

## The Necromancer

by drake *Saturday, Dec 29 2018, 11:35pm*

international / poetry / post

with the last remnants of Love  
removed from nations/populations  
we live in the realm of the Black Arts

necromancers abound spreading death  
in a loveless world, 'it's easy'  
said one practitioner, the light of the world  
once extinguished is replaced by darkness,  
a blind world of blind people and human beasts  
hell bent on ripping out each others' throats  
and devouring what they imagine is the life force,  
blood

but it is a perversion, as blood is no more life than shit,  
both are products of the body and Life withdraws from bodies  
when bodies become uninhabitable due to perverse  
directions/actions

how so, you may ask? Life animates matter giving the appearance  
that bodies are alive, does dirt live? not likely

Love's progeny is light, a guiding force which becomes matter  
dependent on frequency or vibration, each scale  
forming varieties distinct from the other  
yet Love is behind all creation and is inherently against death  
as it continues, while matter is discontinuous, it dies to one quality  
and becomes another within a particular sphere or realm --  
each given a portion of light from which to gain sustenance

when light withdraws what has previously been invigorated  
must necessarily die though it takes time,  
as the impetus derived from light's presence  
continues to propel matter but it must eventually die,  
as the world dies before blind eyes today

necromancers become leaders, leading the blind to more horrors  
and death,  
they are only able to lead their own kind, which constitute the  
majority today  
and so love is lost and souls are lost to a darkness from which there  
is no escape

yet the few that refuse the way of death and darkness overcome,  
as their light is impervious to the darkness of this world --  
my Arts only apply to the dead

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Inverse Times Open Publishing. <http://inversetimes.lingama.net/news/story-411.html>