

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.]*