

Lucifer (after the fall)
or
Moth - Man
or
The everlasting scream(er)

I fell.....o-h-h-h-h
miles & miles I f e l l
my glorious wings
burnt to ash

h u r t l e d (!!)
by the mighty hand of God
my, my pipes
my taberats
clogged & useless now

In a dark cloud around me
others fell
end over end
twirling - like falling leaves
screaming...crying...wailing
their beautiful wings
burning up too

to resemble black moth wings
our faces
d i s t o r t e d
in fear

Down, down, D O W N
to a dark, feature-less
earth

s l a m m e d
into
unforgiving soil

God's beauty gone
eyes full of hate
mercy - less

God, God, GAWD
did this to us

** Lucifer **

eyes dimmed, damned & hopeless
l e a d s
fallen angels

God be DAMN - ed
&
to ME be the glory
the pitiless creatures

m o a n e d
writh - ing in unspeakable pain

YOUR kingdom
is down below

b o o m s
3
the voice of God

no,no, p-u-l-e-e-e-se
not THERE

how the flames dance so
how they burn n n n n n
a i e e e

can't we go back to heaven

The Lord knelt
in the red dirt of Eden
& crafted Adam
as Lucifer watched, jealous

My man.....
My man creature, the Lord crooned,
++ I love you ++
made in my own image

I would have you
join me in heaven
for age upon age
of BLISS

Lucifer peered
spat & growled,(((furiously)))
man of mud !
I will send my spirits
to kill you
&
drag you down into
the kingdom
of ever - l a s t i n g fire
&
ever - l a s t i n g pain

If I can't have heaven.....
neither can YOU
detestable excrement of mud & spittle

his face.....
now the color of dirty ash
twisted, leering
eyes red as fire
hair burnt up into gray-black coils

((this is WAR))
I'll deceive you
the way I did the angels
{ you will roast with me yet }
in excruciating
p a i n
you will praise ME
man of mud
& not Him, no, never Him

l o n e l y
f o r s a k e n
a b a n d o n e d

fallen Lucifer dreams of heaven,
of his aeons upon aeons there

ever conjecturing how to turn
music, praise, & the dance
against God

to deceive
God's greatly beloved
m a n k i n d

##

Florida March 2003

*In the first blush of Spring
That scarlet southern lady
Awakens from her brief winter's drowsiness*

*In the darling daring new green
Of young-old Oaks
Air scented by millions of orange blossoms
And the many-colored shameless azaleas
Flaunting their colors everywhere*

*In that breathless hush
Before the flowers wilt
And the heat breathes*

Like a furnace blast

The heretofore blushing Southern belle

Becomes TOO loud **

*TOO bold ***

As the flirtation of Spring

Turns into a brassy,

Overly made-up creature

Who dominates the air

And sucks the life from others

In the South's excuse for winter

###

the AnOINtiNg of the Ho- Ho- Holy Spirit

or

maxed OUT

maxed UP

maxed IN

(1st time/falling under the power/1991)

or

out of your BELLY shall flow RIVERS of living
water/John's gospel

f l o a t i n g

*** free -- falling ***

on a rainbow parachute

in a dream cloud

of flower petals

like drifting downstream on

the softest of feathers

God's Holy Spirit - comforter

into the arms

of the eternal One

rocked g e n t l y

to & fro.....
.....to & fro
as if in a cradle

c o v e r e d
in heaven's
kisses & caresses
unBElievable ecstasy
one hour.....
two hours.....
& a half.....

connected to earth
but s u s p e n d e d

-- L I G H T --
-- F R E E --

into another dimension
where Time becomes NO MORE

c o n s c i o u s
.....of this world
yet.....helpless, in another realm
in the garden.....with Him
& Magdalene

God-filled laughter
r i p p l i n g
like ebb tide

enthralled with
Jesus, rising from
the shrouds of religion

d r i n k i n g
from the River of Life
e v e r l a s t i n g

unto
full.....saturated
drunkenness
that has its source
in God

as many are carried out
as if dead
(only laughing)
unable to walk, talk
or drive

into the rain-filled night
of a Juneau November
~~~~ on this ~~~~

\*\*\*\* a heavenly visitation \*\*\*\*

##



Pale Princess

Pale Horse

or

Princess Diana/the dream

She rides the pale horse

of death now

"the people's princess"

taking out land mines

those death machines

holding the poor, the helpless, the

children

like an everlasting mother

lovely

pale



blonde  
willowy

scream-ing to an  
un-glorious  
un-fitting end  
in a rain soaked tunnel  
blinding lights  
screeching tires

stolen from us  
(much too early)  
a precious person  
always alive in hearts

her last chance for earthly happiness  
[[ snuffed out ]]



by irrational, jealous  
spirits

the world is lonelier  
( & much darker )  
without her angelic presence

the innumerable children  
whose lives she saved  
give her praise

##



## Divine Punching Bag

melt down \*\* burned up \*\* consumed  
in the love of God

Seeing.....ALWAYS  
a pitiful, struggling figure  
covered in bruises  
cuts & blood  
impaled on a dirty piece of wood

m o c k e d surrounded by enemies  
like a pack of starving dogs  
Mary, too, suffering with all mothers  
Yet, in the consumation of ultimate  
d e g r a d a t i o n

is the gift of our healing, our sanity  
our Joy  
Joy-less, the angry faces  
pressed close to His

Prophecy ! Show us a sign - walk on water  
(( not responding ))  
they punched Him again



and kicked Him again  
(( for good measure ))

Divinity burned itself out  
a fire of

\*\* purification \*\*

\*\* sanctification \*\*

\*\* justification \*\*

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