

The Moons Child

The media and
messengers wavered.
Banners screamed "War
has been waged, unite
our men in holy arms."

/

The armies began
to group like mercury.
Sitting at the camp,
we are wondering
what we will become.

/

Our fires were blazing
for warmth and cooking.
Huddled like stones we
sit one next to the
other for support.

/

We joke and laugh hard
pretending not to
remember our life
or the consequence
of our not breathing.

/

As we tell stories
about family
members, we keep them
distant from feeling,
for our own safeguard.

Solitude grew with
great force and growing
recognition of
our dependencies
to the ones we loved.

/

All these latent thoughts
are entangled by
our fires fierce flames which
shoot them to heaven
to sparkle like stars.

/

Tonight we all went
to sleep and I could
feel the presence of
all the eyes staring
upward in their tents.

/

Watching as the top
of the tents trembled
from the breeze that cut
across the landscape
sympathetically.

/

I awoke with the
morning feeling cold
and stiff while searching
for my socks, madly
swearing to myself.

Charlie Alms was up
brewing coffee when
I opened the tent.
He looks up and smiles
at me through his beard.

/

He speaks softly and
carefully about
signing up for war
to bring a point and
purpose to his life.

/

Like the fog over
trees, we silently
sit. Charlie begins
to reconsider
what is important.

/

Like kites taking flight
we quickly stood up,
prepared to comply
at the sound, of the
Commanders decry.

/

I've isolated
myself by watching
others. Listening
to all *their* stories
of families and friends.

Thinking about what
they must be thinking
it finally hit
me that I have lost
touch with my feelings.

/

All of this marching
through prairies and hills
has me wrapped in it's
rhythms while I watch
the faces near by.

/

I feel a distance
and a connection
to the other men
by my side as we
debouched from denial.

/

The connections we
carry like scepters
that give us a sense
of purpose, being
human and deep fear.

/

The distance caused by
a fear of getting
close to someone who'll
die. Just faces, name-
less and self-absorbed.

We march and march and
even the trees lose
their details and shape.
Waiting for some one
to see you're alive.

/

We march and march and
we are heading straight
to the deep ocean.
My vision predicts
heavens gate we'll find then.

/

All along our path,
spread out like distance
markers as we marched,
were crumbs of fear
that my life had left.

/

As we marched we picked
the crumbs up. Slowly
condensing them and
increasing all of
our anxiety.

/

We followed all the
markers home where I
was left with this pain
and nervousness that
wouldn't leave my stomach.

/

I know my tightened
belly was caused by
the fear of the up
and coming battle.
How to release pain?

/

On the day after
this hour it was
clear the heroic
destiny of our
forces collision.

/

I almost pissed my-
self three times so far
just this morning. My
shaking body has
jostled my bladder.

/

Uncontrollable,
like destiny, I
observe across the
line of enemy
“they look just like me. “

/

Needling the air
the first shot screamed by
searching for victims.
I felt the threading
shot but I was spared.

Anthony stood tall—
a freedom lover.
A fleeting moment,
and he was hit hard.
I had heard him snort.

/

While I froze in fear
I watched his bile and
his soul both release
one toward heaven
one towards the earth.

/

My muscles tightened
causing pain in my
forehead and my wide
eyes bulged while sweat drops
stung the white sclera.

/

I struggle to get
my weapon prepared
as my breathing has
increased into a
stiff and frantic pace.

/

We all wait in great
anticipation.
Some great men crept out
the back of the line
and ran for the trees.

While pondering the
same tactic I found
an ocean of ar-
my moving me for-
ward toward our foe.

/

Rushing towards death
and now my only
choice is too fiercely
fight or to cower
and to die.

/

With the war started
I could hardly stay
focused in the fight.
Then I had my first
extirpating kill.

/

My heart pumped blood at
phenomenal rates,
racing oxygen
through my arteries
to every organ.

/

My eyes were bulging,
sweat spewed from my pours.
Every muscle
was tightened with fear
while shots crossed the field

In a close and wild
swing I killed a man.
He had no time to
say good bye to his
wife, kids or his friends

/

When death overtook
him half of my soul
left with his body
and half his strength seemed
to come into me.

/

As war continued
I found men standing
like figurines while
I repeatedly
chopped and slaughtered them.

/

I hollered at them
with great force begging
that they defend them-
selves split set against
one good one evil.

/

Half hoping to be
killed so that I would
not have to feel what
it is like not to
be human again.

A once scared teacher
was now a warrior
looked upon by friends
as a commander
on the battlefield.

/

Both skilled and stunned by
my competency
I could never feel
proud but anger growled
for my survival.

/

Compassion smothered
and snuffed like the flame
from a candle's neck.
While my restless mind
grew intense with rage.

/

I fought without a
past or a future
only hopes of the
next moment to come
feature life by breath.

/

My arms swung wildly
and for a short while
I felt as though I
could defend myself
against the vile cold.

When hit by a stone
I tripped to the ground.
As I ease up there's
a face above with
a look just like mine.

/

The same hollow eyes
and contemptuous
smile showing sorrow
and amusement all
in one flashing grin.

/

A pure symbol of
insanity and
evil malice all
at once. I connect
to this and submit.

/

When I notice his
weapon over me,
winged with readiness
to swing it's final
strike for me to see,

/

I shook and trembled
in fear. I looked for
someone to help me
but no one was near
I stood rank alone.

I opened my mouth
and said that “I was
the son of the god
of credence and claim
who's named Tristosa.”

/

I put fear in to
my enemy now
causing him to step
backward while I got
back onto my feet.

/

I snarled words and
threats to destroy his
family and him
and he gripped death as
my weapon hit him.

/

Like a drunken man
after the bar's closed
I scream at the gate
to have my glass filled
with glory and wealth.

/

The enemy heard
and shrunk back in fear.
My comrades came close
and here I stood like
a god in their eyes.

With the enemy
frozen fast in fear
and my bretheren
keeping me protected
I could not be harmed.

/

I predicted wins
I killed and killed more
without any love
for life and others.
I was above life.

/

As the sun went down
the fighting soon broke
and both sides returned
to their camps to rest
telling fireside tales.

/

I learned quickly to
keep my responses
simple and to act
as a mirror not
as an oracle.

/

I observed quickly
to shroud my answers
in ritual and
wild stories that could
not be disputed.

These are the true tasks
of the seer when
the seekers want some
definitive in
a volatile world.

/

People came to ask
about war and I
would tell them to “fight
for what is right and
all is forgiven. “

/

I would appeal to
their vanity when
I told them that they
were noble creatures
for killing evil.

/

Man and Boy of all
ages wanted to
know that they are good
and wanted to feel
they were forgiven,

/

so I forgave them,
and they paid homage.
Praise, gifts, protection.
All in my honor.
I walked holy ground.

I told myself what
I wanted to hear
as well; in order
to protect my dim
false Identity.

/

I told myself it
was for survival,
told myself it was
for the people who
needed the courage

/

and I told myself
that these were not lies,
that this is just war
and I told myself
that it will end soon.

/

I prophesized to
the people about
how much purpose and
possession were key
wartime dynamics.

/

But, shedding the cloth
of these would take time
after the battle-
grounds were abandoned
and they kissed their wives.

I told of how the
sun began from piec-
es of my father
when he exploded
centuries ago.

/

And how the space and
planets grew from his
body and rivers
from his blood and they
wanted to believe.

/

I spoke of freedom
and told them they were
the greatest things to
roam this great planet
and they smiled at me.

/

Then I spoiled it by
telling them that the
gods who found the earth
gave it to humans
so we sacrifice.

/

I began to be
a military
advisor, working
far from the war, I
was safely removed.

I countered my strength
with an evil force
so any mistakes
could be wisped away
with the dark of night.

/

I learned to keep my
predictions close to
reality but
sent them to heaven
with mystical force.

/

I choreographed
rituals to be
conducted by me
to ensure long life
and pure victory.

/

Rituals for life
and for the return
to humanity.
To remove fear and
cowardice as well.

/

To relinquish all
expectations and
to use our anger
for our benefit
and our protection.

All simple details.
All simple stories.
Like animals the
people wanted to
believe they were safe

/

I told myself it
was not any fault
of mine that they
were so gullible.
They wanted safety.

/

I told myself that
the security
and protection I
gave were natural
to follow and want.

/

I favored the lies
and they grew in size
and the people fol-
lowed their lives and deaths
were worth it to them.

/

The more they believed
the more strength they gained
until our army
swelled like a tidal
wave and drowned our foe.

Our victory spread
quickly like the rain.
my image became
the lighting and the
thunder in darkness.

/

People still came to
me asking how to
live their lives, run their
country or what to
seek spiritually.

/

So I told them and
I made more rituals.
I had scribes writing
my every word like
it was needed breath.

/

A temple, shrine and
home were built for me.
Students traveled the
world to hear me speak
of heavens great laws.

/

Like the promise of
hope without action
I granted wishes
that could and would not
ever be fulfilled.

I lied in bed and
waited for the ceil-
ing to fall, crushing
my bones sending them
back to the earths core.

/

I walked through gardens
and heard trees snapping
and cracking behind
me and I waited
to be beaten down.

/

I screamed in my sleep
hearing people out-
side my door conspi-
ring to kill me with
their forsaken hands.

/

Prior to being
a false prophet of
men I had a life
filled with pleasure and
pain that touched deeply.

/

It impassioned me
and added life to
my soul and every
task I took on gave
me reason to smile.

That life has slowly
dwindled away and
its replacement is
one that everyone wants
to snatch pieces from.

/

I holler at night
that I have nothing
left to give. Everyone's
taken from my shelf
and has not returned.

/

My eyes have been veiled
with the drunkenness
that clouds human eyes
and spirit when they
wish to deny truth.

/

My spirit collapsed
while I pretended
to be prophet and
messenger the son
of a holy god.

/

This way that once saved
my life. This way was
once predator. Now
the prey, destroying
me in its stained teeth.

The more life left me,
the more transparent
I became, the more
the rituals and
predictions had grown.

/

They grew until they
were a joke that I
lofted onto clouds
sailing through the sky,
never to find ears.

/

The more empty my
eyes grew the less they
saw people, the less
I could trust them, the
less they could trust me.

/

The statue in my
shrine was defaced and
decapitated.
The head was found in
a wired chicken coupe.

/

My once beautiful
temple was taken
and now has become
a library and
mocks me from my door.

My house would have been
empty without me
and my barrels of
home made wine that I
drank in my despair.

/

Colder and colder
the cellar grew while
I ached. While all my
muscles hugged veins trying
to find warmth and life.

/

No one pilgrimaged
to see me. I stopped
searching for myself
long ago and have
nothing to repair.

/

My beard is thickened.
My skin shriveled as
it hung like loosened
paper to the floor.
While I sat and loathed.

/

With the increasing
difficulty to
stand it grew easy
to not feel guilty.
Fake turned to nothing.

I slept on the streets
and looked at the stars
yelling at children
while they ran and shrieked
in fear leaving school.

/

I soon was beggar.
A drunkard and a
lunatic, nothing
more. I did not blame
those calling me such.

/

I desperately clung
to it. I clung to
the truth that I was
nothing more than a
lifeless human form.

/

Like a silver string
hanging from the moon.
I clung to it all.
To defeated to
change it I just clasped.

/

I clung to the string
but could never climb.
Gripping like it was
my mother and I
the moons awful child.

