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The Music of the Hell

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The fire within the serene calmness of the sea –
The blue lagoon and it's timid droplets...
And the silence of the gloom.
The temple is without murmur,
And the Priest is dead...
Behind the dead moon.

A stupefied mother and her tears...
Stained, spotted, smudged and smeared.
A life...sordid and squalid...
Fans the furnace of her heart,
Grief has tightened her chest with it's black dirt,

The fallen limbs of the Innocent –
On the rugged stony street –
Subdued, sullen, slow and grim.
The long march of apparition –
Masked and wild...
Few questions...
For an unborn child!

For whom the bell tolls?
For whom the river dance?
Where is Jesus?
And the cup and the lance?
Words – deep drown,
Loses strength in light,
Hours gone...spent in shadow...in fright...

Days are dreary...once dreamt,
Time passes on, approaching an end.
A Memoir of the current times –
Strange and awesome!

The flying Bird beyond the vale –
Can it hear the music of the Hell!