

The Showdown

"Cerberus - The Hellhound Awaits"

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The poet dreams so he cannot let you go.
I feel it breathe deep and slow.
Feed and watch the black dog grow.
Feed him smoke and feed him wine.
Feed him lust and love and lies.
Taste the violence in his throat.
Stare right down the cursed hole.
Of the shadows he is heir.
In your heart he makes his lair.

Cerberus. I dub you pain.
Three-headed fiend.
A heart in chains. Shadowed sustained.

The poet feeds with the black dog at his throat.
So swallow hard, force it down.
From the beast reclaim your crown.
Brick him off and seal him up.
Tell yourself the coffin's shut.
Lightning flash and thunder roll.
Grumbling sky it clears it's throat.
Pray the storm will keep at bay.
That not dead but locked away.

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