

runner

Upside-down Demeter

Daisy

May 24, 2021

Demeter,
past post flourish.
a hag lost in mort carrying corpus.

Seeker,
Who is to welcome her summer?

Hel hath been held up,
worshiped by a dunmer
living in the crater left from her last fall.

Chilling,
faintly weaves its eaves
to take up all the warmth
escaping from a caress's caring.

Absence, lost upon her.
begging pls for a penny.

pls, listen tu her confession!

tipping woman holding legs to breast.
she is churning in sagging beer gut
owned by Cronus;
seeded by Rhea.

another daughter looking for dad.

this stomach that encloses her's is all she's ever had.

Her melodious fingers dance in a flat earth ashtray
stirring soot covered butts up.

Her fingers scour for a remnant, scratching
dusty leper skin off the new bodies of man.

She will b born when her children's mess is swept.
Let her b born again when our house is kept!

After the process of morphogenesis takes it's hold,
a fusion between severed souls

will take its toll on the ones on soil.

Reconnecting with her body will collapse feeling null,
and belief in nothing will b belief engulfed!

-by causal spider,
spinning wool tu earn a scrap.

Weaving patterns into a pocket vest
of collective ancestral memory

where believing in death
is believing in returning to somebody.

to Hade's Underworld we go!

O' self discovering ones

`(upside down Demeter prt2)

Death looks like pools of content
fueling the human medium.

A rotating door of essences animating
a dull dog obliged to oblige in nature's rule.

A cart mule who carves up burial grounds where we bury repression
just to pass harsh self-examination.

A curving sarcasm leaning beef off skeletal torso.
A shining mountain made into a short ended sight.
life out of balance,

over encompassed.
Ouroboros goes back on promise,
fueling life thru fuel of blood
comes in refreshment with yin and young.

rebirthing daughter embodied
in earth's holy body

who's will changes
old callings that stray promising.

Enough with antiquities armies
who enforce larceny!

Go' armies of Renewal!
Inspiring action responsive tu moments with care.

Illuminated ones who sift answers out of thin air:
untouched by the enemy we make of others,
as we stare upon our families obfuscate,
a confused tinnitus inflicted by
constantly broadcast demagogues.

Death, being opposite other, will goes as far as u do.
as imagination can b promenades of yodeling panda
gregariously expressing a dream's impending upon u.

lying between splits in somnia
in front of Oedipal narratives
making metaphysical suppositions.

Asatiation of primal barriers tu drown trumpeting thought.

Forgiveness hidden merrily
between layers of Godwin's law,
as we've tasted American cheese
under crystal tapestries of 'holy jeez!'
In akashic mess halls
where schoolboys
who speak immaturity with high security
using anonymity.
who talk out their asses of holy statues,
who presided over those holy wars,
bullies that'll sink their teeth
into the neighbors next door.

>btw I doubt it's as if they wanted to live
near such a hateful prick,
and if u want to live near others,
who fan the flames of hate alive, I promise
ur community will crumple up from inside.

Death past fear
is beyond the will to imagine,
to lose ur imaginings
is tu surely die
as a body, a host
cast karma machine

inspired by ideal dharma enshrouded by
Maya,
to fall in love
with lives
of leisure & style :\
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