

Sound of Silence

*Fear, old Perv, in darkness groping you
Provoke strange pulse from tiny loins,
a silent turgid surge of blood, the flesh,
restrained beneath your fingers hot,
dry cold as yellow stains on sheets.*

*silent lessons here are grunting taught:
A lesson in confusion, vibrant pain,
And primal toilet pleasure, acrid shame,
a churn intestinal it's given shape
Awash the pungency of leaking fear.*

*The vortex of the futile bawling babe
to monster wheels of helplessness returns,
with thuds surrender to futility
of tiny hands in fight 'gainst might makes right
triumphant in a world gone wrong.*

*one's own hate on one's own self revolves,
and impotence in dismal history recurs.
unleashed destroys with thrashing,
itself it rends and turns upon its' self
and mewling eats its 'membered limb.*

*a quivering marionette is dangling bait,
tumescant pathos night in squalid night,
feeding execration hand to mouth,
feeling finger on the trigger,
bites and gnaws if only you don't look.*

*You know imploding sanity by doubt,
You feed a cockroach with an open sore.
You crouch beyond the range of desperate sight.
In silent void of company with you,
a child in space could not be more alone.*

*I hear the scratch of rodent claws.
The gnawing at the face-close plaster boards,
Escape! It's loose! The scratch of claws,
across the floor it skitters in the night.
This—yes, this--is how the silence sounds.*