

Through the Abyss

by tora diab *Monday, Jul 24 2006, 5:17pm*

international / poetry / post

Who or what is able to contend with one tempered by the horror of horrors, one who willingly enters the fires of hell in order to overcome? The demons run at the sight of those that have overcome the transforming fires of the Abyss! Only those that have passed through are able to comprehend our state. For the rest, run, hide or die are your only options. WE RULE THE RULERS.

Thus refined we achieve perfection in LOVE -- We are ONE!

WHAT IS IT, PEACE?

Touché away
rock grind deep
grate that edge
break that glass
slash that mind
what is it peace?

scald that spirit
crucify the lie
bring me back
lest I die
but cynic laughter from afar
mind drowned mind
soul suicide.

body dangles quivering
the razor's edge
balancing
ONE PATH ONLY, RESIST.

spit madness in the face
brother insanity you lack all grace
there's nothing more that can be taken
the last particle already broken.

lash our storm
I shan't hide
you demon jester maddening high

anoint my brain
boiling oil
there's no refrain
seething agony
we're off again.

Today, everything is cloaked in an unreasonable hue, a certain irrational shimmer. I can taste the air and it is bitter with unreason and cruelty. The world passes ignoring the horror, lies, weeping and pain.

I ask those passing, "do YOU hear the screaming?" Numb and stupefied they pass idly by; they do not see me. I AM screaming but they do not hear me; I am weeping but they are not moved. Surely the world should acknowledge my cries?

The Eagle's talons clutch the eyes of a child, its beak wet with blood;
the Bear is groggy from winter sleep;
the Dragon tastes the clouds.
The old man has gathered his clan, the family is united.
Is there no hope for a widow's son?

I am dreaming reality; I see tigers of the night, burning, burning very bright!

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-267.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-8.html>