

Twisted Mist

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ForeSeen ANNIHILation

**Sloppily slurping the brim of his skull
Guzzling and gurgling the creative and dull
Coarse and cruel does his blood run red
While demonic deceit cascades over his head**

**Separated from love, mischief, and pain
The gory core of his blackened soul as whole
Thusly proceeds to fade beneath the troubled array
Of the festering and curdling of his trusted valet**

**Steep yet narrow does he wobble and worry
Trying to resolve the injuries incurred in a hurry
Still forbidden from the vigorous elixir flowing below
Purely and furiously through his molten abode**

**Unassured of what faults will abruptly resurface
In response to the clearing within his own furnace
Fearful of the possibilities that await his appearance
At the vulgar procession of his determined disappearance**

SUFFERING SERVANT

**Bristled bindings tugging steady
Cords of tundra timber lying low
Dragging loads of splintered stone
Beyond the life that fades yet grows**

**Pinching fingers atop broken toes
Begging to purge all awful blows
As unknown forms of faltered bones
Conjoin thrice despite crumbling homes**

**Desirable trickery relieving gullible groans
Forbidden henceforth from abandoned hall
Uncertain chaos fueling the smoldering fire
Selflessly hurling in the winds of the shawl**

**Greeted and beaten by malevolent snarls
Gripping and tripping all surviving the fall
Bleeding while feeding the infant spawns
That chuckle to the tingling tickles of dawn**

LONE SACRIFICE

**Smothered by a smoky slumber
Under shadow of vengeful moon
Clicking and flicking shivering feet
Wearily waiting for those coming soon**

**Patiently skinning the skin on the brim
Of glutinous souls with whetted goals
Unsure of what lies on the back of a fly
As it observes the gutted shoved in holes**

**Collecting the meat from victimless freaks
Patiently performing for the giddily unamused
Entertained by the ashy tar flying from afar
Burrowing at the invisible core of a whore**

**Scared by the chilling chariots of humbled foes
Twisting many wrists of the twilight dwellers
Fidgeting before the riveting sight of the song
That whistles along the lumber of abhorrent shelters**

ANCIENT PLUNDER

**Muddy bricks and twisted sticks
Caressed by damp stacks of straw
Wet with urine and puddles of shit
Tightly packed within jumbled jaws**

**Mumbles, grumbles, and tumbles
Endlessly echoing around the flame
Camped aside from barrels of thunder
Rumbling and rattling to murmur of name**

**Tedious tales of the lying lore of old
Discretely stammered yet sadly spoken
Willingly wished to be cast from memory
Into the plump pond of towering tokens**

**Deceived by elusive and putrid promise
A single demonic destiny cannot be read
For the dire need to gather innocent lives
Will only contribute to the inevitable dead**

THE OTHER HUNT

**Bubbling blisters and splintered spine
Bloodied and beaten lips, teeth and eyes
Wounded sweat coating the badly bitten
As they impatiently wait for the end of time**

**Hastily hidden from what unholy howls
Acquaint those who have refused to struggle
Consuming all of the weak and uncertain
That have welcomed the sharp edges of rubble**

**Suffocated by the veins, nerves, and arteries
Pumping, bumping, and thumping beneath
Slowly growing and exploding all together
When gradually stripped under heavy sheets**

**Hunting the captives of unwanted captors
That have ran astray in the heart of the wood
Evading the conclusive illusions apart the chase
Calmly expecting what could and what would**

Bleeding Trees

**Gloating glue covered in gaudy glitter
Perspiring from the sealed lips of swollen
Blooming pigments of estranged reflections
Conjuring the bronzed, silvered, and golden**

**Loosely labeling foreign figures of the forbidden
While mangling and mingling slowly and slightly
Blind to bliss that bombards all blended books
Scrumptiously stacked against voided frightening**

**Hellish humor grapples and hackles across halls
Steadily being staggered to avoid extinct religion
Handling the ridden that jumps to slump alone
To the ocular iridescence fogging previous vision**

**Vindicated ventriloquists bow skulls to the dull
As kindred and injured spirits encourage celebration
Balloons, confetti, and fireflies collected in tribute
Promising what has always been inhuman intuition**

Tainted Lyric

**Creaks and squeaks that squirm and squash
The silence that slithers along the rigged rocks
Mutely bordering all fleshy stones sitting single
Cooking while looking at the sunset that knocks**

**Serpents snipping and swallowing mad vermin
That limply scurry as snacks into pulverized pus
Stealing any breathing chance of festering foe
Inventing the moral and destroying the unjust**

**Yelling the telling of the tickers that time the tone
In what excess of glimmer that gloomily glistens
Infesting the premature roots of a glowing immortal
Attempting to meekly see, speak, greet, and listen**

**Repulsed by the immune that undo the undone
Still thrilling the murdering masses of the mundane
Sifting through the gritty grains that lower nimble rains
Threading cursed string in between the colliding ravines**

HaUNted CoMpaniON

**Plagued fires of sired desires
Hired to conspire paranoid rage
Crying liars bewitched by satire
Executed for crimes against age**

**Tasting the infinite elixir of home
Sprouting a geyser to quench thirst
Repairing what dried hopelessness
Once ran fluid in the spirit of birth**

**Carried from fetus into young child
Guided from thought and into motion
Inspired to conceive the risky ideas
That warm any dream of true devotion**

**Rocked and cradled to oppress doubt
Claiming the innocent to indeed be guilty
Of misbehavior that rightfully challenges
Philosophical promise of evil and divinity**

UNHOLY CLeANSING

Joyfully bathing in a vat of boiling blood
Bubbling over the rigged sides of the tub
Profusely staining the bleached porcelain
Lathered along the brim of my sickly fun

Wiggling my wavy fingers and curved toes
Washing the innocence floating my bones
Sinking beneath the reddening milky film
That hides the barely seen and little known

Contagious shards of broken glass and gravel
Layer the oily reef of bright candles and lanterns
Lighting an illuminated path for thoughts to follow
As they approach my remaining sanity and candor

Making an effort to write a petition of great note
Composed to combat my many slitting of throats
Trying to reverse the morals my actions have broken
As I continue to shower in the meager lives of the stolen

Steamy Feast

**Hobbling under the winding mountain pass
Staggered and unstable after each slight step
Corroding by the crumble rolling down facade
Tearing what bearings refuse to accept regret**

**Bumped by the wisps of brisk and risky winds
Unsure of the terrible tidings that tread them
Slowly souls and gunky ghouls lurk in the dark
Lying and flying within the caves sad and grim**

**Gurples of gargantuan yet grotesque buffets
Packed and splattered across the boulder walls
Uncooked chicken, cow, and bird flushes limp
Carried to and from the mouth of the falling falls**

**Brittle with blowing bunkers of divided crude
Embedded to perfection inside the raving rube
Ranting and stamping its feet along the fleets
Lined to find the missing pieces of puzzled gloom**

Battled Battle

Licked bellies and wandering wits
Cracking grins at sights of dripping grit
Shaking sweats of perspiring fiends
Absent simple conduct, reason, or means

Blushing at the nether that kneels ahead
Prepared to obey the demands of three and six
Numbering the products of both good and evil
As they are piled among piles of murderous whips

Aligned along what lines linger in many mists
Cowering in the coupled darkness setting west
Drained of cries milked into unopened stale vases
Hugging the mud caked around every tempting test

Approving alliance in the midst of leaders and lows
Once denied now granted access to barrels of treasure
Bound by the reins of the saints still wanting to guard
Mutilated and removed to make way for spoiled measures

GeNOCide KiTCHeN

**Concrete batter sprinkled in flaked toxic sugar
Mixed with scorched embers and squirming insects
Baked to poisonous perfection in puddled lava
Shaped into sinister snakes for the lord of the defect**

**Fresh with whitened flames heating their creamy center
Pitifully poking the chapped and cracked lips that devour
Savoring every swallow that slips through its boiled throat
Hunching, munching, and crunching the pastries by the hour**

**Sweetened to sober the sweets swinging and drifting so close
Squishing each squeal to squiggle away from the lord's ways
In agreement with those who serve the crown of damned desire
Individually inspired by the tingling treats of the lord's games**

**Crawling in cockroaches are the corned slits of his sloppy horns
Erecting and correcting any delicacy his hunger guzzles in a gulp
The lord pounds the dying breasts on his chest for more and more
Impatient for his patients to cook the next batch of newborn pulp**

Bricked Mayhem

**Buttoned within a cramped crate of cruelty
Nailed boards boxed around fidgeting figure
Gasping the cooled and contagious oxygen
Weeping through weeds of winded danger**

**Exhausted by the pooled pressures of peers
Chanting and ranting above the grassy grave
Carelessly contained in monstrous meadows
Planted to conceal the vengeance that waits**

**Barely breathless under the wounded moon
Mounted atop mountains soon to slowly swoon
Weary by the weird instances of glinting bloom
Bending backwards toward the daunting goons**

**Digging at the dirt still blanketed over secrets
Begging to uncover the bearings they withhold
Humbly resting their blistered motives to kill
Retained in the grains of breaded cobblestone**

HOLLOW HIVE

**Secured on the saddled post of a larva
Gallop across barricades of scattered scum
Waving the white and ripe rings of its cabin
Alongside surprising prizes of crispy food crumbs**

**Fixing its preferable fill for the lively adventure
Awaiting audience that promises further respect
Regardless of how many mothers or mindless maggots
Stand still for the savior of worn souls that travels in death**

**Slapped with the caps of fellows that attempt to compete
Aspiring to claim the same fame that sits on the other side
Lonely yet lavishly does prominence find a home for a stone
Rolling in the flowing of what miniature missions seek to confide**

**Finally arriving at the toppled staircase of the frowning kingdom
Enshrined in glorified entrances of decadent meals that manifest
Only and by only of the command given to the hobbling heroes
They are awarded witness to the devastation of foretold unrest**

Loquacious Remedies

**Festering orgies steadily infecting the innocence of the damned
Foul gestures of pleasure that mutilates the humanity of the hands
Casks of putrid wine mixed with the devastation of horrid phenomena
Scented in the bland yet mortifying tastes of cyanide and pneumonia**

**Mistaken and disfigured shadows of those that hover the heads of beds
Blanketed with stained pillows to appease the troubled and tormented
Uncertain of when the fungal entities that paste the wastes of sweats
Will glaze the painful and enjoyable thrusts and struts of the demented**

**Plucking the portioned platters that playfully present sinister snacks
Munching on the remains of the past and the previous that still swings
Fumbling between willing and youthful flesh slacked upon the sheets
Waiting for the filleting that wishes to dwindle all that chuckles and sings**

**Sharing what virginity that laughably lies limber in the shades of sunrise
Peering over the nearing of the end that awaits the riddance of the rowdy
Slowly silencing the charades that binged and blossomed throughout the night
Only to once again rise and take flight to stir a bit of madness in the county**

INSidious Cocoon

**Budging and nudging at the heart of a weeping womb
Tunneling a forcefully funneled exit for those coming soon
Asleep with bitter and beloved dreams of deceitful death
Cornering and cataloging their every weak yet growing breath**

**Coddled in cloaks of cascading clusters of connected regencies
Dictating the details of the deadening birth of expected guests
Emerging by the hundreds and even thousands after each second
Immediately gnawing at the cluttered breasts of a succubi chest**

**Shackled to shame the creation of such hungry and thirsty beings
All plotting to plant their seeds of sin in the whims of mortality
Unaware of what consequence huddles and scurries in a hurry
Amused by the ironic muse that matures at the knees of actuality**

**Blunted by beasts that rejoice and deplete the ligaments and the laps
Seasoned by father of the rejected that nervously await their last nap
Consumed in caravans of corroding cancer venturing to the silent deep
Purged by the urge that clouds the profound fortunes of fidgeting creeps**

BLeNded AMbition

**Ridiculously dangling over the floor at the steeple door
Chained and blamed for criminal conduct against the lord
Religious emblems and crucifixes branded into my scared skin
Sentenced to serve an eternal punishment for barely being born**

**Grappling all the graces that once blissfully blessed my head
Hanging them helplessly to teach a breaching yet valuable lesson
Engorged by the pain of my parents cradling my sealed division
Forbidding many divine delicacies such as communion and confession**

**No longer shall I taste the selfless body and blood of our savior
No more will spirits or wreaths of garland tingle my simple senses
The comfort of flinging flames and grizzly games will continue to stay
Removing every instance of innocence and replacing it further defenses**

**Appalled by the winged yet hideous hunters herding the starving flock
Tangled and trapped in the click of a snap by the fingers of the fallen
Rounded in the crowded canisters of clingy, verbose, and clammy vermin
Whispering a windy yet finite fable of all who never part from pity pardon**

Sleeping Creep

**Fear finding and figuring my sincere fears
Clearing the nearing of sullen and silent tears
Slowing and subtle are screams in devious dreams
Dried by lies lingering behind unkind ceased streams**

**Marvelous motion moving beneath the grinding grief
Stilled in thrill of thriving shrines of shredded shrieks
Crumbled rubble raving at restless rites of soft relay
Grilling the ghastly grips ripe with hype and foreplay**

**Assuming angled alibis argued against anonymity
Taped, shaped, and raped by regal flows of fertility
Slender sorrow slips the single deathly deed indeed
Fooled too from the drool dripping down poor plead**

**Pressed by a purpose presented for playful pleasure
Tainted, faded, and hated is it certainly so in measure
Benefits bubble back on the rack in spite of the fantasy
Unknowingly calmed by fabricated palms of shy gluttony**

FILLETED MASQUERADE

**Enveloped by rushing rocks, bulbous bushes, and tipping trees
Evading the titillating terror of a carefully cultivated killing spree
Mastered by mangled minds of malevolent and monumental malice
Bewitching are the bewitchers who drink from the catastrophic chalice**

**Toasting to the vigor of victory while falling frightened from the finest
Tastefully dining in hailed honor that trickles across the swelling of brow
Stuck in surrender that surrounds what single serenities care to remain
Infused absent amuse within the corruption iced along the endless now**

**Solely stranded in strangled strains that seek to soften sounds of silence
Slain by the rains that rumble sleek and slippery shingles coarsely cluttered
Falsely spared to calm the grumbles of glares still signaling thoughts of scare
Paused to spot cause that crinkles the wrinkles stalled to refute shallow shutter**

**Staked before the state that charges the chills standing the hairs on back of neck
Possessions borrowed for the time of tomorrow that at last brings about the burn
Read scrolled rights that turn the concerned towards remembrance of better times
Hoping some moments more than others will be untouched by ashes of afterwards**

SNIVELING SOLACE

**Prancing skins and skulls with horns, claws, and fangs
Remains both animal and human decorated in acclaim
Foolery it may prevail in the furred fibers of the fabric
Impervious to the looms that gloom in ominous static**

**Sheltered are the worshiped and banished are the untrue
Friends granted for attendance and foes ridden of their truth
Not told but instructed on how to conduct sacred practice
Verbally they have been given but now are written in tooth**

**Scratched into the roots that rest upon the rivets of the stones
Requested to consume the moon that swoons over the bones
Yards filled with the fried flesh of many that once saw promise
Not in those that believed in beings but those who were honest**

**Rituals they could represent and never be regarded as otherwise
Never questioned for their origins or where they had been devised
Though still there stays the stakes the sacrificed did so willing make
While drowned at the altar of town where all go to swim in the lake**

Scribbled Scriptures

The arts of the old are taught and not told
Clearing the weary of all worry in the world
Trained to behave under the loving decree
Placed and not laced to free wounded lean

Protest presses across the unspoken spokes
Kept sharp to mark those who snigger and croak
Open to receive tribute for most noble present
Unworthy and pitied patron sent to accept crescent

Noted in the folded parchment of eldest folk
Concealed from scare of poor and ungracious sulk
A gift that lends the lights shining far from the scar
Scorched into the heart that frothy beats under stars

The duty to dream of a future that rests aloud
Buried in the drifting leaves and the sound of sound
Pleading with presence that plunges beneath reefs
Seeded and weeded to flee the banned spark of glee