Extract from: *101 Poems*

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# Devil’s Eye

Fear is in the Devil’s eye,  
a raging fire, scorching, red.

Let not your throats be magnetised;  
keep them still; lower your heads.

Do not descry the eyes of demons  
nesting in shadows by the creeks,  
who behold the carnage from afar,  
preying upon the dying meek.

Black mists shatter through a fog,  
scourging scars into the pure  
as the frothing tongues of dragons clog  
the necks of creatures that sin procured.

Boiling bodies on the fire,  
drowning in the spit of God,  
it is not a flame that waits in Hell  
but divine neglect of sinning sod.

Be you joyous, be you fair,  
be you murderous and potent,  
none will escape the wrath of God  
through whatever spell, oath or potion.

Think you God is on your side?

Hark, the screaming angels die,  
imploring God have mercy on  
your insanity and deluded lies.

The Devil kneels before the sky,   
drowning in the holy rain,  
galvanising sinning souls  
to sense his way again.

He hears the rhythm of children’s tears,  
the rising frocks and crumpling sheets.

Explosions distant smoke out the hidden,  
the next to be plucked and reaped.

Do not pity the fallen creature,  
though its weakness is sober and true.

Do not concede to pledge or favour;  
they are faulty, facetious and few.

The air is but a sweet convection;  
the soil, a barbarous flame.

Earth has become a fragrant furnace.

The Devil will harvest again.

Renew your vows to the crimson sky  
and bury your consumptive desires few.

The Devil wanders.

The Devil pries.

But do not resent the fire in its eyes.

It is not a self-bred, tempting sin  
but an honest reflection of you.