

CRIMINAL GUEST

(A Mild Conundrum)

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TREES love to drink the waters that will soon rip open the place that is now gone
That sacred area of an eroded time that built itself into an encased universe
Stamped on high as translucent terror silently slipping into that oily corner of the
mind that harbors awareness

Animals of heavy wiggle interminably pontificate
Doomed are the dedicated, unduly denied
Questionable antics intentionally designed to intoxicate
Painted, sprayed — invasively displayed
To willfully precipitate and then preside
(over the buttressed drought that splinters the hide)

Grandiose feasts presented to peasants —
Subtle storms disturb the peace!
Princes of armies preach corpses entranced —
Placid pools drown flaccid fools!

Caught in a brain-crave of unhinged emotion
The *Thirst of the Forest* exposed the need
As if the dam held back an ocean
Each ancient oak delivered its seed

TREES love to drink, in times of passion
Do not the meek love to inherit?

Inside my brain, i hear civil unrest
I don't complain to my *Criminal Guest*
These bugs inside me are dining on chatter
They conspire insidiously in artful manner

A mild conundrum, a wild infestation
We need inoculation to stop devastation