Haunted Nights

by daimon *Wednesday, Jan 4 2012, 9:49am* international / prose/poetry / literature



artwork by BANE

souls i have known
long dead
come uninvited
when circumstances permit
and intrude on my
peace
first forming shadows,
phantasms
on the back-screen
of my mind

barely discernible at first but becoming ever more tangible until they are indistinguishable from the 'real'

some return to deliver messages and tender kisses from grateful souls others come with mal-intent to flay my flesh and open my insides exposing my quivering entrails and pulsing heart

my tolerance for pain is now so high no mortal is able to inflict any discomfort whatsoever -- i have been tortured by the best and most dastardly demon, myself!

who is able to inflict the most acute pain or cut deeper into my psyche other than myself? who or what is more aware of my vulnerabilities, raw nerves and weaknesses?

on quiet nights
when circumstances form
mysterious configurations
the gates of hell swing open
and release the spirits
of those unable to rest
bent on vengeance and retribution

i direct them to various loci of temporal power where they find their victims and feed on their uncertainties and fears -- the villains of our age.

criminal elites have no rest or peace; my legions inflict the most exquisite pain, doubt and torment

sometimes the demons permit me to view their handiwork, people in the deepest sleep sweating profusely grinding their teeth writhing and wincing in pain, tortured in their dreams minds turned against themselves

it is true what they say no-one gets out until every jot and tittle is paid or accounted for.

[make haste, the sun rises.]

Cleaves Alternative News. http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-2919.html