

Deicide
and
Gardenia
Boy

Harlequin

Poetry

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Deicide

Deicide

In realms of subterfuge
A kraken in sickly pale
black grieved upon
The shattered deity
Which it kissed with blades
And combed with glades
Shining from within the trees

An act with no stooge
So fated to horridly fail
Turning worlds unborn
Drowning light's treaty
Snowflakes gathering to
Collect all the few
Wonders that de cease

Ember's songs in furious rampage
Bearing the kraken's sombre
indignant inflicted damage
Piercing the most lonesome

A height of lustrous
Flesh emanating yonder
Bemoaning the thund'rous
Futile act of wonder

The monster of human blood
Claiming the crown o' might
Hunting no lovelier sight
Than that of godly lethal flood

'Tis none in heaven
'Tis none in flame
Him, with the seven
Who taught him this game

Elusive puny humility
Only as a shielding corpse
Casting faint connection
Hiding daggers in megalomania
Thriving outside violets
As the giantess falls and crumbles

The clouds swirl in humidity
Closing their most highest doors
And – oh! – the stars lashing
out against their own disdain
Drawing painful known reds
With roaring washed rumbles

A prayer by the fell
Reaching up beyond hell
Clawing her return
When the slayer will burn

Proditicide

“A requiem to the slain!”
The cries silent with disbelief
Concealing thorns in grief
Meeting the Azoth’s trust
With the Inverness thrust

“An elegy to the pain!”
Rising arms in dozens
Craving all the doves
Light’s lake and spring give
Falling to his will to live

“A victor’s hymn in vain!”
Gaia’s might to discard
The pierced expels his heart
Giving in to the fall
Returning its human call

The victor turned traitor
Receiving shame greater

The traitor turned pale
Across Jordan sets sail

A bird with greater wings
Than he of greatness sings
Now descending together
With the same feather

The narcissus prince
Tumbling yonder
The ruthless king
Enthroned in wonder

Gaius' deed in vain
He, afloat, rising
Dismissing the pain
Of that he'd sing
Ever since

Matricide

Retrieving knowledge brief
Undoing such joyous grief
To observe once more
How thorns cried before

Waltzing with facetious dress
Retracing broken strings
Clutching poisoned wings
To which the witch may confess

An encore that in beauty no less
Would even kill the kings
With kindness he flings
In the ever-overgrowing cress

An arpeggio of trusting green
Leaves to watch nurture bleed
Awaiting coldness to be seen

A glissando of revealing greed
As he kisses goodbye with keen
Venom in his murderous seed

Thus not yet finds its demise
For following deeds exceed mother
Refusing red, white, pink compromise
And shan't sidestep the brother

Fratricide

Once bathed in flowering flour
Once bathed in beauteous bower
Linked with smirks and purest eyes
Linked with dance and bluest skies

Once sung with whole-hearted pride
And never present without sweet snide
Grabbed by trembling blind blush
Freed in unprecedented rush

Priorly clouded, now in the mist
Gruelling sparks bracing for night
Still in reluctance to sighting fist
Terminating care with his might

Prince in creaking seat
Queen in the shade, he strikes
Sat by him onto the spikes
Knowing of the cheat

When once he'd eternally scour
Within barrenness he finally cries
Where once he'd cunningly abide
Wretched roots will crush
Turning inside-out the dusky bright
Rose-red paths that he likes

Filicide

A stroll in the morning's white
A stampede in dreaded blight
The caretaker peeks behind
The darkened hair to unwind

“Who would abandon a droplet?”

The youthful wayward sprout
With frail and pitiful pout
He who found origin none
The spinster who would be gone

“Join the bowl of waterplay”

Instead now embraced he lies
Within maternal grasps and he
Knows of none possessing such wise
Performed, oh, cruel sincerity

“Is he worthy of the goblet?”

Broken smiles frame his cheeky frown
That witnessed the flat cry
Of the foxes and wolves' far sundown
Swearing her deed to go awry

“A crack in shell and ceramic grey”

A night where it's begun
A creaking of a door farther
Away than there'd be someone
Awaiting a truth much larger
Breaking crystal glass with pity
Bewitching all but the spinster
Him, whose sparkle's reawoken
On the bed he shall sit, he
Knows of fate prepared, grins, there
May be blood left unspoken
His smile still left broken
Her blade taken as token

“The shredded viola seeking relief”

Slash

She weeps in tree's mourning beauty

A crossing in bittersweet scent

Cracking the crackling air

Trespassing in audible domain

Velocity striking fear and pain

The boy, he smiles at

Her, she hums

The spinster, he leaves

Her, she hums

Infanticide

A man once came upon
Six apples, all of them
He, crying, wanted undone
And so he pondered when
Double trifecta might cease;
But truth would not appease

A man once delivered duly
Six apples, their grey eyes
Refining Gaia's wish fully
And no matter how he tries
The weld of fate binds
Most eudaemonic minds

Apples of pears would not
Persist in disarrayed wedge
Between life and the ledge
In their childish familiar trot
A finale of squealing extremity
And chaotic voices of infirmity

One-eyed green beauty
Clutching his dearest blades
Knowing of the fruity
Mindset he invades

One in red
By grown lead
One in green
They aren't seen
Fall all at twilight
Asleep, no fight

Angelicide

-Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus
He who has risen, the beast
Of endless arms in violence
Shall now perform a welcome
Breaching on clouds and grace

-Dominus Deus Sabaoth
Oh, fie for shame!
When embracing wings
Turn opaque in shattering
Of obsessed thirst

-Pleni sunt cæli et terra gloria tua
Forgotten mercy at hands
Which bring deceit to
Those who never refuse
Those who never detest

-Hosanna in excelsis
The lowest of lower
Tossed aside in his glare

Preaching of what he
Pridefully abstains

-Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini
Six halfsteps in bright stairs
Ambassador in cloaks
A seventh for perfection
Held in eternal suspension

-Hosanna in excelsis
The lower of lowest
Grasping for ultimacy
Finally met with
Adoring rivalry

Omnicide

Where he, his monstrous greed
Had stood, his life's been spilt
For yearning and fists had freed
The wrath of her, whose guilt
Roamed with no hesitation now
No rescue in begs or in bow

Return'd from treacherous trust
That had led her into deepest dust
Her glares cut the swords of heroes
Bemoaning the former humanly glows
Now gone, now replaced with bold
Corruption in treasonous, pure cold

Her wings wiping with'ring waves
Of mournful masking might
Bellowing and turning their graves;
Upon dawn, her face comes to light:

Aronia.

A youth, climbing upon a rock
Tumbling with her fruitful radiance
An elder, shedding tears upon
This falling world and its usurpers
A leaf, pondering the sin
Which has soldered
The human among the undying
Which now proves their undoing

Muddied cities whose sparks
Shine farther than eyes' will

Aronia, in completion, rests in finality
Crying out in greyed skies
The cursed annihilation which seeks
Each other upon realization

A fruit of mellow sunshine
A fruit of blackest lilies
A fruit of seen injustice
A fruit of excess equilibrium

A passing of winter
Her wings frozen
As her soul rests still
Outside the carnage

A revival of spring
Her sight soaring
As her soul rests still
Inside the grief

“What, oh— what has befallen them?”
She cries and yells
“Why, oh— why would they not
Send love and vibrance as do I?
Why, oh— why is their selfish rot
The reason for their final sigh?”

She did not see.
“Why, when I crafted them like me?
How is it my nature they outgrew?”
That her face had cracks too.

Gardenia Boy

The unidentified Youth

I.

Cyan idealist skies crash aground
Within the now newly profound
Cerulean eyes

The lime embracing grass, trapped
In its endless effort to adapt,
Betrays who it's facing

II.

Flowing fabrics of plain shirts
Lending their lengths with smile
To the afterimage of false skirts
Which the external eyes defile

The crowd's uniform eager heat
Accepting the boyish silhouette
In their most undeterrable feat
Guiding them from this to that

Four of them, decorated with shine
Of boyish play in locker rooms
Claiming each other as "mine"
Where topsy-turvy downfall looms

One soul in trembling red;
Taking pleasure unlike once before;
Finds the gates of life, in bred
Queerness, such oddity once more

III.

Yet whose apple received the bite
 Shall return the loving seed
 To the lily he did breed
After freely indulging in his sight

And whose hotheaded soul found light
 Shall embrace his delicate need
 Of which he wishes to be freed
As he ditches dreaded delight in spite

“Tender thorns led me far astray”
Said he, shaking in drops of the moon
“Your petals pulled me back on my
way”

The boy’s voice chose to twitch soon
“As you called me with shining neigh”
Whispered he, with velvety swoon

IV.

Back from dreams beyond range
Admitting how far from sunlight
The divine fruit tempted all summer
And played with the secret holder’s
fright

As tumbling and running led to night
Calls to hit they hay like a drummer
Glaring upon fantasy with threat of fight
As none is fair and all is foul when
strange

V.

A prince is born into oblivious shell
Of jersey, shorts and all that's well
A burning stare and brazen grin
Indulging in every pre-pubescent sin

Speaking further than he can see
With steps carelessly wide and fierce
Knowing not yet which to be
Forgetting just how his flames pierce

To all the lily lacks he is akin
Every day a simple tussle to win
As he embraces the lime smirks that sell
His perfection no matter if he fell

VI.

The boy, with all feverish trust
Wanted him to dearly hold
The boy whole, gift him the thrust
In which blossoms can mold

Infantile Justice

A slumber on a Sunday noon
 So warm in lovely grace
 So empty in embrace
With worries none, a red balloon

The darkened room meets boredom soon
 Betrayed in promise and in daze
 Through which the short hairs phase
Entrapping her, who crushed the boon

Oh, frighten not, the game's begun
As his fingers reach her heart
Now laughing, he can know true fun

Bemoaned her cries as his eyes dart
To tumbling climax which they shun
Taking joy – oh! – part for part

Hyacinths in a Garden

A lily called spring
In which righteousness became
The culprit itself

No disgracing indulgence
But that of blooming obsession
A yearning, not a curse
The feasting love, the tender rose
For unison within the same
For difference in unity
For grassy smells and
Withered flowers intertwined

Roses called winter
Releasing gracious kisses
Lifting shameful pain

Eden

Two of a kind, boy of
God and boy of rib

Facing concrete, refusing
trees, shrubs and vines

Evil in the orchard's eyes
Good in the sparkling petals

He devoured and could see
He devoured and could tell

Two of a kind, boy of
Good and boy of Evil

Cast away in force
Driven to make merrier

Exploring, enjoying, deciding
Not to do as told

Eating, expanding, choosing
To leave as they came

Two of a kind

Picnic

A sprinkled cupcake sour-sweet
Daybreak gifting dew drops' waltzes
Drifting through foggy meadows
Lifting excitement from sleepy shadows
Cheerful children circling 'round
Their playing in morning sound
Tender fruits quickly swallowed, down a
Blender in nostalgic mirrored vows

Fear not, little one
Immerse yourself fast
In your carefree fun
And just have a blast

Worry not, all of you
All is planned, be at rest
Follow lead on this
Truly special dawn of
Play in adjacent purple rooms,
Pastel rainbows, and
Starry feline skies

Afternoon Attrition

Sparing glow in murky hall
A school of further studies
Dull attrition framing fall
Which snide hatred embodies

Growing darker, sombre banes
Now seek escape, a troubled
Crowd of moods, collective pains
That he dares to keep subtle

Orchard Boy

An evening at the orchard
Parted from his friend
The boy strolls past flora's bard
And bittersweet harvest

Stumbling, tripping into
A gate, a passage, which
Gently leads him through
Sweet songs of childhood promise

Now fulfilled, treading café floors
Enchanted laughs and vivacious décor
Warmest walls with embellished doors
Engravings of longevity and anticipation

Reuniting runtish rascals rather late
For the orchard, coy, opens all wonders
Freeing frozen fragrances from fate
And the orchard's toy from sorrow

Battle of Turns

I.

Mighty confetti chandeliers
In which beaming dresses bathe
Halls full of prideful cavaliers
Whose spears in dance scathe
Masked benign and waltzing ecstasy
Diving into their beloved fantasy

Outgoing skating lacking ice
The mannequins twirling with highs
Of howling trumpet's cries
Circling flute's gentle dry dice

The strings now pulled in drumming sea
Of glorious waves in steps of rose
The youths traversing the vicinity
In pink lilies, grabbing close
Frolicking within the space of true life
Entrancing themselves, fleeing strife

II.

The radio blares its familiar tune
Of Prokofiev's dreams and
Tchaikovsky's cannon fume
In dark halls of freeing land

The cries of straining bows
Feeling mourn and tension
In what last effort shows
Within the antique mansion

A trill, a trilogy
A quill, a duet
A note, a roll

No hesitation in euphoria
 A firework he utters
 A boy he grasps from gutters
 He and him in twirling waltzing vim
 He, who, in arpeggios, found him
No reluctance in commitment

III.

True menace, silver night
 The castle's here, so sweet
 Anticipated calm defeat
When truth must dare to fight

The bones in shackling dry delight
 Are dancers now indeed
 And who you must not greet
Or they will rob you of your sight

The hosts, in dusk, reveal to be
 A cruelly shunned amygdala
A troubling frightening anxiety

 The short deliriums fall on
Just those who cannot see the glee
 A lost boy in a mall

At Crossroads

Exiled, once more
And truth – yonder
Across the black shore
Receiving no wonder

Two youths in opposition
Glaring in pulled strain
Of their own volition
Releasing the shot's rain

Two more just awol
Joined in the sea
Thick and red, their sole
Reason to flee

Two youths with met eyes
Holding the red-handed
Knives which stab skies
And take what's been granted

Deterred Descent

Grand sombre steps followed
A ray of hope, shaking now
As devastation is the victor
And defeat is welcomed by all

Yet even within secluded acceptance
They will arrive with care,
Delivering the virtues that invite
The determination that carries all

Awaiting decades of rock in carnage
Facing ice, lacking reluctance
Falling not once to the falls of hypocrisy
Walking, and running past history
Before open arms burn and melt
Leaving all in just and equal, comforting

Unknown slumber

Afar, the Flower Dies

And once I came upon the cave,
Followed the path which light gave
My soul fell from heaven's comfort
And my coy breath grew short
My eyes froze tight by shock
To an image they dare not mock

He lay there, cold, numb, lost
And as I grabbed Him, I knew
He had been clutched by frost
Of penalty which holds not few

The sight turned cloudy, quick
I had rid myself of the sick
Dull vessel I had so adored
Which of now had me floored
Presently fraying its roots in fire
Deeming love's boy a liar
For no nurture would bring
Him luscious glowing angel wing

A boy whose heart remained
In his grasp while mine
Was His too, assigning me pained
Hours in crushing brine

But now, the train had halted
Yet even within serenity no fault would
Emerge; no, He sat in earthly dust
While His fragile stern self must
Flee beyond what's heaven or hell;
Fly anywhere but his beauteous shell—
And I, now, wherefore shall I abstain
From nostalgic attempts in tragic vain?

*When all's done,
I look but on a vessel.*

Cast aside, far from eyes and fingers
The disgraceful desire now lingers
He, who ceases to refuse the bite
Now in abandoned tranquil delight;
Shall I not view such freedom so great
As undeniable, most intentional fate?

Plucks of broken echoing strings
In angelic arching frame
Embellishing Him who quietly sings
A song in anguished shame

Finally, a hand guides embrace
To a pale, peaceful face
Graceful strokes charm the blush
Long gone, tearing all His lush
Ripe vibrance; Longing for slow
Crossing of the only scarlet glow—
Suddenly facing cerulean night
Depriving Him of traces too bright
 The vines crawl up His arms close to
Shoulders, neck and sweet torso
 As tips feel fair, empty – to you –
To me overzealous divine fabric flow
Of all-enfolding life's home
Deflated, embracing dome
Which never received my fire
Despite inconceivably aching desire
 I look but on a vessel.

Marching towards His core
I discover the way this sore
Flat yearning has struck
The twisted idea to – in luck
Tint the leaves which He holds
And taint the bloom that folds
All over His body like an invasive harsh
Pest and plague across the marsh
That shan't pass without His parting sigh
When cyanogenic kisses fly

A truth which put me a-self
As gentle kisses soar through sparks
Of Him, devoid of vigour, no,
Devoid of Him

No one to witness such deed with love
Soaring with fairies through mud
And embracing swans in pools of blood
For such intrusion into lightest flood
Shall, in finality, shoot, not free the dove