

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

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