

## 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.]*