

GENTLE IS THE IDEA

James RandallFly

The crib is crawling on this darling morning
Bastard babies does the directive deliver
Trickling doubts of a motherless warning
Thoughts that creep while children quiver

Tempting minds tending their *thoughts*
Bring to bear pernicious plots
Inward infolding they borrow not
Wreaking, sewing, reaping rot

[Evil expressions deepen an already poignant flash]

I'm subjugated inside a flashy girl
Who bore a secret tale
A naive conquest does unfurl
Painted scapes of infinite scale

The people cry, wishing the sadness would just die
The land is vast, the solitude dry
Deep and eternal like vanilla concrete
You know the kind that tastes so sweet, where
Beauty is built on massive steel feet
I *gently* arrived, graciously alive
Bladders splashing, morticians thriving
It absolutely reSounded of something so very *volatile*
Residual, long-lasting and utterly horrible

I was force-fed my own death. I realize: I'm climatized.
All my friends are dead, the small r, the one with no hole.
Looking around... No one i found.
It's a sad cloud that refuses all sound.

The sky has slipped beneath and asks of a murder perched in query
The murder chirps its reassuring comfort at the divine and eternal table
Onward, INTO the point, the elusive and dancing divide
We dance and play the role of a vitriolic and broken soul, horrified
Bad and wet, it's a twisted kick

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Comfort comes to hold me tight
She's the pillow of my delight
Still, we dance and play the role (of a)
Horrified and broken soul.

You are poetic bliss shining soft warm light into my world
You bring happiness pulsing with energy unfurled

Gentle is the idea sitting peaceful in the subtle palm
Her hand persists, even INSISTS on fulfilling
Her once-whispered oath
Who is serious? *Wrecked and delirious.*

Watching that brilliance that abides in the sky
I worship and feast upon the mirrors in my eye
The glistening ideas that spring from the mind
Are wonderful reflections that calibrate mankind
As a blink before dawn, the devoured are gone.

Dreadfully, the dreams manifest:
The bad people are kicking me in the face, my nice face.
I try so hard to run but they won't let me: Dead, I'm erased.
I drink the River Blood.
I am the all-seeing, dancing, crack in the cosmos.

*The dark and blanketing MASK is heavy and unyielding
Daily breathing is challenged, as a lion, under a sinking, crushing ship
A God-ship dropping in the death-throes of a mortally wounded black sunset
The HAWK, tired and finished with predation for the day
The fresh dead, new and warm blood, glistening red
Red DEATH at my feet, fresh flesh-kills ready to eat
Hungry, about to die, because of what we were TOLD to do, per the directive*

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The Mountain looks outward, sees the People, and tries so very hard to talk!
But the wonderful Mountain does not know “words”
The Mountain knows only the large hammer of thunder that metes out life —

Why does the rugged and rolling, dusty sand behave thusly?

Gently crawling and dry, Mr Dune, o brown
Spritely sprawling, the liquid mass of same crawls onward
Forward into the brisk, blue morning
The Liquid Mass of SAND
The minute and hour drop molten power from my hand...

*o baby precious, please come to bed
precious one, please hold my head
quickly now, yes, before i'm dead*

As the desert Sand, it said,
“I am the grains that spread around the falling water
It seems that time has melted into a sticky, essential tree...”

A Lovely Tree that bleeds, that gives its sap, and its sapling!
The Tree does sing! She sings of love and brings to LIFE each new day!
With ethereal joy she suffers not the sorrow of yesterday —
o what a frightful play, a delightful day, a crazy way, and existential splay!

*And that is why I cannot cry although, certainly, I die
Each and every day, in every monumentally insignificant way*

My gaud, the cosmos is a fraud
The stars are lying, the light is dark
My mind is trying, crying is the lark
what the fuck: why does the rugged, dusty, rolling sand thusly behave?