

Poetry Series

brutal sickthermic saint
- poems -

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Addiction Theory

The debate about addiction never reached the verdict.
Mythology noblists battled and caught locked up in the dungeon of time.
Who brought this drug?
No medical segeon knew,
it was the secret within.
Addiction conspiracy theories gave me the third vison,
to which i can penetrate through the mind illusions.

God species with streams of tears over their cheeks.
But no one can stop puffing the drug.
Hearts smashed, shattered agaish gravity,
and blood crystals cuddling mother Earth.
I wish i never had a heart to accommodate this thug with million knives.
LOVE SICK! ! !

Bubble of tears clerked over my eyelid,
as i was rehabilitating myself to withdraw from this drug.
Adrinaline ran laps in my blood pipes,
withdrawal syptoms.
Offcourse my heart was healing,
but my mind was boycotting positive meditational results away from me.
LOVE SICK! ! !
My heart fat,
my blood thick.

My mind telephoned my heart:
'take another spliff'
i did...i did,
and i was heart broken in a trice....

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Behind The Dragon's Egg

Behind the dragon's egg hides my bardens.
Let the black roses bloo in african imagenary gardens.
Benevolent scenes, agony no mix 'em.
But the foot prints i made on this soil gathered and sang success praising
antherm.
Talk of fire, i've lapped in hell.
Talk of fear, i saw angel of death sharpning his crystal sworts.
Dear God, let red ocean sharks drink all our sins, sozzled,
so they never bite our skins.
Bring up red clouds, red rain.
Squash the leg of a lamb and let the blood bath mother earth clean.
Behind the dragon's egg hides my bardens.
Let the black roses bloo in african imagenary gardens.
Benevolent scenes, agony no mix 'em.
But the foot prints i made on this soil gathered and sang success praising
antherm.
I saw mother of flames vibrating her nose, in search of me.
Running circular marathons like a child of an african apostle in church, im
hidding.
God of war with brave projected adrinaline free hear,
i stood u, waved my hand.
Roared, i standing still like american skulpures..
I won the battle.
Obsticles in operating theater....

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Blur

Apogee distraction.
Pain holler refractions.
Opique image projection.
3rd-eye vesion completely blocked.

Memoirs and flash-backs clapsed me on throat.
With a practised eye i virtualised dark clouds top of ah' heads.
Vocalising thunder roared vibrating into my heart shaking it stiff.
Where did it all started?
Was it when i was covered in cheetah's fury skin?
I violated your emotions, i know.

Through this i viewed success between two glasses of water.
Love trogans sucked trust from the root of its foundation.
Tear drops rolling down into oceans making waters sick.
Fish dead!
War of words, verbal toxics, i can't take this anymore.
War-torn hearts stabbed by samurai sworts,
im bleeding!

I rolled my scrolls.
Stained with tears.
Clushes by fears.
My hands can't open up my heart and let you go.
Distance between, just let the love flow.
I was hurling behind the bright beam,
but not until it went sepia

blurry i can't see
.....my vision blocked.....

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Brutal Saint

My soul be sparkling like ice crystals.
Sabbath day, still black book in my hand.
Lay ma head on in and have a siesta,40 winks.
The supernatural powers of the holly ghost vocalised in my dreams.
Me and devil on a round table, sipping champagne.
'apocolypse period! flash you!
Four angels of wrath of God with wrath ingredients,
cramble!
Revelation age will blow tall gates of hell'
i saw his eye lens red like a bubble of blood, sozzled.
Skin thick gaunt with deep wringles,
i looked inside him eyes.
'i will sent mother of harlots to sip all saint's blood.7 headed dragon to be
worshipped, fear no God'
my eyes got out of my cheek bones,
agony pinching my butts 'till i stood up.
He was scared.
Sliva tripping out of his bucal and melting on table.
I was brutalising with words,
and alphabets from my holly fueled sentences.
He marathoned out.....
I opened my eyes with a fist locked and a smile.
BRUTAL SAINT

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Dancing With Jesus

Assasination web, chains hurling behind my foot steps.
Horrendous karma with javelin in hand chasing aftr me.
Marijuana spliffed and blunts giving birth to green clouds.
I was part of knight shadows with longated knife to shed blood.
With robbery mask glued on my face im hidding.
My consciece, ambilical cord, circumcised as a little specie.
People, half my victims threw curses upon my life,
but i caught them by my teeth, spill 'em on african soils.
I did all bad.
Unplanting hearts on villagemates leaving it held by one slack chamber,
to keep them breathing.
The immortal skulpures with broken wings emerged in my knight vision.
Blood bloated crystal white atire rolled all over their bodies and faces.
Speaking in tongues i could only interprete the letter 'J' in their blocked in-
audible speech.
Rebirth to my ambilical cord am for JESUS!
The priest knows me.
I testified in spiritual gathering of holly deciples.
Jesus knows me.
I lost my be-evilled practices and handled his hand for a slow motioned dance.
God gave me a glance.
Another chance.
Dancing with alpha, omega

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Death Violins

Death choir sang!

Ears plastered swaggering along twingles.

Angel of death with a long knife gesturing to take a soul.

Semiquaver rambling 'till there is fuss perambulating in stomach.

I choked...

Watched my breathe sinuous to immortal music.

Phenomeneon matric codes of death hacked and cracked.

But no one breathing know how it tastes or sounds.

Lost too many apples of my heart,

i was sure to bite anytime, my heart pounds.

If only they were paralysed, they couldn't dance.

Jay-walking across death grounds till he throw a javelin.

My ears blocked for death violins....

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Diagnosis

Life obstacles breathed a curse upon my life.
Mind-boggling complexity.
Death violins flocked into my mind,
like miniature trains in a toy shop.
My ears melting as life vultures spit verbal poisons about my life.
DIAGNOSIS TO MY PROBLEMS...

Agony striked my wounded heart,
as i was casting an eye upon my family tree.
A ceaseless deluge of emotional vibe springled and bloated my skin,
freezing me stiff.
Looking back at the footsteps behind me,
am steady to take a free fall from a cliff.
suicidal letter with scars written in red ink.
DIAGNOSIS TO MY PROBLEMS...

Scrambling to my destiny up the sky high,
shooting stars whip passed-by with passengers to bright future.
This is torture.
If life is hell why don't God extinguish the flames?
Why don't God give us diagnosing pills to cure our sorrows, pains?
Let it rain with holly waters so my tears get flashed away.
DIAGNOSIS TO MY PROBLEMS..cure for pain..

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Footprint On Keke's Heart

I took a journey across your heart,
up and down like a gypsy.

With bare foot so my footprints never get faked.

Glued in your heart far from homogeneous congruency.

Know that if a hiccup kicked your throat,

it was me napping on your heart cushions;

going sinuous to the rhythm of your heart beat.

Your cyberly sweet joined benevolent sentences vocalised and dominated in my
brain.

Not knowing the fire we started together will be splashed by rain drops.

My heart roots slack with high beats shattering cardiologist's scales.

I violated you emotions, i know.

But you never set yourself across fire:

get my story of hiding behind the dragon's egg,

i go.

Agony in your heart made your blood boil.

Wrath to your heart soils.

Noxious fumes arose where i dwell.

Not go buh' i'll die here.

In heath lets sit.

Together in the lab distilling, evaporating and diagnosing our love blocking
obstacles.

Bunish me?

Yes i will go, kick back to leave a footprint on your heart, keke:

So you'll never forget me! ! !

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Furtherance To Inspiration

Phsychological fusion of separate minds, birth of verbal debates.
But you rose with sun beams from cloud-9 to brighten up my paths.
Tears skin eroting my cheeks but you wash them away.
Your furtherance to my inspiration i'm above life storms like an eagle.
Your love surrounds me like i'm connected to electric circuits,
i can feel it in all angles.
Claustrophobia clapsed me on throat when your anger vibes.
But delight smoke revolves in me when your happiness strives.
Without you i'm like drying river with dying fish inside.
Me locked in the dungeon of obsticles and tears swallowing me down like a
paraside.
Love sick, i miss you and i together.
Opened my hand to reach out for you so we can climb that lather,
let the feeling survive till angel of death slit our throats,
and death melodies ringing from deep chords..

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House Of Wax

Disunited disproportionate love faded.
Only roots of my consolation dug by acid rain, raptured.
I woke up in panther's parade no more honey dreams.
Open up the cartains, visibility blurred by sun beams.
Landlord, mother, disputitious, ill-tempered made me sick.
Importunate commands ascaped her mouth like parachutists invading.
If i dwell in this cage of wax, let dragons exhale fires to melt it down.
Too many wishes passing me by like horses with glittery wings i can't ride.
I wish i born in madeira's empire where sweetness rains,
but in this bottomless breath-blocking pit, landlord reigns.
Can i spam-block her so my brain controller men can nap?
Extroverted, with pain fuelled sentences hanging over my ear flaps.
Iam sick though i'm not green b'cause i brown.
Wana push the period to end of world, melt it down so wi all drown.
R.I.P to my mobile, ritually murded and shattered to battle agains the wall.
Ressuracted, not that you know of.
In this house i born with zombies.
Somebody save me...

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In Penury

Under leafs of impecunious tree.
Under wings of indegent angels.
Swimming in tears from streammed cheeks.
Chasing clover with iron rots.
Wringled young by wrath of the sun.
Drought in pots and food boycotted from rambling stomach.
Bread ill-battered if we ever caught it.
Lighters off, passage to destiny darkened.
Under the arms of wealth.
Breathing affluent humid air.
Shooting star....
'I WISH'
Thats how we live in penury.

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Kissing A Dragon

The essence of love shook my heart,
leaving its chambers slag,
hardly could I breathe.
The smell of your fragrance oozed and jumped into the firmament when I
touched you,
hardly could I leave.
I stood still cold like I am transformed into ice crystals.
Looked up to take a kiss.
A kiss of a dragon with angelic wings and never roared.

You exhaled fishermen's hook,
caught me by my leg I'm hurling behind your words.
Swimming in the pool of alphabets,
like you verbally shot me with the black ink.
I can't think.
I'm blushing internally my heart is pink,
as you swiftened your words like your chain reacting sentences to burst in my
brain.
In every handy contact you make,
I become paralysed like a robbery victim drugged with cocaine.
I kissed a dragon with no harm,
no flamey chest
no teeth to bite

its voice!
Its voice is like a flock of tinkers blowing flutes,
spinned my synapse in a logical reverse.
I kissed a dragon..
And we made love...

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Sanatorium For War-Torn Hearts

Pain is the language they speak.
Prussic acid suicide and ropes, suicidal letters.
Cynical disregard for true love, tortured and raped.
Faces deformed, scars and healing wounds at sanatoria.

Been counter-terrorists but the world never twitched a muscle about them.
Been slaves, locked in caves, ill treated,
but life goes on.
Melancholy fluids shed over their cheeks as backward flashes strikes 'em,
but steadily...they be-hold.

Stitched hearts crackes up again,
its 21st century who cares?
Yes its 21st century.
But that person you calling a hero is coughing war-dust...
Conceptualize your thought.

Pain is the language they speak.
Prussic acid suicide and ropes, suicidal letters.
Cynical disregard for true love, tortured and raped.
Faces deformed, scars and healing wounds at sanatoria.

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Spirit Of Jesebel

Brown membraned, egg-eyed,
African barbie doll.
Skin-sick and sexually offended,
offended by the only rots she can lean on.
Family tree wilted, both roots in silent majority.
She lost her psychological logic and sanity.
Made a wrong turn, sold herself out.
Remunative prostitute trailing along with African tycoons.
Glued on spot like a fly on chameleon's path.
Somebody wake her up!
The spirit of jesebel reincarnated and dwelled in her.
Sniffing cocaine 'till nose bleeds, that's a life.
She went out with hunky Joe to watch lights spin at 'house of wax',
drinking liquor like bloating a dropp of water in islamic temple
bottomless stomach, tipsy.
Instentaneously found her feet on road, gypsy,
to no-where-destiny.
With Joe!
Trying to battle to here soberity,
not until vultures surrounded 'em, armed ready to plug death.
Legs chopped.
Blood beaming.
Head and heart ripped-out.
Joe hing.
'Phew! ! ! ' mission complete.
RITUALY MURDERED....

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Twilight Angel

It came to my life as a 7 headed dragon.
Tetrahetral horizontal reflection.
Drama hacked into my brain matrix and diffused bombs,
but once the rays of a twilight angel emerged,
my soul projected a twingle of sweet earthly melody.
And my life membrane absorbed you pronto because your a remedy.

I was a phsycho in a blur corrugated mirror.
But a numerous drops of your thick acidified herbs,
brought back the love hiccup, and diagnosis to my tragedies.

I thought dark horses never had wings, phantasm.
Emotional break downs and had to hit the lather twice.
One breathe into my ear, vapour train ran splints in me,
in splints to my center of coordination and messed up my interpretational knob

sank my dilemmas in dark seas.
And the rebirth of new mortal breathe formed by my voodoo doll.
If my heart can't pump blood,
ht keeps drowning in it because with you my systems are reversed.
Im a victim of love.
And for that i testify.....

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Washed In Blood Of A Lamb

Watch the blood go thicker.

Dark majority pulling souls westerly,
Mortal combat and death to religion symptoms,
as God's creatures smoke spliffs with the be-evilied.
Death train speed-up, wrath of God.

Don't wake me up!

I have knight visions projected in my dreams like lazer light,
four angels with brass bowls to torture the deaf and mother earth.
Sinner souls locked in black coffins to face osiri eyes,
Dark troops versus the holly ghost.
My sins evaporated into a white rose and turned it black,
am saved.
Periscoped earth scramble, re-apocolypse.

Heavenly apogee.

Dwell in cloud 9 handling black book with skeleton hands.
Glory!

Sliver lining part of cristianity revealed!

As anti-cristian trogans gatter down.

Im fliying without wings riding starships.

Saved!

Washed in blood of a lamb!

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