

A Forest Of Stars

"The Blight Of God's Acre"

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He's a seaside side-show freak armed with the tools of
the trade,
standing in shadow by cemetery gates.
The revenant tenants of this tenement yard,
raise two fingers to the fates.
No solace to be found in their foetid tombs,
he at leisure to violate those catacomb wombs.

Plots twist with hosts yet unwilling.
Last sods of earth clawed away,
he knows they know what he knows.
Polite enough to knock upon the lid of each box,
to await their invitation before being so bold,
cracked heart stutters in hollow chest so cold.

So, sunk deep in festering flesh, their baubles
stripped at leisure,
Guiltless here, without compassion. Taking pleasure in
their corruption.
It all gets worse when he finds a fresh one,
to be carted off as contraband for the medical
profession.

So, nefarious urges sated, pockets a-brimming with
shining trinkets,
he plays at brother Magpie's games. Heart a flutter of
oily black.
Leaning back against a monument, heedless of
inscription,
a stolen cigarette fumbled from a hidden poacher's
pocket.

He may yet take a moment to ponder,
upon the marble town of Yonder.
And maybe just a trice to wonder,
why her bone orchard saplings never say a word.
And only come out to play, when he requests
admission,
then assuming rite of passage, in decayed passage
ways.

So he loads his barrow with the fruits of God's acre,
and all away upon his toes he goes,
to shower his bone sore friends in their ivory sewers
with gifts all rent asunder.
But all willing, unresisting. Spoiled fruits of
plunder.

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