whilst hastily serving up food and packing lunches,
An extra plate is prepared, and she serves her husband as he lays in.
The boys, brunette like their father, eat speedily and leave their plates.

She checks their uniforms and their school bags
before herding them out.
All three bundle into the dented, purple, ageing
saloon.
The key is turned; chug, chug and silence.
Cursing in her mind the haggard woman climbs out,
The bonnet is popped, leads attached and,
As usual the vehicle is jumped from another battery.

Clunking and spluttering the car pulls up at an
overcrowded first school.
The dilapidated building complements unruly ragged
children tearing around.

Mindy's day has just begun,
She correctly anticipates being stuck in urban traffic!
There she sits, moving like a snail through the
polluted, overgrown town's messy jams.

Finally pulling into an ancient hospital she sighs as
her money enters the machine,
Struggling with the notion that she has to pay for
working a thankless job.

In the hospital she is an invisible presence pottering
from ward to ward.
The medical staff are blind to her as she mops floors,
scrubs toilets and changes beds.
The trust struggles to maintain nurses and cuts had to
be made to cleaning staff.

Mindy has a thankless extra workload.
Her ankles swell, her feet ache and her eyes are bleach
stung.
For seven hours she toils knowing that the man who
promised to cherish her rests.

Back through traffic she poodles, returning to collect her babies.

The washing basket is overloaded.
Filthy dishes and a sprawling husband meet her,
Mindy cuts herself peeling potatoes and scalds her hand when washing up.
Mop, bucket, duster, spray, more bleach.
She moves from room to room fatigued.

Clothes are hung on the airer, and another bundle shoved in.
Her husband sleeps,
Only waking when handed his roast, he eats and complains about hard carrots.
The boys need help with their homework.
They need a bath.
They need a drink.

Her husband demands money, his mates are in the pub;
A release from nagging wives!
She sighs, the bills are mounting.
He holds his fat, soft hand out and she fills it sadly.

The boiler is broken, has been for some time.
She builds a fire from litter in the hearth,
Plastic melts on her stinging hand.
The boys run in and out soiling tiles with dirty prints,
The mopping begins again.
Mindy is tired, not just sleepy, tired of living.
The boys argue.

None of her friends come around now, she is too ashamed of her home!
Ashamed of a home she slaves to keep.

Ashamed of a bullish husband, depressed by apathy.

There is no light ahead for Mindy.
She cries in the bathroom alone whilst wiping the sink,
Or pulling hair from the scum laced shower plug.
In the next room her sons bounce,
A slat snaps and she rushes in dutifully to fix it,
Over the years becoming adept at caretaking.

The bedtime story is ignored,
Music booms and the lads bicker even though bedtime has passed.
Midnight, she cleans again, the children are silent.
She hates waking up to mess,
She dozes until woken by the front door banging at two in the morning.
Mindy lays still.
It doesn't matter, the oaf still wants congress.
He tries and falls asleep moody and frustrated.

Buzzing, annoying buzzing,
Mindy knew it was time to get up, again and again and again...

One dark, foggy morning she takes her husband's abandoned hunting gun,
The trigger is pulled, but first she cleans.
Every woman in the street knows why!

I Am Everything You Want Me to Be

I am everything you want me to be,
Dressed as a maid, with garters slung low,
Dressed as a nurse, with skirts up high,
Use me for your nastiest desires.

I am everything you want me to be,
As your palm faces my thigh, slung low,
Tying the ropes tight and pulling high,
Sating your cruellest, hidden desires.

I am everything you want me to be,
Dressed in leather belts, tightly slung low,
Feeding me your hardened desire's high,
Use me for your sadistic desires.

I am everything you want me to be,
Perfectly formed, tight, my lips slung low,
Treating your loneliness, respect high,
Sating your solitude's lost desires.

I am everything you want me to be,
Just as you ordered, with costs slung low,
No thoughts of my own, priorities high,
Use me, I am the doll for your every desire.

One

Through the dusty paths of Thebes, the boys are led,
Chosen by the Queen disguised as a king,
She who dominates the land.

Those who know her secret surrender to her beauty.
Impoverished citizens offer their sons a chance,
A wealthier life at court.

Selected carefully over time and trained in the serving arts,
The young men learn to protect and manage,
Those left in their charge.

The steadfast workers compete for the few positions available.
Tutors summoned; linguists, warriors, advisors and physicians,
Astrologers, architects, priests and scholars.

Training intensifies each day, many are eliminated.
Forced to find work hauling stones or in the marketplace,
But a select few overcome every obstacle hoping ambitiously.

Reports are served to the god on Earth, she who chooses their fate,
And once the selection is made the final test awaits.

Through the dusty paths of Thebes, the boys are led,
Her chief advisor and his priests direct them towards the desert.
A test of endurance, walking in the intemperate climate.

Another challenge is set, to dig deeply and widely,
Sand after sand.
The stealthiest and fittest remain.
Often three, seldom four.

As the losers are dismissed the final secret test arises;
Over burning fires, the priests heat sharp blades,
And in an instant, all are castrated.

Buried; abandoned in the scorching sun,
One dies within a day as his water functions fail.
Agonising, sickening pain, poisoned by his own fluids.

Another dies thereafter; parched and sealed,

It heals what should not be healed and he suffers with a fill.
Advisors return to retrieve the survivor.

Adorned in finery he is returned to the palace,
To guard the women fervently.
His loyalty now guaranteed.

Mourning

At the back of the church,
Ostracized like a leper,
Separated from the lice,
Loathed by that family,
Watching the vultures flock.

At the back of the church,
Shrouded in ebony hate,
Saddened by a grief and loss,
As the hyenas laugh,
Tortured by their own sick games.

At the back of the church,
Waiting patiently, sadly,
For the Judas to end his words,
A final goodbye to the jackals,
Good riddance to their plague.

At the back of the church,
I leave, my hands conjoined,
Never to return to the viral fold,
Walking content into the sunset,
Of my brightly coloured life.

Nervous Naani

Nervously gnawing nails,
Grinding them down,
Exposing raw skin,
Until blood drips.

If I Die Tomorrow

If I die tomorrow,
Will you be holding the blade?

If I die tomorrow,
Will anyone remember or care?

If I die tomorrow,
Will the passage cause pain and sorrow?

If I die tomorrow,
Will my time here have been well spent?

If I die tomorrow,
Will it be my love or deeds that matter?

If I die tomorrow,
Will paradise or hell await?

If I die tomorrow,
Will I re-join the pulse of the cosmos?

If I die tomorrow,
Will my actions be recorded in Heaven's great vault?

If I die tomorrow,
Will you rest in my peace?

Void Hell

Encaged in black,
Without sound, touch, sight or sense,
Deprived of closeness.
Maddening voices torment,
Only a void shell remains.

Emo,
Moody, thoughtful,
Plaguing, dreaming, howling.
Contemplating loneliness; grim,
Gothic.

Vanishing

She hopes to be thinner, starves herself,
Gazes lovingly at her form,
Mirror's lying reflections,
Disappearing body.
Improper beauty,
Lost vanity,
Vanishing.
Blinded,
Gone.

Speaking in Tongues

Speaking in tongues,
Dank oblivion; dragon beast,
Scarlet Jezebel's bleak heart.
Tongue severed, unable to whisper.
Her cries bemoan her fate,
As she clings to many crowns.
Her intentions dreamed in poetic melody,
Screamed without tongue beneath the eclipse,

And her meaningful rhyme lost in blood moon translation.

Legs and Will

Lock her hands
Lock her legs
Legs strung wide
Legs to beg
Beg for help
Beg for life
Life is mine
Life is strife
Strife you feel
Strife you plead
Plead to me
Plead your need
Need no one
Need to seep
Seep your blood
Seep and weep
Weep for me
Weep those tears
Tears that hide
Tears hide fears
Fears of whip
Fears of strap
Strap hits hard
Strap beats back
Back I flay
Back I beat
Beat your hide
Beat your feet
Feet in chains
Feet on table
Table so cold

Table and cable
Cable ties legs
Cable ties arms
Arms in strained
Arms your charms
Charms so bare
Charms so hard
Hard my love
Hard my guard
Guard I am
Guard I will
Will is mine
Will my deal
Deal with you
Deal I will
Will my lust
Will I feel
Feel my lust
Lust pain's will.

Sick, of the Mind

They told me I was sick,
Sick, of the mind; a trick of brain.
Humanity's shame stain,
My madness gone insane, for shame!
Dancing naked, to blame,
Or the skull I do claim, and hold.
Killer I am not, or cold,
My lover lost, who I hold and keep.
Next to me in my sleep,
I cry in dead arms deep, with grief.

They told me I was sick,
Sick in death's soul's hot lick, hold fast.
Hold to my heart love's last,

His warmth disappears fast, in death.
I cling to his head's breath, and soak,
In his dry blood's stained cloak.
No care for word of folk, just him.
Eaten each part and limb,
Sanity sung in hymn, parted.

They told me I was sick,
His corpse taken too quick, flies fly.
Injected until high,
Strapped, lust's wicked sigh, he strapped.
Punished wrongs with a slap,
His harsh belt stripped and clapped, then tied.
Something in me has died,
Our stark love could not hide, in death.

They told me I was sick,
Desperate for a lick, in grief.
Jacket tied, our love brief,
Locked away, doctor's chief, insane.
They told me I'm insane,
For keeping love in vain, waiting.
Ever waiting for my king,
Imprisoned for sin,
The sin, after death,
Of keeping close to him.

Diagnostation

Health care services and information,
Putting you through to the nurse's station.

The line hummed through to the nurse's station;
We can only diagnose with visitation,
To which I replied without hesitation:

Norovirus,
And M.R.S.A,
C.Difficile,
No fucking way!

Marie

The cutest girl you have ever seen.
Innocent and bewitching,
Long black hair and deep blue eyes.
Pretty smile and softly spoken,
But even roses have thorns.

When love hit her heart, it woke the thistle.

She chose a man, rough in nature,
Rugged in looks.
Grubby mechanic,
With an attitude.

The cutest girl you have ever seen.
Naming her sweetheart, 'Bunny.'
Long limbs cradling him in delicate arms,
Offering the heat of kindness,
Until he softened and the thorns sharpened.

Love bites evolved into bites,
Scratches tore his back,
Riled with passion.

Safety cuffs replaced with cuffs,
Rope replaced with chain,
She tied Bunny.

The cutest girl you have ever seen.
Growing in sensitivity and love.

Long nights worrying that she would lose her man,
Long days filled with ill-temper,
Amorous nights.

Bunny submitted eagerly to her games,
Bunny aroused her darkest thistle.
No other woman could have him.

Chained one night in a passionate embrace,
Marie's cruel nails bit his cheek,
Knives for fingers.

The nails encircled his screams,
Buried deep in blood,
And peeled the skin from his face.

For no other woman could have him.

Desirous

Forbidden amour,
Love denied, heightened desire,
Tight, outlawed status.
Even a glance is sating,
Ardent lust unabating.

Forbidden desire,
Aching painfully inside,
Desperate throbbing.
Belly tightening harshly,
As the fountains spray water.

Uneasy meeting,
Without words, only touching,
Filling urgent needs.
Angrily, violently fed,

Without thought of consequence.

Desires desirous,
In love with love, and its lust,
Conjoined; one creature.
Forcing against the other,
An unmentionable force.

Deepens over time,
Little is not enough, more!
Taking odd chances.
Inventing elaborate,
Cuts run deeper, strikes harder.
Forbidden amour,
Hidden in plain sight, with marks,
Lacerations bite.
But the lust becomes profound,
Addiction is all.

Forbidden armour,
Quells over time, dampening,
Excitement weakens.
Ways part, and open elsewhere,
Animals in human masks.

I Love the Way You Are

Still,
Deathly still.
Silent in solitude,
Dreaming endless night hymns.
Lost in a soulless sea,
And frozen, stiffened mortar.
I love you the way you are!
Transition purified evil,
Changed the way you once were;

Aggressive, angry.
Afraid no more,
Putrid heart,
Redeemed,
Still.

South

Iced, ivory desert
Mountainous temples awash
My chilling iced heart

Cruel Kindness

Callously slung to the streets in wicked frosts,
Redundant; unable to pay her dues.
Under the shelter of blustering torrential rain,
Edging to the city limits; staring from Metropolis's bridge.
Lost tears flow as she considers the dive.

Kindness grasps her sullen shoulders,
Immediately leading her to his ebony hearse.
Nonchalantly she climbs in, the driver pulls away.
Dense woods, isolated, gothic, turreted mansion,
Never carried with such an ardent passion to the dungeon.
Every kiss lashed with wanton leather tenderness,
Substitute for self-imposed isolation,
She surrenders to him wholly, accepting each caress.

Cannibalism

Sails I scan,
I, Cannibal, a maniac.
Maniacs calm Basilica,

Maniacs scan cabins.

Scabs I scan,
I, Cannibal, calm.
Maniacs claim man,
Slain man's limbs.

Man's clan, animals,
Slain,
Balm,
Claim.

Cannibalism can claim,
Animal-man,
Maniacs' sails,
Claim, slit.

Clam, man, animal,
Cannibal,
Mania,
Calm.

Animals I scan,
Maniac is man,
Cannibal,
I am!

Last Letter

I waited, with eyes rolled back,
For the morphine to drive my poppies wild.
There in the plush bed or lush grass I waited.

I waited without fear as my tongue clicked,
Parched with a thirsty memory in arid soil.
There under the sheets of dew I waited.

I waited with a sunken heart; mistakenly dark,
Hearing each word surmising my demise.
There under the burning lights, I waited.

I waited, knowing my body was rotting,
Paralyzed by my tools of care,
There on my death bed I waited.

I waited, riddled with regrets and holes,
Bullets of an irreparable life,
The last opus,
The last poem,
The last meal,
The last letter.

As the final letter was etched in my epitaph.

Blink of an eye

In the blink of an eye, she was gone!
Taken from the side of the road,
As she watched her father change the wheel.

In the blink of an eye, she was gone!
He failed to see the van draw in,
And steal the child from under his nose.

In the blink of an eye, she was gone!
She had barely started high school,
And her infancy flew by, faster than a blinking eye.

In the blink of an eye, she was gone!
By comparison forensics were slow,
Nothing notable was noted from cameras on the side of the road.

In the blink of an eye, she was gone!
Whisked quickly away in a van,
And rapidly driven across the Mojave, crossing state after state.

In the blink of an eye, she was gone!
Stolen from her pram in the park,
A helpless baby noticed and taken by barren, coveting eyes.

In the blink of an eye, she was gone!
But her mother never stopped searching,
Hiring a fearsome team, military in training and tracking.

In the blink of an eye, she was gone!
The false surrogates shifted her from place to place,
Lying to schools and authorities and regularly changing her name.

In the blink of an eye, she was gone!
Returned to her parents true.
Confused, unstable.
They struggled with what was left of their baby daughter.

In the blink of an eye, she was gone!
Lost!
Having taken her own fragile life.

In the blink of an eye, she was gone,
A soul torn by such hideous strife.

Hound

Snarling at the master's side he guards the citadel,
Bred for centuries to assume the task.

Snarling, he hounds traitors and intruders alike,
Waiting for his reward; plate scraps.

Snarling, he chases enemies with ghastly fangs,
Tearing at scrawny, human flesh.

Snarling, he vanquishes all threats to the master,
Father to the new-born child's soft cries.

Snarling, he paces about the child's small basket,
Holding the fort when the master leaves.

Snarling, at the sound of wolves, he awaits Alpha,
Never leaving the young one's crib.

Snarling as Alpha trespasses, seeking small prey,
Attacking he fights a valiant fight.

Snarling, he clashes with Alpha; claws and teeth,
Until the beast falls behind the door.

Snarling, the master sees the blood splattered,
Wailing for his child's safety he turns to Hound…

Snarling the master unsheathes his sword, angered,
Not seeing Alpha's mutilated corpse.

Snarling the master plunges his sword into Hound,
As the child starts to weep for his guard.

Snarling, the master drags Alpha's body to water,
Sobbing, the master buries his faithful hound.

Amputate

My leg is rogue; amputate,
I know my wish is askew,
Nightmare limb does dominate,
Removed I can start anew.

My leg it does aggravate,
I know I'm causing ado,
Stress; my life does saturate,
Rogue leg I now say adieu.

Prison

Perishing she sits defeated,
Perching on the edge of a narrow bed,
Placing glasses on the cold floor,
Patting her rumbling belly.

Perishing she eats her oats,
Perching smelly milk on the dusty desk,
Placing a patched coat about her shoulders,
Patting damp cushions to support her arthritic back.

Perishing she hobbles to the post office,
Perching her worn stick against the counter,
Placing her meagre pension inside a plastic bag,
Patting flakes of skin from her labour damaged hands.

Love Poe

The crow was tapping;
Tap, tap, tapping!
Rapping at the window's core!

Whilst I was napping,

He was tapping,
And poncing bread from off the floor!

And after some furious tapping,
Awoken from my napping,
I opened up the kitchen door,
And told the crow who had been rapping,
That the bread would come…
NEVERMORE!

Holes

Lethargic,
Waking, stretching.
Symptomatic he slumps down,
Sharing a room with his poor mother,
Run down council flat rises high,
Heaving population,
Hidden.

Absent,
Seldom present.
In a world where no one sees,
Too busy fighting for their own lives.
He wakes blurry eyed, scorching,
Agonising bones,
Collapsing.

Rashes,
Spreading hives.
Mother cries; full doctor lists,
She knows no one in the crowded giant,
Cramped lonely housing; grim.
Damp blankets,
Mould.

Coughing,
Choking fumes.
Mother feeds him cheap broth,
As her own belly rumbles; hunger pains.
Grimy windows overlook wealth,
Banker's city,
Viral.

Fever,
Rash spreads.
Mother sleeps under thin sheets,
As her blanket warms his thin, shaking skin.
Born into a rich world of poverty,
Hole forms,
Black.

Abyss,
Delves deep.
Mother suffers as his stupor grows,
The hole deepens within an angry rash,
Burrowing deeply the bleak chasm.
Class chasm,
Cruel.

Weeps.
Urinal lift,
Broken playground, graffiti, glass.
Mother fights through, implores the pharmacy,
Directed to a doctor she cannot see.
Mild aspirin,
Holes.

Holes,
Spreading depths,
Marking a vicious path along the rash.
No blood, no flesh, unimaginable wormholes,

Boring through the young boy's flesh.
Limbs covered,
Skinless.

Craters,
Invisible meteors.
Unsettling to touch, sickening penury,
Hidden in plain sight; ignored, self-inflicted.
Single mother; redundant, abandoned,
Desperately fighting,
Incapable.

Speckles,
Waging war.
Mother sinks to the dirty ground, pleading,
Cries fall on intentionally deaf and heartless ears.
Holes smother his scrawny chest and belly,
Battle losses,
Futile.

Deepening,
Travelling upwards.
Holes form on the boy's neck, he chokes,
Mother sobs aloud, calls for an ambulance. Waits.
Waits, forever, as sirens hurl across town.
Treating politicians,
Selective.

Holes,
Facial marks.
Rapidly spreading holes stretch relentlessly,
Without pity. Reaching for the eyeballs, feeding.
Until only the sockets exist. Blinded town.
Selectively blind.
Disintegrating.

Holes,
Life disappears.
Void forms where the boy once lay,
Mother screams, her own rash hidden from sight.
Ambulance arrives, paramedics saunter up,
Empty flat.
Hole.

She Waited

She waited for him
After he abandoned her
Until her last breath

Divided

Angering his liege; foolish knight,
Moralising fraternising,
Impartial, bias court condemning,
Decapitation far too light.
Dragged from his cell after the night,
Rope bound about his neck, and hung,
Choking up from flailing lung.
Chopped down, opened, organs cut out,
Alive as limbs severed with clout,
Intestines and lopped head are strung.

Avoidance

Avoidance,
Worms plaguing by the back door,
Waiting to pounce.

Avoidance,
Buttons hanging, choking the throat,
Malicious in intent.

Avoidance,
Cupboard door, hiding evil demons,
Gut wrenching imps.

Avoidance,
Open spaces, waiting to swallow whole,
Feeding on souls.

Avoidance,
Deep waters, rabidly sucking eddies,
Downward spiral.

Avoidance,
Savage wasps, driving their toxic screw,
Allergic reaction.

Avoidance,
Enclosed boxes, suffocating entrapment,
Closed coffins.

Death Toll

'Bring out your dead,'
The crier roared through the town,
But this was not the middle ages.
'Bring out your dead!'
His voice tolled through the night,
Followed by a slow-moving lorry.

The caravan lurched along filthy streets,
Between over-crowded tower blocks.
Bodies dropped from above,
Thrown carelessly out of briefly opened windows.

'Bring out your dead!'

The usual cry in a metropolis of violence,
Yet, this was not the middle ages,
‘Bring out your dead!’
His voice crackled as a rain of starved wretches fell,
Clouding the sky.

Between buildings villains lurched,
Waiting to steal for their desperate families.
Machines stole the work of honest folk,
And the population continued to swell beyond all help.

‘Bring out your dead,’
The lorries veered between abandoned cars,
Fuel shortages targeted the poor.
‘Bring out your dead!’
As candles glowed and fire filled every hearth,
Smog drenched the sky.

In one room flats families squeezed,
Medical manufacturing ceased when the power stations closed.
Centrally produced food served the masses,
And disease and squalor thrived.

‘Bring out your dead,’
But this was not the middle ages.
‘Bring out your dead, so you can be fed!’
The world was shutting down around the masses.
‘Bring out your dead, so you can be fed!’
Cannibals all!
This was the future.

Submissive

Sub-slave,

Dainty, sexy.
Giving, moaning, pleasing,
Surrendering, lust-filled body.
Man's maid.

Messiah

Called the Messiah
Led his tribe to the desert
Erected buildings

God commanded him
Take brides on their wedding night
Marry the flock young

Taught him origins
Come from above in the stars
Waiting to return

Self-sufficient life
Crops grew with sacrifices
Burning outsiders

Demolish apostates
Exorcise silent devils
Ensure submission

Recruit more spirits
Procreate heavenly sons
Grow the family

Follow the calling
Whatever is asked of you
Oust non-believers

Armageddon comes

Deliver souls unto me
Drink the sweet cool aid

Erotic Words

Beg,
Pleading,
On your knees,
Cuffs on your wrists.
Wait, I am cruel, cold,
Rip, strip, shift from your back.
Ropes, cuffs, chains; hold you in place.

Cry,
For me,
Strap breaks skin,
Nothing, slave girl,
Wanting each harsh strike.
Strong, firm, inside your soul.

Lick,
Bite you,
Callous sucks,
Gasps at my touch.
Ride the tempting mare.

Blood,
Feeding,
Sating thirst,
Feeding my lust.

Wet,
Sweating,
Blow by blow.
Mine,
My prey,

Wicked wench.

Yours,
Always.

Rules!

Beach

Grains of hot sands massage his feet,
The sunbathes holidaymakers in its luxurious inferno,
Kayaks and snorkels entertain the young.
Coconut milk and vodka flow,
Complemented by sheltering palm trees,
The ocean filled with bejewelled life.

Stars, glints, spikes and coral,
Splashed with living colour.

And a skinny young local boy clears rubbish,
Funding his futile education.

Metamorphosis

He woke to a bizarre sickness,
Nathaniel no longer wished to move.
Working as a labourer with poor pay proved taxing.

A strange sickness, bleak and heavy.
Nathaniel subsidised his apathetic parents,
And was expected to fund his spoiled sister's lavish life.

His hard labour was for nothing,
Nothing for him,
He was lost and alone.

His hands moved rapidly and with precision.

Once spent the heaviness failed to subside,
Nathaniel's sadness thickened as is often the case,
He lay in a heap ignoring the cries of his disgruntled family.

Slimy secretions crept about him,
His head was heavy, and his body worn,
From years and years of thankless toil and hardship.

Fluid crept over his worn form.
The doctor came at his parent's behest,
And advised them to leave him to his sickness.

Soon he was desolate, forgotten.
Occasionally he would scuttle from room to fridge,
Desperate to find raw meat or some sweet and sickly treat.

The secretions engulfed him fully,
No one noticed the cocooned useless shell,
As he no longer served any real purpose, no longer provided.

Erased from existence, and family photos,
The room was left closed, and visitors dared not mention him.
Time moved on.

As summer approached the shell cracked,
Strange noises hummed throughout the house,
And his thoughtless family came to witness the commotion.

Cracked shell laid bare,

The creature was no more!
Instead stood a glorious butterfly, wings a stunning purple.

With no regard for the leeches,
He flew from his window to freedom.

Glass

He turns to the door without hesitation,
Chills quake my empty stomach.
Going to her,
Leaving me cheapened and deflated.
I feel my lip tremble.
He doesn't look back,
Ignores the cries,
Stony and indifferent.

The handle turns and he lifts his case,
A waterfall of pitiful tears plead on my cheeks,
Our bond, our friendship, our love gone.
My teeth scrape,
Head feels light with aching memories,
Lost to me forever!
He leaves,
Sickness bites my hollow belly,
I hurt.

Slowly my body solidifies, expands, hardens,
I am ice!
I am stone!
I am empty and alone!
The cracks form;
Creaking, moving, tearing through.
No human form remains,
Only a breaking statue.

In that moment I shatter like glass to the floor,
His life goes on, much the same as before.

Tight

Tights tied tightly at her simpering behest,
Tight, smart suits for her tight financial ship,
Tight etiquette and drive. Successfully lonely.
Money is exchanged in silence, no names,
Just a fantasy; a weekend stolen from her life.

Tights run from heels to charcoal pencil-skirt!
No dates are offered; the element of surprise,
A necessary evil to fully participate for thrills,
And to fulfil a hole left in her tightly wound soul.
She waits late at the office, colleagues with family.

Security sleeps as an empty elevator descends,
Leaving her callously in the underground carpark.
Heels click as she veers towards her black jeep,
Luxury her money can buy; cars and secrets.
She is taken from behind, falls to the chloroform.

Tights tied tightly at her simpering behest,
Wrists locked to the bedpost; emails deleted.
Her haven, home away from home, submissive,
Under his spell, according to her domineering rule,
Tights tied tightly, unable to escape; paid master.

Tights tied tightly wrapping her shins, as ordered.
Still unable to let go, still in control of her life,
A false retreat hidden succulently under blindfold.
Her lips free, he wishes to hear her begging plea,
Under his command, the unknown Alpha.

Tights tied tightly. Too tightly. No escape.

He removes the blindfold to reveal his mask,
And her brazenly naked body. Deviating.
Against her rules, her mouth opens to protest.
His finger glides along her lower lip.

Tights tied tightly, about her throat. Panics.
Her orders are admonished by his sharp hand,
He stares hungrily at the softness of her curves,
Delights in the fear that widens her blue eyes.
He removes his belt and punishes her protest.

Drip fed water, in the dimly lit room. Fire burns.
He visits randomly, she hopes this is his act,
Until time passes. Windows boarded, time slows.
A giant, menacing man, masked and dishevelled.
His touches; frequent and more intimate, arouse.

Time drips by, alone in her prison. Longing starts,
Torture of loneliness healed by his leather strap.
Caring for her in a twisted manner, dedicated.
Lights dim, his caresses increase, body's betrayal,
She does not fight as he takes her, fulfilling need.

Coldly he leaves her, mystified by his own cruelty,
She reels, her body spent, mind chained in turmoil.
No longer wanting to leave, for a life so shallow,
An empty existence; alone, forever untouched.
She reels, terrified by the prospect of returning.

Tights tied tightly extinguishing her mundane life,
She is his victim, and suffers willingly, beautifully,
And entirely at his nightmarish mercy. Waiting.
He feeds her, bathes her, carrying her blindfolded,
Trusting, she clings to his diabolically strong grip.

No words are spoken. Every evening he takes her,

Steals her body and soul, she softly acquiesces.
She is his, her heart taken by the rogue, the thief.
Ultimately, she whispers her words of surrender,
And wakes abandoned in her own bed, alone.

Her career is lost, business ailed in her absence,
Apartment repossessed by the callous bank.
No family or friends to speak of. Desperate.
Her hours spent emailing her captor, pleading.
Waiting in vain for her dark knight to come.

Forced to take lodgings in a small, dingy flat,
She roams the streets aimlessly, searching for him.
Messages unanswered. His ultimate torture,
As he stalks her silently in the shadows. Waiting.
She sobs nightly into her pillow; hoping, waiting.

Desiring an escape, she frequents the local bars,
Drinking, spurning advances, as he watches her.
A mutual obsession, branching like dark forests,
Growing and distorting. He brushes past her,
Needing to touch her. His scent consumes her.

Drink consumes her, overwhelmed, disenchanted,
She collapses into his waiting arms. Unconscious.
Tenderly he lifts her, relishes her torture,
Takes what is his, claiming a kinship to others.
She feels the movement of his vehicle, relaxes.

Taken far away to his remote home, far from life.
She allows herself to be carried, trusts him fully,
Collapses weeping into his masterful arms.
Fully submits to her new life;
His slave,
His captive,
His possession.

Muted Witness

The guilt rips the remains of my rotten soul,
A dishevelled wretch tormented, bleeding with guilt,
Unable to look at our mother for shame.

I am not the culprit who extinguished you, but she is kin.
Her action has muted my tongue forever,
Lest the matter destroy further the remnants of our home!

I beg and pray to God that this were a dream,
And I would wake confused and disorientated but free,
Knowing that my sibling lived warmed with the life's blood.

Living in ignorance cripples the declining matriarch,
Truth would tighten the caustic chains and never set her free.
Her residual tribe would be annihilated, miscarried and that can never be!

Sister sleeping in the Earth your feet trod on many hearts,
Your sharp-tongue and blind self-indulgence hurt,
A deficiency of empathy and objectivity was your Hubris.

Never noticing the wrath filled army brimming with vexation that grew,
Blindly acting with malice scarcely shielded by our devotion,

Foolishly blundering on, your eyes obscured to your lineage's reactions!

The vision of our kinswoman's vengeance clouds my spirit,
Mentally she perceived you as a vicious arachnid requiring poison,
The creature, on polluting her home, was bound and lacerated,
Persecuted for its cruel infestation, unaware of its offensive presence.

The beast, reduced by acid and heat as if it never existed, expired in dread!
I struggle with blood-stained knowledge and loss of your flighty soul,
But for our lineage and for-bearer I will suffer until the day I am dead!

Fancy or Imagination

Mirrored image; twins in-utero, twins in life,
Alone in their friendship through school;
Dressed in plaid, black locks in ponytails,
Red ribbons dressing their manes.

Mirrored image; twins in understanding,
Sharing every thought, no words necessary.
Studying law side by side, training in the firm,
Standing together at their mother's graveside.

Mirrored image; twins rejecting a social life,
Alone in their friendship through work;
Dressed in matching, sleek suits. Capable.
Sharing a city penthouse, money made.

Mirrored image; twins working on cases,
Sharing the workload, a compelling team.
Holidaying on distant paradise islands,
Floating side by side beneath the tropical waves.

Mirrored image; twin stares in the mirror,
Alone as she had always been, voices whisper;
Dressed smartly, singularly. High flying,
In spite of her delusions, in spite of her visions.

Mirrored image; twin stares at the walls,
Sharing her apartment with other single twins,
White walled apartment in an institution,
Dressed in a tight jacket, restrained.

Mirrored image; only child, unable to speak,
Alone in the world, orphaned at birth,
Broken down irretrievably, unable to grasp reality,
Locked up with only her twinned delusion for company.

Narcissus

Marie stared in the mirror; her azure eyes gazed lovingly at slender curves. She shook her head wafting strands of dark hair about her waist. A grey tracksuit clung to her physique mounted above designer trainers.

She waltzed out of the house, across the field in view of the adoring workmen and down to the muddy cliffs onto the sandy beach. Her feet clomped to the rocks, where she climbed the coral. At the summit she perceived a clear pond. Therein, beyond the sea creatures' majesty and waves of seaweed, perfection shone back. Fixated, even when the tide came in.

Dystopia

Omega

Ivy clings to abandoned homes,
Climbing its wily way through doors,
And wrapping thriving leaves about walls.

Cars litter the streets; queued and stacked,
Motionless.

Supplies were ransacked when the waste spread.
So long ago; months or years?
Roaches scatter, invading the planet.

Dust has long since settled,
Immersing itself in the crying soil.
Clean up efforts proved futile as we died.

Relentless, evil beauty, rising into the sky,
Explosive.

One after another they fell, no one won,
There was no one left to win.
Mushroom clouds.

Radiating light, rising higher and higher.
The reaper's energy sank, flooded;
Matter torn apart in an instant.

Panic, blinded panic,
Many ran for cover.
Sores broke out, hair thinned and fell,
Self-inflicted death visited.

Dying, all around me, dying,
Decay set in,
Hopeless.

Buildings swept away by the burst and tide,
Vehicles used for shelter, abandoned,
Shops fearfully invaded.

Thirst, drying thirst like glass in the throat,
Poisoned water, shelves empty,
Mass graves dug.

I move blindly from town to town, camp to camp;
Survival instinct, old worries obliterated,
Disconnected, unattached.

My fingers and ears are my eyes, for beauty blinded me,
The voices grew soft and faded until none were heard,
Foraging for tins, food and syrup.

Aching, cursed loneliness, pointless existence,
Ivy, mutated ivy, and roaches,
Humanity, lifeless!

Heights

Climbing higher heights,
Aiming to go higher,
And further.

First a wall for training,
Followed by cliffs,
And hills.

Then came mountains,

Ravines and caves,
Adrenaline.

Each peak higher than the last,
Each challenge more treacherous,
Each time the threat of danger increased.

Climbing higher heights,
Leading the way,
Complacent.

From glaciers to Everest,
Canyons and stacks,
Demanding.

Then came the ultimate;
Uncharted, unknown,
Unprepared.

Each rock less stable than the last,
Each foothold more treacherous,
Each movement, the threat of danger increased.

Climbing higher heights,
Breeze blew her hair,
Loosened.

From climbing-pick to pick,
Her hair knotted tightly,
Panicking.

Then came the suffering,
Unable to move,
Unprepared.

Each movement tightened the knot,

Each attempt to escape tore her scalp,
Each tear forced fearful tears.

Struggling at higher heights,
Scalp tearing from her head,
Tightened.

From pulling to twisting,
Each attempt hurt more,
Suffering.

Each movement pulled her skin from her head,
Each twist tore the scalp away and blinded with blood,
Each fright triggered a foolish act.

The harness was released as she struggled,
Her scalp torn fully off,
She plummeted into the rocks below.

No longer climbing higher heights.

Toppling

Planting blasters,
Dynamite preparation,
Ready to collapse.
The plunger sinks and flames rise,
Forgetting the trapped people!

Itch

It started as an itch;
A rash throbbing on the skin,
Something in the air perhaps,
Seeping into the Kenyan village.
No hospitals close by,

Locals withered in the sun,
Called on the shaman.

The herbs failed,
The itch spread ferociously.
The moon had barely risen once,
When the rash evolved and mutated;
Crimson dots became black lumps,
Throbbing as if alive.

Eyes reddened with welts,
Flesh between the buboes melted.
Make-shift tents rose, housing the sick.
Without prejudice; men, women, young and old,
Black fluid flowed from every orifice.

Coughing started following the second moon,
No one worked on the land and no one walked.
Reliant on the well, medics watered the needy,
Flushed with blood-soaked spray and black puss.

It started with an itch, the rampant disease.
Buboes burst, skin dissolved, and graves were dug.
Outside help refused for fear of infection,
Dwindling people.

Word spread beyond borders,
Salvation came airborne,
Hope sprung forth…
Until the bombs were dropped.

Genocide poisoning the well!

New Seed

He developed a new seaweed,

To eat plastics in dirty sea,
Preparation for the sea seed,
Congratulated so widely.

Formation in a petri dish,
Evolution in a glass jar,
Fulfilling a strong global wish,
Progression hailed from afar.

He developed a new seaweed,
Metabolising too quickly,
Abominable to proceed,
Anticipatory growth spree.

Spreading rapidly beyond the sea,
Absorbing plant, beasts and then man,
Sticking, weed stinging actively,
Swallowing all the life, it can.

Clearing pollution, and all life,
Evolution onto the land,
Escalating another strife,
Seed grows too quickly out of hand.

Until the Earth once more is green,
Time begins again, evolves keen.

Uranium

Death,
Poison,
Depleted.
Ricochets high,
Falls, explodes, pierces.
Destroys, cancers, flaying,
Violates blameless mothers.

Scalds, burns, no prejudice,
Blaming, spread like dust.
Infiltrates low,
Penetrates,
Ripping.
Wrong.

Sea's Screams

Nothing but water,
Everywhere I look.
Salty water chaffing my skin,
As creatures dart beneath.

Dark shadows beneath,
Comfortably passing.
Turning, legs high above the floor,
Water surrounds me.

Land clearly absent,
Waves dancing ahead.
Rising and falling, a grain in the sand,
Choking on saline.

Sickening stomach,
I try to swim with tides.
Directionless, aimless and trapped,
In the ocean's arms.

Kicking furiously,
Coughing up belches.
Nose burning as my nostril's fill,
Turning desperately.

Mountain forms,
Growing from the deep,

Swelling upwards to the sky,
Angrily threatening.
Dense watery grave,
Rising from the sea,
Curving, preparing.
No escape.

Tsunami wave,
Posturing,
Bending.

Erupting,
Driving headlong,
As my heart ceases to beat.

Purgatory

Stuck all alone at sea,
Terrifying cold needles penetrating his skin,
Unseen, agonising needles.
Perishing below the surface of the water,
Wedged between ice after ice.

Nothing in sight
Not even boat wreckage, no evidence of his origins,
Purgatory, searing pain, stuck unable to reach the shore.
Destined to freeze on the shore,
Paralyzed, his arms flail, his toes die, and purple encompasses his feet.

Desperately pulling himself forward, tears in eyes,
Nothing, no movement, no birds swooped in the vile air.
Not his world or the world he hoped to go to but somewhere in-between,

Excruciation crept up his legs; drilling, boring holes through his thighs.
Dying, joining his wasted feet, bobbing as if ripped in half by a hungry shark.

A torso with no hope, trapped terrifyingly between life and death, time prolonged.
Mountainous snow gleaming from afar, burning his eyes, he pleads for redemption,
Morphing hills become monstrous waves holding fast in the sky, menacingly waiting,
Murder weighs down his conscious; his crimes.
The waves tumble, crashing hard, slow motion, torturing....

Stuck all alone at sea,
Terrifying cold needles penetrating his skin,
Unseen, agonising needles.
Perishing below the surface of the water,
Wedged between ice after ice.

Vacuum

Vacuum,
Empty, lonely,
Sucking, drawing, dragging,
Body undone through the tight hole,
Voided.

Explosive Quaking

Mushroom glides high, misunderstood quaking,
Jettisoned, invisible rays shaking,
Spreading like zero gravity, wet flames,
Molten energy; flaying skin, burned maims,
Windows shatter, buildings collapse, quaking.

Stealing lens from eyes, as clouds rise taking,
Stealing skin from the flesh, bodies shaking,
Unknown power, on lives it makes death's claims.
Mushroom glides high.

Necrotising, beast consuming, taking,
Fears upon fears, dead loved ones its making,
Leaving torrential bursts bursting through flames,
Indiscriminate in the lives it claims,
Leaving behind warring nations shaking.
Mushroom glides high.

Equilibrium

The fog had started with a simple migraine; a pulsating pain thrusting outward from behind his eyes. Studying mathematical physics at one of the best universities in Ireland was a challenge in itself, a privilege too. John had come from a rural background, bought up wrapping silage and herding cows in the farmlands of North May, but against his father's wishes he sought a more challenging career. His father failed to see how John could not embrace his inheritance, but the boy had a keen mind and after several discussions with the teachers at his secondary school his father grudgingly accepted that John's aspirations lay elsewhere.

When the other teenagers stayed behind to play music John would take additional and applied mathematics classes. It was a lonely existence, but John found the challenge of each puzzle exhilarating. He would use his time on the bus to and from school reading popular physics books by Hawking, Greene and Cox. His younger sister would tease him as they ate the

evening roast around the wooden kitchen table and, although he would never refuse agricultural work, for he felt a duty to his parents, he seldom spent an evening in front of the television.

Nights would be spent furiously studying for his exams, hoping and working towards a chance to leave the country and head to the academic laboratories in Galway. The endless study paid off and even his father felt a sense of elation when John received his results and a subsequent offer of a place. The first year breezed by and John was so refreshed by the experience that he volunteered to turn his father's turf during the summer. The migraines began in the second year.

Having missed out on a social life growing up John often opted to spend time drinking and relaxing in the union bar with his peers. He could talk extensively about his creative ideas; wormholes, time travel and multiverses with academics who found him fascinating. Given his new-found proclivity for drinking John naturally assumed that the first migraine was a hangover, the result of dehydration. Wednesday night was quiz night in the bar, and he had stayed out late stretching his cerebral muscle. He found himself waking groggily in the halls of residence with a slight ache.

His first lecture began at 10AM and led John through the amazing ideas presented by cosmologists. Normally he would have been thoroughly attentive, however the ache had evolved into a pain. The February rain beating furiously on the windows was not helping the matter and by lunchtime flickers and dots writhed before his eyes. His second assumption

was that his sugar level had dropped, so he hastily exited the lecture hall and crossed the pathway to the campus cafeteria and loaded up on donuts and sweet tea.

Unable to manage sitting through the flickering and humming lights of another lecture and with the pain increasing exponentially John returned to his dorm and hid under his blanket with the curtains pulled. Once he rose that day to partake of a large dose of Ibuprofen. He then returned to the sanctuary of his bed. His roommate returned to find John in debilitating pain and called the campus Doctor. John concurred with the Doctor that he was experiencing a migraine, but as it was only a one-off he refused to take Amitriptyline.

Unfortunately, it was not a one off! The headaches increased in both frequency and severity throughout February. He soldiered on using Ibuprofen as a crutch but suffered the consequences as his stomach was often aggravated by the drug. Then the smog came.

It started as a noise, a high-pitched humming searing through John's brain. He searched his room for a faulty appliance at first, but it grew louder and louder. He searched the halls and even attended the security office to complain, but the officer grew impatient with John claiming that there was no noise and suggested rather curtly that he should cut down on his alcohol intake.

Abruptly the noise ceased. It must have been midnight the din had kept John awake and the instant it stopped he felt a sense of relief course through his veins alongside an overwhelming urge to sleep. His

heavy eyes drooped closed as euphoria engulfed him. His soul drifted into the mattress and sunk deeply.

Whining, high pitched, annoying whining stung John's ears. He woke with a start and glanced at the alarm clock; 2:39. His roommate snored, oblivious to the irritating sound. The whine scratched and scrambled causing John's head to pound. His eyes rested again on the alarm clock. He must have set it wrong causing the radio to stir. His hands flailed as he fiddled with the buttons trying to turn it off. More scratching and scrambling, then he could hear talking. The voices were muffled and inaudible, but an improvement on the previous racket. The buttons were not responding, but his headache was improving, and John decided to let the soft voices lull him to sleep.

With the migraine seemingly relieved John returned to lectures within a few days. He found himself more alert and determined to work harder. His nights out were abolished, and he spent his evenings alone studying. By mid-March he had caught up and gone beyond his peers. He was no lonelier than he had been at school and was not concerned as solitude suited him. Late nights, early mornings and a great deal of caffeine drove him headlong into a massive learning curve. He felt invincible!

Stomach cramps were a bother; he had missed so many meals that he was forced to go shopping. One Wednesday evening when his peers were at the bar he ventured to the local supermarket. It was busy, packed. At first, he smoothly flitted from aisle to aisle throwing special offers into his trolley. Without notice everything changed. He was reaching for a loaf of

bread when an overwhelming sense of suffocation fell on him. People, alien people, seemed to be everywhere, rushing by, enclosing him, strangling him and sucking away the very oxygen from the air.

John's heart began to explode with each beat; the sound filled his ears and pulsated through his neck into his head where the throbs bellowed throughout his brain. He was hot, boiling, sweat started to bubble and his eyes filled with fog. The whining from the radio poured into the aisle like water drowning out the human ants, the whirring, the screeching and then equilibrium. A soft voice whispered into his ear urging him to leave, warning him that he was being watched, examined and prepared as his intelligence was of great use. A surreal calm fell on him and somehow, he found his way home.

John was special. He had been singled out for a career in the secret services, perhaps he had been under surveillance since his glowing school results, after all physicists were in short supply and given the on-going wars, medical needs and competitive multimedia technologies the government was obliged to hunt down suitable candidates. He lay in bed unsure as to whether it was day or night, staring at his clock radio, waiting for the soft voice to advise him, and invariably it did.

David, John's roommate had noticed a change in his friend. He had always been quirky, would sit in silence daydreaming on their Wednesday nights out. He had watched as John struggled through his first year and barely passed the year's finals probably, David presumed, because he wandered around campus all day in a world of his own and did not attend lectures.

He had even spent the summer in digs in Galway never answering his phone or emails. When David had visited, he had found John aloof and withdrawn and often wondered if he knew he had visited at all. He left his digs without notice and owing a great deal of rent, but John never seemed to worry about that. His father met some of his costs, but only when a very irate landlady called him.

This behaviour was new and more troublesome. John's weight had dropped, he was gaunt and pale. He seldom left his bed let alone the room and during the night would be restless or would sit up and stare, nodding as if intently listening to some invisible being. David would check on John during lectures and found him either listless with eyes fixed intensively on the small watch that perched on his bedside table or scribbling furiously and muttering to himself.

It was only on seeing John's incoherent scribbling that David sadly decided to call his father. Pages and pages of references to a political faction that had enlisted John's help to develop a time machine that could travel across wormholes and enable the engineering of human history. There were diagrams, incorrect equations and notes on the enemy. The enemy changed his face, according to John's notes, sometimes appearing as a monarch or leader and on other occasions as Jon's own father. The call had to be made.

Pounding, throbbing, burning behind his eyes caused John to wake. He was in a lightly dressed and largely uncomfortable hospital bed. Gaudy yellowing curtains were drawn across the foot, to the right of him was a window overlooking the Mayo town of Castlebar and

to the left another window leading into an observation office. Inside his father spoke to a small, greying doctor and John caught a few words. Schizophrenia was mentioned, treatable and Haloperidol also came up in the conversation. John closed his eyes.

The room was foggy, his father and the doctor were gone. Two tall men in immaculate and expensive dark suits stared through the glass. The older white-haired man was talking; John recognised the voice from the radio. He informed his colleague that John had somehow tuned into messages meant for another man close to him and that he had failed to grasp their meaning. These failures had happened before and were normally treatable by blocking dopamine in the brain. 'Dopamine' thought John, 'Dopamine.'

The Doctor shook John's hand. He had made a good recovery after only three weeks and was ready to return home to his father's care. His heart hung heavy in his chest, his dreams destroyed, but at least he was well again. John would be on medication for life, but the dosage would depend on his perception of reality and attuned accordingly. He would receive outpatient care and a nurse to visit him in the country. Reluctantly John followed his father out of the grotty room, whilst considering new ways to rebuild his life. John had always been a rational person and believed there would be alternative ways to achieve his dream.

David wrote to John regularly always showing concern for his well-being and giving him news. John was not surprised to learn some years later that David had been recruited by the British government to join a research team specialising in nuclear physics. It almost seemed like fate!

The Pride

Barefoot she climbed grey rock after grey rock. Blood streaks stained her bare legs; she could almost feel the tears, almost. At the peak she peered lucidly over the peak of the mountainous heap to the lions that lay beyond. Long locks of filthy auburn hair clung to her paling cheeks and tears filled her eyes. She was lost. Weakened fingernails scraped, clinging onto the stones and she hauled her slender frame over the apex. Her footing was instantly lost, and she tumbled rapidly down, the fall seemed to last forever like a film moving slowly frame by frame. At some points she floated, but inevitably she found herself on hands and knees peering up at a heavily maned giant cat.

Paling hazel eyes met the beasts stare and fear filled her. In the distance she could espy the other enclosures. Furious rhinoceroses steamed by high wired fences as hippos clambered along a murky swamp. The threat was imminent. The lion approached accompanied by his mate, both edged cautiously growling in a deep, low voice. She pulled herself awkwardly to her feet and backed away ever so slowly. The King sensed her terror and warped with a hunger caused by the absence of his keeper he leapt forward paws outstretched.

Marie woke with a start. Her left cheek burned, and she clawed at it with sharp talons. Her flat was cold, the council still had not replaced the broken glass and outside under the smoggy black of night she could hear car alarms whirring away, bottles being smashed up the side of walls smothered in gang graffiti and voices shouting drunkenly. Her face itched and she

tore at it in between yawning and rubbing her worn eyes.

Damp and cold made her home unbearable. She often laid in bed for long periods hoping that the world outside would vanish of its own accord. Of course, that never happened. She had once been married to a successful businessman, had a glorious apartment in the centre of London, but that was a long time ago; a fading memory tarnished by his violence and philandering. The ultimate cruelty came when Marie finally broke down and without remorse, he had her committed to a psychiatric unit.

The divorce came during her incarceration exacerbating her unhappy constitution. Eventually she accepted the loss and grudgingly submitted to counselling before being rehoused to what could only be deemed as the worst estate on the brink of the city. Nobody came to see her, except the Psychiatric Nurse and her visits had become infrequent. Lethargically she dragged herself to the bathroom. The mirror revealed the extent of the damage. A huge blister splattered gorily down her left cheek, leaking and now painful. Her clothes lay in a heap on the bathroom floor, the same clothes she wore every day; an old black tracksuit stained and torn. She pulled them on with an old pair of trainers and fumbled around inside the pockets for her car keys.

The communal back stair well stunk but enabled her to avoid the mobs roaming dangerously around the estate. She slunk by the side wall and snuck to her car hoping that it would start. The door was slightly ajar; it had not shut properly for some time. The red paint peeled due to the pranks of the gangs. The old Metro

banged and knocked as the key was turned, it struggled onto the main road and then stuttered up a back street before dying. Inexorably she found herself drawn to a small side shop. The dimmed light glowed and all else seemed dingy. A bell sounded as the door rattled open. The mark still stung, but she had no way to get to the hospital and hoped someone inside would be able to take her.

A miniature train puffed around an expertly set-up railway. Realistic sounds reminded her of the dreams of returning to her childhood in a country village somewhere. Medication clouded her mind; her memories were disappearing, inaccurate. Something in the sound of the train pleased her, something nostalgic.

Two old men in grey suits stood talking in the corner. Green paint shimmered on the walls and wood. She felt a voice call her, maybe she heard it. She moved carefully, invisible to the shopkeepers, until she reached a glass cabinet at the back of the small outlet. Three hideous porcelain dolls coldly glared at her, seeing her soul. She could hear their voices growing louder and louder. The hole in her face bled profusely as the unintelligible words streamed through her mind, filling the room until nothing existed, but the voices and a gaping wound in her face. All went black.

Barefoot she climbed the grey stones of her garden wall. Blood streaks stained her tiny hands; she could almost feel the fear, almost. At the top she gazed in horror at the pride of lions that filled her parents' garden. Long locks of filthy sandy manes swayed as they roamed across the ornamental bridges and through the brightly coloured bushes. She was scared.

Weakened fingernails scraped at her bleeding cheek. She felt compelled to approach the fearsome beasts. Hypnotically she marched on, her girlish pigtails swaying in the breeze as dirt clung to her red and grey uniform.

Paling hazel eyes met the beast's stare, she was in awe of the majestic beauty of the King. In the distance she could espy her parents' thatched cottage. Furious gusts of wind steamed through the giant willow tree beyond and sent ripples through the stagnant pond. The threat was imminent. The lion approached accompanied by his mate, both edged cautiously growling in a deep, low voice. She pulled herself awkwardly to her feet and backed away ever so slowly. The King sensed her terror and warped with a hunger caused by the absence of her keepers he leapt forward baring sharp fangs.

Marie woke with a start. Her left cheek bled, and she tore at it with broken nails. Her chaffed hands struggled to leave the sleeping bag and the doorway provided little shelter. No one bothered vagrants here. There used to be an unpleasant housing estate packed with an array of afflicted souls, desperate souls willing to do anything to survive. The project had been closed due to worsening crime levels; all residents moved on. Silence filled the smoggy, black night only occasionally interrupted by old papers dancing in the wind. Marie once believed in fairies and since her tortured soul was no longer treated with dignity, since she could not acquire an address and as such failed to appoint a doctor, she had started to see fairies dancing in the night sky.

The fairies reminded her of her childhood. She vaguely remembered living on the outside of a small village. Perhaps a train chugged through once in a while and merged with the sound of trickling water bubbling through the garden pond. The illness had clouded her mind. Her parents died leaving her an orphan, alone. She felt guilty but could not recall why. Her mind torn in two, she was incarcerated. She had married and married well, but the nightmares started, the headaches and the paranoia. He could not cope and simply stopped returning home. She envisaged him running away with a younger woman.

The lethargy was unbearable. She could not even drag herself to the bathroom or dress. Her skin festered with bedsores and her home became a shrine to takeaway wrappers and leftovers. Loss was painful, she could not face losing anything, not even a pizza wrapper.

Her benefits just about covered the takeaway. The rent remained unpaid and the electric was switched off. A neighbour must have alerted the authorities.

The hospital stank of disinfectant and urine. It was filled with dangerous souls tormented by their own pathology. She slunk around the corridors avoiding all contact and struggled to engage in group session. She wished that the world would change instead of her, that the world would accept her sadness. The sadness ate away at her insides, hungrily, starved and strangled by fading memories.

Inevitably she gave in, but only to give her a chance of getting out. She attended group and individual therapies. Like an automaton she said the words that

the medical professionals needed to hear. She was released from the depths of darkness to a living hell. The blister came. It bubbled and burned.

Her memories were confused, mixed up and illogical. Night winds howled across her chilling ears. Once there were sounds of sirens, voices, bottles smashing, but now there was only the rattle of the paper fairies bouncing on the breeze. Marie imagined that they were alight, sparkling brightly, burning just like the searing, festering hole in her cheek.

Her aging arthritic bones shuffled slowly into the hospice. Varicose veins stained her legs and her empty eyes sank below withered layers of loose skin. The door slowly opened; she had not touched it. Robotic, miniature zoo animals swarmed the corridors. Tiny toys, remnants of a fragmented past busily lived their lives oblivious to her ear and pain. As she forced her way along the corridors using the walls to give her balance and guide her tiny lions yapped at her swollen ankles. The noise was drowned out by the smog of her brain.

Briefly she lost her footing and stumbled. Her frayed vocal calls emitted a soft gasping moan and she found her balance using the white-washed walls. Sparsely furnished room after sparsely furnished room passed her by, or she passed the rooms by. Like a struggling steam-engine she drifted forwards, sometimes she felt like she was floating and other times falling or sinking. Her own room was cluttered with miniature beasts. Obliviously she stepped over them and climbed listlessly into her bed.

The ticking of a clock beat in her mind. The sound slowed until it was a soft pulse thrumming in her head. Her eyes closed; the beasts dispersed. Feeling ebbed from her gangrenous feet and the blister on her face split into a giant hole. Her shaking fingers touched the gape, poking at the insides. The itching had stopped.

Light blasted the room, but her eyes stayed closed. She didn't need them anymore. The fairies or angels appeared and burned furiously as her face had once done. Beams thronged through her soul and cleared the smog from her mind, but then she saw new smog.

Skipping lightly over the garden wall Marie dashed across the ornamental pond towards her parents' thatched cottage. Her parents were upstairs decorating the nursery and she could hear her baby sister gurgling and intermittently crying in her crib upstairs. Marie loved her and had given her three of her favourite dolls. Hastily she rushed into the lounge whipping her jacket off, the one her mum had knitted her after their trip to the zoo. She had fallen in love with the King of the lions and there he was everyday smiling out at her from the knitted wool.

The jacket was slung as Marie wanted to rapidly change and go out to meet her friends. In an instant she had dashed to her room, changed and after a brief exchange with her loving parents belted out of the front door. For an instant she looked back to see the lounge curtains blowing in the soft breeze which had entered through a crack in the window.
Beyond the garden lay a disused railway and Marie and her friends would pretend to be train drivers or posh passengers. Once at the tracks Marie peered

briefly back at the house and the fairies caught her eyes.

An amazing bright light, glowing and raging filled her eyes. Flames tore ravenously through the building eating the curtains, clawing at the furniture and ripping through the skin of the roof. Marie froze, for a second, she could hear tortured screams, the alarm of the fire engine and glass smashing. Then there was nothing but fire, a huge, majestic ball of fire. Smoggy smoke filled up the air as the evening drew in.

The assumption was that some garment had carelessly been thrown onto the open fire causing the deaths of three members of the family.

The old woman's face burned with tears as she drew her last breath and headed towards the angelic flame.

Deathly Lovers

The Thorn and His Rose

Act One: Artistes

Overture, Part the First: Silent Killers

Therapy Session (Valkyrie)

I saw through your soul at first sight,
Soulless soul,
Hollow as mine.
Tiger's spirit; Judge, jury and executioner,
Rolled into one ball of calm fury.

Seeking me out for my own travesties,
Such is the nature of your calling.
Next on your list,
My penchant for the *Death Dramatis,* a failing,
At least to you.

Appointment made, counselling the lies,
In each word of deceit sits a truth,
I am as naked to you as you are to me.
Both eluding the authorities,
Failing to offer expected motive.

Motive is desire, nothing more,
Seekers of sanctions and retribution,
Unleashing a fury on the troubling.
We are natural born killers,
Punishing the unworthy.

You try to deny the thrill, justify with just cause,

Whereas I consume my prey in part,
Dress the rest as a side dish for all to see.
I hear your hollow words,
But I listen to the unspoken.

The recorder is switched off, the papers stowed,
I lean forward locking my eyes with yours,
'Your words are gracious mendacities. I see you.
Renowned for my discretion, speak freely,
As a sheep who addresses the silent priest.

For there is much we have in common,
Baying for the blood of the unrighteous,
Bringing justice where justice fails.
Open yourself to me, offer the truth,
And we shall seek together.'

Illusion of Similarity (Dyer-Bolique)

Eloquent corruption stirring within,
A vacant void filled with ravenous curiosity,
For I see the inhuman suit from me.
A pure manifestation of my purest desire,
The vacancy within myself screaming;
Writhing in its silent symphony of macabre lust,
Coiled in on itself with immoral delight,
Patient in its own blood rapture to come.

You, the facsimile of humanity that sits adjacent to me,
Scrutinizing my being with your own unadulterated image,
Stilled acknowledgement of your duplication of death.

My heart calm and steady in your glare,
Most people go through life devoid of what we share;

A common ground of vicious aspirations,
The purest form of balanced damnation our calling,
The dissimilar methods of no consequence.

I address the would-be beast of prey before me,
Monotones of jovial unconcern ringing out,
A gambit of normality to snare my inhuman prey.

The game commences with appropriate discord,
'A common cause does invite strange bedfellows,
Seeking what we both desire from anti-life.
The greatest form of scales to be balanced,
And always, at the end of my equity bringing hand.
Perhaps we shall both enjoy the other's company of carnage,
Soulless in its own rapture of screams.'

Seeking the demise of the unjust,
My own form circling yours,
Drawing the chaos akin to the fly,
As the normality of a spider will ensnare you.

In time...

Overture, Part the Second: Obsession's Desirous Slaves

The last Supper (Valkyrie)

Friend, associate, colleague?
The words escape me, absent from my vocabulary;
Perhaps a paired frosty soul,
Thrust into this icy existence.
Wielding a hand of God, or my adversary?

Removed from the therapeutic environment,

You sit at my table, haunted by voices;
Discourse of a split mind.
I serve tender, fine cutlets, my own recipe.
Tender, prepared, just as I prepare you.

‘Many go unnoticed, absent from my records.
Underhand, silent deviants, hiding.
Some with phobias, others with philias,
Attracted to the pain inflicted on others,
Such is life.’

I carve the pale meat, a steady hand,
Used to the blade.
‘One demon did solicit advice, secretly.
A penchant for youthful screams,
A need to watch the eye’s light extinguish.’

You dig into the flesh placed before your eyes,
Listening to me, and the dark tones of your mind.
‘Without prejudice he would prey,
A hyena or rat, scuttling in his own filth.
His grim needs growing ever more macabre.

He sat at this table, much like yourself,
But without my integrity, a gift bestowed only on you.
Medication took hold, sinking him into slumber,
From which he awoke, paralysed.
Severed spine.
Able to feel, blade perfectly placed.

Slaughtered over time, I relished his consequences,
Empathy inflicted; empathy enforced.
His sins bled from his living corpse…

And offered to you, my honoured guest…
A fine meal?’

A Manifestation of Myself (Dyer-Bolique)

The reflection of my own fiend insatiable,
The meal presented at your ravenous hand.
Darkness indeed enjoys company at its table,
The alliance in extermination makes a merry band.

The Imitation of me!
By candlelight I am served what I know it to be,
Delightful pieces of well-prepared culinary fare.
Human flesh served (and imbibed) on silver cutlery.

Our murderous innermost desires shared,
The Reflection within.
Civil conversation the second order of the day,
Course after carnivorous course delightfully consumed.

Listening carefully as details of the victim about us lay,
A difference in termination,
I wholeheartedly approve,
The mirror in characterization.

We continue with the grim and savoury feast,
All the while circling each other's hidden truths.
I understand your silently screeching beast,
As mouth after mouth, we consume your victims, tooth by tooth.

The Perfection universal,
'Your methods of disposal rough yet effective,
My own methods of vermin and swine removal not as refined.
Do share your thoughts on bodily severance.'

My own internal Serpent writhes,
Dear sweet lady, your flesh to be parted and your will be mine.

An Aesthetic Display (Valkyrie)

'To share my thoughts would be deceitful,
When I may display the prowess clear,
Enrapture your beating heart, delightful,
A living image for you my dear.'

And with those words I chain your hand in mine,
Leading you into the depths of hell.
Wooden staircase descending into my pit,
A secret room where our desires may swell.

Beyond the basement's simple hues we head,
Therein, bound, a limbless living corpse resides,
Adrenaline driven, pained yet present on a bed,
Drifting on death's impending, ever flowing tides.

'An offering to you, a gift from my cancerous heart,
I had sought an outlet for the spoils of war,
This spoil is a promise of more to come, a start,
Fear of his demise sickening beyond the limbs so sore.'

I wheel out my trolley, an array of the artist's tools,
Colourful by suggestion, sharp and shining silver shades,
'It is your time, the time of death for narcissistic fools,'
I state mockingly, hand reaches and passes the sharpened blades.

'For you my kindred star,
My lost soul drifted so far,

Take off your mask, raise your head,
And show me who you truly are.'

Overture, Part the Third: Ode to Lost Souls

The Duplicitous Duet (Dyer-Bolique)

I follow the cannibalistic Valkyrie to her subterranean sanctum.
Noticing her desire to witness my dark inclinations,
I watch as she presents her array of wicked mechanisms,
The luminous glint of cold steel inviting death's manifestation.

Blessed Valkyrie!

I glance at the being contaminated by his final moments,
Slowly pacing about the ensuing corpse; my form of amusement!
The animalistic void devouring the sight of torments,
The palatable cavern of delights welcomes my murderous movements.

My crazed Valkyrie!

The mask about my falsified self begins to slip,
My hands steady as the other takes wicked hold of me,
Soon the chosen blade within my delighted grasp,
Inching closer to he who is at his last.

Tainted Valkyrie!

The unsympathetic knife raised with steady
possession,
Its own life imbued within the swollen nether regions
of my abyss,
Hovering before the plunge of our sinister obsession,
Blood flows in currents and rivers of murk born mists.

The Adoration of my Valkyrie…Welcome!

My Dyer-Bolique (Valkyrie)

An inner smile spreads as my Dyer-Bolique strips,
Baring his true nature as a man revealing the flesh.
Such titillation, voyeurism with front row seats,
Man, and monster rolled into one; The beast before
me.

Blessed Dyer-Bolique!

Prospecting a future, prey's lamented incarceration,
Victim of your own wantonness, warmth soaks me.
As our joint fatality takes its last breath, I harvest the
offal,
Succulent for another feast.

My Crazed Dyer-Bolique!

Veritable mirrored demons at play in their lava,
As my admiration for Dyer-Bolique grows, so too does
a challenge;
To quell the screaming paranoia urging my lover to
escape,
And fuel curiosity forcing him to remain.

Tainted Dyer-Bolique!

Blazing the furnace I roast the remnants of our foe,
Food and fuel served as one, true economy,
Though economics are not required.
Ashes to ashes.

The adoration of my Dyer-Bolique waking me,
Rousing the sleeper from her archaic coma,
Blessing my crazed and tainted Dyer-Bolique.
Our union…Welcome!

Blessed Dyer-Bolique!

Leaving behind our nemesis as he warms the hearth,
Finding warmth in each other,
Suggestions flow.

My Crazed Dyer-Bolique!

'The dice has been thrown in your favour,
Find a deserving deer, let us hunt together,
Let us incorporate new methods,
And not stagnate.

Tainted Dyer-Bolique!

Justice must fit the crime, passion burned with passion,
And the victim aptly punished.
Punishment will fit the crime,
Let justice, and art, dominate.'

The adoration of my Dyer-Bolique…Welcome!

Scene One: Music to Death's Fears

A Symphony of Choice (Dyer-Bolique)

Valkyrie roars in sanguinous, silent symphony,
Symphony offering an invitation in pairing pursuit,
A pursuit and study in melodious inflicting misery,
Misery rife with possibilities in bloodied beauty to be wrought.

Our beings moving in tandem with inner desire,
Desire out to greet each other's dark incarnations,
Incarnations greeting the cleansing to commence,
Commence the next line of our scathing discourse.

The hunt shall commence with judicious observation,
Observation of prey chosen for their lack of civility,
Civility devoid in a broken society,
Society welcoming the unknown demise.

The creature in humanity's form chosen,
Chosen for its own treatment of others about it,
It leads others to a ruination without purpose,
Purposeful in its lack of the truest judgment.

A foreboding sense washes over my internal self,
Self's own melodic howl matching that of Valkyrie,
Valkyrie who will swim in the same torrents of suffering,
Suffering to be brought by our judgmental paws.

The target set,
The sacrifice found,
Our elation to come,
Our corruption soon fed.

Revelation's Rhapsody (Valkyrie)

Accessing your blemished mind, hearing your symphony,
Symphony of words desirous to bring a despot's pursuit,
Pursuit of one who leads his fallen comrades in misery,
Misery replacing the spoils of war's victory, faux militia, lead guerilla.

You, Dyer-Bolique, express yourself, a guarded desire,
Desire drifts into words depicting the major's fake incarnations,
Incarnations post absence without leave, we commence,
Commence to plot against the scourge of the country.

You speak, my Dyer-Bolique, and I make my observation,
Observation of the guarded soldier offering civility,
Civility akin to a passion, incoherent to society,
Society ailing. Our dispassionate guillotine hefty.

The target, veritable thug for hire, identified and chosen,
Chosen as deserving in an undeserving world, subject to it.
It waits beyond nonchalantly, serving its own purpose,
Purpose or pleasure, it matters not, for he has sinned.

'What method?' I query to your vicious and manipulative self,
Self that must trust, but cannot be trusted, my life given to you,
You, the only one who understands, contemplates suffering.

Suffering, and its method. I await your decision.

The target set,
The sacrifice found,
Our elation to come,
Our corruption soon fed.

The Melody of a Macabre Path (Dyer-Bolique)

Our paths ever crossed in a sinister serenade,
We have feasted at the demise of the chosen,
Demolished the lifeforce in the wake of our judgment,
Yet more is desired and specified in the call of our salacious desires.

Our paths set on the next subject of our callous chanting,
Your yin to my yang, enquires of a melodic method of dispatch,
A penalty befitting of he who has caught our tuned eye.
Techniques used in the form of new, glorious pleasures.

Our paths awaiting my form of destruction for the intended.
Blackened hues of coiled vengeance crawl through me,
Silent slithers move with malice upon my fractured psyche,
A hushed chorus of intent and soaring jubilation ring within.

Our paths soon to coalesce at my final blood driven decision,
'The intended's death to be met at our hands, fitting in my regard,

Glorious and sweet to be dealt in blissful suffering,
Swift and painful will be my gift and his final agony-induced reward.
Thanatomorphosis, to necrotize alive.'

Trust will be given.
Orchestral chimes demise,
Anguishing malady to be administered,
An intimacy in death to be gifted.

Horror's Harmony (Valkyrie)

Our paths merge, for I am an eminent member of the academic world,
An all-access pass where access is formidable and oft denied,
I acquire the malady from its cool, secured prison,
As requested, Necrotizing Fasciitis, a hungry microbe.

Our paths fuse, careful words spread across my social web entice,
Draw the fly to the spiders, tarantulas masked in etiquette. Valkyrie and Dyer-Bolique.
The major seeks out my counsel, as manipulated,
As anticipated.
For even the most ardent overlords sit in a haze of paranoia.

Our paths are one, anticipating the deadly summit,
Our bodies become one in the thunderous mists of the hunt,
Entwined and enraptured, a swirl of naked aggression.
Heat rises within us, sparse room between us, melded together.
Fury driven lust.

Our paths observe as the major comes,
‘Dyer-Bolique, my protegee, you wait…
Hide in the shadows for an opportune moment, a silence,
Then, administer the sting of slumber.’

We move the war villain. Subtly.
Awakening in the labyrinth, constrained, we inflict the noxious disease.

Trust will be taken.
Orchestral chimes demise,
Anguishing malady administered,
An intimacy in death gifted.

The Necrotizing Nocturne (Dyer-Bolique)

Within our inner subterranean sanctum our victim lies,
Without the comfort afforded a man of stature such as he.
You, my Valkyrie, look on, in stoic regard of our morbid creation.
The protagonist of our undisclosed retribution rouses in suspicion.
Pulses of uncontrollable tremor wrack the would-be leader’s bound limbs,
Beginnings of sublime blood emanate from the ocular orifices.

Within our own devoid existences, we revel in the carnage commenced.
Without the pleasure of anesthesia, the subject of our dark desires descends.

My Valkyrie continues her silent rapture as the scene continues to unfold.
The protagonist continues his exsanguination and at our murderous intent,
Pulses of fever, escalating in crimson ascent of madness inducting agony, quake,
Beginnings of the euphoric finality that lies in tortured death strike.

Within our twinned souls, our hands meet, the labors of our torment bearing fruit,
Without the unrewarding reprieve, our victim writhes in terror.
My Valkyrie trembles at the sight unfolding in a theatrical display of gore.
The protagonist increases his cries in an escalating crescendo of pain,
Pulses throb behind his eyes, giving way to the satisfactory detonation of ocular discharge.
Beginnings of the overture in suffering that rings delectable to our ears.

Suffering not yet peaked,
Satisfaction commencing,
Twin souls becoming one,
The Merging of bodily Mayhem.

The Necrotizing Narcissist (Valkyrie)

Within its cage, my heart beats, as our victim's breast reeks and splits.
Without sympathy we view our living picture, and the wounds spread.
You, my Dyer-Bolique, smirk. Lovely eyes awash with icy disdain.

The protagonist, hero in his own mind, grimaces as his lip peels,
Pulses heave on the tide of cowardice, his teeth bared through locked jaw.
Beginnings of a rare satisfaction tremble through me and call to you.

Within our souls, ecstatic spirits quell with our soiled lusts,
Without relief our prey squeals against the trappings of the organism.
You, my Dyer-Bolique, glare into the swamps of my being, fixated.
The protagonist gurgles as the invisible ants flay him alive.
Pulses rip my insides in an explosive bonding with my missing piece,
Beginnings of a mutual tsunami building within as we watch his skinned demise.

Within our chasm, predators feed prey to Beelzebub's furnace.
Without constraint, without social performance, without care,
You, my Dyer-Bolique, flay the satin cloth from my aching body,
The protagonist of MY story carries his Belle from their lair.
Pulses electrify my long-suffering form, throbbing need for you,
Beginnings of a tasteless covalence, as you fill me beyond comprehension.

Suffering peaks,
Satisfaction fulfilled,
Twin forms becoming one,

The Merging of bodily Mayhem.

Scene Two: Dance of Death

Somber Samba (Dyer-Bolique)

Rapturous bodies heave in the lust urgency of becoming one.
We were willing witnesses to the scene and grotesque masquerade,
The vision of our new unity brought to life, as life was undone.
Phantoms of the rapacious demise before our collective consciousnesses' displayed.

Satisfaction retreats in the wake of our transient beings,
New flesh to be extracted to satiate the ever-growing desires,
The next whirl of the massacred lechery also must be found and unwilling.
One pirouette at this new camaraderie stoking my own fires.

The wheel shall ever turn in favor of the choice of execution,
'You, my salacious Valkyrie shall bequeath our next target,
Your choice should be ever just in favor of the unjust expiration,
A heightened challenge to challenge our venery and testing subject.'

A new laceration in dance begins,
She will choose,
Blood driven step.

Woeful Waltz (Valkyrie)

As the sheets dampen beneath our salacious accord
you make your request,
Queen of the predators to choose the king's deserving prey.
As our bodies merge once more, minds spinning in destruction's lust,
Queen of the predators contemplates her offering.

Thoughts of our fury drive fury on,
Heated in dominance's turn,
Desperately needed,
Wanton, sated.
Pas de chat.

'The wheel shall turn against the exquisite choreographer, Jean-Pierre.
My salacious Dyer-Bolique, he is a cruel ballet master,
His choice; to use the casting couch for his own performance,
A heightened challenge to perform the arabesque, thereafter rejected.

Thoughts of the ballet master's cruelty drive on,
Heated by his heartless, fickle adagio,
Desperately, deceitfully taking,
Wanton, capricious.
Changements.

'Flexible in his gait and movement, let us test his suppleness,
Twist and bend each limb, in preparation for a celebratory meal,

A date to exceed all others in its culinary wisdom and technique,
A veritable rond de jambon.'

A new laceration in the ballet begins,
He will accept my choice,
Blood driven pirouette.

A Ravenous Rond de Jambe (Dyer-Bolique)

Our collective conscious sweetly plagued in agreement,
Her resolve at style over fleeting fatality,
Pleasant in the thoughts of the hunt,

For now, the hunt commences.
A body torn asunder,
By one's own hand,
A true Volta.

Now we attend to that which matters to the twin entity most;
The target to be laid low within the sanctity of his own surroundings,
An alpha predator in his own sovereign swan like wilderness,
To be brought to cavorting mortality at the whimsical hands of violent grace.

Now we move in separation, as one animation of bloody intent,
A target marked upon his stage. Unrequited passions!!
As if the would-be hunter awaited our call met,
A potent concoction of my own composition,
Soon to be administered during interlude.
We await his sole rendition.

Alone at last he begins his solitary turn,
Unaware of my concealed presence,
All it takes is a poisoned prick,
My angel dust purveying my spurn.

Now open to suggestion, his final dance,
For the Valkyrie approaches,
Testing his elasticity,
Stuck in the trance.

Now he contorts,
Now he suffers,
Now death comes.

The Last Tango in Entrechat (Valkyrie)

In his exquisite state I approach,
Refined in my appearance,
Delicate in my step,
Benign.

Feeding his ego, as he will feed us,
I request a demonstration,
Extreme prowess,
No limits.

His ego swells in my presence,
Angering Dyer-Bolique,
Such is your envy,
Irrefutable.

The fiend takes to the stage,
Solitary in his solo,
Exhibiting aloud,
Symphony.

Music plays at our behest,
I take the front seat,
You, shadowy twin,
Watching.

Prima Ballerina glows with pride,
As he offers his performance,
For my eyes only,
No limits.

Pliable plier, bending his back,
Etendre, his leg stretches,
Sauter et tourner,
Jump and turn.

Tempo increases, carefully chosen,
Confused in his entranced state,
Plier, etendre, sauter, tourner,
Faster and faster.

Each flex and bend pushing his limbs,
Hurtling towards the extremes,
Pain is an illusion now,
First snap.

He laughs manically as his elbow breeches.
Through the skin, bone protrudes,
He is unfazed by the crack,
My puppet.

You, shadowy soulmate, increase the volume,
Tempo gathers pace, like his twists.
Turns flex further, another elbow,
Ghastly.

Melancholic intrigue bathes me passionately,
Soaking in my Dyer-Bolique's warm glow,
Audience to our elastic prey.
Entrechat.

Entrechat, the beat of a rabid heart,
He takes flight and slams,
Tearing his knee.
Unstoppable.

Blissfully unaware, the creature pushes himself,
Down on his knees, locked in the harmony,
His back bends, further and further,
And snaps!

Music ceases, silence reverberates throughout,
A duo, and a solo artist, unwittingly broken,
We approach the stage as he lays.
Paralysis.

Our hands meet as we push the mangled being,
Head meets feet, severance of spine.
Our gloved hands lift the mess.
The meat.

Basted in honey,
Dressed in the offal of a dead man,
Garnished,
Slowly roasted.

Now his barely breathing cruelty burns,
Now he suffers,
Now he dies.

Scene Three: A Work of Art

A Portrait in Portent (Dyer-Bolique)

Our passions; ever filled by the cruel fulfilment of primitive desire.
We bask in the glory of our own intellectual sadism,
Never perennial and lasting in its fleeting solace.
A new offering upon bloodied grandeur's throne,
Presently to be proffered to you, my Valkyrie.
The individual; a martyr to my void,
A sacrifice to your wanton macabre.
To suffer in extended bliss,
Subservient to my brush.
Stoic and bound in self,
Internally tormented,
Hapless against us,
Touched on canvas.
Immortalized.

The Oil Painting's Flaws (Valkyrie)

A noble offering presented,
Captive subject to our art;
Passive sitter, dehydrated as the brushes stroke,
And we, kindred imps, design our masterpiece.

Impressed by your magnificent suggestion,
I goad you on, desiring above all else to be yours.

A noble offering presented,
My graceful body for your art,
Passive concubine surrendering to your affections,
And the splintered being breaks within my soul.

Impressed by your magnificent power,
I goad you on, at first, but your demeanor alters.

A noble offering pinned,
Captive subject to your grip,
Passive temptress, deflated by your masterful body,
And the cracks in the painting begin to show.

Terrified by your magnificent awesome domination,
I plead with you to show a merciful side.

A noble offering, I desire,
My fearful body for your art.
Passive slave to my own ravenous desires,
And the bars on my self-inflicted prison sketched.

Terrified by your ardent yearning, hungering for you,
I plead with you to offer your loyal adoration.

Sculpture in waiting (Dyer-Bolique)

'My Mistress of unlight, you command pursuit of the brutal and profane!'
Ever insipid in your own crimson distinguishability,
Clawing and demanding of my dark and tortured affections,
'I will yield to that which you desire with presiding intrigue.'

Inner-self and commanding force mold you unwittingly to my will,
Your innermost desires to be met at the graciousness of my hand.

My Mistress of the shadow wishes dark desires fulfilled,
Impulses that will be thoroughly shaped into mine.
With subtle hand and masterful stroke will you be made anew,

Painted and commemorated in the image of wretched obscurity.

The imperious nature of myself yielding, with sleight of hand,
Every wish, I shall acquiesce to your murderous intent.

'My Mistress born on the scarlet wings of hellish inclination,
You shall want for nothing…'
In accordance with my framework,
Mere clay to be shaped in accordance with my fire-fueled Hadean craft,
A beautiful and terrible image modelled on my perceived subjugation.

With your permission obtained I set forth adoration,
Ever aware of my task at hand and the surreptitious bending of your will.

My Mistress, created of a tumultuous relationship we savor and endure,
'I shall become docile in your quest for the perfect victim…'
One to be molded and statuesque in splendor,
Our love to be completed by my own bloodied artistic impression.

Carved By His Hand (Valkyrie)

Complicit in your responses, feeding me the words I long to hear…
Yet, I listen to the subtle ironies and undertones,
The microcosmic expressions that barely give you away;

Painful intentions to control and subjugate.
I sense it, I feel it, I fear it!
Yet, our shared secrets lock us in destiny's arms.

Caution creeps in, and I play the fool, or perhaps the fool plays me,
'Sister Aurora, a Godly woman in dress, but something wicked hides within,'
My dishonest words cascade from the ridge, testing you.
'Creator of murals, creator of etchings on soft skin, her murderous hubris.'
I wonder if you sense my deception.

'Artist becomes subject to our vision, stilled and starved.'
You give nothing away, lack expression. I delve deeper.
'Charitable member of our priory, answerable only to God. Or US!'
My fingers trace patterns about your neck and shoulders.
'She would come if called, assistance in the community.'

The snare is set, the seed of an idea rapidly shooting and blooming,
My grip tightens, kneading your tense flesh, my dire lover.
Needing your rigid flesh as you gasp for your own accord.
'Would she not make the perfect subject for our canvas?'
My lips brush yours as I await a stern response.

Inside I burn,

Inside I fear,
Inside I tremble,
Inside my suspicion flowers.
Is this what you desire?
Am I to be carved by your hand?

The Sanctified canvas (Dyer-Bolique)

Propositions in quarry you, my Bathory, have introduced.
Expressionless consternation the champion to silent seduction!
Tempted and moved at my prompts in the search for sanguinity,
Her manipulation giving flight to the avid inanition.

By unwavering hand, the stage of prolonged murder constructed,
My Valkyrie's suggestions heeded and brought to fruition.
In the eyes spying a consecrated building; the nun to be abducted,
Clear in thought and charged with an unholy purpose.
Driven.

I seek your proposed target,
A venerable one to be sure,
'My conscious needing redemption dear mother,
For myself and possibly on behalf of another.'
She seats me among ever forlorn pews,
Their lonely occupation, welcome news.

I convey my darkest sins upon her attentive habit,
Her wary face soon soaked in tear-stained realization,
'Dearest sister if you resist it will be problematic.'

Soon to be a mannequin in pursuit of my love's creation.

My gift to your wickedness, I so have developed,
Blissfully unaware of my own gruesome intentions.
Ignorant I am not of the innocence of the holy zealot,
I offer the woman up, uttering to you a benediction.

Exsanguination at the Easel's Alter (Valkyrie)

Strangely subdued, she surrenders to our intentions,
Minimal restraints required, posed perfectly.
Diabolical benediction spoken from her host's mouth,
Sarcasm perpetuating through every word.

Outline paint required, torniquet tightened, needle penetrates,
As the needles of your eyes penetrate my inner thoughts.
My deception unveiled.
Crimson fluid pumps into the vial, expecting the dip of my brush.

Meticulously, I produce my art, your gaze burns with each stroke.
Defining the haughtily submissive angel, I mar the canvas,
The unblemished habit forming within the scene.
Unblemished and innocent, my love letter to you.

A second vial required, coolly I fix her with my stare,
Knowing that her piety will deny me any response,
For she has faith.

Dyer-Bolique, your faith is lacking, but the potent chemistry remains,

Acid and lye, simmering, preparing for a mighty explosion.
Etching the canvas mirrors my etching of her frail skin.
The night drags on.

Her lips click with an arid thirst, but the seal remains closed.
Her hands cross on her trembling lap, the shuddering consumes.
A wasted meal, for the mutton is tough, indigestible, noxious.
My antics prove less palatable as you relish and loathe the test.

A final vial ensures closure, our masterpiece complete,
My Werther to your Goethe, despised for the truths within.
Exsanguinated and at peace, inflamed and charred,
But through the canvas her legacy lives on.

Your wrath tears through as we become one,
Uncontrollable,
Unhinged.
I fear that I may win this tournament,
But have a more insidious game at hand.

Scene Four: Cards and Wine

The Roulette of Artistic Rendition (Dyer-Bolique)

My passion spent upon the ruins of your unadorned flesh.
Eyes willfully burning in the amber conflagration of utmost rage,

Your body, the yielding witness to my emotionless onslaught,
Your destruction of that which I deemed innocent, fueling my ignition.

I had watched,
I had observed,
I circled,
I am one in vexation.

We reflected each other's morbidity,
We sang the tune of bloodied evolution,
We danced at the sight of destructive retribution,
We created from the mold of our own brutalness,
We must now complete the contest of our spiraling darkness.

You have watched,
You observed,
You circled me,
You are found wanting.

Our absence of that flavorless idea of mercy bound emotion,
Our malevolent and insatiable natures shall circle one another,
Our bodies will soon be spinning in grim unison,
Our lives cast at utter odds in the gambit for intended supremacy.

Your ire will come,
Your life now forfeit,
Your body to be broken,
Your existence ended,
Your body rendered,
Your essence revolving.

The Hand That is Dealt (Valkyrie)

The hand that is dealt, from emergence to ashes,
Unable to quell that need within, eternally alone,
Until I saw the fire in your eyes.

Wrathful fire, flames that burn with fervor and fury,
Simultaneously they spark, incinerating us constantly,
Until I saw the fear in my soul.

The hand that is dealt, from emergence to ashes,
Unable to fall without a fight, unable to submit,
Until I saw the fire in your eyes.

Wrathful vengeance intertwined with intense craving,
Simultaneously needing the kill, Struggle for control,
Until one of us drowns.

The hand that is dealt, from emergence to ashes,
Unable to relent, enforcing the arousing struggle,
Until one of us is extinguished.

Wrathful pride forces my hand, and I offer the sport,
Simultaneously unable to surrender, bloodied hands,
Until one of us is subdued.

The hand that is dealt, from emergence to ashes,
I lay my cards on the table,
To oppose the other's supremacy,
'We pick the prey of our opponent,
And the kill must go ahead.
Regardless of attachment,
Regardless of innocence,
Regardless of kinship.
The loser forfeits freedom, to the will of the other,

And the victor determines the price!'

Confident of my ability, I await his response,
And my impending sovereignty.

Hold'em Callous and Close (Dyer-Bolique)

The challenge thrown at my feet, acceptably met in delight!
The cold occupant of my blood-drenched void, screaming in silent elation;
Twin, opposing souls to deliver sweet agonies in the form of the other's plight,
Cold psyche casting its devious intent to you, my beloved's, murderous provocation.

The flop
The beginning of our macabre game,
A round preceding the expected in escalation.

The challenge, wonderous in dark anticipation of the sublime killing to come,
Gambling between polluted souls, concluding in the winner's roaring dominance.
Mind cast and ready for the deliverance of innocent lives, sorely to succumb,
Or dice soon to be cast against the other passions of our true disturbance.

The Turn
The opportunity to offer the unexpected,
A round fitting of horrendous continuation in stakes.

The challenge magnificent in completion.
Finality, bound in its termination.

What cold desires shall we reign on the other, devoid of man's consequences?
To relish the suffering in each other, soon be dealt in tones of goaded exaltation.
The deck stacked with nausea inducing repercussions.

The River
If you do indeed make it this far,
A round with all on the line, or one last trick to ruin.

Nostalgic Whist (Valkyrie)

Exhilaration flares in your own anticipation,
Unaware that I have completed a thorough investigation!
Located the weakness, identified my trump card,
And am eager to play.

Enthusiasm for the game's degradation,
Unwittingly suspecting my abject failure, poor stakes indeed!
Nostalgia, his only childhood friend, and confidante,
Succulent in his ignorance.

My hand is played, the aces polished and laid,
Only friend, aside from our strange dalliance, only friend.
Lost in time to sentimental memories, but still treasured,
Chris's chips are down.

Driver by trade, effortless to entrap in the merciless snare,
Summoned by a phone call, self-employed, others unaware.

Innocent by no means, a secret penchant for the bottle,
Accidents in the rear-view mirror.

I hand you, my beloved enemy, the number,
'The punishment must fit the crime,' I remind,
'In the wine cellar below you will find a wine press,
This must be the tool of his demise.'
I quell my urge to laugh, sweet is my revenge!

Surely Dyer-Bolique has not been so thorough,
Surely my aces have trumped his hand.

The Croupiers Vintage (Dyer-Bolique)

I stand stoic and ready,
unashamed or moved by your command.
You set your cards at play,
the demise of discerned brethren, to be mortally harmed.

I do as you instructed!
Unwavering in grotesque purpose,
Dialing up my spirited friend,
My voice highly insistent.

He arrives by car at the location given,
Reeking of apricot brandy.
I demand not to be driven,
I guide him inside to turn him into Chianti.

He stumbles at my behest,
The stairs his worst enemy,
Footing not the best,
Unaware of impending calamity.

Inquiries are introduced,
At sight of the ancient wine press,
My intended victim seduced,
Ignorant, and soon to be put to rest.

I entice him closer,
‘Dear friend of old,
Never fear of getting sober,
Wine favors the bold’.

Shuffling on to impending doom,
His bright red face,
Soon to be utterly removed,
Welcomed to its final resting place.

Where grapes are crushed,
His head peeks in,
A turn of the crank,
Murder is my mortal sin.

Slowly I churn,
His body goes numb,
For out of his ears,
Spurts the remainder of cranium.

Body convulses in surprising throes,
My dear friend Chris,
Out the press’s tap,
Your tainted blood flows.

My task now complete,
A friend extinguished,
I shall now greet,
You with your contestant.

As chunks of jellied cerebrum,

Coat my bloodied hands,
‘Dearest Valkyrie,
Give up your brotherly cherub.

For it’s the angelic Jon,
You shall terminate,
Completely sever his throat,
With crimson hues he shall be innate.

Your choice of weapon, creative must be,
A rusty instrument will work quite well,
Perhaps a farmer’s sickle,
To send the angelic boy to hell?’

Her Poker Face (Valkyrie)

You drag the pickled remains to the alter,
And carve the marinaded meat…
Without hesitation, without consideration,
Frozen in the realms of a psychopath.

Observing, an internal alarm creeps over my mind,
Tarnished by your researched request,
So alike in thought and deed that you anticipated my every move,
And forced the Blackjack into my shaking palm.

Tender slices fall from nostalgia’s thundery storm,
Bagged and stored in ice, as the remains catch fire,
‘Fuel and food,’ such hollow words from my own being.
Dyer-Bolique in name, *diabolique* in nature.

Our abode heats up furiously, fueled by your anhedonia,
Trapped like a rabbit forced between the headlights.

I acquiesce in deed, though my mind cries from its depths.
The call is made. My brother comes.

Jon, the younger cherub, in youth under my protection,
Unable to envisage any harm upon him, his big sister.
I see the child engaging me through adult eyes, pleased.
Small talk persists as YOU look on, growing ever impatient.

At length, caught in my own trap, I lead him into the abyss,
The sickle awaits, lurching on the shelves, just as Dyer-Bolique planned.

Mind's eye opens to the image of his demise,
A slit to the throat, gaping wound.
His head tips back, cries stifled,
Blood pours relentlessly,
Guilt enshrouds.

Mind's eye opens to the image of his demise,
The child, not the man, adoring,
Unable to comprehend,
Unaware of my ego,
Guilt enshrouds.

Dyer-Bolique redirects my dear brother, quick decoy,
And surreptitiously forces the sickle in my hand.
Dyer-Bolique smirks with utmost cruelty,
Aroused by owning the winning hand.

Ice flows through my veins, and steams,
Conflict causes a quivering,

Sickle drops,
'You win!'

The Fall of the House of Cards (Dyer-Bolique)

I watch on as you fail, quivering as you lament in the cruelest of tasks given,
My unholy command for the blood of your untainted brother not forthcoming!
Resolution now guides my form, smirking in shadowed ecstasy.
I retrieve your dropped farming implement with steady hand,
The sickle's hilt firm in my practiced and unforgiving palm…

Silently I move to end your undying, fraternal love,
For I grab Jon's head with a menacing grip,
His widened eyes betraying realization,
A brisk stoke, a deluge of arterial spray,
Another stroke coats you further.
The shrouded air, cerise in hue,
A third severing silky sinew,
Forth ripping cartilage,
No fifth produced,
Rapid hand tugs,
Decapitation.

Screams, cries, and a veritable cacophony of sound do greet me,
For I am victorious and ecstatic at the true joy soon coming,
'Now Mistress of Macabre, Valkyrie you are completely mine,
Subservient to my will in a game you introduced.
If fate were my ally, its smiles on favorably,

Your ensuing slavery now commencing.
The head of your brother gifted,
Booming shrieks retreating.
You whimper as broken,
Your power depleted,
A self-made victim,
Now surrenders.
My true power,
My iron will,
Your life…
Mine!'

Scene Five: The Magician's Craft

The Trickster Dyer-Bolique (Valkyrie)

The trickster Dyer-Bolique made his pledge,
Attended as my patient, faking closure,
Allowed me to see what he wanted me to see.
Scales fall from my eyes, blinded by vanity,
Arrogance's pride.

The trickster Dyer-Bolique made his pledge,
A mask of irony worn to our first supper,
Allowed me to see what he wanted me to see,
Yet guided my culinary feast, my plan anticipated.
Hubris's guide.

The trickster Dyer-Bolique made his turn,
Turning feigned paranoia into trust,
Allowed me to see what he wanted me to see.
Manipulated the hunt, but his cold heart chose me.
Desire's disdain.

The trickster Dyer-Bolique made his turn,
Fogging my mind with self-doubt and fear,

Allowed me to see what he wanted me to see.
Twisted my hand, forced the game to proceed yet still,
Chose me.

The trickster Dyer-Bolique won with prestige,
Embraced the test, for his friend he had no heed,
Allowed me to see what he wanted me to see.
Pushed my weakened limits, possession his intention,
Tricked me.

The trickster Dyer-Bolique won with prestige,
'In honor of a game won fairly and played well,
I surrender my life to my now captor's hands,
And only ask that the mercy in your heart does swell.'
A Morbid Misdirection.

The Naïve Valkyrie (Dyer-Bolique)

The Naïve Valkyrie, too confident in your haste,
Those who would be devoured by you, issued swift invite,
For you saw what I allowed you to perceive,
A repour in civility concealing a desire to deceive.
Pride's punishment,
Watch closely.

The Naïve Valkyrie, driven on by blood fueled salacity,
Preoccupation and control of those you ensnared,
For you saw what I allowed you to perceive,
Absorbed in your own hellish and brazen cravings.
Lust's lament,
Watch tentatively.

The Naïve Valkyrie, murderous movements filled by outrage,
An aspirant in righteousness and spirited vengeance,

For you saw what I allowed you to perceive,
Provoked on course for retributive and unrelenting justice.
Wrath's worthlessness,
Watch over here.

The Naïve Valkyrie, resentment of your possession's past life,
Indignant and malice compelled you to seek the self-tormented demise,
For you saw what I allowed you to perceive,
Compulsive in single minded direction, ever causing a painful decision.
Envious enmity,
Watch carefully.

The Naïve Valkyrie, a glad reprieve I shall grant you, solace and reprieve,
Your far travelled palate accustomed only to the finest,
See what you wish to see, as I want perceived,
Enjoy my succulent offerings, prepared only from the finest fare.
Gluttonous gourmand.
Are you ready?

The Naïve Valkyrie, if you chose what you should perceive,
You would no doubt be accustomed to that taste,
For within the trappings of your own larder and kitchen.
I processed the meal you consume,
Not wanting your brother Jon…
To go to waste!

The Magic of Puree Pathology (Valkyrie)

Table set for two, romantic in candlelight,
Subtly dimming your true intentions.
Flickering souls tarnished by night,
Dazed by your misdirection.

Shock sets in, and passes over me, a whisper,
Lovers speaking in hushed dusk tones.
Serving my sibling, unwelcome offer,
But a grim offering none the less.

Heaving on each mouthful, my insides taut,
Eyes pleading heartfelt with you to stop.
Lust and sadism indistinguishable,
And I serve both masters.

Pulsating inside as you watch my tears,
Always manipulating my weakness.
Relishing every mouthful forced,
Rising to my suffering.

The meal is complete, but this is initiation.
I sense that your plans run deeper.
Advantageous secrets,
Trust misplaced,
My downfall.

Gazing love and fear's cocktail into your dark eyes,
I attempt once again to gain your absent mercy,
'Dyer-Bolique, with higher hand and magic art,
You have won.
I submit to your will as you wish,
But plead that you show mercy.'

The Vicious Voila (Dyer-Bolique)

Amidst hazel light of candle luminosity,
Amongst the array of sordid creations,
Mercy entreated, but shall not be shown,
Your own predispositions seldom cloned.

You request a respite from the hand that feeds,
Always pleading the case of subservience.
But my own internal undertaking soon to fulfillment,
All I can do is endure your savory and inflictive tones.

My own metamorphosis soon upon us,
Your descent into madness vital to my cause,
The corruption of your body and mind,
A lasting gift in purification's form.

Slowly I cater to your physical needs,
Dwindling ever more at the flick of my whim,
Cautious in the shattering of your psyche,
All aiding my revelatory becoming.

Though wheelchair bound and intravenous drip aided,
My dark being nurtures your transition.
Loving and solemn, I don't say a word,
Deprivation of conversation a useful device.

Great timing upon us as I finally speak,
'My sweet dark angel in depths of sinister desire,
I removed your imperfections, unsightly, not needed.
I commenced with your febrile leg,
Voila!'

The Caged Bird's Aria (Valkyrie)

Dependent on the doting demon that enslaved me,
Crippled by your steady hand, pain thwarted,
By that which you administer cautiously,

Ensuring perpetual imprisonment.

Dyer-Bolique, you removed an unwanted lower limb,
Chaining body and soul indefinitely to your sin,
Your silent whispers mouth ‘no pain.’
Singing in my wicked steel cage.

In your sights before I knew of your shadowy existence,
Targeting your kindred spirit, only to cage her,
That was always YOUR design!

Words of surrender no longer pass my lips,
It is given wordlessly, and enforced aggressively,
Duplicitous Dyer-Bolique; protector and prison guard.

Still, you share your torture of others with me,
Still, you touch me with rapturous passion,
Driven by the thrill of my defeat.
Swollen with my suffering.

I do not speak, but I sing to appease your fervent ire,
The dulcet melody disarms your fortifications,
And I please you with my passionate tones.

Day and night merge, submission is a waiting game,
And the opportune moment arrives,
As you descend to our basement,
I try to flee.

The chair so thoughtfully given, drives forth,
Towards the unguarded portcullis,
The key is turned quietly,
Handle pulled down,
Door manipulated…

As freedom calls to the caged bird within,
Your shadow looms behind me,
Laughing, scolding.

I resign to his tones,
His tongue licking my tears,
Glowering over loss's humiliation.
'I warned you,' he whispers, 'On deaf ears it fell,
It breaks my heart to inflict this destructive, cruel hell,
But one arm will suffer your leg's degradation.
Boxed or caged with one arm, and one leg,
You shall appreciate my protection so much more,
Without further ado, I shall operate on you,
Then love you, so you will leave me nevermore.'

As freedom is denied to the caged bird within,
Your shadow constructs my all,
And as you steer me astray,
I hear the stagehand cry,
'Time for curtain fall!'

Intermission: Mutual Dreams

Mutual Dreams I

Lady Valkyrie, exiled to Hyperborea from an unforgiving world,
Sits in the remnants of a huge palace.
Empty and desolate,
Only her maid in waiting to speak to.
Tapestries, weaved by her own hand hang on the stone walls,
Sparse gothic furnishings echo the vacuum within her own heart.

She is not able for sewing, nor for crafting her poetry.

Her senses, her sub-consciousness,
Her entire being seems to preoccupy the mind.
A voice she cannot place,
Or a face she cannot quite remember emerges,
Haunts her waking nightmares.

She almost anticipates his arrival as if he speaks to her from afar.
Valkyrie wonders at the fairy-tale her mind creates,
Consequence of eternal isolation.
Eternity, such a lonely, barren landscape.
She retires to her chamber,
Palatial gothic suite; mahogany four poster bed and chaise-longue.

An eloquent balcony sealed by two great glass doors create a mirror to the world.
Drapes and linen match the wall hangings, almost glowing by candlelight with a deep scarlet hue.
Valkyrie unlaces her bodice,
The heavy dress to fall to the floor.
An accentuating ivory laced shift hangs loose about her barely covered breasts.

The reverie comes again, as does an unprecedented wave of heat.
She fans herself and opens the glass doors as if willed and entranced by an external ideal.
He haunts her,
The idea of him,
A strange comfort within,
Little regard for its meaning.

Almost forlorn, and with heavy eyes she extinguishes the candles.

Only the light of the moon casts a shadowy illumination about the room.
She lays on her bed, hands backed onto her pillow with a suggestion of submission.
Fingers drop to her chest, pull the laces open and rips the crucifix from her throat.
The voice is stronger now, his will determined to be obeyed.
She lays back and waits, comforted by his impending arrival.

He watches…

Dyer-Bolique slowly continues his stalk,
The cool night air matching the exanimate blood within his veins.
His timeless pursuit of darkest desires nearing their own sensuous and cruel fruition.
Forever driving his will within her own thoughts,
The sweet seduction.
He Waits.

The Casement of glass, willed open at the expectation of his arrival,
A grim manipulation in his timeless art of enticing corruption.
He finds himself perched upon them, as if beast and exquisite night were one.
Gazing upon the creature before his time-worn eyes.
Eyes that have witnessed wonders,
Soaked up the atrocities of their master's hands,
Imbibing the serenity of beauty within his grasp.

What pleasures,
What pain,
What bliss,

What sorrow,
What satisfaction.

What iniquitous love awaits him?
He moves,
One delicately clawed hand gliding up the window's frame,
Gently caressing the woodwork as if manipulating the lady's throat.

A gentle manoeuvre of his own body into the waiting room. No sound given.
A spectre of mist gliding upon the floor,
Guided by isolated pining and ardour driven thirst of an entity born of solitude.

Brooding in wicked fascination as he absorbs her presence,
There is darkness in life, and there is light,
You are the light of all lights.
He draws closer still,
His touch,
A taloned hand reaching out drawing upon his prone prey.

His fascination,
His desire,
His chance of loving redemption.

A gentle brush against a wanting throat, fingertips obsessing over flesh and the flow of contents within.

A light skim of lips trailing,
His seduction complete.

The absolute determination of Dyer-Bolique,

His quest for the purest intimacy of life, love, and living pursuits, all but consume him.
As he will soon consume.

Sorrowful and rejoicing whispers shared upon the touch of his mouth against bare flesh,
Her fingertips caress the creature's hair,
Waiting, anticipating, offering herself freely to his desires.

An overwhelming sense of tragedy washes over Valkyrie as she lays in Dyer-Bolique's haunting embrace.
A life half-lived, devoid of its fullness in the subconscious absence of the missing piece of her soul.
Mistake after devastating mistake.
Longing that burned within as if the universe had deprived her of her true heart.
Her legs gracefully dance about his body, clasping around his back and drawing his being into her.
Becoming whole,
Becoming one.

Destined to find each other though the forlorn wait proved agonising,
As does the thought of ever losing him again, that familiar stranger.
She could not suffer death to rip them apart, more unbearable waiting.
She matches his cool kisses with an unprecedented ardour,
A desperate passion born from years of hollow aching.

Her hand grasps his arm in a wanton surrender, submitting to his will.

Offering her body and soul to his passions and pleasures, no matter how deviant.
Her mind bizarrely linked to his, she pulls down her shift exposing her throat to him,
Succumbing to that painfully exquisite longing.
Intimate intrusion,
Dyer-Bolique's aspiring seduction and dark fulfilment within her hand.
Her touch, excruciating in its elegance.
The reminder of an existence wrought of secluded love,
A memory of past longing, insatiable as her limbs entwine his enraptured being.

A heart, once occupied by the sweetest surrender of unwanted conquests,
Finally entranced in purest devotion to the creature below.
His form suspends its beat and wanting advance.
His body stills....

Hesitating, careful to pursue this ancient obsession with cautious mercy.
To never succumb to his natural iniquitous and corrupt nature.
To cherish the beauty within her touch....and the forgotten feeling of life within his own.

His once empty soul, soon to be filled, reels against dark temptation of sanguineous craving,
Of insatiable and salacious appetite,
Torment of Taste.

Her neck and body, writhing yet prone,
The willing sacrifice before him,

Her smooth and unblemished skin only broken by the course and pulsation;
That which lies beneath its sensuous surface.
A temptation driving his florid eyes mad,
The opportunity of taste, of obtaining her completely.

His lamented lips move over her exposed flesh, savouring the unison to come.

His insentient tongue, gently caressing the exposed throat,
Assimilating a life into his own abominable existence.

His perished fangs descend,
Valkyrie gasps in a climactic release as he buries his weapons deep within her being.
Her eyes grow heavy to his seduction and her body relaxes at his exquisitely painful touch.

Mutual Dreams II

The sands of time pass slowly, moments drenching the hourglass of destiny.
Valkyrie glances furtively to her beckoning window,
Her hands caressing an angelic yet marred throat, awaiting the demon's lusty return.
Self-sacrificing and subdued,
Her desirous visitor does not appear.

She strips and adorns a crimson shift,
Her senses chant his most beloved hue, and she stands before the ornate mirror,
Gazing at her mortal form.
A haze washes over her, longing for his touch,
Swirls into a glassy, alluring mist.

His gloved hand reaches through the opened, secret door,
Reaches for her in that dreamy trance.
Her eyelids grow heavy as, mesmerised, she accepts his offering,
Surrenders to his grasp.
Seamlessly, she drifts through the looking glass into an ancient corridor,
Beyond the known avenues of the palace.

Disembodied arms venture through the walls,
Illuminate her passage with bended candlelight.
The masked Dyer-Bolique leads her onwards, down into the dungeon of his world…
Into the imprisoned labyrinth of her mind.
Down winding steps until he provides safe carriage on horseback.
Deeper they travel until the scant current of an underground lake swamps its blemished shores.

He lifts her from steed to gondola,
Placing his most prized possession at the helm as he punts through the caverns.

At length they disembark,
He guides her on with the swift and steady sweep of his cloaked arms.
Arched, oak doors greet them,
Deftly he places a laced mask over her besotted eyes,
The doors swing open revealing a hall of splendour drown in music,
Filled with masked lovers, adorned in a harlequin of colour.

Dyer-Bolique links his arm through hers,

Sweeps her into the spectacle, gliding before the mirror clad walls.
Lifting her,
Turning her,
All the while his lips brushing hers and his teeth grazing and teasing her throat.
Her heart pounds at his powerful touch.
The journey achingly swift.

The Dance commences, the Molino Macabre.
His own face, a masked profile of silken porcelain, obscuring the obsidian soul within.
A twist within his gloved palm, sequestering her body into the desired motion,
He who stands on one leg and his prize of mind and earthly flesh, pirouetting about him.
A subtle display of possession, an exhibit of dominance,
Of shattered will and the reconstruction therein.

Her mortal manifestation gliding upon the sleek marble floors,
Hesitant to leave his enraptured touch, finds herself-
In solitary step.
The Hall empty, void of the array of colours, of lovers, and the eerie tones of lost music.
Absent of her sanguineness apparition;
Her caller, her phantom.
She glances in trepidation about the candle lit gloom of the lonesome ball room.
Her compulsive-desire for her nameless sovereign building inside her shrouded mind.
Fervour seizes her body in longing anticipation,
A draft of iced melancholy following its rapturous wake...

Succumbing to the anguish of abject emptiness, she falls dejectedly,
Tiles greet her forlorn form with the cold incandescence of unfulfilled promises and light...
Despondent,
Sorrowful,
Abandoned.
The candles fade,
The darkness ensues,
The Volta begins.

The despondency of neglect gentle brushed aside,
As a whisper of touch deftly initiates its own dance upon the nape of her neck.
Growing in delicate expediency,
The mist of touch evolving
Gentle, yet taloned and wraith like claws.
Claws gracefully admiring her exposed flesh,
Flickering over the previous point of blood driven penetration.
Instinctively she turns in expectancy,
Wishing the face of her lord, her love, to occupy her eyes...
Alas, it is not forthcoming.

Before her head collapses once more into detection,
The room blazes again with an amber luminosity!
Shadows that had fought to instil a veil of sadness are driven back.
The empty space begins to hum with the best of savage music,
Rising to an explosive crescendo!

The tune peaks at its zenith,
Valkyrie's body is thrust upon its own feet,

Her arms guided by unseen yet, spectral hands,
Manipulating her into a promenade of sweeping motion.
She swirls across the newly glistening floor,
Caressing hands stroke the curves and contours of the lady's aching sensual being,
Ever returning to the neck,
The invisible apparition takes form.
The mists and hands of the revenant gradually materialise.

Her body is once again spun,
Guided by desire,
She halts and faces the crimson tainted eyes of her Phantom,
Eyes that greet hers,
absorbing every inch of her being,
Consuming thought and time.
Arms seize the small of her supple back,
Draw her wanton mortality towards his manifesting and undead shape.
Seemingly becoming one entity, as the hall is suddenly filled with carnivalesque gyrations,
Returning lovers.
Masked.
Present.
Absorbed.

Valkyrie and Dyer-Bolique's bodies entwine,
A haunted and fiendish matrimony,
Together they rise;
Transient,
Unapproachable,
Unattainable.
Casting his mind, and passions, into hers,

'Rabidly, my mind beats against yours, and your soul succumbs.'

They float, drop, sweetly elated.
His lips cascade across her throat, her neck, inviting his second penetration...

Locked in his possessive arms, Valkyrie sways,
Her mind mesmerised by the influence of her unwittingly sought and accepted master,
His power emits a quiver of fear, an earthquake of desire through her very soul.
Willingly she would give herself to him in an instant,
A sacrifice to his wanton carnality.
She offers her throat, but he does not acquiesce.
Refuses to surrender control,
He has dominion and will yield to nothing,
For that is her destiny.
He pulls her closer, his chest pressing against her heaving breasts,
Her body betraying her at every touch.
A complex and contrasting array of feelings,
Lust that knows no bounds.

Self-sacrifice is her eternal gift to him.
She folds her arm about his neck, running her fingertips through his hair,
Ever pleading through her gaze for him to take her in every way.
Each moment unrequited a painful demonstration of his hold over her,
His ability to deny her his hunger; a veritable hell.
She wishes the others away, wishes that only the two of them existed,
He hears her thoughts.
Her eyes grow heavy, and close as if instructed.

When she finally opens them, they are alone.

Vaguely she remembers being lifted, carried in his arms,
She lays once again in his passionate arms,
Her breathing quickens,
Her body wraps about him,
Moves against him,
Driven by ardent longing,
Infatuated obsession, one that defies time and space.
Longing, once again, to be his.

Her body...his,
Her mind ...rapt,
Her will...given,
Her desires...conceded,
Her soul...HIS!

His hands slowly dance about her wanton flesh,
Absorbed with the longing of ancient hunger.
His feral eyes, cloud in sanguineous tinges and flecks;
Absorb the creature below him, devouring her essence in vampiric delight.
The bodies join,
Words of timeless love spoken upon sealed lips,
An understanding of each other's desires obtained via savage touch and lust.
Her body and his, intertwined in the rapture of impulse,
The ivory and silken sheets, a symbol of purity, a.
Their beings occupy the air about them, meeting each other's desires in undulating fervour.
The silken bed linens soon depart,
Valkyrie and Dyer-Bolique succumb to the laws of physics,
Reunite with the berth from whence they rose.

The world of mortal man offers no jurisdiction for the united pair,
Bodies one,
Flesh merged,
Lips fed,
Souls amalgamated,
Passion fuelled,
Climax approaches…

Fangs……bared!

Valkyrie tilts her head back and raises her slender throat in anticipation,
Willing him to love her,
To offer her life and death, satisfaction, and pain,
All quelled with one single moment of penetration.
She waits, anticipating…

Mutual Dreams III

Subduing his prey,
Her desire temporarily unquenched, the painful ache within unsated,
Their bodies drift, intertwined.
His feet force hers apart,
Her knees press into his hips, tense with another pressing urgency.
Desires combine.
Eager to feel his body dually lancing hers,
Desperate to offer him an explosive satisfaction only akin to her own heightened response,
She surrenders and sacrifices herself willingly to the viper's phallic touch.

In one swift move he ensures that their bodies are one.
The heat of his volcanic girth swells further,
Fires of sensual friction and tension burn within.
She runs her feet gently up his calves,
Beyond his thighs,
Encourages further his body's stealthy, knowledgeable gait.
Parallel desires consume the flaming desperation within.
Her waist tenses with each pleasurable electric thrust,
She pleads for more.
Eyes and minds meet,
Softly imploring for tender caresses that deep bite.

Desperate to feed him from her life's fluid whilst he imparts his.
Cries out for the brush of immortality's sweet kiss,
As he fills her with streaming desire,
And then to feed from his elegantly toxic veins.
Eager to please,
Eager to give herself utterly unto him for eternity.
He senses her self-sacrifice.
One question escapes her ripened lips,
'Pain?'
She shows no fear,
She shows no aversion,
She shows no dread of sensation.

Wanton infatuation embraces all that he is,
Slowing his strokes, he looks deeply into the soul of his prey...
Their beings entwined, passions met but dually unspent,
The world of living man, a mere fleeting memory of mortality,

Dwindling in the face and conflagration of passion.
The cessation of life within his insistent form,
Betrayed by its own motions of desire.
Edging and denying her ultimate release.
Pleas and yearning fall upon a being once driven by love...
A love that devoured him in its ancient removal,
Recasting his soul and entity anew.

Her hands and his now entwine as the next step of their culmination arises...
Two separate beings destroyed in the presence,
Devotion and rapture...
Soon to be born anew!

Motion set upon fire, his masterful manoeuvring,
Complimented by her own supple form,
Her pulse of sanguineous life,
Craving lips about her,
Imbibing beauty.
Impending sacrifice upon the approaching pinnacle of unity.

The force of pelvic intoxication recedes,
'No Pain. Only a life and love of but a dream.'
His words galvanize the pair, rejuvenation of unsanctified unity,
Ravenous in each other's touch and unholy feel,
Bodies writhing, advancing to needed release.
His single penetration pulsating towards the exanimate explosion so desired,
Their bodies merge,
Darkly glorious salacious want,
Moving furiously in desire.

His pinnacle rises, his sinister seed exploding...

His second penetration imminent,
Fangs drawn,
Her neck pierced,
His ungodly offering gifted.
Her climax absorbed by his experience,
Her life force pulled into his death,
Her blood savoured as ambrosia unto the thirst driven,
Condemned occupants of deserted hells.

Leaning back from his conquest, his taloned hands draw upon her sweat beaded cheeks.
'Drink!' He commands…

In a serpent's flash, Dyer-Bolique slices his flesh,
Deeply parting skin from undead skin upon his chest.
His other hand cups Valkyrie's chin,
Draws her to him.
Hunger swells on her lips,
She submits to his will,
He forces her mouth to his breast,
She licks the blood,
Eyes gazing up at him with an infuriated ferocity.
Lust hangs heavily in the air,
Sordid, insatiable attraction pulses furiously about them.

Love guided through obsession,
A death like possession,
Oceans of torrential release.

His macabre wielding hand,
Guiding her desirous lust,
Controlling her,
Owning her.

His eternal possession.

Act Two: A Monstrous Tapestry

Scene One: Vrykolakos

A Monstrous Tapestry (Valkyrie)

We darken our table once more,
A sombre requiem lament within,
Threnody for my wings so cruelly clipped.
Human liver between teeth,
As I seek remedy.

Fear resides elsewhere, I am bold,
Confidant in the love my cold heart still holds.
An alien situation for most, confidence exasperates.
Human kidney on tongue,
As I suggest remedy.

'Our tapestry is woven, our story now spun,
Yet the narrative is crying, seeking pastures new,
A monstrous genre befitting, lives taken just as before,
Each death reflecting a sub-genre of horror,
Enticing great, masterful gore.'

Feeding into your swelling ego,
And hardened, ostentatious pride,
I observe as the concept surges into design.
Your tongue between lips,
As you reflect remedy.

Feigning truth-marred submission,
I encourage your darkness to emerge,
And as your lips release mine the story begins.

Your thoughts between mine,
As we reflect remedy,
A new dalliance does begin.

Hellion Intrigue (Dyer-Bolique)

‘You cater to my darkest inclinations,
Proud and thoughtful in unholy intent.
Perhaps sinful lust serves ferocity's menace?

A different course of action may pay penance,
Exsanguination disguised as vampiric essence spent?
You cater to my darkest inclinations.

Perhaps united by nature’s electrical divinations,
Powered by sky’s spectre and bodily dismemberment,
Force of mother earth could birth a hulking menace!?

You forget memory’s soul and blade’s consensus,
Upon savagery’s beauty and steel's resentment.
You cater to my darkest inclinations.

Thoughts of loved ones renewed from hell's nations,
Once more given licence to occupy living continents.
Devouring our victim’s flesh with relish and menace.

The undertaking proposed utterly tremendous,
my appetite is aflame, our becoming truly
transcendent!
You cater to my darkest inclinations, however…
Where to begin this burgeoning menace?’

Feeding His Ego (Valkyrie)

‘You feed from me within my dreams,
Notions of a Wallachian Count penetrating,

Moving on to more malevolent themes,
A thirst derived from fangs exsanguinating.'

Your lusty eyes lock on my shell, so hollow,
'Underground groups seek online for domination,
A vampiric master to feed, worship and follow,
Mausoleum bound, grant her exsanguination,
And let her, in her own desire, wallow.'

Alluring offering, sacrifice to your fallen whim,
I continue my discourse, the penitent's flow,
'To penetrate adorn a sharpened, bladed ring.'
Feeding your ego, I watch your skin glow.

So, it is set, the upcoming scene,
And my body is safe from his ego supreme.

Dragons Tithe (Dyer-bolique)

An Acolyte's tithe, throat teeming, and hands bound tight,
Within this holy and sanctified crypt, sacrificial.
The wanton sow brimming with savoury's delight,
For within my thirst's potentiality, we feast on her tonight!

'A consort's tribute received with resurging adoration!
For such sweet suffering could be painted on a blank canvas!
Durations of which are relevant to her last view and exsanguination!
It continues the struggle's upturned pendulum, true pirouettes of relevance!
You have done well this night, my flight aberration!'

With inspired license I commence my artistic homage,

Drawing swift and deep of this writing aesthetic,
Revelling in the gaze of veracity's haemorrhaging carnage,
Simpering quells, resistance deemed most pathetic.
My chalice is full, lifeforce of the oblation, my arty theatrics.

'Join me hence, my half-dismembered plaything,
Sup of her essence and join me in the banquet!
Absorb a creature's life, hasten the deadening,
Abound in my mercy of Nosferatu's dragon, my becoming!'

A Vampiric Tribute

A nightmarish canvas is flayed before me,
Her responses swift to my lover's desire,
Preparing to sate blood and fantasy's dichotomy,
She falls into the bonds of my unrepentant Dyer.

Tarpaulin shackled and dragged to the tomb,
She struggles and kicks like a rabid dog,
Chained and tormented under death's loom,
Confused she twists and dances in the smog.

You draw from her suffering a wanton mirth,
You draw from your ring a talon like shank,
You draw from her throat her life force's worth,
You draw from my essence an evil so rank.

We feed on the outpour of crimson's warm spice,
We feed on desire's engorging, thrumming flow,
We feed on my terror of your tyrannical ice,
We feed on your adoration of my submission's glow.

The Void's Desire (Dyer-Bolique)

I draw on the intoxication and arousal, tempted by oblivion,
My darkened Self swells, merging with the possibilities of forever.
Your body, my temple of indulgence and brazen passion,
Our unity ordained by the baptism and blood born of purpose's Nether.

My desires soon met, your body displayed upon an altar of forever,
Your submittance complete, content to accept the ferocity of my passion.
Our minds fixate upon lust's savage form, absolute as souls entwine in disastrous nether,
My dominance of my lady's entity nearing its most pure form of oblivion.

Your supple and damaged physique, receives my rewards of violent passion,
Our dance macabre endures, the desires of flesh spawned of evil and nether.
My martyrdom of your faux innocence continues its ascent to obtain oblivion.
I segmented your limbs once, a culling to serve only my rancid ardour forever.

We have begun the newest discovery of flesh.
We have endured the climax of twinning passion.
We have seen the void and revelled in its eternity.
Oblivion,
Forever,
Passion,
The Nether.

Lasciviousness (Valkyrie)

My body betrays me as I succumb to carnality,
Your touch renders all hope futile, oozing sensuality,
Driving into me, drenched with turgid salaciousness,
I surrender entirely to viciously intrusive
licentiousness.

Tongue and hands accompany your lecherous
symphony,
A masterpiece sordid with blood tarnished melody,
Ever meeting my lips through passion's rhapsody,
Until I can no longer thwart the inevitable crescendo's
entropy.

I am your Venus de Milo, sculpted living art,
Prize possession to own and survey,
But my mind remains stealthy, not so my heart,
As its shadow still wishes to obey.

As we lay naked, imbibing stale residue,
I make my plea to his ear,
Prosthetics to give further loving to you,
My hand continues to flatter his gear.

Scene Two: FrankenKyrie

Galvanization (Dyer-bolique)

'Subjugation of your body and soul,
Welcomed with gracious heart, at the hands of my
carnal desire.
Your will dully accepted in delight, with gratitude's
regard, and absence of mind.
New limbs I shall impart, via force of nature, and
calculated dementia,

You shall be articulated this night.

‘Oh, a missing right leg, left as stigmatized stump,
grinning with keloid’s mirth,
Soon repaired by swift scalpel stroke, and mechanics
of a Winchester’s girth.
What’s that you say? A missing arm, once severed at
my behest.
Yes, it was discarded,
In the larder breaded and barded.
I ate it with feverish pickled herring and beer!
Have no fear, the doctor is here!

‘As night approaches, and lightening encroaches, you
will be made kind of whole tonight.
So, sit back, enjoy it!
Don’t plead or attempt to spoil it,
This won’t sting a bit.
Your scars were ridden,
Your body to do as bidden.
As the moon hides its light,
Galvanization is coming,
Victor, I am becoming,
As the electric storm wields its might!’

Valkyrie Unbound (Valkyrie)

Flow of morphia abates, and the unbound does stand,
First time for a stranger, born callously to a new land.
Before the mirror I stretch, and absorb my new form,
A creature so profound that the vultures do swarm.

Sabbatical taken, but a new course this does warrant,
Reluctantly I scribe tales of immediate resignation,
Further surrendering your bleak will abhorrent,
A smug smirk and you post without hesitation.

Broken, monstrous psyche, driven to decisions naïve,
Broken, monstrous body, reflecting my spirit's frayed weave.

Flow of morphia abates, and I take my clumsy stride,
Each stumble, forfeiture. Each fall, you defeat me,
My only Shangri-La: In your shadow I hide.
Perseverance, a necessity.

Broken, monstrous psyche, driven to the next liquidation,
Broken, monstrous body, reflecting new skill of extermination.

Your possession,
Your creature,
Your plaything,
Your weapon.

Creature and Flame (Dyer-Bolique)

Destruction and Rebirth, a song rendering Death's domineering canter still.
Eternity that once was my arena, crumbles in the wake of unsanctified design.
Abjections within purgatory fail on the majesty of my work's symphony and skill.
Terrified, the cries of mortality that diminish against my ascending crescendo divine.
Humbled shall be the hosts of heaven, and the dregs the of lowly hells by your will!

Beauty is now in the guise of your hybrid body,
shaped on purity of flesh and machination.

Elation of your humanoid limbs, amalgamated rifle as both crutch and replacement leg.
Cleaved arm now restored to glory; its whispered venom shall dispense my unholy creation.
Omnipotence resides within your cry, silently calling to be allowed to feed, pity shall beg.
Mercy shall not cast its dice, justice will not intercede, non-spared our indignation.
Integrity destroyed against the fervour of your Urumi appendage.
Neither innocence nor temperance safe from my degradation.
'Go now child, dispatch my FLAME!'

Legacy's Lash (Valkyrie)

Amid life's errant metamorphosis, I extend my lash,
Practising the bladed whip's gait, I distend my lash.

You watch, titivated, and stirred, by your warrior,
Wedged stance and motivated, you commend my lash.

Behind my bright eyes I plot your gruesome downfall,
All you witness is an artist's kata, as I tend my lash.

Distracting you, my primary task, misdirected magician,
My intentions impervious, as I comprehend my lash.

Fidelity offered and devotion bequeathed, I ascend,
Depending on you as you fend for me, I transcend my lash.

Petrarchan Parade (Dyer-Bolique)

Your transformation astonishes before my eyes,

For fealty's hand given, and now dotingly accepted,
I cannot conceive that I may truly ever regret it.
For how could I know that you are plotting my demise?
With sleight of hand, conniving glances, a rivalry soon reprised.
Such are things, cast as fog against sun, easily forgotten,
I have a gift for thee, my love once misbegotten.
A carnival of captured souls, ready for their demise!

For they once resided amongst the hollows of our domain,
Dishevelled and imploring our consideration and charity,
I parade them now, in front of you, waiting as lambs to be slain.
Raise up your armoured and loaded leg, dispatch with impunity's bane,
Dispense your ammunition, present your decimation, destroy society.
Become My Phoenix, imbued with the shared wickedness profane!

Scene Three: Dead Alive

Ode to the Living Dead (Valkyrie Kerry)

'Dyer-Bolique, as dire as you are,
Cursed streets offer something far worse,
Vacant minds, absorbing smoked plants and wine,
Menacing, intolerant curse.'

You heed my meaning, agree with my terms,
Prepare me to fight, in the bleakest night,
Load my limb's weapon, to crush the dirt worms,

Lash and Winchester to take flight.

To town we travel, after dark rabble,
Dissident ills, unified mind,
Packs travel shady, lonely back allies,
We circle prey, stalking behind.

Once entrenched in their hole with no way out,
The undead-alive wrestle and shout,
No one comes near, caught in their fear,
Offering us a safe route.

'Dyer-Bolique, as dire as you are,
Put the fear of hell in these stiffs,
Vacant souls we must cleanse in fire,
Before they have time to put out their spliffs.'

Putrid Pantomime (Dyer-Bolique)

'Come one! Come all! Speak to me of other things!
Within this alley, kindly don't dilly dalley, see what Dyer-Bolique Brings!
Notice my coat, observe my hat, pondering on my offerings.
Within my whim, step on in, attend my theatre frightening!'

I turn to my torturous dove, 'Dispense your love, fools are gathering!
The living undead, through plenty of dread, wondering at my blatherings.
In awe they are, in stupor they seem, rapt in my entertainment and ramblings.
Easily grifted, my introduction gifted, as ring master and captivating King!

Dispatch my will, don't spare any thrill, make the carnage dazzling!
For in my eye, I shall spy, the demise of the zombified younglings.
Please don't hurry, I shall enjoy them scurry as searing whips rends limb and sings.
I shall watch, form vantage aloft, a fire escape and savour savagery's sting!'

Carnival of Ghouls (Valkyrie)

Perplexed by the spectacle frightening,
The dreary masses experience enlightening,
Punishment for lives spent crying, self- entitling,
I step forth from the shadows with sharp senses heightening.

'Roll up, roll up,' my carnivalesque display to appease,
Your dreadful need for expressionistic debauchery,
Moonlit shimmers on leg's rifle's savagery,
Cowering minions losing their bravery.

'Come see the man-made, human spectacle,
Form of woman fused with machine so delectable,'
With triumph in gait, so as not to displease,
I raise my leg to the art, so collectible.

Huddling in, panic awry,
My errant gaze catches up with your black, refined eye.
One move swift, the first round released,
A handful of ghouls join the deceased.

Greying concrete painted with crimson fuel,
Forces mice to run from the hawk,
Showtime for my body's renewal,

My prey I start to stalk.

Lash of whip strikes,
Twitching bodies fall,
As if recently interred.
Lash of whip strikes,
Tearing flesh from the ghouls,
And breaking up the putrid herd.

Culling rife, for you to see,
Another blazing round,
Projectiles and whip,
Rocket from me,
Foxes to the hound.

Inhuman humanity,
Pouring debris,
Intestines and blood hand in hand.
Inhuman humanity,
Little is left of me,
As my destiny is carved in the sand.

Marauding Macabre (Dyer-Bolique)

The song rings out, a sweet melody of violence laced with the unforgiving butchery.
Steel whistling throughout out the rank alleyway air, shots matching the butchery.

Your strikes pure, my sight obscured, as crimson smog clouds the atmosphere.
For I, the audience of one, applaud the spectacle macabre, revelling in butchery.

As scene and curtain fall, my mind grows complacent at episodic monotony.

I desire a new journey, a fresh course, avant-garde
introducing butchery.

Remembrance of days past, seared ever in mind's eye,
as branded upon living skin.
Of a frenzied scream, your demented laugh, lost
limbs, once welcoming my butchery.

Time is fleeting as reality rebounds; some have
escaped the purposeful culling.
With claw of hand and tearing human dentition, I
complete the marauding butchery.

An Ominous Observation (Valkyrie)

Wild beast, rampant and voracious,
I observe as you storm through the debris.
Feasting with fang and claw,
Identifying a fatalistic flaw,
A plan hatches for this bird to be set free.

Time imperative, trust regained,
For the strategy to be realised,
I hide the tears for I know with certainty,
That a sorrowful consequence is our mutual demise.

Sleight of hand required,
Horror movies must inspire,
Brainstorming the tropes,
Mind filled with hopes,
For success to duly transpire.

Inspiration calls, in night's interim,
To sew together the colourful dead,
Stacked into the van,
Another ghastly plan,

A mural spread over the forest's dirt bed.

Compulsion of Flesh, Enslavement of Desire
(Dyer-Bolique)

Night had wrought bloody adventure,
Indulged on enduring sight,
Tangible desires satiated,
Intangible impulses,
Created.

Additional thought was needed to sate lechery's rising tides,
A maelstrom's hand, coldly clenches me,
Accompanied by the Vortices of want,
An inadequate nourishment vexes,
Its promise of unfulfillment,
Compounds the need.
What is happening?
When shall it feed?
How to be free?

Lascivious offerings shall soon scream their benefaction,
Delight in form, sweet in taste, the ardour attractive,
New afflictions of flesh ignited,
Your sweet body duly invited,
Subservient to my will,
You accept my flesh.
No remorse in taste,
Our bodies peaking,
Climax reunited.

Scene Four: Slasher Slayings

A Notion That Slays (Valkyrie Kerry)

A climax permeated with crimson cognizance,
Welted marks from your teeth exquisitely endured,
Our bodies one, sordid notions of pain abound.

My head rests on you in the aftermath,
Romantic notions of the macabre dominate discourse,
Suggestions of a well-trodden path.

'Let us consummate our desires on vacation,
By the lake sits an unofficial campsite,
The lecherous deceitfully attend, sexual elation,
And drinking their spirits to hell in the night.'

I run my hands over bare flesh, as your lips kiss me;
Cheek, throat, face and head.
My words cease in your amorous stifle,
And then I am passionately spread.

As your passion abates,
My thoughts I do relate,
On fuelling your brutal, destructive guile.

'Techniques are known to be vast,
A plethora of tools used to smite,
Although the methods do not last,
There are plenty more victims in sight.'

Portentous Pickings (Dyer-Bolique)

Eventide's contrast to the world of day inevitable,
A setting as stereotypical as winter's baneful winds.
Woodlands masking the truest menace of death perpetual.
Serenity of the unmasked wild, forestry hiding the eventual.

The current flock, born for the sole purpose of our slaughter.
An abundance of fare; boyfriend, girlfriend, son and daughter.
Enquiries trouble, a conundrum of sinister delight.
Who shall it be? And how will they depart tonight?

Behind door number one, the typical frolicking pair.
Out for a lake born tryst, in the lake not even a care.
Shall we stealthily accost them as they rise from the depths.
Harpoons to share, between youth's beating breasts.

Behold, behind door number two, just one cabin down.
Within its sweet depths, the lonely lady, and the camp clown.
A method of disposal begs further scrutiny and greater examination.
Perhaps ensnare and gradually introduce lurid exsanguination.

But these are all frivolities to yourself and, the exhilarated me.
For what truly electrifies, is behind the colourful door number three.
The prim; the proper, self-assured, strong, independent, and astute.
If this were a script? That would be the potential survivor!
How ordinary and simplistically cute!

Veil of night is calling that individual's name, as Hollywood is so far away.

For reality has arrived in the shape of human suit wearing wolves today.
I recommend securing a handshake, draw in their confidence, make it swell.
And when they are not looking, decapitate with shovel, disembowel, and beat with a trowel.

Cirque de la Lune (Valkyrie)

Dyer-Bolique, your humour astounds me,
Words so bold and yet painfully dry,
Though I am not so deceived,
But I am intrigued,
And longing to make that clown cry.

We wait beneath the canopy of the trees,
Morose, hideously masked, noxious.

We wait for the inevitable, mismatched battle,
As the clown's date rejects her potential mate.

Dyer-Bolique, diabolical in his deviant planning,
Meticulous in his over-abundance of supplies,
Has woken the sleeping dragon.

Bear trap and barbed wire, pulleys abound,
Mechanically minded he guides, ever attentive,
Always paying note to their troubled discourse's climax.

Prim and proper leaves first, nose high in the air,
Disgusted by her blind date's plain appearance,
She strides furiously into the trees.

Silent bait, for the clown will eventually follow,
Silent, but must be forever silenced,

The bear trap snaps…

Silence breaks into a raucous, short-lived scream,
Silence endures as my lover's blade steals her head,
Send in the clowns, he comes, unable to accept reality.

Phone's light guiding, he sees her, behind a stump,
Her head stands tall on a branch, summoning the fool,
Hurriedly he runs, trips, wire tightens about his ankle.

There the pendulum swings, hanging inverted,
Shocked as I approach, such a sight for sore eyes,
Bionic woman, he pleads for assistance, cries for help.

I push his form as it hangs by one leg, it swings again,
Implores and fights, I tilt my head nonchalantly,
Thrilled, impassive, detached, I flay with lash.

Cleaves clothes from flesh, and flesh from bone,
Another swift movement gnaws another welt,
As my Urumi rises for a third strike,
Dyer-Bolique grabs and clasps my wrist tight.

Into my hand the hilt is placed, machete ready, sharp,
Taking a step back, and drawing my strength,
And drive the blade down vertically.

One half of the clown slithers down,
Better a quick death by blade,
Or harpoon, shovel, or garden spade,
Than neglectfully left to drown.

Propelled (Dyer-Bolique)

Ignorance ever carelessly embraced,
Always in bare reckless abandonment.

It shall find its truest reward,
As shroud of night blackens the lake.

A whimsical pair condemned on pre-marital
frivolities,
My choice, my solemn judgement.
The boardwalk, my red carpet,
Transporting me to their mistake.

A powerboat my chariot,
Begging my destructive punishment.
A turn of key roars my carriage to life,
Soon churning darkened liquid for its own sake.

Rolling waves disguise my approach,
But soon I see their eyes' astonishment.
A small cry and jutting bump,
Ending in red tide's wake.

The Final Girl (Valkyrie)

Ultimate survivor in wait,
Her life force comes from deep within,
Triggered when threatened, hearing cries,
She develops a thicker skin.

Ultimate survivor in wait,
Entombed in cabin, observing,
Her quick brain constantly working,
Never taking the offered bait,
Innocence, a repellent trait,
Detached from her peers without sin,
Counting the deaths as they roll in,
Standing strong, everyone dies,
Espying Dyer-Bolique's lies,
And plotting to save her own skin.

Her life force comes from deepest fate,
To suffer whatever we bring,
But I am skilled at surviving,
Pitied for my mechanic gate,
She assumes he forced me to date,
Night blinded from my bleak killing,
She offers some kind assisting,
To save me from master of flies,
A master I cannot despise,
She follows my painful limping.

Triggered when threatened by night's fate,
I suggest until dawn, hiding,
She acquiesces, abiding,
Breathing heavy, fear, I relate,
Trusting me, a trait too innate,
Closing her eyes, quick slumbering,
Resting her head, now lumbering,
In the garden shed we disguise,
I carefully plan her demise,
Secateurs ready for cleaving.

Ultimate survivor in wait,
I develop a thicker skin,
A strange noise draws her from hiding,
Alone, confused, mind in a state,
She marches heedlessly to fate,
Behind her I stride, lumbering,
Secateurs assist bleak killing,
From back of neck comes the surprise,
Three poor clips, and Final Girl dies,
Painful demise, encumbering.

Ardeat (Dyer-Bolique)

Fuelled,
Bodies supplied,
Hade's flame salutes,
Rising applause of deaths tithe,
Burning.

Bodies,
Consumed flesh
Fodder for our blaze,
Feeding the ravenous inferno,
Consumed.

Silent,
My offering,
Departed from this world,
Conflagrations feast gratefully given
Devoured.

The Harbinger (Valkyrie Kerry)

Watching,
Harbinger drinks,
Muttering of murder,
Menacing ingenuity,
Witness.

Watching,
The old drunk waits,
Preparing to confess,
Speaking of our dark transgressions,
Danger.

Clearing,
Dyer-Bolique,
Collects the dead bodies,
Remains for forest fire's hearth,

Careful.

Hiding,
Prophet of doom,
Gathering his tales,
Testimony to be laid bare,
Naked.

Watching,
Harbinger drinks,
Woeful words of their doom,
Fire lights high, smoke in the sky,
Danger.

Watching,
I see him lurk,
Warn you beloved man,
Together we hatch a new plan,
Careful.

Clearing,
You speak aloud,
Garner his attention,
Draw his fears and watch the panic,
Watching.

Waiting,
Wire remains,
Easily cut, prepared,
Barbed wire stretched in hand, I sneak,
Behind.

Behind,
Wire round neck,
He struggles and cries out,
Slashing and tightening his throat,

Choking.

Bleeding,
Gurgling gore,
Spilling to the wood's floor,
A new ember for the pyre,
Burning.

Infernum (Dyer-Bolique)

Added,
Grotesque herald,
His invading entity,
Trespassed on my vocation,
Burning.

Dancing,
Flames amber,
Joy at donations,
Charity in bodily form,
Blazing.

Blazing,
Skin crackling,
Fingers as candelabra,
Putrid flesh-soaked alcohol,
Fitting.

Scene Five: Lycanthrope for a Dream

L'art Cullinaire (Valkyrie Kerry)

Crimson candles glow, meaty cutlets served,
Romanticised date, I remember you,
First desirous date, feigning fear reserved.

‘What is this sweet meat?’ More than I deserved,
Passions rekindled, guilt for doubting you,
Crimson candles glow, meaty cutlets served.

Evil smirk spreads, ‘Your arm I had preserved!’
Guilt abates, once again your colours true,
First desirous date, feigning fear reserved.

‘Raising two wolves, their hunger I observed,
And fed them meat cutlets as one must do,’
Crimson candles glow, meaty cutlets served.

I hide my horror, submission subserved,
Taking each mouthful, I carefully chew,
First desirous date, feigning fear reserved.

My resolve steady, plan in place deserved,
‘Werewolves made great horror beasts too, that slew!’
Crimson candles glow, meaty cutlets served,
First desirous date, feigning fear reserved.

Carnivorous Carnival (Dyer-Bolique)

Hope plays the role contrite, L’art Cullinaire served on despair,
‘You remember your place, my hold ever renewed!
For what is flavour if loyalty, if yours is insipid impaired?’

You bask on pleasantries, humouring my air,
Callously agreeable, contented, and shrewd,
Hope plays the role contrite, L’art Cullinaire served on despair.

As doe eyes adore, awaiting my approval’s care,
‘A pleasant idea,’ a mock and impugn,

‘For what is flavour if loyalty, if yours is insipid impaired?’

‘My canines are trained, versed in savagery’s prayer,
But fear not my heart, you they will not consume!’
Hope plays the role contrite, L’art Cullinaire served on despair.

You dance and connive, I see you in my vacant stare,
Within my gaze, darkly dreaming visions accrue,
‘For what is flavour if loyalty, if yours is insipid impaired?’

I have ensnared you once, for I am the fox to your hare,
‘Tonight, we hunt, for flesh’s atonement is due!’
Hope plays the role contrite, L’art Cullinaire served on despair,
‘For what is flavour if loyalty, if yours is insipid impaired?’

Valkyrie’s Ballade (Valkyrie)

‘Master, your distrust is misplaced,
For you are the whole world to me,
Turning teacher to your student,
A mind shrewd and gallant to see.
Safe with you I lay, submissive,
Your feisty weapon, thanks to thee.’
My plan sadly remains, our end,
But you are the whole world to me.

‘Now to these wolves, permit my speech,
At midnight bars cease to serve, see?
Hairy dregs wander marauding,
Waiting for the wolves to roam free.

Drunks howl at the moon, unhindered,
Set their undeserving soul's free.'
Soon we fall sadly together,
But you are the whole world to me.

'Empty sheds sit behind the bar,
Deprived wolves in the pig pit free,
A drunk man is easily led,
Prospecting a woman like me.
Sensual and bizarre to see,
Falling for a woman like me.'
I have ordered our doom's sweet drug.
But you are the whole world to me.

Escaping to capture wolf's bane,
Pain of the nightmare soon to come,
Your insanity spirals free,
But you are the whole world to me.

The Pit and Long Boar (Dyer-Bolique)

Our plan, born of true heinous,
Oh, my canine friends of nourishment deprived.
Yet tonight they feast on standing pig,
Such pleasant fare to absorb.

Within a tavern's hospitality,
Hogs adore to imbibe,
Pre-marinated and duly prepped,
Oh, my canine friends of nourishment deprived.

Ambiance imperative to set the mood,
A ramshackle hovel dutifully disguised,
A table set with finery, nothing crude,
Oh, my canine friends of nourishment deprived.

Docile and ready they await their company,
Savouring the smell of the meal to arrive,
For on temptation's arm, he will be led,
Oh, my canine friends of nourishment deprived.

Master and pet, we must be prepared,
The hour draws sundry and nigh,
Soon the punters will traverse a yonder,
Day's turmoil and beverage deprived.

Man's best friend finds true gallery,
In this repurposed livery, improvised,
As such we wait, for customers true fate,
And as always…

Oh, my canine friends of nourishment deprived.

GIGANtic Hog Ensnared (Valkyrie)

Staggering from the roadhouse, howling liquor at the moon,
Strategically well-dressed, I smile at the great goon.

Weeknight when most have more sense, sly words distract. Promises,
Soft lullaby on the breeze, offering more later on,
Holding his gaze as they leave, punters go home, skirmishes.

His beard ruffles to his chest, as dirty claws scratch at head,
And we are alone tonight, under moonlight's gleam, red.

Taking his giant, rough paw, I lead him to the old farm,

Assenting ego follows, for what woman can do harm?

Through mire we slowly trudge, we cannot arrive too soon,
Staggering from the roadhouse, howling liquor at the moon.

His beard ruffles to his chest, as dirty claws scratch at head,
Unbalanced but desperate, to follow a strange being,
Desirous though most flaccid, unlikely worthy in bed.

Inside barn doors my world resides, hungry wolves baying for blood,
Staggering in the farmhouse, howling wolves baying for blood.

Likened to Lycan (Dyer-Bolique)

Abundance of flesh, teetering on a stuporous step,
Carried dutifully, and on a drunkard's resolve,
Resigning himself, a true wretch of the unkept,
Your body not to be touched or involved!

Sacrificial, our desirous fool will endure my scorn,
I glare on, anticipating my friends to intercept,
Realisation dawns, as his forearm is torn,
Tattered flesh screaming with crimson effect!

Restless meat, dragged to this vestibule of violence's floor,
Fangs dispense their intended and evolutionary design,
Shielding his face, with haemorrhaging appendage, is this disgusting boar,

His pathetic squawking cut short and rendered benign!

The offering's complexion changing, as mandible is ripped from head,
I match his bleating, as I find my voice enduring a lycanthropic illusion,
A cry soon answered, as you, my Valkyrie advance, howling with a Banshee's dread,
Observing the feast, content in our current spree, gracious of our evolution!

Her eyes hypnotic,
My own absorbing a truth,
Future dystopic.

Scene Six: Finale Fatale

Death's Nuptials (Valkyrie)

Exhausted, fatigued, and ready to die,
Penchants come at cost, like unholy love,
My plan's fruition accompanies sigh,
Sad melancholy weighted from above,
Time plunders forward, death's marriage is nigh,
Mind altering toxins hidden in my glove.

Drugs and suggestions, secret in the glove,
Broken heart to part, parting us to die,
Finality grim, below and above,
'There is no other way,' forlorn I sigh,
Imprisoned monster to the man I love,
I try to reason a way, it is nigh.

Death's reaper awaits, our wedding is nigh,
I remove noxious potions from my glove,

Tears rolling, I cannot bear watch him die,
He who rules with iron fist high above,
'Body broken as my mind,' I do sigh,
Entangled in this insanity, love.

I sought his dark love, he sought my dark love,
From that moment impending death was nigh,
But fate forced my hand, wielding spiteful glove,
Our tapestry sewn, so many did die,
And if you believe, they went up above,
Underworld awaits, Anubis' deep sigh.

Original plan gone awry, I sigh,
Take my own life after taking my love,
I choose a sicker route where we both die,
Mix modification, deep in my glove,
Instigating a high, the end is nigh,
But we shall be soaring high up above.

Challenging minds refined from the above,
Together we fly, free spirits, I sigh,
Bonded by an immutable, deep love,
I groom myself for him, the moment nigh,
Sliding a new mix deep within my glove,
His stash compote, my preparation, die.

Sweet dining to die, drops pour from above,
Cannibalised love, my sorrowful sigh,
Imminently nigh, it pours from my glove.

Unceremonious Consumption (Dyer-Bolique)

Grace escapes my life this burgeoning night.
Drugs coax me to door of the dying.
I care little of this conclusive plight.
Our souls are annexed, mortality crying.

Resistance of desire not within our might.
A bitten tongue commences shared dining.

Dreamlike wraiths, absorbed in the dining.
Looking, feasting, blackened blood of night.
Joyous in jilt, imbibing the crying.
Arousal strikes hard, ignorance of plight.
Rapturous, we consummate the dying.
Bodies as one, exuding lust's might.

Dominance, retreats against passion's might.
Ocular delight, next course of dining.
Penetrative elation cries this night.
Pain lost, I sup on her blood, and crying.
We know how this ends, enduring the plight.
Union continues hence, no heed on dying.

Death strikes his toll, in tune to the dying.
His solemn bell rings, purposive in might.
Skin, swift the entrée of fervours dining.
Heavenly flesh, savoury gift of the night.
Blissful in tears, garnished of the crying.
Our hands peeling further, aching nails plight.

Faux limbs discarded, aide-memoir of plight.
Inedible in passions pure dying.
I devour her essence this very night,
My skinned nose, entremets of her dining.
She shears off my face, fangs working might.
Sweet, mutual pain, dressed by the crying.

Pain flows, red tears, blending the crying,
Hungers soft kiss, preceding loves last plight,
Time draws its veil, our void of the dying,
Vastness of void, advances against our might,
Bodies flayed, craven within our dining,

Luxuriously devoured our night.

This night, we are one in the crying,
The dying flies out, carriage of the plight,
Yielding of might, tenacious in the dining.

Our bodies consume one another,
Our souls consume one another,
Until nothing remains but our story's offal.

Encore

Carnage's Conclusion

Reports are coming in, yarns of a tale most obscene,
Of romance pushed to edge of reason, ferociously extreme.

Authority's reports state, 'perplexing,' of no true reflection,
A nightmarish bond driven by blood-lust supreme.

As filters and speculation devastate the nation,
Major crime units are vexed and sickened at the scene.

Love driven mad, a pair of souls forming a monstrous band,
A spree of death, flowered with gory mis-en-scene.

Caution is the story, of Dyer-Bolique's glory,
And Valkyrie's staging of theatrical, macabre themes.

Woe is their ending, victims' families lamenting,
A plot in infamy, destined to never be redeemed.

The curtains close…

Demize

Demize

Vignette 1: Memorial

‘Did you ever hear the story of the Banshee Doc?’ Cailleach asks as she stretches across the surgery couch. Dr Gruama peers over his murky, wired spectacles as he fiddles with his scarlet tie. His frosty, sapphire eyes lock onto Cailleach’s slurry covered runners as they dig into the dowdy throw.
‘Folks speak of it in Connemara,’ he replies, ‘a myth to be told from the mountain stills to the cattle sheds.’
‘Ye talk of her, but ye don’t know her!’ Cailleach cries as she shifts upwards against the cushions. ‘It was told to me by my mammy back in the home house. We had no running water back then, had to make our way down to the lough before the morning sermon and school. Cold it was! The sort of cold that drills into your belly, and back then our bellies were often empty until sundown. Mammy used to tell of her to take my mind off the frost. She said that the banshee was born to a giant and a fae just after the glaciers melted, long ago. In those days the giants ruled Éireann, they were the architects of mountain, valley and forest. Banshee’s early years were carefree, even though she didn’t get the same affection as her brothers, but the fae told her that that was how life was.’

Dr Gruama scribbles some notes as Cailleach speaks, occasionally he glances her way, but mostly he listens.

Cailleach's voice breaks the rhythm of his pen and worn ticking clock.
'What changed for the Banshee?' The doctor asks curiously.
'How do you know something changed?'
'You referred to her early years as 'carefree' as if contrasting those years to her later life,' Gruama asserts whilst peering down his educated nose.
'Her youngest brother drank the juice of the toadstool,' his patient replies as her eyes fill with prickling tears. 'His blood grew mushrooms, but no one could see them. Their sap churned inside and slowly he withered, even his hair tumbled from its garden, until one day he vanished. Turned into a stone so he did, and that stone stood by his favourite pine tree.'

Vignette 2: Wailing

Cailleach stands up and stretches, she trundles awkwardly to the sink quite uninvited and pours herself a glass of chalky water.
'That must have been very hard for the banshee,' Gruama observes, his throat cracking with the effort and his wizened body stiffening in the chair. Cailleach shrugs as she slumps back down onto the couch, wisps of auburn locks slip into her glass as she glugs at the fluid.
'Life is hard,' she mutters. 'I guess everyone would have been sad, but the giant, he was angry. Maybe it was guilt because the giants were looked up to, but he could not solve the riddle of the toadstool. He would disappear into the mountains for days and nights at a time, when he returned to their thatched home his gait would tread a winding path. The fae was sensitive

to the airs, a new scent arose, one of fermented herbs and crop. That was when Banshee first heard the wailing.

It was not crying, not like you would expect from a bairn seeking his milk, no. This was a dreadful sound; fear, dread and sorrow, all rolled into one. Sometimes Banshee would hear the wee folk intruding, shattering glasses, breaking wood. Always when the fae would wail. Long, dark days so they were.'
'Indeed,' Gruama mutters. He flicks through a file brimming with notes, 'during our introductory session you asserted that Banshee was a… 'superhero,' though it sounds to me like she is anything but.' Cailleach twiddles with her hair and sighs,
'Superheroes are made Doc, not born. Don't you read the funny papers? Peter Parker was bitten by a spider. The venom caused him to change, very Kafka.'
Gruama raises an eyebrow and Cailleach splits her lips into a sly smile. 'I like to read.'

Gruama's eyes pierce Cailleach's hazel pools, the clock ticks.
'Continue, please,' he coughs.
'The Banshee's life changed. School slipped away, the sermons slipped away. The fae disappeared into the shelter of a morose melancholy. Banshee took on the role of mother for an entire winter. Finally, the fae rose from her slumber and the giant disappeared.'
'Was there a stone left where he had stood?' Grauma queries, a knowing eyebrow raising as he speaks.
'NO!' Cailleach barks, 'but the old well by Lough Conn was covered and Banshee and her siblings were told never to venture down that particular path again.'

Vignette 3: Mourning

Cailleach leans down to her feet and unties her laces again before tying them into a tighter knot.
'Did the banshee start wailing after the giant vanished?'
'No, but she felt guilty I think.'
'Why?'
'She was relieved. There was a time of peace where she would tend the fields and milk the cattle. Even fell in love, she had reached that age I suppose. Blinded by the soft mountain dew and the false adoration in his eyes. He wore a mask; can you imagine Doc? A giant wearing a mask. But it was a subtle one mind. No one saw it, not even Banshee, not with those rose-tinted glasses of hers. He picked the mint leaves to mask the aroma of fermented spices and stayed away when the darkness came. It was a hot summer the year she married; the sun's vicious glow sprayed the fields with a blood-red hue. Once the bells had rung and a new hearth was built did she change.'

Cailleach's breathing deepens and she takes a moment to stabilise herself. 'Her pretty frocks were discarded, and she adopted a sombre, ebony attire to match her eyes. Somethings even powder can't cover. People didn't speak of it, not back then. Not even now, I guess. The parishes were much like they are today; farms all spread out, no one heard anything with the screeching winds that burst up from the ocean. No one saw anything as they chose not to and although everyone gossiped about the faes and the banshees no one ever mentioned the transgressions of the giants, after all they were revered as architects.'
'Did she love him?' Gruama asks, his curious eyes fixed on his patient.

‘She thought she did at the time, young she was, but not foolish. He walked a crooked path like her father. The giants would meet at the stills, and their roars would be heard across the valleys. Banshee tried her best Doc, honest she did. She tried to be a humble wife, she tried to appease his every whim, but those whims became more aggressive, and other giants expected the same devout submission from her.’

Cailleach stands, her held slightly raised, and marches to Gruama’s desk lifting up a pencil, ‘that’s when it happened. Something snapped.’ She breaks the implement in two and drops it. ‘Maybe it was wrath, maybe it was excruciating pain. Only Banshee knows how she felt that day if she can even remember. One thing is for sure, another giant was vanquished, and another well was covered. No one asked questions, it wasn’t unusual for giants to travel elsewhere in search of a fine frock. Banshee was already wearing black, and mourning suited her. That night she went to her brother’s stone by the home house and wailed for the first time.’

Vignette 4: Béar Neidí

‘This could be what we call a ‘trigger’ Cailleach,’ Gruama snorts, ‘the incident that causes a personality or character change.’ Cailleach looks up at him, her chin tilted and her lips momentarily pursed.
‘I don’t know about that Doc, what I do know is Banshee ate from the wild vine and what left her brother’s stone that day was not the creature that came to wail. Under the sun’s disdain she took the blazing red flower and scorched the earth around her marital hearth. Though the black dissipated from her eyes, her costume was literally set in stone, a black cat

suit. Her hair changed from red to black and it complimented her. Even her broomstick was black.'

Gruama chuckles under his breath,
'a few normal traumas and she evolves into a superhero? It all sounds a little far-fetched. This fantasy that you continue to embellish is just that Cailleach, a fantasy to suppress your own problems.'
'Doubt it!' The woman snipes.
'I shall prove it to you, most superheroes have a sidekick, don't they? Batman and Robin, Hellboy and Abe, yet this banshee is all alone, and seemingly without purpose.'
'Doc, I'm no scholar but aren't you supposed to listen? See if you're putting words into my mouth aren't you actively interfering with the narrative, and therefore my perception?' Gruama chokes on his port and brandy.
'I am merely trying to ground you Cailleach,' he huffs.

Chimes ring out as the hour passes.
'But you are absolutely correct. Banshee had a purpose, and her purpose led to her partner in obliterating crime. Her purpose was engraved on her very soul, save the meek. Protect the innocent. She travelled from parish to parish on her broomstick, they called her a 'blow in' or 'drifter.' She would stay just long enough to see the injustices, there were still giants to vanquish, and they took on many forms. In their wake came the leprechauns that took the bairns right from their cribs citing some abstract reason mostly blaming the fae's who did not have a hearth in place. Banshee's superpower was knowing and seeing. Hearing the cries of the wounded as they melded with the sea's screams.

It was by the Blarney Stone that she met Béar Neidí, he was a drifter, but had drifted across tide. He did not differentiate between the parishioners who wore green hats and those wore white, nor did he tolerate the architects who created a feudal system between the two. First night became first light, for both of them. There they married, not by pompous ceremony but by the pressing of palm's blood, and he took the broomstick's helm.'

Vignette 5: Demize

'And what of the super villain?' Gruama asks as he puffs smog over his spectacles and wipes them with a used handkerchief, 'where is their nemesis? Where is Bane or Scarecrow?' He slides the glasses back up his nose and squints, 'surely all superheroes have an archenemy beyond the usual petty crime? Keeping Gotham safe is just a side-story, isn't it? An undercurrent to the real battle?' Cailleach grunts. 'Right again Doc, there is always a villain. Demize, that's what Béar Neidí and Bansheebear called him. Superheroes yes, imaginative with names, not so much.'

'Demize, an angel of death, or a demon. No one could say for sure, but his penchant for scarlet suggested the latter. A veritable grim reaper to say the least, no real motive for destroying the faes of the land, I think he just liked the power to watch the light fade from their eyes. Clever too, whatever the contrasts supervillains and superheroes complement each other in intelligence and resolve. Neither can be reasoned with or convinced to stray from their path, and when one is pitted against the other it is a matter of brains over brawn. Demize was perhaps one of the most

formidable foes ever encountered in the depths of any page.'

The clock chokes out more arid ticks and Grauma lights his pipe. An air of smoke wisps into the streams of light that seep through the partially closed shutters. 'How did he destroy the faes?' He asks his client, slightly intrigued.
'That was a conundrum, a riddle entwined in an enigma. It was Béar Neidí who first suggested the use of a clever disguise to fool his victims, after all there were never any signs of a struggle, only the crimson hue of his presence and the deep empathy experienced by our intrepid superheroes, both blessed and cursed with the changing mood of sensing and living various states of emotion. Our two bears. I have a riddle for you Doc, you're in a cabin, both windows face south and a bear walks by. What colour is the bear?'

'White,' the doctor chirps as if he has won the Nobel Prize. 'It is a polar bear.'
'Correct,' Cailleach states, her head held high and her eyes glaring down her nose at him. 'The two bears fuelled our heroes' powers, gave them an edge. They could operate at all hours, alert and stealthy. Their ability to read others directing their conjoined gaze. The two were one, and the whole much greater than the sum of its parts.' The woman smirks, 'and yet they still had to fight Demize, it is always written that way. The inevitable must come.'

'You seem to be uncomfortable Cailleach, you're fidgeting.
'Yes, would you mind if I used the bathroom Doc. I have been sitting here for a good while.'

‘Yes of course,’ he flicks a finger towards the door, ‘just inside the entrance hall.’
‘Thanks Doc, won’t be a minute.’

Vignette 6: Tackling the Bear

Gruama jumps as Cailleach returns throwing the door wide and hard so that it shudders against the wall.
‘Do you want to know how Bansheebear and Demize’s first fight went down?’
‘Go ahead,’ Gruama growls.

‘The scourging lash of decrepit wind alleviated little as a storm driven cry reverberated soaring to an ascending crescendo atop the summit of winter born mount Croagh Patrick,’ Cailleach leaps to her feet and encircles the doctor as she spills her elaborate and excited rhetoric. ‘Sullen in regard, an uncaring witness to the onslaught of mortal trappings and combat’s strife. Motionless in time, yet ever evolving in an incessant dance of the landscape’s trudge. Winter and its bleak entourage adorned this never watchful audience of stone and bed of ancient woodland. Inaudible applause mocking both combatants. Devoid and unsympathetic to both potential victors, and prospects of the defeated.’ She softens her voice into a cadence.

Gruama shifts uncomfortably as his client rounds on him again,
‘Demize spared little and wasted less on the arbitral rhetoric so often employed by the forebears of his kind. Contented to meat out the brutality of his abhorrence against weeping flesh. Survival was not the hand envisaged this day.

His garments, held together by the crimson veil and signet of the undying Badb Brotherhood. A shrouded menace, garnished with the untethered remnants of feather and bone. Bansheebear's own sanguineous offerings hidden in blackened leather about her being, standing as a scarlet enhancement to his own vastitudes.
Shunned. Ashamed in banishment; a member of downcast and bereft Brethren, dwindling in number, but never deadened in unsanctified and vengeful resolve. She would pay the price of her unholy birth. Her mere being an abomination to the unholy sect.

Taloned, unforgiving, and articulated, the weapons used to begin such dispensation; a verdict he deemed worthy. The suffering great. A sentence of attrition, as her body was torn, thrown, and beaten across the iced summit and unforgiving bark of the lowly woodlands. Savagery given license upon her skin. Slow. Deliberate. Meticulous in malice. Her strikes and parries easily predicted and countered. Yet, no plea for mercy ever given. Little consequence in the mind of Demize. His sermon of hatred for her kind continued. Limp in body…' Cailleach pauses for effect, 'not in will, she was alighted and pinned amongst the treetops. The final cadence in carnage to be dispensed. Her as yet, unrealised soul to be banished into the waiting arms of oblivion. Her becoming reduced to the realms of non-realisation.'

'Calm yourself Cailleach,' the doctor urges with a whisper, but she continues to strive forth,
'The implement untethered from his waste, raptor's claws, had now served their slow purpose. Slithering about its own coils as the steel whip was readied to decapitate her. Ethereal and elemental, his entity

pulsated with the vortices of forgotten and antediluvian magic. The strike would be swift,' her voice reaches a crescendo before softening, 'the draw slow. But it never came! Anguish driven on the back of agony had served ill effect to his purpose. Serving only to unlock that which was to be destroyed.
Demize was thrown back in a torrent of reverberation and shearing power, dispersing the reddened cloak and maelstrom of forbidden sorcery that previously engulfed him. He regained his senses only to be met with the absence of her being. In her place, Bansheebear had left one resounding thought; Demize had failed in a mundane task, punishment from his order, swift. The fledgling Necromancer would suffer for the negligence and afront.'

Vignette 7: Dropping Nouns

Cailleach catches her breath and seats herself in the chair opposite Gruama, her hands folded in her lap, one leg crossed over the other.
'That is my first edition,' she quips, 'of course it is not the last.'
'It is very… extravagant Cailleach,' Gruama states, mopping his brow with the over-used handkerchief. 'Almost surreal, like you have rehearsed it.'
'Many times, Doc, many times. Usually whilst looking in the mirror of course, practising my expressions. By the way, most people call me 'Cal."
'Yes, Cailleach is a most unusual name. I must look up its meaning sometime.' His eyes shift to the clock, 'out of curiosity how do Bansheebear and Béar Neidí defeat their foe?'

Cailleach lets out a thoughtful hum.
‘Problem is Doc I have two endings, all good narratives have two endings, then its down to the audience to decide what is real and what is not. Often the perceived chasm between reality and mythology is negligible. It is all about how the reader interprets the message, does he take things literally, or does he take things metaphorically. Truth be told it doesn’t matter either way as long as the underlying message is clear.’
‘He?’ Gruama echoes.
‘’He?’
‘Yes, you said ‘he,’ I wonder why you perceive the readership as masculine?’
‘He, she, doesn’t really matter now does it?’ Cailleach diverts. ‘What matters is the fight that followed the first…’ The doctor emits an involuntary eyeroll but allows her to proceed.

‘Peaceful day break touched the pearly grey of mysterious manmade objects, long-lost comrades. A stark contrast to the cloaked figures circling each other along the circumference of the ring. Eyes locked. Purpose set. A confrontation renewed as one advanced on the other. Furious in step and speed, they engaged. No sparing thought to the significance of their battle ground. The only goal, destroy the other at any cost. The monolithic audience of Lough Gur stone observed, silently.’ Cailleach scratches her hairline.

‘Time and history were not diminished as the creature Bansheebear landed the first blow. Her fist, once naïve and untrained, honed to lethal precision and power. Demize, in his pride and vaulted stature, received the onslaught with incredulous revelation. The Abomination had gleaned much since their last

encounter. Undying flesh became cast against unforgiving stone. The Necromancer could do little to dissolve the force and fury that she administered. Her advance continued as his own senses fought to regain footing.

Fleeing to regain composure, his spectral form shifted and vanished. Ultimately, it coalesced behind the observant monoliths of rock. Peering for sight of his unforgiving prey, met only by the advancing touch of midsummer's rays within this druidic arena. She had vanished?!' Cailleach creeps past the clunking clock.

'Stressful patience ensues at her notable absence. His anxiety soon rewarded! She appeared behind him. The attempt to take ethereal form only met with the resounding blast of her feral cry. Neolithic stone, once unbreakable; shook, cracked and yielded against the force of her ever rising crescendo. His body, the recipient of her vociferous melody, near broken. How sweet her song had become. How vile his arrogance had grown. Bansheebear's wail, rivalled only by that of an ancient bear…'

Vignette 8: Anagnorisis

Gruama raises his hand,
'I have heard enough Cailleach. Let me tell you my interpretation of your story, if you don't mind?'
'Go ahead Doc, I'm all ears,' his client laughs.
'The banshee is a symbol, a representation of yourself. Your mother was a fae, in your mind, gentle and sweet. Your father, and other men in your life, appeared to you as giants, strong, aggressive, and latterly drunk, except of course your brother who died of cancer. Stop me if I am wrong…'

‘I’ll wait!’
‘You suspect that your mother killed your abusive father, just as you killed your abusive husband and then fled. Since then, you and your vagrant boyfriend…’
‘Husband!’
‘Boyfriend!! Have travelled from town-to-town concocting elaborate stories for attention, and no doubt, money. You suspect that you both have some underlying condition and have come to me to get back on track. I presume you believe everything that passes between us is confidential?’
‘There are many secrets between a doctor and his patient.’

Gruama fingers through an Irish dictionary,
‘not always Cal, if a life is in danger then the oath does not stand.’
‘I never admitted anything Doc!’
‘It was implied, and I must take that into consideration.’ He stops on a particular page,
‘Cailleach, Irish for… ‘Witch.’ Just as I suspected, you see yourself as Bansheebear.’ Cailleach remains unmoved, her steely eyes fixed on the doctor.
‘Wow, you read all that into a story told to me by my mother. Guess she must have been psychic?’
‘I very much doubt that Cal. I presume that’s a pseudonym, after all you can’t risk losing your anonymity, not with whatever your track record may be.’
‘Mammy named me Cailleach, she told me never to go to the well because the banshee wailed from the forests on either side.’

Cailleach lights a cigarette and casually reclines in her chair,

‘but tell me Doc, who is Demize?’
‘You mean was?’
‘I mean is. I never said Bansheebear defeated him. They fought across mount and monolith alike, but she never defeated him. Your kryptonite is that you do not listen. You hear but you simply do not listen. No empathy, just words for interpretation. The final battle is always one of wit and intellect, and I never told you how he destroyed the fae, the women he targeted.’
‘Why do you say targeted if he has not been defeated?’ Gruama asks as he fidgets awkwardly in his tightening chair.
‘Why don’t you ask how he kills his victims?’
‘How?’ Gruama asks, his hand slightly trembling as he relights his pipe.

‘He targets special cases, widows, spinsters, hermits, women who live in isolation, for they shall not be missed. He attends to them in disguise, a kind, caring visitor…’
‘No one suspects him,’ Béar Neidí adds as he opens and steps through the doorway. ‘No one ever suspects Demize. You mentioned Bane, but I’m thinking Doctor Octopus,’ he scratches at the ginger flecks in his black beard. ‘Dr Demize, I like it Bansheebear. No one notices the kindly doctor as he weedles his way in, no one questions the absence of a shadow, and no one notices the fae’s absence for a good while. By that time the Morpheus essence has abandoned her system. Heart failure, or some such poorly examined excuse. No one questions an upstanding giant, an architect of the valley. Gruama, Irish for grim as in the reaper. No one inhibits a doctor in his duties.’
‘And,’ Bansheebear interjects, ‘when the still gets a little hot you simply relocate under another guise.’

Demize lurches towards his medical bag but the younger and stealthier Béar Neidí kicks the weapon from his grasp. Bansheebear stops the ricocheting bag with her foot and throws open the lid, therein lies the Morpheus syringes. She wrenches one from its holding. Béar Neidí grasps Demize in a headlock and Bansheebear injects the Morpheus serum.

Demize awakens. His lower half numb with the frosty kiss of deep waters. He looks up at the encircling brick work. An eclipse steadily morphs into being above, 'I was wrong about one thing,' Bansheebear yells down to him, her voice echoing from the deep, inhospitable walls, 'Bansheebear returned home once more.' As the lid is heaved across the truth dawns on Demize, he reaches down into the grim waters and wrenches up the cold, piercing stare of a giant. Clutching the skull in his hands he cries, 'You have not seen the last of me, YOU HAVE NOT SEEN THE LAST OF ME! I shall return.' His voice drops to a whisper as the darkness enshrouds him, 'I shall return.'

Two beings cloaked in black climb onto a shining ebony Kawasaki. The starter is kicked and the engine hums. Bansheebear places a pair of wired spectacles into the container to her rear. There it sits amongst a collection of items; a monocle, two pipes, a signet ring, a man's wedding ring, two caps, and her father's decanter. She slams the lid shut, winds her arms around Béar Neidí and slides her leg over the engraved model name, 'Broomstick.' Her hand grips at her hairline and she flicks off the auburn wig revealing a cascade of ebony locks. Béar Neidí looks down at her leg,

‘Broomstick or boomstick baby?’ He quips. The bike lurches forward, the front wheel raises slightly, and as the dusk pulsates with a blood-red hue they vanish into the night.

Ode to the Candyman

Part One

I am the whispers in the corridors, a rumour in the classroom. I am the writing on the wall. A garish reminder of what was, what is, and what shall be. My very existence resides in the hearts of my congregation, for their fear keeps me alive. To deny my existence will bring the wrath of suffering upon you, an exquisite rapture where pain and pleasure shall burn and sting with the torture of time. The torture inflicted on those who offer sweets for the sweet. Be my victim, for what is blood if not for shedding?

I have come for you, and in your darkest hour the light of life shall reflect coldly through the sting of death. Do not fear the agonies, for they shall be granted in ecstasy. My words fall like honey upon your ears, heed them. This legend must never die.

Part Two

Candy, the honey of life, sweet yet deadly. Razorblades beneath sugary essences, cutting with each delicate bite. Imbibing death, welcoming it as if taking sweets from a strange. Such is the beginning of each Candyman. The genesis of legend. Its cause and it's necessity. Hope in the absence of hope, false promises defined in context through each era. A

whisper in the darkness, but these are not the legends indigenous to campgrounds, they are not told over burning fires.

These legends echo in the hearts and minds of those who need to remember. Hushed tones, for to speak of them attracts the very monsters created through monstrous action and discourse. I am one legend, but my tale has been replicated across time and space. We are one in our suffering. My congregations fear reminds them why they should tremble at the constructs of others.

I was a free man in a world that wanted so very badly to quell my liberty, for freedom was but an illusion. A bee circling the hornets' nest, the hornets ever waiting to crush the unique creature. Yet they still wanted his honey. My honey came from easel and brush. An artist, educated as a free man, my nectar sought but my history never forgotten. Patronage offered and patronization ensured. A rare commodity, one to be flaunted and encouraged, fashionable yet still an outcast. Trapped between two worlds, both filled with disdain. Such is the genesis of this tale, such is the beginning of The Candyman.

Part Three

What is love if not the binary opposition of hate? For the one cannot exist without the other. For meaning lies in contrast, but there lies a fine line between love and hate. It is not the vast chasm depicted in nomenclature. Too simple it would be. Love is the essence that drives us, the motivation that goals us. It is desire for that which is aesthetically pleasing. It is the reflection of beauty as scribed or reminisced on

paper. The immeasurable understanding between two beings. What is hate if not both the opposite and the same?

From love stems envy and wrath, and there after those blackened emotions spiral into hate, an understanding between souls. I loved her, my muse. My soul. She tamed my desire and fulfilled my yearning. Caroline Sullivan, the subject of my art. Aesthetically pleasing. Our coupling the story of legends. Forbidden for timeless reasons. Yet unrelenting, for she saw the beauty within. She would suffer watching that beauty torn and shredded before her very eyes. Our love burned in passionate flames, for passion is to be found in love and hate.

Part Four

Our love was doomed, for history created the narrative. History determined that we were not meant to be. Slowing the strokes of my brush to ensure spending longer hours with my beloved Caroline. Dark evenings overshadowing hot, passionate days. But the writing was on the wall. My future nothing more than history repeating itself, love and hate entwined as the yarn spins about itself. The yarn of disdain, the falsehood of freedom. No true freedom is possible under the evil eye of prejudice's stare. That watchful eye.

An eye that forbids love between lovers when one is deemed unworthy. Different. Unique. Shallow hearts and minds, instead of celebrating our union, and the divine gem born from it, they wreaked a furious vengeance. It was inevitable, it was my destiny. Daniel Robitaille, his fate carved. Who I once was, no longer

who I am. They came for me. Those still entrenched in a world of domination and subjugation. Those who fashionably sought my craft but deemed me unfit. Her father, the town. Angered by love, triggered by hate. Vengeance prepared.

Part Five

Heyward was destined to discover our secretive love. Caroline's father, Heyward Sullivan. His patronage of my work a contradiction born of hypocrisy and cruelty. Caroline's portrait barely complete, scarcely capturing her beauty. Her swelling belly visible, her father's growing lynch mob approach. Our love countered by the hate of the masses, darkened by a grotesque attitude. As I run through the valley of the shadow of death they follow. Drive me forth, a lamb to the slaughter.

Fearful, not just for my own life but for Caroline, my beloved, abandoned to their despicable loathing. The mob catches me, severs my arm and inserts a hook. They smear my body with honey from a nearby apiary. Sweets for the sweet. Nectar for the bees' callous sting. Hideously soaked in wounds I lay as Heyward casts my reflection eternally into Caroline's mirror. There the Candyman hides. There the Candyman waits. Caroline's mirror, a glimpse into her world for the entrapped soul. Whisked beyond as the mob burn my body, cleansed by fire, but not gone. Forever waiting.

Part Six

Education, a right and privilege, does not stem purely from the mindset of the masses. Knowledge lays embedded in history's aesthetics and terrors. It is

understanding whether using words of science, philosophy or art. Each offers an avenue of understanding. Swarms follow the paths trodden by the masses, sheltered under the protection of a cultural sword. Other schools of thought imparted only on the few, only on those who's minds are open to it. The brush, a commodity. Belief, a heritage.

Belief from another world, across oceans. Lost to modern man's shallow mind. Offering incomprehensible lore and metaphysics another name, such is the power of the mind. Vodun, sprung from the streams of another world, trickled into a new one. Carried from generation to generation and mixed with the seeds of other ideologies. Songs sung, traditions and rituals followed, words engraved on the soul. Caroline, open to my words, accepted this other path just as she accepted me. Anticipating the inevitable, she prepared. Belief is a powerful magic, and she believed.

Her mirror prepared in readiness; another world reflected. Awaiting my cursed soul, and predicting her father's actions she beheld it, and he held it, casting my soul into the beyond. Ever forlorn she could see my reflection, as I waited for my magic to grow. Waited for my soul to be released. Eternally tied to Caroline, to the world beyond the glass. An essence, desperate to be remembered, aching to be released. As word spread from generation to generation, my congregation grew. As did my passion. As did my wrath. As did my vengeance.

Part Seven

Lake Arthur, Louisiana 1896

Marie Philomene Glapion, daughter of Marie Laveaux, she who was accused of sacrilegious practise and thereafter obliged to seek forgiveness and conform, stares into the lake's beloved mist. She sighs. Her congregation gathers. Their ruse: a gathering of artists determined to daub their canvas with the lake's compelling image. Steadily they convene, checking their environment, for strangers lurk in the shadows. Preparing for the sermon to begin.

'They call us 'Creole,' because it is comforting to label all that is not understood, and thus use words to give understanding. Creole, wrongly applied, but normalized in nomenclature. They have called us 'witches' because our comprehension of mysticism departs from their own. We hide behind a red, gold and green cloak to appease their demands. But we gather here because we do not forget our own beliefs, nor our own heritage. We shall not be moulded from the clay of another ideology nor expectations. Scribes are not needed; we have a traditional of passing our legends from generation to generation by word of mouth. That is why we meet surreptitiously, avoiding the watchful eye of those who may judge us.

‘Judgment has been passed before and shall be again. We are not truly free, merely free to conform to a world that is not ours. Let us today remember our sadly departed brother, the free man. The artist, Daniel Robitaille. Judged and executed beyond any law, yet no punishment was offered, for we are not free. No mercy was shown, for we are not free. Retribution comes from our belief, our conviction in him offers life. Sweets for our sweet, our Candyman. Vengeance is his just as it is ours. Cast into the

mirrored world, his release and their suffering come from looking into the reflection and saying his name five times.

‘Candyman. Baptised once again in depth. Spread the word, spread the whisper. Let his mythologies grow, he is part of our history. Their disbelief will force them to believe. They will dig, they will find, and they will obsess until they call upon him. And he will come. Go now, go and TELL EVERYONE.'

Part Eight

CANDYMAN
Whispers of a nightmarish dream, the tortured man risen, spread. His demise 1890, trapped in the glass. Resurrected through the power of the word in 1896, but he waits until 1992 to take Helen Lyle, Caroline reincarnated, into his legend.

CANDYMAN
In the electric chair George Stinney is placed. Starved and bribed into a false confession. He is no murderer, could not have killed the two women, it is 1944. A bleak war-torn year. Falsefully and forcefully indicted. Worn, exhausted, he surrenders to the chair pulses.

CANDYMAN
Cabrini Green, the housing projects, 1977. Designed ghettos, an eye sore to the architects. Family unity in an impoverished world. Sherman Fields offers sweets to the sweet, candy to the children. Razor blades appear im candy after the authorities wrongly end his life.

CANDYMAN

James Byrd Jr, contrasting with his Texan neighbours, accepts a lift. Supremely cruel. He is spray painted, tortured and tied to a truck. Dragged alive on the asphalt until his body is abandoned at the unwelcome gospel Church. As late as 1998. History on a loop.

CANDYMAN
Anthony McCoy, Cabrini Green, 2021. RIP. Projects turned to dust, unwelcome locally. A new world, allegedly. A new world, on the surface. Social mobility, possible. Relationships, diverse. Until fear drives the hatred to the surface, and the trigger is pulled.

Part Nine

Dedicated to the memory of Henry Johnson and Needham Roberts who served 191 days on the battlefields of WWI as part of the 369th infantry regiment.

Drafted from his fields in Elaine, Arkansas, Henry Roberts found himself entrenched within the Harlem Hellfighters. Whilst his peers in other regiments adopted servile rolls scrubbing latrines, Henry trained in combat. The 369th regiment, loaned to France, treated as equals. Their boots held the greatest shine, for the battleground was not level. 'I serve to show my country that we are worthy and deserving of the equality not freely offered in our liberated world. Woodrow would not object to the valiant courage and determination in support of democracy.

‘I stand side by side with my fellow man, as one, willing my life to remove the rocks from the terrain and level the field.' Officers stood in awe at his words,

and for more than 6 months he braved hell for both cause and country. Thereafter awarded La Croix de la Guerre. Honoured. The hero's welcome did not last.

Returning to his home he found land's stolen, learned of the abuses endured by comrades serving in other divisions. Fighting for his country, fighting for an even landscape, fighting for his property. And life as the lynch mob hauled him through Elaine. Such is the uneven ground on which he stood. Such was the harsh reality of the waiting noose.

'As a man who once fought for his country, I accept my fate. Grant me one dying wish. To see my own image.' So, the looking glass was permitted. So, he did stare deep within. Candyman, just in his cause.
'Candyman. Candyman. Candyman. Candyman.'
'What you say? What is that? Candyman?'
....
'And so, I answer the call, another drop of honey enriching my history. Those who live by hate shall die by it. Those who dig the soil, & spill the stones just as they spill blood... Those keeping the battlegrounds rugged and uneven, they shall learn the exquisite agonies of the suffering they cause.'

My reflection manifests in reality, and with strained moans the forgetful antagonists are ripped from stomach to throat. I turn to the newest member of my congregation, 'Go North, do not permit lies in our history. Tell everyone!'

Part Ten

She sits by the Bayou as the jazz age ends. Meticulous in her dealings, such fortune. Such elevation. Barely a

shadow in her youth, domestic worker, woven into the fabric of the furnishings. Unhindered in her attention, unobserved and unnoticeable. Utilising her invisibility to her advantage. Attuned to the ramblings of the wealthy, the direction of their investments. The greed of the upper echelons. A few dollars strategically placed, a few more invested, a rapidly developing portfolio. In time independent, wealthy, or independently wealthy. Ellie May, toast of New Orleans, as money trumps attitude.

Some voices call my name seeking compassion. As the eulogy of her business partner was read, his widow cried for his share. Her share. Such is the ties that bind. Rumours abound, spawned of a greedy soul. Much lost, as the court averts their eyes from the evidence. Open their ears to the tall tales of solicitation and witchcraft. Rattling the bones by the bayou. An easy fish to catch. Isolated for years, until the markets crash. 1929, debts called in, investments lost.

Crumbs of her riches scattered about the rambling plantation. The little that is left ready for the taking. Alligators approach snapping hungry teeth. Memories of a legend flood, as she sits by the stillness of the bayou. Her worn eyes, fatigued by life, peer into the waters. Willingly they offer a crystal reflection, her mirror image. A single tear drops into the swamp, scattering into a ripple, until the ripples melt into stagnation. Locking eyes with herself, she delves deeply into the watery vision, 'Candyman, Candyman,' she whispers. Hesitates.

'Candyman,' her life flashes before her fixated gaze. 'Candyman,' she blinks, sighing. Prepares, secretly

pleads for a compassionate release. 'Candyman!' The bayou trembles, she draws from her reflection and turns as the heavy breathing fills her ears. There he stands, arms outstretched, offering salvation. She steps into his embrace, accepts eternal purgatory.

The hook strokes her body, 'I have come for you,' he whispers as the hook penetrates her belly and tears into her soul. Her mouth opens, but the scream is silent, his embrace tightens against the morbid agony. Soothes as he inflicts suffering, calms as he releases her spirit from its incarceration. The blood flows, crimson soils, scarlet waters. He takes her beyond, a broken prisoner subject to his sympathetic legend.

Part Eleven

Folk tale, passed from generation to generation, an idea. An abstract, hidden in the world of reflections. I remind you of that which is etched in history's hall of horrors. Cries in the darkness. Calls on the wind. A myth, or reminder. Seven years of bad luck, as the mirror shatters. For when his mirror, my mirror, the mirror of the others shatters, then we are removed. Then the rot sets in.

Stare longingly, for I shall not come to the call, the heart must desire it. Must not forsake it. For that is the cycle. I am that which was and cannot be changed. Falsify the fairy-tale, spin webs of deceit, but you shall not succeed. Once the word was cast, just as my reflection was cast and chained, there was no halting the bus. No preventing us from occupying the front thrones. Wheels in motion. And the word spread further, across the globe. Ancestry unforgotten, traditions retained. Even in the throttling face of

aversity. Even in the burning pyres of hostility. Across lines and oceans. Across darkness and light. So were the words spoken. Remembered. My legend.

Our legend. Reflections live on. Sharpen your gaze, relish your mirrors. Cracks define all, an unwillingness to believe and recall. Remember me in your dreams, do not let the legend die. For I will come for you, I will remind my congregation from desert to forest. I live on.

Part Twelve

Haiti, Hispaniola 1950

Centuries ago, taken from the shores of Africa, my congregation came. Accepting and open, carrying their own traditions and own beliefs to faraway lands. Without liberty, without land, yet they persevered. For freedom came but steadily, and not without its hardships. As time wandered forth, and the hardships progressed, so too were those beliefs smelted and given a new hilt. Mother spirit calls, living through nature, just as the Lord chimes in with the drumming of an initial prayer.

In duck's shelter, feet embedded in the sands, they dance and praise her. Erzuli, Mother Spirit. Possessive, feeding from the energies of those that call upon her, and of their sacrifices. Loa, spirit. Dancing continues, drumming continues. Subject to the auspices of Baron Samedi and Mambo Mamaloi, Priest and priestess. Father and mother. Just as I am father to my flock. Folk traditions drifted west, the homeland long (and forcefully) abandoned, but the spirits live on.

Our connection, our history, our heritage. These must be maintained. Traditions emanating from Benin. 6000 years the dance has continued, often misjudged, or misunderstood. Secretly when required, but never forsaken.

April 2003
Jean-Bertrand Aristide officially sanctioned Voodoo as a recognised religion in Haiti.

Part Thirteen

Cabrini-Green Chicago 1964

The last of the furniture in place, Lou Jackson looks about her new home. A much better environment for her son Joe. Just turned 13, the slums of Chicago doused him with a negativity. Poverty induced melancholy that infected the school environment. Chicago Council, seeing the plight of many trapped in an endless cycle of impoverished doldrums, developed a plan. Expand existing housing projects. Herd those struggling into box upon box of apartments. Miniscule investment, social housing. Poorly planned, thoughtlessly constructed, but no doubt hope's dream was the intention.

Not necessarily a good intention, more convenience for other echelons of society. But for Lou the offer of a new life, a new school and some economic improvement was more than she could have hoped for. Those fragile walls enclose with the lock of her door. Fourteen floors high, family stacked upon family. Penury removed, reformed and regurgitated. Those fragile walls shake with the false salvation of

destitution. Those fragile walls hum with paper thin folktales.

Sharing in their plight, communities form. Families stand side by side, but fear of outsiders rises, fear driven by experience. Driven by alienation. My congregation's voices slowly merge until a single word forms on its silent lips. 'Candyman.'

Part Fourteen

Civil planning, creation of the ghetto. Home to Lou Jackson, and the wider community. An unnecessary segregation deemed necessary by the deliberate catches within a blind infrastructure. Repetition of an origin tale steeped in history's wake.

Benin, 1798, The Blues and Beyond

Fear of difference, subjugation based on ignorance and segregation. Even home loses its security, for the land is deemed free for the taking, as are its people. Commodities, their own worth unrealised. Their own turf tainted by those entitled strangers, and their fears. So, the people are taken, separated from families and loved ones. Their homes forgotten, ploughed back into the Earth, as the people are herded onto the ships. Crushed together, forced to work for their own incarceration. Their very lives at the mercy of armed crew. Tempers fray.

The stolen suffer, thrown overboard or laced with bullets. Mutinies quashed quickly. No care for the terror growing within the prisoners. Sailing into the unknown, domineered by the callous and the bias.

Diseases carried, and shared. Victims tossed into the depths, like disposable garbage.

A taste of what lies ahead. The abuses of slavery, the abuses after abolition. Even a free person can be chained by legislation, segregation, apartheid in education. Discrimination in employment. Refusal to investigate burning pyres. But joy sang through the blues. A new age, but the tides beneath the ships never quite wash away. An undercurrent swells into a maelstrom. Them and us. Their classrooms, and ours. Their jobs, and ours. Their transport, and ours. Always offering my congregation leftovers, scraps.

Ability meaningless. A carefully crafted economy, graft meaningless, and the slums grow whilst landlords thrive. Until the architects of infrastructure find it distasteful, draw up new plans. Clean up the towns, such is their vision. But the fight rallies on. For King and culture. The projects rise.

And once again our history stays close to our hearts. We cherish the songs of our past, the tales of our heritage. We forge communities, but the architecture is poor, and the cracks grind through. Behind the mirror, I wait. Always answering the hymns and blues of my congregation.

Lou Jackson, her faith waivers. She has hope and faith in the architects. Doubts, forgets. And so, I am obliged to come…

Part Fifteen

New Orleans, 1934

'Come closer now chi'l, let granny take a good look at you. It's been so long since I seen you, moving up North like our family hasn't moved enough. Big fancy towns, fancy worlds. Your mama, she grew up here by the Bayou. She grew up with learning about life, and God in their hearts. She knew our songs, and our tales. Passed down from mother to chi'l for long a year. We didn't have no books to look at, no radios to hear voices on.

‘What we had was community. You remember that, because family and community is everything, 'specially when the world ain't offering what's right or fair. It's just as it is, and what is is what must be. We had each other. Those times seem gone, but they ain't. They're out there, waiting. That's when he comes. We don't mention his name, that's not fear.

‘That's respect. Granny grew up with respect, in the old ways. Granny remembers. My own Granny remembered freedom *laughs* they're ain't no such thing as freedom, not really, not for any of us. Or them. Slaves to the ways of the world, those that makes then ways well they're slaves to the shiny things. The money. Freedom is a word, don't be putting much faith in it. Put your faith in God.

‘Losing hope is bad, losing faith, worse. This is why we don't say his name, but we know it. We share it. Sweets for the sweet. Candyman, utter it rarely and only once, let his congregation grow through your own chi'l. Your grandchi'l. He wants to be remembered, and we remember him as a whisper. There are those that wanna test him. Stare in the mirror they do, say his name five times, then he comes. He comes as he is called, as he is doubted.

‘A reminder of who we are, where we came from, and those who will never treat us right. There's always those, nothin' changes that much. That's when we need our community, our family, our tribe. It don't matter what part of the world we live in, we have each other. Don't ever forget that. That's what make us strong. That's why we still here. You take them words, use them carefully.

‘Whispers chi'l. One person to the next, no more because we don't say his name unless we have ta. But that don't mean he don't need his congregation, and his congregation they need each other. Now go, tell one person. Let the legend grow, until the congregation tell everyone. Whispers chi'l, always in whispers. My lovely Lou. Remember, Granny loves you.'

Part Sixteen

Cabrini-Green, 1965

Lou Jackson stares through her window, her eyes cast down at the communal park below. Her son, lost in his games. Happy with friends. Community spirit haunts the projects, sealing the open wounds. She barely notices the shadow as it flicks across the glass. Fleeting, perhaps not there at all. Though not paradise, it is home.

She watches for a while, awash with pride, as her son plays carelessly. Swaddled in the purity of innocence. Paper thin walls allow her ears to glimpse the movements and occasional chatter that sails past her door. She resumes her cleaning, though there is not

much. Just the two of them in a small apartment. None the less she makes it a comfortable home.

Her radio sings in the background. Finally, she collapses on the sofa. Her eyes close and she inhales deeply. Time passes. She barely notices the radio as it crackles and then falls into silence. It is something else that startles her. Something else that wakes her from her daydreams. A noise, metal thudding against porcelain. She stands, confused. Follows the sound.

Seeks out its origin. She passes her son's tiny room. The open door revealing its emptiness, and heads to the bathroom. Another clatter.
'Hello,' she calls, the shake in her voice relaying her fears. 'Is somebody in there?' She pushes the door. Nothing. Again, the sound echoes. A calling perhaps. She steps towards the shower curtain, takes a breath and wrenches it back. Her sigh of relief filling the air. Another clatter. She turns and faces the cabinet, the mirror. Her eyes lock on those of her reflection as the door creaks shut.

A shiver stings her spine. Her breathing quickens and she throws open the cabinet mirror. Nothing. She closes her eyes, as she does a light flashes within her own mind. An unwelcome image forces its way in. Blood soaking the shower curtain, blood soaking the mirror. Then it is gone. Trembling, she pulls the cabinet from the wall. A loose fitting swivels and it is easily lifted. There, in the safety of her abode, she sees it. The hole. A route into the next apartment. The empty apartment, the one no one talks about.

She thinks of Old Man Willy. A drifter known for roaming the block, drink in hand, stopping the

residents and telling tales of he who shall not be named. He who hides in that very apartment waiting to be called. His tales reminiscent of those told by her granny years ago. Wild folk tales to frighten children. Yet those tales, ingrained in her mind, contribute to her reluctance to look beyond the veil. Steadily she places one knee on the basin and forces her head through the hole. Lou blinks, jumps back and tumbles to the floor. 'Do my eyes deceive me?' She mutters over and over whilst hurriedly replacing the cabinet.

Part Seventeen

How does it feel? Always to be the outcast, the outsider? Always to hope for a family that understands, or friends to complete you but you never quite fit in? Is it an act of God or science? To be so lonely in such a full world. Nothing quite explains the pain, nor does it take it away. For there is no remedy to isolation. It is neither self-imposed nor justified. For how can there be justification in a world where freedom is but a word? Nomenclature, that is all there is. Those that others swarm to. The Hive. The bees. And those of us that eternally live alone, by virtue of skin or persona.

It matters not. Are we mistakes? Are we a cruel hand of fate's cards? Or are we neither? Simply the taunts of others. To give their lives meaning. For that is what society says they are worth. Even advancement makes no difference. For one will never be judged by achievement, but by description. That is the way of the world. There is no freedom from pain or its binds. They are eternal, and we live in purgatory. Or at least I do. I live in purgatory. Each time you wake me from my slumber I am cursed. Broken. This shall not

change. For my wrath is such, my torment is such, I wish I should not wake anymore. I wish I should not wake anymore.

Part Eighteen

Cabrini-Green 1966

'I bought you a present Joe,' Lou Whispers to her son. The growing lad lowers his comic book, Tales to Astonish. Fiction that inspires his young mind. 'Where is it Mama?' He asks, a rising excitement glowing in his voice. Lou walks to the window. 'It's out there. In the playground, sitting on the bench waiting for you.' Joe stares at his mother, already taller than her. 'But you gotta go out and get it.' Joe scans the playground as his peers hang listlessly about the equipment.
'Guess I do,' he replies sullenly, sliding his feet into some worn shoes.

The elevator is broken, nothing unusual about that. Joe sprints down the endless stairs, by passing the growing graffiti and ignoring the strong acidic smell. Slings about the corner and ignores the rowdy teens loitering at the entrance. As he veers towards the park he hears their mocking tones, 'where you goin' in such a hurry?' Joe continues his marathon until finally locating his target, a new comic book nicely wrapped. He collapses on the bench and discards the paper.

Instantly he is absorbed into another world. Lost in the heroic world of superheroes.
'Good to see the young readin'. Good to see them seein' another world.' Joe lowers his book. Old Willy stands before him, swigging whisky from a poorly

disguised bottle. 'Open minds!' Willy snaps cryptically, placing his drink in an inside pocket. He reaches deep within another pocket and pulls out an open palm brightened with candy wrappers. Joe frowns but takes one none the less. 'Tall tales in them books,' Willy continues, 'but those tales, they ain't for us.' He staggers slightly.

‘Some tales ain't gonna be found in no comic books.' He raises the sleeve on his other arm, 'some tales they run deep,' revealing a hook. Joe flinches, but Willy's ailment is common knowledge. 'He had one two, the one who's writing is on these walls. It was punishment you see. Those others, those architects what built this place, they don't believe. They don't believe in him, they don't wanna believe in us. He made something of his life. Folks didn't like it. He couldn't have what they had, but he tried so they killed him.'

Willy withdraws his arm and reaches for another swig of his drink and leans uncomfortably close to Joe's ear. 'They called him 'Candyman.' Death couldn't hold him; some hurts we can't forget.' Joe stands,
'Mama told me about the Candyman. It's a myth to scare kids is all.'
'You don't believe?'
'Na, I don't believe. Crazy ole man!' Joe barks, barging Willy aside. As he strides irately back to his apartment Willy shouts after him,
'He hears you; he knows you don't believe. Call him, I dare you. Call the Candyman. CALL THE CANDYMAN!!' Joe sweeps into the block and up the stairs, barely noticing the gang of boys surrounding Willy. Rounding on him with a furious melody of laughter.
*****

Lights flicker as Joe brushes his teeth, a night-time routine. Flicker and dim. He locks on his own reflection. The lights buzz and dim. Spitting out the last of his mouth foam, Joe utters the first calling, 'Candyman.' He rinses his toothbrush and drops it back in its cup. 'Candyman!' The light flicks off and on, masking the advancing figure locked in the mists of the glass. 'Candyman.' A slight shudder echoes up the lad's spine. 'Candyman.' The light hums with a powerful buzzing. Darken further. He closes his eyes. The figure in the mirror flashes. Taking a deep breath, Joe opens his eyes whilst muttering the final call, 'Candyman.'

The light switch flicks darkening the room. His reflection incoherent as Candyman's reflection merges with his own. Drifts across the shine in the shower curtain rail. Seeps into the cup's metallic decor. Lights flicker and raise to their former glory highlighting the emptiness of the room. Joe shakes his head mocking the legend. He turns and leaves. Behind him the residue of a gritty whisper reverberates,
'You doubted me, so now I am obliged to come...'

Part Nineteen

'Othello was blinded, unable to see the serpent that grew within Iago. Unable to comprehend jealousy. Misplaced trust reflecting misplaced perception. His love for Desdemona bordering obsessive, yet Desdemona has insight but like Cassandra, the Greek seer, she does not act fully on it. Torn between her lover and her father she states, 'I do perceive here a divided duty.' In the binds of her desire, she also foresees her own death and Othello's destruction. If you will read this section for us Joe...Joe!'

'Miss Rainier!' Joe jumps as if woken from a garish dream. A dream fogged by the mists of the slumbering mind, Othello smothering his beloved. Holding her fast, until a hook tore her asunder. 'Sorry Miss Rainier. I don't feel so good!' Elise lowers her book and fumbles in her desk drawer.
'Take this pass, go to the office and have them call your mother.' Joe leaves the classroom quietly closing the door behind him.

The hall is quiet, empty, as if abandoned eons ago. Blinds smother classroom windows, and the one working light barely illuminates his path. He passes lockers suffocated by the colouring of graffiti. Joe stops dead. The graffiti shifts motionless, marring the corridor with a new phrase, 'sweets to the sweet.' And then the sound comes; metal screeching down the lockers, purposefully, meticulously...

The invisible hook rises and delves into the walls, carving forgotten legends into a new generation. The single light dims, unable to breathe. Envious of the other sleeping candles. Smothered, suffocated, until the sadness takes form. My figure dominates the shadows, forms in the smog of indifference.
'You called Joe; you did not believe in me. Your generation sows the seeds of doubt in my congregation. So, I must come...'

'Joe, Joe,' a hand slaps at his face. 'You passed out there. Your mother is on her way.' Joe groggily opens his eyes.
'Thanks Miss Rainier!'

****

Comic reader or comic artist. Is there a difference? Joe does not care to question his new obsession. Paint hits the canvas; his hands move furiously just as Othello's furious hands moved on Desdemona. Painting after painting, figures or dreams? The Candymen rise.

Part Twenty

Slumber within, sleeping Joe finds himself in a dream within a dream, as the storm batters at the fragile glass. That which makes the world beyond transparent, allows it to manifest and come to life. Portcullis to all that is beyond.

Heavy with fatigue, Joe envisages an inhuman somnolence; heavy, weighted. Deeper he falls until the nightmare creeps in. A hum at first, then a tune; whirring, buzzing. Swarms gather about his listless soul, but he cannot move. Writhing bodies flock about him as he rests between worlds.

Internally he screams, cries out for salvation, but it does not come. The bees' fervour continues. They dance upon his skin; he can almost feel the stings penetrating his flesh. Internal cries reach a hysteria until the peak of fear is conquered, and they dissipate. Ebb into muted sobs. The sea of insects parts, his perception is enlightened, and before him the stripped bones of the Candyman arch and stretch.
'I am obliged to come...' The words start as a whisper, a phrase that repeats, overlays and merges, until a storm of whispers chant within and the melody ultimately reaches a crescendo.

He wakes with a start. Beads of sweat drip from his forehead, tainted with fear, succulent in the relief that comes from knowing it was but a dream. The storm still howls, rattles at the glass. Lightning flashes as Joe wipes the sweat from his brow. Candyman's reflection, my reflection, echoes distantly in the poorly dressed glass. Unseen as hands mask the boy's eyes. He clambers from his bed, the heaviness still raw, the imagined bee stings still thrumming, and softly treads to the bathroom. Cold water pours from the tap. Joe drops his head, gathering the fluid in his palms and splashing it over a weary face. Only the lightening illuminates the darkened room as he tries not to disturb his mother. The same lightening blasts my powerful reflection through the mirror. Unseen as Joe washes the terror away, washes the legendary essence from his own macabre, yet cynical, curiosity.

His feet pad from the bathroom to the kitchen, and he pours himself some juice. Light from the fridge sprays about the room.
'Joe!' The boy jumps, his stomach pounds as he grabs his heart. 'It's late, what are you doing out of bed?' Joe turns to his mother,
'I was just getting a drink. I was thirs...' His words trail away, the form behind Lou grows, takes shape. Candyman's form, my form. A hooked hand reaches about her waist...

Part Twenty-One

Suffer little children who do not believe in me. Suffer your existence and succumb.

'Joe, have you ever been diagnosed with an illness of the mind?' Joe remains silent. 'Have you ever been

arrested or charged for a criminal offence?' Joe casts his gaze about the room, from the barred windows to the glass of the internal door. All is bland, pale and reeks with layers of filth tainted by financial constraints. 'Joe!' The doctor repeats, 'can you tell me where your mother is?' The doctor waits, but the wait proves futile, 'your neighbours called the police. There was blood everywhere. Tell me where your mother is.'

The doctor sighs with despondent irritation. 'I cannot help you unless you help me.' Joe turns his head rapidly in the doctor's direction,
'You don't wanna help me! You want me to lie to you, admit something that ain't true and put it down as just another ghetto crime. Truth is I don't know where she is, I told that to the police, and I told that to you, so why you gotta be asking again?' He hesitates as the silhouette of a child roams the corridor, wanders backwards and forwards, barefoot. Joe's eyebrows knit, he focuses, then blinks, and the apparition fades. 'You ask again because you don't believe me. I'm telling you there was a man in our apartment.'

The doctor clicks his pen, 'the evidence does not support your version of the stor...' 'What you mean my version? I told you as it is.' Joe tuts and looks through the window, locking his eyes on the residential wing across the gardens. It seems empty from his distance. Devoid of life, until an old man appears, shuffling between the beds.
'Joe, you leave me no choice. I am afraid that, with your interests in mind, I am obliged to section you. You are clearly dangerous, and worryingly unaware of your own actions. It is the recommendation of this facility that you are admitted and restrained in a confined ward until further notice. A treatment plan

will be administered, and it is most likely that you will undergo shock therapy until such a time as you are stable. Trust me son, this is for your own good.' Joe's brow furrows,
'I ain't your son!'

Part Twenty-Two

Administration, state, architects, they build the structures of confinement, the estates and cells. Prisons and asylums. Refuse and debris swept from sight, the illusion of an innocent landscape, where the fields rest uneven. Fresh from the torture administered, pulsating electricity still tracing through his blood, Joe opens his eyes. Sees what is, his isolation from society. He, and others, ever living on the cusps, liberty infringed upon by the jacket that binds. Straps that dig deep, and sting.

Home from home. He peers at the door, within the reflection of the safety glass, a frame too small to warrant precautions and housing bars of equal metaphorical implication, Joe sees the weapon of his dreams. The hook. Symbol of stratification, punishment, and weapon. A reminder to the congregation of their past, present and future. *Tell everyone. Never forget. Whisper my name.*

The words plague Joe's mind, reverberate, grow. An internal earthquake that spills into audible perception,
'You doubted, so I had to come!' Joe blinks and looks about the room, finally casting his gaze upwards to the haunting apparition that floats before his eyes.
'Remember...'

Night-time. Nightmare. Drinking. His mother... And Candyman. As the hook reaches about her body she panics, well versed in the legend, throws herself from him knocking a Compact mirror from her bag on the kitchen side. It shatters, she reaches for a knife. Knife and hook drive in opposite directions, and blood splatters upon the glass.

Joe jumps at the vision, I hold my aerial position and utter those haunting words,
'Be my victim...'

Part Twenty-Three

Light after flickering light float overhead, the fizzing electricity combines with the thunderous wheels of the trolley to create a melancholic storm in Joe's ears. The downpour dampened by the screams emanating from his own mouth,
'he's here! I'm telling you he's here.' Another nurse joins the rumbling caravan and new voices greet the cacophony.
'What happened sister?'
'He started screaming, fighting his restraints. Paranoid delusions. He was unresponsive to all medication!'
'ECT room. Stat.'
'I don't need it!' Joe protests. 'I don't need it!'

His cries fall on deaf ears. Porters lift him from trolley to trolley. Dampness soaks his temples.
'Bite down on this!' Someone commands as his lips are silenced. He braces as the shock explodes throughout his blood, a veritable tidal wave. And then all fades.

Joe clambers from the trolley, and gazes about the empty room. Derelict in appearance, the abandoned hospital looms over him. Night imposes, and through the cracked glass of the windows a voice whispers on the breeze,
'Jj-o-oe, Jj-o-oe...' He turns from the dampened call, and heads into the dilapidated corridors. Not a soul remains, even the architecture seems devoid of a heartbeat. Graffiti stains the innocent walls, 'Sweets to the Sweet.' Joe's feet involuntarily hasten, trying to escape his impending destiny.

The mutter of the breeze rescinds, replaced by a humming. Instinctively Joe looks about him. A soft brush scrapes his forearm. He flinches, the sudden movement causing the bee to sting. One swipe from his other hand seals the insects fate, and his own. Its carcass falls to the floor. Joe presses on.

At the far end of the corridor, the passage dims. Light escapes the confines of the asylum, he squints noting a gap in the wall. Fearful, though compelled, he climbs through it. Candles glow. He turns and faces the wall, the mouth of his predator. There, daubed in deference and glory, the likeness of the Candyman stares down at Joe. He peers back through the gaping crevice, into the bathroom of his own apartment.

Part Twenty-Four

Without hesitation, like a bee to the honey, Joe climbs through the crevice into his own apartment. Night locks in about him. He turns back to look into the room of his origin, but sees only glass, the mirror, though his own reflection is notably absent. He peers closer, eyebrows furrowed. A noise startles him, he

sees himself wandering aimlessly into the same room, and steps back. Though his former self shows no signs of observance or recognition. Instead, he lowers his head and washes his face. Joe looks above the lowered head and locks eyes with his new reflection as a Candyman.

He startles just as his former self leaves the bathroom. Joe moves closer to the mirror, the Candyman follows suit. He raises his hand, and the reflection obliges. He peers closer, and closer. Until his mother's voice breaks his line of thought. The reflection, the Candyman, side glances in the direction of his mother, and offers an amused, cruel smile. Joe steps forth, but curiosity drives him back. As he slides back so too does the image of the Candyman. Joe shakes his head and hurries to the kitchen.

Glass from his mother's mirror lays shattered. He hears her voice and turns back towards the door, disjointed, disorientated. Joe stands behind her, his stung arm swollen, a hook hanging between his fingers. Candyman stands behind her, I stand behind her, my stung body buzzing, moving. A hook replacing my arm.

Joe stares into a shard of glass laying on the floor, unable to tell if I am Candyman or if Joe is. His mother grabs a kitchen knife, lunges towards the phantasm; deranged or confused. Joe pushes her away as the knife slices into him. He stares into the glass again; Candyman or Joe? The reflection raises its hook, and brings it down with a furious vengeance, 'You denied my existence, banished the tale. I had to come.' Joe watches as his lips move in the mirror, looks up as the Candyman speaks from them. Blood

soaks the room. Former Joe freezes and faints. Joe runs instinctively to the bathroom, glares angrily into the mirror, into the face of the Candyman.

His scream wakes him, restrained in his hospital room, the ECT complete.

Part Twenty-Five

Joe pulls against his binds, cries out into the unheeding atmosphere. Disinfectant fills his nostrils leaving an unpleasant taste in his mouth. Echoes reflect his tumultuous screams as other patients roar in response. He sees beyond...

Granny sits in the empty church, the remains of a once faithful congregation that met by the depths of a Louisiana bayou. Their faith squandered; their hearts turned to ash. Literally. Each victim to an unnatural, anguished demise. Granny weeps knowing that she has failed.

Lou wakes up, scarred, blood laden and pained. Her living corpse supine on the altar of his hive. He stands over her, opens his coat, and the bees swarm from his body. The buzzing hum roars from his mouth and glides into her own. She struggles, somewhere a baby wails.

Joe's arm swells and blisters, a reaction to the bee sting of his reverie, perhaps? Or perhaps the mark of fate, an indication of the future, symbolic of history repeating itself. In his deranged mind he sees his mother, he sees his granny, but I unable to help.

'Come, it is time!' The words whisper in the winds that enter the church, call to Granny from the mists of the bayou. Granny acquiesces to the enchantment, tired of waiting and tired of living in fear and isolation. She leaves the church and makes her way to the shore.

My arms wrap about her, acknowledge the wisdom of her age, offer respect. She reaches up touching my wrist. No longer afraid, surrendering, and ready. I link my arm through hers and stretch my hook before her guiding her into the murky waters. Gently taking her beneath the surface. She accepts my morbid invitation willingly, holding me as much as I hold her. Embracing her fate, she sinks into the swamp. Water fills her lungs, but she does not resist. Her eyes close, and she inhales death as the hook caresses her skin and penetrates her ribs.

Joe rubs the blisters against his straps, infuriated at his granny's death. The blisters burst and burn, preternatural and premature sepsis pervades. He envisions his mother.

Lou rises from the alter, follows the sound of the baby's cries to the window. Beyond she witnesses the pyre. The funeral pyre of a living sacrifice. Without hesitation she hurries down the stairwell and crawls into the stacked wood. She hears the whispers, 'Candyman…Candyman…' They do not see her as she clambers through the flames. Wood cracks and falls. There in the centre she salvages the child, uses her body as a shield.

The burning sears into exquisite ice, a thousand pins driving acid into her flesh, but still, she drags the child to safety. Her life for his.

'They shall sing songs to remember us!' I thunder as she ejects the unharmed child
from her burning tomb. My hooked arm comes, wraps about her and drags her back into her mausoleum.
Fire and water.
Fire and ice.
Joe's skin rips into necrosis, he watches helplessly as his limb dies.

Part Twenty-Six

'Joe, Joe.' Joe looks up as if pulled from a dream or nightmare. His mother's burning or his grandmother's drowning, both etched on his heart. Confusion, locked in a nightmarish battle and fighting for sanity. His perceptions unhinged.
'I am Dr Dwyer, a specialist. I am sorry that we have failed you so far, I am here to break you free from your delusions and in doing so you should be able to regain your grip on reality.' The doctor shuffles through some papers, 'according to these records you believe that some phantom, a figure from your urban legends...'
'What do you mean 'your'?'
'Well Joe, I mean...'
'I know exactly what you mean!' Joe shakes his head and twitches his swollen arm.
'How is your injury?' The doctor asks. Joe turns his head.
'Accidents happen!'
'This look like any accident you ever seen?' Joe asks peeling back the bandages and revealing his necrotizing skin.

Dwyer raises an eyebrow.

'This legend, the Candyman. I can prove to you he does not exist. You stated in one of your previous sessions that if you say his name five times whilst looking in the mirror he will appear.'
'Mama told me don't do that, I didn't listen, I'm telling you, but you won't listen either.' Dwyer tuts and pulls a mirror from his drawer.
'We will break the delusion. Candyman. Candyman. Candyman...'
'Don't!' Joe protests.
'CANDYMAN!' Joe rocks against the straps that restrain him.
'Don't do it!'
'CANDYMAN!' 'See, no....' The expression on Dwyer's face changes, contorts. He plunges forward, his eyes wide. The hook protrudes through his belly and wrenches upwards. Dwyer's body drops forward, and blood gurgles through his last breath.

'Robitaille!' Joe mutters, 'Candyman!'
'I am one of many,' my voice echoes in a dream like state as the binds rip from Joe's wrists. 'Part of the whole, as are you! Children in the playground, sweets for my sweet. Save them Joe. Be my victim.' I leap backwards, shatter through the window and its bars, opening the path of destiny, beckoning Joe to step upon it.

Part Twenty-Seven

Cabrini-Green, 1977.

'Mama, who that man?' Aliyah asks as her mother pushes her on the swing. The little girl clings to the rusty chains that support it, soiling her cold hands. Brianna looks up and draws in a sharp breath.

'That ain't nobody you need to be talking to!' She exclaims. 'He's trouble, best stay away.' Beyond the confines of the playground a dishevelled Joe staggers about, his gait clumsy and his shoulder slightly hunched to compensate for whatever damage afflicts the arm hidden beneath his grubby jacket. Aliyah swings for a while, her eyes fixated on the man.
'Is he sick Mama?' She asks at length. Brianna tuts, realising her child has no intention of dropping the current line of questioning.
'He's sick alright, but not the kind of sickness no doctor can help! He's spiritually sick, like when you go to church on a Sunday, and you believe in something well that makes you spiritually well. Joe there, his spirit is sick. He's a bad man Aliyah so stay away!'

'Bri,' a voice calls from the entrance to the apartments. 'Bri!' Her friend repeats.
'Now what she want? We best go see!'
'Can I stay here just a little bit more? Please mama.'
'Well OK,' Bri huffs, 'you wait right there though. No wandering off, you hear?' Aliyah nods as her mother shuffles off. Her humming fills the crisp air, accompanied only by the screeching of the swing frame.

A little boy rushes around the outside of the playground tormenting Aliyah with silly faces. He stops at the gate and climbs on the creaking lump of iron. Paint chips fall away in his hand.
'You, you want some candy?' A voice sings from behind. The little boy turns, his frightened mouth agape. 'I ain't gonna hurt ya none, you want some candy?' Joe holds out his good hand and unwraps his fingers to reveal much sought after sweets. 'Mister, I'm not s'posed to talk to strangers!'

'Name's Joe, so now we ain't strangers.'
'I guess not.' The little boy replies taking the sweets. Joe nods, and hums a tune to reflect Aliyah's song as he saunters off. The little boy waves the candy at Aliyah taunting her. She sticks out her tongue as he unwraps the sweets and makes an exhibition of chewing.

Another figure passes the playground, rounds on the child, and engages him briefly. Aliyah cannot see his face as it is covered by a hood. She cannot hear the words that pass between them, quickly the figure moves on. The boy resumes his taunting and places another candy on his tongue. Aliyah jumps from the swing and marches over to him, preparing her onslaught. As she nears the boy falls from the gate. He chokes and splutters. Blood seeps from his mouth.

'Mama! Mama!' Aliyah screams. Bri and her friend rush over followed by other residents. The boy collapses on the ground choking furiously, blood vomiting from his throat.
'Someone get an ambulance!' Bri cries. 'Hurry!' He writhes against that which ails him, his body convulsing, drowning, until all movement ceases.
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As the ambulance departs only bloodied frost remains, a small reminder of what came to pass. Around the apartments and row houses another threat arrives, blue locusts, searching for someone to blame. Eager for retribution, but not in the line of justice.

Part Twenty-Eight

Cabrini-Green, 1977

Sirens thunder about the estate, lightening marring the frosts and dusk laden sky. Rumours pass from mouth to mouth and door to door. They have come for him. Joe hobbles up the stairwells. His arm covered. He chokes as if dust fills his lungs instead of air. Each flight laborious, but he persists, knowing that his history will implicate him in a murder that he did not commit. His history, the circumstances. Just history.

He reaches his floor and climbs across the landing, shaking with keys in hand. He flings open the apartment door, his home a shell of its former self. Derelict. Unkempt. Just like his body, the rotting shell beneath his jacket. He stumbles over to the window and watches as the squad cars pour foot soldiers into the complex. In panic he recalls an exit.

The bathroom cabinet is easily lifted, the hole to the lost apartment still gaping wide, summoning him. He Chambers through and pulls the cabinet back into place. Beyond lies another world, a shrine to the memory of Candyman. Joe takes in the wall art, the sublime depictions of Daniel's life and death.
'He's been waiting!' A voice interrupts. Joe rubs his eyes and looks around. An old man sits in the corner staring into an imaginary distance. 'I've been waiting too.' Joe brushes past him and stares between the boards that sit where glass once was.

'They're coming for me!' Joe observes.
'Why, yes, they are. That's what they do!' The old man laughs.
'I didn't hurt the kid!'
'Course you didn't, couldn't have been you, some folks are just born with hate in their heart. They see what

they don't understand and go out of their way to destroy it. That's how architecture is. That's how it's always been.'
'They just bought back the death penalty!' Joe starts to shake and his coat slips as he sits next to the old man revealing hive-like holes boring through his flesh.
'They'll fry you for sure. But there's a better way. The right way.

‘Folks think you're dangerous, think you're different, but what if you could give them something back. A piece of history, a reminder that our lands aren't sacred.'
'What you talking about?' Joe responds, trying to sound like his irate younger self. 'I'm talking about reminding people. Reminding them what they must never forget, Candymen!'
'The Candyman?' Joe queries as a shiver runs up his spine.
'Candymen!' The old man repeats. 'I bet what's left of your arm is rotting, like me just sitting here waiting.
Waiting and rotting.' Joe slowly peels his coat off to reveal the putrid flesh hanging from his limb. 'Show me that arm rightly.' The old man instructs. Shouts reverberate from the floor below, blue bottles buzzing with profuse excitement. Joe holds out his hand. 'You keep still now!'

Joe’s wizened friend pulls a cleaver from a tatty pocket, 'this near went rusty waiting!' He states nonchalantly as the blade slams down severing limb from torso. Joe hardly makes a sound. The silence is deafening as his old shadow drives a hook into the stump. 'People need Candyman!' He wipes the blood from his blade. 'I'm just about ready!' He states as the

blood pours from the wound and smothers the hook. Joe's pupils fix. A sigh leaves his body.

The old man looks into the blade. 'Candyman,' footsteps crash across the landing. 'Candyman!' Joe's door is busted down. 'Candyman!' Furniture is turned and dropped. 'Candyman!' The bathroom cabinet smashes to the floor. 'CANNNNDDDDYYYYMAAANNNN!' The hook glints in the glow of the torches, a gun goes off.

The old man sees the reflection in his blade, it drowns out the shouts of the trespassers. The reflection clears, he feels the hook as it plunges through his belly. Relieved, his duty done, he slides to the floor and a slight smile glimmers across his face as his body slumps. 'Candyman,' he whispers, and the apartments echo with the same sound, the same whisper. The same name.

Part Twenty-Nine

Chicago State University, 1992 It was always you Helen. The graduate student veers out of the lecture hall and across a quad with a water featured epicentre. She dodges undergrads as they hurry to their respective seminars. *It was always you*.

Clouds thunder across the skies and stifle the suns burning stare. The rain starts to fall, a drizzle at first and then a downpour. She hurries along the lawns and ducks into the carpark, her hair already soaked from the onslaught. Her heels click as she totters towards her waiting vehicle. *It was always you Helen*. Whispers trickle through wind and rain. They meet her ears, nonsensical waves of nature at first, but they

take form and shape. The carpark is eerily desolate, she finds herself alone.

A breeze washes about her and those words enter her mind once again. *It was always you Helen*. A thought or stirring, a bleak ghost story. She does not know. Perhaps an inner voice luring her psyche to deep introspection. There is a calm in the storm, but the storm caused her to shiver, and fear drenches her very soul. She delves through her bag and panic-stricken fights to locate her keys.
'It was always you!' The words greet her ears as a tempest kisses lost islands. Her keys fall and her eyes fix on the man that stands before her. 'Come to me,' 'I, I have to go home,' her voice fades as she drowns in his stare.

'Nooo,' I growl, 'you have no home, your time has come.' Our proximity narrows even though I barely seem to move. Her mind drowns in the painted pool of my vision. 'We shall become legends, come.' Overwhelmed and over awed she collapses in my waiting arms. A stranger so familiar, too familiar, a character from a story that she has heard over and over again. Yet, she did not believe. 'Helen, it was always you!'

Part Thirty

Chicago State University, 6 weeks prior to the disappearance of Helen Lyle

Helen takes her seat in the auditorium, her notebook prepared and her mind eager. 'Today our lecture focuses on the urban legend.' The theatre dims and the slideshow illuminates. Professor Wexler takes to

the stage in his usual dramatic fashion, 'did any of you,' he sweeps his arm across the room, 'ever hear about the lady who found a lump on her head. Visited the doctor and upon incision a herd of baby spiders scuttled out?'
'That happened to a friend of my aunt's,' a student voice returns, 'only it was the hairdressers and the comb caught in the wound.'
'Did it indeed?' Dr Wexler responds with an air of self-satisfaction.

'Why should you never visit the sewers in New York?'
'Alligators!' A more feminine voice shouts out. 'People used to win pet alligators and when they grew too big released them in the sewers. They mutated!'
'I heard that was Philadelphia!' Someone interjects.
'And of course,' Professor Wexler continues, mindful of the ensuing disturbance, 'the tale of the babysitter. All alone, late at night. She hears the ominous sound of scratching…' He waits for the inevitable retort.
'It was an escaped convict with a hook for a hand!'
'I heard he put a pet in the microwave,'
'No, he tied the boyfriend to the roof of the car…'

The room erupts with ever more complex and unbelievable theories until the Professor raises his hands as a request for silence. 'Ms Lyle, would you come up here?' Helen awkwardly lowers her pen and strolls to the stage. Professor Wexler offers her a mento mint. She takes it and he watches as she chews. He chews one himself and once both are swallowed, he pulls some Diet Coke from his bag, 'drink?' 'No thank you!' Helen replies.
'I insist, have a drink!'
'I'd rather not.'
'May I ask why?' He pushes.

‘The combination of mentos and soda cause the stomach to rupture!’
‘Do they now?’ Wexler asks taking a big mouthful.

Instantly he convulses, foam drips from his mouth and he falls to the floor. Once his audience’s discord reaches a hysterical level he jumps to his feet and wipes the false foam from his lips. ‘None of these stories are true. Not one. They are urban folklore, tales made up from town to town and generation to generation. These stories are nothing but urban legends.’ He turns to Helen and lowers his glasses, ‘and you would do well to remember that Ms Lyle!’

Part Thirty-One

As the lecture ends Helen approaches Professor Wexler.
‘You promised not to do urban legends until I had finished my research elements next semester!’
‘Ms Lyle,’ the belligerent man replies with an evil grin, ‘I cannot hold up, nor be expected to hold up the students’ education. That’s unrealistic.’
‘I think I have stumbled upon a legend where the facts and the myth are closely related. This afternoon I am visiting Cabrini-Green…’
‘Ah, Candyman country,’ Wexler rudely interrupts, ‘Daniel Robitaille. Yes, he fell in love with someone quite beyond his reach, her father had his arm removed and a hook inserted, honey smeared upon his body to attract bees and what was left was burned. Now his ghost haunts Cabrini-Green!’

‘I think that there is some truth…’
‘Helen, stay objective. Don’t be drawn into the ghosts of scapegoats and scapegoat ghosts. The history is the

spine of the book, nothing more. People maintain these narratives in the same manner as folk tales; they seek a meaning, an underpinning to existence and all of the injustices that society brings.' Helen sighs despondently, 'and Helen, don't go out there alone please. Now,' Wexler looks at his watch, 'if you will excuse me!'

Once alone and in the comfort of his office the inquisitive and sceptical Professor pulls out his cigarette box. He flicks it open and stares into the glare catching his own reflection. 'Candyman, Candyman, Candyman, Candyman…' He hesitates, then sighs and rolls his eyes at the remnants of social superstition that rest imprinted within his own cognitive development. 'Candyman!' He places a cigarette between his lips. He feels the heaving presence rise behind him just as the hook enters his back and tears him from sternum to gullet. The smoke drops into his blood-soaked lap and his eyes bulge with horror as I guide him to a plane of existence beyond this realm.

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Helen dreams of a professor who disappeared, she dreams of another life, a simple one in which she studied fables and visited the keepers of these fables. She dreams of death, and of swarming insects poised to inject her with their toxic nectar. Her eyes open and her body adjusts to my grip. My voice whispers her name in deep, cruel tones that she cannot touch. From my mouth the bees sing, from my bones they gather, and pour over her willingly open mouth. Another nightmare, perhaps, her half-opened eyes gaze upon the walls as fear and panic rise within. Graffiti, a

gallery composed entirely of graffiti, conveys the Candyman's humble beginnings. She gasps suddenly, her own reflection cast upon the wall, her image painted, our love reborn.

Part Thirty-Two

Cabrini-Green, Chicago 2005

In the playground beyond the apartments a group of children dressed in winter coats jump rope whilst singing a rhyme.

'Helen woke from sleep so deep,
Humming like the bees,
And from that sleep she heard a cry,
A mother's screaming pleas!

Helen woke from sleep so deep,
Returned to him from death,
That pounding sound,
Sticks on the ground, His everlasting breath!

To the window Helen ran,
She heard the child's cries,
All a part of his plan,
To ensure poor Helen dies!

To the window Helen ran,
As the fires were soon lit,
a part of his plan,
through the boarded slit!

Down the stairs, into the night,
She ran without second thought,
Down the stairs, into his sight,

A soul eternally sought.

And into the pyre his love does climb,
Heeding the baby's cry,
Together for the rest of time,
Like him she must now die!

With last breath she took the child,
And crawled through the flames so high,
Protecting his body from the fire so wild,
Knowing that she would die.

To her grave they all did head,
Words read from a book,
Coffin lowered with one last drop,
And on it fell the hook!'

Part Thirty-Three

River North (Cosmopolitan district built on the foundations of Cabrini-Green), 2022

The architects returned, reassessed and reformed. Swept away the dust, scattered pebbles and stones, they have no soil to call their own. A new world attempts to hide the past, bury it, but it will not stay buried, for what is history if not an example of sobriety. Instructors lecture the words without the feeling. Echo the picture without oils. Reap rewards of intellect without the crushing rationale of wisdom. The architects look upon the new era, their new creation, and deem it just, relishing the exhibition of equity and beauty.

From the rubble cries a hook. It scuffles through the splinters of all that is, all that was, and all that shall

be. Forces its way through the pyre, and he follows. I follow. Cosmopolitan, a metropolis of windows glazed in the fog of myopia. Glass cracking from within. A reflective world indifferent to the reverberations that quake every pane. There in they stand, waiting. Watching. Polish the exterior, scrub the glass, but this is no two-way mirror. It shines for the architects, reeks the stale infusion of success. Utopia unbound. Scratches appear, scathing the surface. Fine, hairline fractures.

Beneath the Elysium old roots still grow, entangle and rise. Ancient apprehensions from a bygone era, their consciousness unmoved by the concepts above. Each window lists with an abstract essence. Invisible ivy climbs from beneath. The appellation justified in wistful dreams,
‘Candyman.
Candyman.
Candyman.
Candyman.
Candyman.’

Fin.

You Have Now Left The Twilight Zone

A Stitch in Time

Imagine, if you will, being trapped like a rat in a maze, unable to leave, unable to execute any type of free will. Meet Ada Spinks, an amazing woman who has endured two world wars, seen empires rise and fall, worked in healthcare. Now she sits in her rocking chair, day after day. A rocking chair cut from the same wood as the log cabin that houses it. Her only company is her wayward grand-daughter Agnes. Ada sits and knits, her sore thumbs working away as she waits. Her only chance of leaving her prison, the daunting hope of a wooden box, but freedom sits on the very cusp of a daunting reality.

Click, clack, click, clack. The needles weave together their endless blanket, its colours drench the old woman's lap, covering her legs and trailing across the floor. Occasionally her eyes dart up and observe Agnes. The slip of a girl drifts aimlessly between the living area and kitchenette.
'Tea Grandmother?' She offers. Ada glances at the clock, 1pm. Its white shiny face reflecting the hue of light that ghosts the cabin.
'Tea would be lovely dear. Tell me, is your head better. I seem to recall that it was troubling you last night.' Instinctively Agnes strokes her forehead, the cuckoo screaming in her ear.
'It is better, though not quite right,' she states whilst placing the kettle on the stove.

Click, clack, click, clack. The sound of the needles pounds her temples, but she looks at the kindly face of

the old woman, and her tightly woven bun and a hint of sympathy settles her nerves.
'You are troubled child, perhaps last night's thunder scared you?' Ada queries, gently rocking back and forth in her chair. Agnes scoops a loose strand of blond hair behind her ear.
'I did not hear it grandmother, I slept heavily,' She whispers handing her grandmother the tea. 'Your pills grandmother!'
'I told you dear,' the hunched over woman laughs, 'they're not mine.' Agnes sighs,
'must we have this argument every day?' She mutters to herself moodily.
'And grandmother told you to control your moods, anxiety puts the leprechauns in you.'

Click, clack, click, clack. Whistling steams from the kettle. Agnes, realising that she has forgotten to remove it from the boil hurries to the kitchenette. Steam rises against the window, and she stares at the outside world, the inaccessible world. Now, merely another picture on the wall. For an instant, in the steam, she catches a glimpse of a pale looking mousey girl. Sickly. It fades, as did the thunder. The steam mesmerises her, captivates her, and her gaze is held. The cuckoo cuts in, calling time, where time no longer matters.

Click, clack, click, clack. Ada looks at the clock as it strikes four. The round face staring at her, reminding her of the slow and painful progress of time.
'Is it medication time?' Ada queries, her needles working another line.
'Grandmother, you said that the medication was not yours. Remember?' Agnes snaps impatiently.

‘Indeed, I did,’ Ada chuckles, ‘I wonder whose medication it is.’ She looks up as Agnes tuts and rolls her eyes. ‘I am sorry dear; I forget how trying I can be.’ The wizened lady apologises as she steadies herself against the heavy, white cushions of her chair. A bland colour, one that permeates the cabin.

Click, clack, click, clack. Agnes tidies furiously, straightening the chairs, plumping up the solid cushions and aligning the wall clock. She scrubs her grandmother’s cup and saucer and washes her hands furiously.
‘You seem agitated child,’ Ada points out, barely looking up from her wool. ‘Is something amiss?’
Agnes wedges the sofa’s legs against the ivory mat.
‘That infuriating tapping,’ Agnes growls. ‘It drives me insane.’
‘I’m sorry dear, I am a burden, but with my joints there is little else for me to do.’ The cuckoo yelps in Agnes’s ears once again, forcing her to jump involuntarily. Ada stares at the round dial.
‘I suggest you drink your milk and try to sleep.’ Agnes reaches for the milk, she had not noticed it before, but now it rests on the table, waiting.

Click, clack, click, clack. CUCKOO. Ada looks up at the clock, it seems to smile announcing dawn. 8am. She watches curiously, ever weaving her wool, as Agnes eats her breakfast. In the mirror Ada glimpses an old man and smiles to herself. She remembers him, an educated sort. Capable and professional. His image fades almost instantly as the needles continue to knit their melody.
‘How are you feeling today? You look refreshed.’
‘Very much so grandmother,’ Agnes replies, ‘would you like your tea.’

‘That would be lovely dear,’ Ada replies. As the kettle boils Agnes fixates on the window, longs for the world outside, until the steam fogs her view, and once again the sickly shadow appears, albeit momentarily.

Click, clack, click, clack. Ada’s white dress and pale skin vanish into the depths of the cushions. Click, clack, click, clack. CUCKOO. Her face peers from within the padding, drifts into existence. She looks up at the white dial, 1pm, and then down at her white knitted blanket. The noise beats like drums in Agnes’s brain. She rips the cuckoo clock from the wall and smashes it to pieces with her feet. The white moon of the sundial stares down at her, time passes.

Click, clack, click, clack. CUCKOO. The sound comes in the absence of the object. Click, clack, click, clack. CUCKOO. Agnes places her hands over her ears, in the mirror she glimpses the sickly girl talking to an old man. The furniture seems slightly out of place. She rushes around straightening angles, plumping up the thick white cushions, washing and scrubbing her hands.
‘It’s four O’ clock dear,’ her grandmother mutters nonchalantly, ‘you are wasting time again.’
‘Wasting time? How can you live in this mess, and with that infernal noise?’
‘There’s no mess dear. Life is too short for concerning yourself with such nonsense.’

Click, clack, click, clack.
‘Too short? To live in a hygienic home.’ Agnes snaps, noting the alignment of the furniture once again. ‘I am stuck in here, with you, no way out. The least I can have is a bit of order.’

‘Then you shall not leave.’ Ada laughs as she rocks back and forwards, disappearing into the padding of the white chair. The needles bang together, the noise deafening. CLICK, CLACK, CLICK, CLACK. Furiously Agnes grabs the needles and drives them through her grandmother’s chest and into her heart. The needles melt into the cushions. The walls crack and heave, a split forms. Then another, then another. Quaking ruptures the floor, glass shatters from the window and mirror, spreading shards across the disintegrating abode. Then there is nothing.

Agnes rubs her eyes. She blinks, and blinks again. The old man sits beyond the glass. His white coat firmly buttoned to his neck, his clipboard and pen write furiously. The metronome swings from side to side; click, clack, click, clack, click, clack. She gazes confused at the white padded walls, the high barred window, and her own sickly reflection in the glass.
‘Do you remember me, Agnes?’ The psychiatrist asks.
The scared girl shakes her head.
‘I your doctor, Dr Adrian Spinks. ‘You are in Bedlam, admitted for severe OCD. A danger to yourself and others,’ he flicks through his notes, ‘obsessed with straight lines and bleaching body parts.’ He looks up from his clipboard to the round, white clock on the wall. 4am. ‘It is time for your medication Agnes.’

Click, clack, click, clack. The cuckoo cries out wakening Agnes from a forgotten dream. Her grandmother sits observing, always observing as the needles tap.
‘Would you like tea grandmother?’ Agnes asks.
‘That would be lovely dear,’ the old lady replies whilst eyeing the displaced furniture.

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Very little comment here, save for this small aside. Life is short, obsession with death even manifesting through compulsions that seem reasonable, may give an early death. A self-inflicted prison of one's own making. If there is an escape it is through a change of personal direction, such counselling could be sought in another realm and in that realm who is the hero? Ada or Agnes? The only thing we know for sure is that time is the villain.

Contacting the Authors

Valkyrie Kerry and Brett Dyer may be found on Twitter:

@JasonVoorheesIM
@Ashy_slashee
@ImmortalisIM

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