

Frankenstein's Monster Eats the Brains of Virgins at the Witches' Chainsaw Orgy Massacre

by Iain James Robb

If Heaven holds forth its own Infinity,
What of selves, of ours, could we stand to see?
Cradled with harsh fangs of Memory,
Deep forgetfulness, give rather me-
Let bright dreams be our self's divinity:
Forever holds, in morrow's hours, such little space,
In sleep's elastic depths, that hold out only finity
Here- Oh, clock hence hide thy face.

We would not live on beside our pasts in Present,
Live forth with Time's ripples, in a present pond-
That dapples ever sadly in our soul's descent,
As to some comet's carmine wand.
Before we tire truly of our masks that went
So fragile that we lost them 'fore another friend,
Our fear stays: still it to our soul's content,
Into the universe: beyond Beyond.

I will not stay sheltered in your smile forever:
For a higher silence upwards beckons me.
I'm tired of these lands once f6r 6ll: never
Shall return bring back (to learn again) my ABC.
I'm tired of dreaming now when dreams return in memories:

Rather, sweetly senseless, to our own selves we.
Have one eternal second hold our anniversaries,
When born again to void and its infinities.

Oh, clock-hand, creak, to all your lower destiny:
It's fair of me to say you never were my friend.
Before my eyes I lose track of a dumbshow tragedy,
Lost for all as seeming, when our agings end.
When you and I were gentle as our days, my darling,
That was when no longer shall we learn pretend,
In thinking back before our soul is made a stallion,
Riding through the stratosphere: *beyond Beyond*.

Since all the liquid stars I'll pass when I am diamond,
Let me rise away to where they blend in white,
A soul sealed still, soul-seamed or hymened,
Sheltered in the 'end-of' place where all is light-
Where stars burst out as one within a wall of sight,
When coming to the moment, where the moments end:

And white as one, as one with they, my silent sprite
Is mute-made in the chorus: sleep, *descend, descend*

In the twilight's crystal borders lies a world less hollow,
Than the one we strive to steer with when it turns its tide:
Over all the words and shades and shapes of sorrow,
Over all the broken things we'll leave beside.
Will you wait there, will you wait if you're gone tomorrow;
Will I go there to join you, where the night-birds ride?
At the gates of all the dark woods with his huntsman's hollo,
The warden of the winds goes by without his bride.

Will we wait to be rejoined there past all, and follow
With the west air's maze that laps the hair of northern seas:
When all that waits men's hopes here are the shades of sorrow,

Sodden, as waves buckled by the foam-flown breeze,
By tears that track the cheeks, then dry till no tears call, oh
Where can men go back here to the laughing leas,
That burned beneath the glancing sun that knew no morrow,
Coming with the winter's waste, to tame their trees?

We both will leave their chaste tracks then, in heath and hollow,
Mátes máde through the reins of blue unbridled bays,
That blow the shores with no bride's blow, no mate to go to,
Since the weeping, wailing winds care not to seek where plays
Some airy maid to take away their lack of sorrow,
But we who silent cry here in the packed earth's maze-
Wait to see the skies that have no tears to wallow,
In the waters where they fall, who've seen the shiftless skies.

