

PORLOCK IN THE NIGHT GARDEN

Fuck this, I'm getting up. I know a club.
Members only. Opens as the halogen
algebra of dawn rubs out the night and
it's naught equations. We have addiction
as faith, whispering machinations of a
better life beyond the pale Goya yawn
of late night corner stores and other men
out of time who've missed the parade.

Fides et gladius.

Faith and sword.

While searching in the ruins of new ideas,
old gods gleam from the dust. The desert
thirsts for blood, breaking toes on ancient
armor as you run. *Fatum sapientes elegit.*

Fate chose the wise ones.

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