

Michael McGuire

"Darkness Follows"

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I could choke to death trying to breath in this room full
of sighs, all that's
being born is everything that dies, and life is just a
series of events to
which you are slaved, and all that's left of yourself is
what your insanity
has saved.
I can see it all so clear, in the peaceful light that
swallows, but everywhere
leads back here, the craving darkness follows.
Ambition is like a fourteen year old with a hard on, and
meaning the king
of deceit and you play its mood-pawn, and with a mind
like a cemetery
you still lust for the kingdom, with a certain zero
numbness you still want
to become.
It's in the friction of the shadow, in the light which it
swallows, in the
knowledge of what you cant know, the arrogant
darkness follows.
In the museum of my consciousness there is a special
place, an empty
shrine for an empty god without a face, and resolution
hangs in the
balance of a moody globe, and there's never time for
revelation for just
trying to cope.
Not lost but finding, everything the darkness swallows,
aposipetic motion
unbinding, the relentless darkness follows.

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