

Horrific Paradise

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Verborgenes Paradies

***A pleasant pleasurable paradise
Of gentle fields of golden straw
Blowing softly in the summer winds
Beneath the skies warming flare***

***Angelically cordial are the grazing clouds
Plushly passing their way above my top
Brushing the air with motherly love
As the soaring swallows glide with doves***

***Spinning in spools of astounding tracks
Left behind from the trailings of their backs
For with every tap from the flaps of their wings
A new bird swoops, stays, and sings***

***Musically maturing my creative caress
Strengthening my soul with a beautiful bless
For at the finale
Of these birds song
I have realized
That paradise
Was life itself
All
Along.....***

Riches

*Bullion's and doubloons
Piled on piles
Of sparkling jewels and gems
Situating a seat
Fit for a king
At the near top*

*He sits and looks
Out for the others of his identical wealth
Out for the others of his godly magnificence
Out for the others
As pure as can be*

*The thing is that
There will be no identification
Even close to his meager goal
For he does not want to find
Another who has
Anything close to his wealth*

*For in his eyes
The only godly magnificence
In his presence
Is himself*

Worthless

*Shards of marked green parchment
Being held in small cartable folders
Wedged in our pants buttocks pockets
Intended for easy materialistic trade*

*Currency exchanged for objects
Is something at which is common
It is usual for two individuals to swap
Coins and dollars for marketed possessions*

*For when a person desires an object
That to them
Is necessary for them to soon obtain
They will hunt down every
Hinted or suggested location to where
It can be traded or purchased from
And when
They reach a probable establishment
Money
Will be drawn
But
To what if
The amount needed to get that item
Is not comparable to the amount being offered*

*Panic
Will be the only thing exchanged in that transaction
For when a person shall set their eyes
On something of worth
And
They trust that they financially qualify to have it
They will do everything in their power
To do so*

Pinks and Purples

*Dashing on the rushing iced comets
Accelerating at measureless velocities
Shedding kilos of violet struck debris
Coloring the condensed aerals of the novas
With loquacious detail of fascinating fulfillment
Bombing the bright with curving centuries
Of potentially immovable astonishment
Welcoming the samples of present awe
Against symmetrical geometric angles
Eliminating the extinction of spatial addition
As I march on indeterminable gestures
Unwillingly presented with purposeful honorability*

Promised Elysium

*Lodged in crystallized frequencies
In the coagulated emulating fractions
Are the articulate liberating portrayals
That delineate the deficits of predication
Upon found felicity that suppresses
Gargantuan and stupendous competitors
In which suggest that an existent Arcadia
Cannot contend against modern marvels
To what have undergone persistent protest
For directives that submit simplistic validity
Representing adversaries of modified attributes
Noting a predictable explanation that
Incessant explorations of a coveted utopia
Will subsume architecture towards an impervious verity
For your customary accessories are your actual prismatic Zion*

Adevărat Vampir

*Lying flat back on the velvet cushion
That so comfortably layers my coffin*

*Boarded up with musky hardwood oak
Nailed together
Piece by piece
With miniature rusted wrought iron stakes*

*Humid and moist is the deathly atmosphere
Lifelessly streaming in the medium enclosure above*

*Claustrophobia would appear as the ultimate issue
But
From my standpoint
It appears to me to be a most enjoyable proximity*

*For sleepless nights are never a problem
For the nights are in which I must be sleepless*

*To thrive upon the foggy ruins of the graveyard
Stalking every tombstone that shall lie within a hundred yards
Kicking and skipping over the fresh laid sod
On top of the recently rested bodies of the deceased*

*A meal at each edge of every cornerstone
Slapped on a nicely prepared palate of delectable delight*

*Sugared with seasonings of stinking flies and maggots
Devouring the remaining outer meat on all parts of the carcass
Leaving inner liquefied treats
Of motionless reddened juices entirely for my usage*

Drinking the fleshy valves dry till their last drops

At last appeasing my eager horrifying appetite

*For during this moment in which hunger is satisfied
I experience a thrill that can only be held in the hands of a dead man
A man that has been parted from the land of the living
And into his final resting place*

*An experience that makes blood bubble over in the vein
An experience that makes all that seems sane to be insane*

*Folklore to some
But reality to many
A tale to children
But a nightmare to plenty*

*For my kind cannot be found in every city or town
For to my knowledge I am the only one around*

*You can't spot me in day
You can't see me in light
You can only see me clearly
In the darkness of night*

*For I cause terror
I cause mayhem
For if you feel afraid
Well, then you better stay away then*

*I'll do things to you
If I ever get hold of you
Things that will make you scream
Things that will make you wish it were a dream*

*For I am that fear
That will not grow old by age
For I cannot be captured
And thrown behind a cage*

*I will make you quiver
I will make you shriek
I will become stronger
As you will become weak*

*I will suck you clean
Of everything you own
Turning you solid
In to dusty broken stone*

*An artifact that once
Walked on this earth
Having no such value
Having no such worth*

*For then you may wonder
How this could have happened
And so I will tell you
How this all happened*

*Telling you how
You had no belief
In all that roamed
In the mystical reef*

*How you had no trust
In the stories you were told*

*For you had thought
That they were too old*

*Passages that were written
Way back in the day
Events that were explained
In poorly made plays*

*Just gossip that was passed
From ear to ear
Just rubbish that contained
Not one trait of fear*

*For if this be so
Then
How come I'm here?*

Nuisance

*There's an ugly old witch
On top of her broom*

*Flying on by
Right past the night's moon*

*Warts and blisters
Covering her face*

*So damn disgusting
All over the place*

*Sloppily swooping
Snapping and snickering*

*Annoying everyone
With her obnoxious bickering*

*Ignorantly mumbling
A satanic tune*

*Every time she exits
The nearby saloon*

*Slurping on down
All the finest beer*

*Making herself clumsy
As an unconscionable steer*

*Having no consideration
To what she might do*

*She hopped on her whisk
And again she flew*

*Flying right up
So terribly high*

*Directly straight into
The center of the sky*

*Then without notice
There came a rumble
That made even her
Stagger and stumble*

*A strike of lightning
Hit her head on*

*Knocking her down
Into a pond*

*Full of mud
Full of grit*

*Packed with sludge
And topped with shit*

*Why did this happen
To the helpless old witch?*

*Well
I guess that's what happens
When you act like a bitch*

Libel Labyrinth

*Praising gauntlets
With tempting malice*

*Floundering heights
Against
Bloodied chalice*

*Excavating woe
And troubled foes*

*Manifesting those
In which
Are unable to show*

*Thoughtful rivets
Accomplishing venture*

*Along with validity
Devouring
It's predecessors*

*Amounting thrones
Of ruthless galore*

*Passing
Twice thrice
Towards
Sultan shores*

Cursed Entombment

*Floral pedals fall to the streets
Where the sick and weak
Stop, drop, and weep*

*Kissing their loved ones
Sweet goodbyes
Attempting their best
To conceal
Their flooded eyes*

*Watching the caskets
Pass motionlessly
Down the distant roads*

*Gentlemen draped
Within black cloaks
Stepping slovenly
In brutish black totes*

*Upholding the bodies
Of the old and young
Staring sky-high
Gazing
As the clouds shroud sun*

*Shooting down droplets
Of Spring's fresh rain
Showering upon
The flourishing pain*

*Grasping onto belief
Absconding all love
Shielding pure grace*

From tranquility up above

Letting the people

Drown

In their own misery

Carelessly permitting them

To abhorrently recollect

On their member's past history

Testing to reconsider

The worst at worst

Childishly figuring

The possibilities

Of this dreaded curse

Orphaned Presence

*Shredded thread
Seeping sound
Flame among
Grim surround*

*Splintered speech
Muted cause
Darkened delight
Tampered pause*

*Absent aid
Faltered flint
Foreign death
Volcanic glint*

*Perverse worse
Cradled disease
Buzzing flies
Filthy please*

*Stagnant odor
Foreshadowed end
Retreating beats
Removed intent*

Embrace...the evident

Mortified Ruin

*Feverishly inadequate
Stomping the stomp
Strutting madly
Crossing moistened swamp*

*Perspiring moss
Succumbing dew
Scarlet pests
Throbbing flew*

*Singeing winds
Blistering aubade
Decaying bloom
Fluorescent dawn*

*Punished prayer
Scowled grin
Brooded clue
Exuded mist*

Rainy Revolution

*Smog amongst the fog
Fog against the smog
Curdling around the basin
Of the sacred boulder bog*

*Encasing the silver waters
Concealing twisted sticks
Silencing all that moves
As terror comes so quick*

*Stuffing all the mouths
Of all that care to attend
As the burning clouds above
Arrive to seek world's end*

*Retreating to the beginning
When skies were not aflame
When all its loving people
Roamed freely without any blame*

*Not a glimpse of horror
Sneakily made its way
Along the beautiful rivets
Of aqua's immortal rays*

*Sharing all that's dear
With a vast open range
Aiming at all who desire
To receive peace on this day*

Cannibalistic Lechery

*Contently and quietly huddled around an open metallic platform
Staring down the preserved corpse cushioned in gauze
Surround by eager porcelain plates and glasses filled to their top's with embalming fluid
With starved pairs of enlarged optics lurking up and down the prepared vessel*

*Flies and maggots mixed in perspiring wax and spoiled ethanol
Sit adequately as side dishes for the sincerely palatable banquet
Taunting the parties that so impatiently await the arrival of their host
Primarily to initiate the devouring and dismemberment of the presently edible gift*

*Helplessly emerging from the immovable crowd, a voice intriguingly surfaced
Removing the pristine silence that contorted the erotically fluorescent scenery
Merely permitting those of tasteful interest to begin acquiring their whetted desires
Piling upon one another to savor a slice of tongue and ear*

*Separating the lame muscles from scattered bone, the patched organs yet remained
Gathered together as coveted treats that would elegantly be shared between friends
Not of those whom of which longed to sense such sensuous delicacies
But lechers and murderers of gentle and tender wellness*

*Satisfaction appears to withhold more than just petty empathy
But the overwhelming ruin of ironic divinity*

Smoldering Journey

*Corroded pane and broken sill
Falling downward without will
Splintered glass and smoldering shades
Falling downward as I make my way*

*Rushing winds and frosted rain
Falling downward along with my pain
Shredded shingles and burning wood
Falling downward where I would*

*Flaming grass and darkened trees
Collectively gathered inevitably
Open portal and vacant entry
Falling downward
With me
In subtle serenity*

Voided Diligence

*Bouquets of rusted utensils of horrific duty
Proudly battered in sticky claret
Bountifully prepared for estranged pleasures
Hungriily expecting proposed use*

*Kettles and crates compacted with splattered remains
Stacked incoherently amongst bludgeoned shelves
Merely stocked to appease curious guests
Of greedy and voluptuous manors*

*Flamboyantly concocted vials of confused limbs
Loaded profusely in accessible dispensers
Unspeakably presented to lovable crowds
So attentively fixing thoughts upon sentimental tribute
Yet utterly dumbfounding by bold intent*

*Attempting to grope familiar possessions
Lost quantities of liberated means
Conclude such erratic deformities
Strike abrupt understandings of human nature
Gesturing gorgeous allure
Prompting even fictional ambitions*

Pristine Ambiguities

*Impermeable boundaries of wretched bewilderment
Equate yet pose as inadequate conformities
Floundering idly afar peculiar petitions
Denying persistent and oblivious technicalities*

*Reversing all morally adept and conceptual creativeness
In which burrows temporarily within radical ideals
Accurately proving provisional and forthcoming tendencies
Resulting in reforming any obliterated manifestations of affliction*

*Foreign amnesty and uncertain doubt
Figuratively prolonging proven doom
Not once inquiring to what may or what may not be
Final festivities that will lead us all to our own retributions*

Suspicious Festivities

*Sadistic bonfires shadowing hundreds of barren men and women
Seductively tranquilizing the attentive members
Deluding their dearest wits as they innocently mingle under brutish hellfire
Traditionally gathering hands, just bordering the sacrificial enclosure*

*Worn stone altars contently positioned
Celestially hovering superior over each sanctioned earthly point
Displaying ragged and distraught minimalistic offerings of skittish horned beasts
Each meaningfully chained to the towering pillars beneath them*

*Drawing detested and unholy mure across postponed mist
Revealing blunt blades of concealed demise
Enraging demented thrust through concise moment
Faithfully ending destined abundance
But to what surprise to discover that most darkened hearts
Had been conquered instead*

Crackling Tears

*Ferociously emphasizing vibrant reckonings
Recalling previous twilights spent being ridiculed
Blatantly compromised following abrupt encounter
Reluctantly removed into loathsome yet ghostly terrain*

*Deliberately tortured under criticized criminal accusations
Hollowing every sliver of elated silver consolidating my spirit
Obsessively scratching the surfaces of apparent deficiencies
Immortally scorching inflamed injuries and lambasted scars*

*Impressively still gripped preceding such abominable events
Previewed installments of disfigured purposes
Ostracizing all sick and twisted hobbies
Submerging everything and anything into unfathomable conspiracies*

Ravaged Harvest

*Repulsive conquest and uncanny ambition
Informally allude to unnatural linguistics
Uninterruptedly granting tokens of lame
While effortlessly depositing received momentums
Aloft seamless banks of horrid deposition*

*Accounting for unsophisticated and immoral weaknesses
Contributing to the inconsistent calculation of ignorance
Unintelligently suiting sane and urbane environments
For fragmented follicles belonging to insolent mortals*

*Conventionally averting catastrophic abnormalities
In which fundamentally contort habitual familiarity
Fraternalizing legitimately and confidentially
With melodic pitches of impaired and incomprehensible salvage*

Beaten Heel

*Perverting peasants entertaining abusive debut
Egotistically shifting loyal and expected respect
Diverting absolute attention unto master than unto slave
By bestowing the treasures of finite and ecstatic freedom
In the malnourished palms of the sensitive children held within*

*Bandaging punctured and blistered finger tips
That had so tirelessly been commanded to dig through common heart
Imagining an emporium with confounded and luminescent tiles
As it is boarded from front to back in unforgivable cobblestone
That in which not even the unshackled can ignore*

Acrid Pursuit

*Overlooking the serrated jaws swimming below
Circling the cylindrical funnel of dead space
Bowing its vortex of sublime and fashionable divination
Staking a claim of the protruding surface
Removing itself from the disappearing land at my low*

*Selfishly and furiously stealing the nails from both my hands and feet
Eradicating the very clothes that once lied upon my outer form
Liquidating any rushing red speeding through my system
Escaping the scene as it leaves me to clumsily stumble and moulder
In the same paranormal ambience that I myself had pushed to shut*