

untitled

By Josh Smith

Lips of wood and nails drip,  
Crack before they curl.  
Winds howl through with splinters drift,  
Vent divinity's final rule.

Epic gust signals the sense,  
Dispatch pulsing light.  
Circuits twitch in programmed souls,  
Hallowed justices displace spite.

Replicate appendages  
Domesticated, moralized.  
Eruptions still somehow obscure  
Traipse throughout naïve service minds.

Hope dwindles down,  
Aim wet fingers, laughter drowns.

Liquid faith roll from the fist,  
Illusions become true.  
Humidify the searing eyes,  
Compensation bathed in virtue.

One stares through contagious blink,  
Conscious - shy of fog.  
Feel the wires extracting now,  
Eyelid veins to trace the fallacy.

Heretic in guise of saint,  
Instantaneous.  
Final judgement - completion,  
Spotlights pound out marching closure.

Footsteps pray on direction,  
Advances digress.  
Supplicate divergent waves,  
Final breath still warm with triumph