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Scary Tales of Memory

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Each day is a dangling memory
like brimstone light
shines angrily on forebears' skin
and opens sores with no healing sight.

In rainy days
raging chants offspring grease memory
In sunny days
memory rumbles of sagging nostalgia.

This is the road dancing of muscle flex
that births dark cloud that belches,
it belches wind whispering greenly wars
on weeping plain of stabbing heart.

This is the land falling into mouth of rage
rotten fallen fellas tiled holes of carnage
trekking no return by hits of mother's fruits
in requiem of freedom to doomsday flirts.

This is the water with hues of filthy drops
like menstrual stain soaked on virgin's panties,
dried gullets wet with gulps from water

offloading morsels with red soups of night slayer.

This is the sweetened scars of generation
of sanctity died on sinister fornication
of hubris adventure for sacred ageing crown
refreshing twilight tales of scary memory.