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Wings of Change

No mortal has the wings of angels
and the winged Serpent travels steadily
dissolving the obscenity of destruction
alternate states of the Osirian triad of perfection
pulsate through the new Millennium.

The hidden language of the three colours
holds the key to the three mysterious worlds
from which our material world manifests,
the sublime velocity of arcane liminal zones
fans the diverging red-orange flames
kissing the edges of outmoded pedestals,
the timeless procession through the dark night
exalts the feather-winged Serpent of the Moon
mesmerising our hearts and minds.

“I am Isis
I am all that is
that has been
and will ever be
and no mortal
has ever yet
withdrawn my veils.”

Heliotrope flowers honour the Azonian gods
custodians of the miraculous Blue Planet

but can they save it?
can they slow the carnage and pollution?
deities resonating with universal harmony,
pulsating to the music of the spheres
can they overcome the greed of humans
the crass stupidity of a deformed and mutant species?
a species like no other imaginable.

Broken Blossoms

Looking out from the hidden sepulchre
I see orchards littered with broken blossoms,
an eerie breeze blows
leaves twist back and forth
consumed by the encroaching dark.

soon night has eaten the last red-yellow rays,
Luna queen of the night appears
looming large and menacing over the horizon.

the trees like naked ghostly silhouettes
murmur stories of spirit guides
frightening screeches scream across the barren earth
the Witching Hour is fast approaching.

calm ….. quiet ….. peace
the still before the chaotic dance mesmerising,
ghostly creatures gather the broken blossoms
falling and rising
appearing and disappearing.

I stretch forward from the sepulchre
tumbling out onto parched ochre earth,
no sympathy rises from its dusty venom.

rolling towards the heavens
my hope to soar moon-wards,
instead I look terrified into hollow eyes,
the hypnotic eyes of The Grim Reaper.

– Robert Maddox-Harle*

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