I saw him too late, his blood in my eyes. Dead men stay dead but stolen stories rise, forge immiscible faiths so none may burn? But could I carve new, fish mistakes undone, . smow lutific worshiptul worms . I gave him a cottin tor his kingdom .yeb and so I wish myself beside the day. a double dark's where single lights are drowned, gone the one that burns and the one that's prey, , being the number of two suns are downed, to whip marks and marble and holy wealth. undone. Then flood his sky with blood, give berth with a sunken son, he like love itselt, Go, bury the day, bless this blessed earth

snuibuoi

abandon, ogni speranza, voi che entrate. On an eternal instinct I followed with gay

varada palm no liteline scarred the skin. whispers, his mind a shantih shrine, and there on his man of clearest cyan waiting, his bones unpicked by

there a lapis path, by the Leman, and upon the path a wes I .sebst riedt upon their taces. I saw A land of outré hope, and pregnant pauses so ancient the

out of the dead land, and Lotus flowers crowning the dead. dream of what, Cielo? seconda morte? I saw there Lilacs I awoke upon the shores of Sheol, where the waiting

inizia nel paradiso all'inferno, and felt my ending die. I poured teartul into some other bourn, il percorso When I died it was the opposite of drowning,

loans

then burns itself away in selfish prayer. How human is a fire that fears to share, and leave us two by two by two to pray. as much as the moon might shake off the sea no nimbus now could ever choke the day, So strange to fear the natural dark, see a single star to make all others weak. At last I tear the morning may begin, while purple cracks spread sly across the sheet. , nmγή letrommi sti sgnis brund ground sings its immortal hymn, .idgin and one burnished burn cannot slay the night. The dharma sky is wrapped in darkened glass, gently making its own apposite light. See there, a fire fly free upon the grass

nbou rue grass

### the stars are dying. ۸۹۶ adt dn ayew

all bubbles burst, won't somebody please trouble, here comes the full-moon flood, یا نامریا معدر میشق روز کری کرد tot and in a contract and headed hipsters now, Edwin Hubble, Hubble, ny night-time mind, where are the angel your dreams, I beg you, paint violet hours across put it's asleep, so show me in my dreams I speak to the universe on a blade, Buddha just means one who's awake, o-one, is heaven balanced on a grassblade, two-by-two, Ο πατέρας μας, ο εν τοις ουρανοίς and no-one in a crisis walks he talks about it afterwards,

that film where the boat sinks, Gene Hackman dies, and Poseidon, oh great, great, Poseidon, I love אדאגי 'molodis-ed vele Huitzilopochtli, Apsu, Osiris, Atum, Eloah, graves in Heaven, Quetzalcoatl, and I wonder who digs (lennete dui es in caelis, only a circle is god and the night, pater noster, Here we are hallucinating

#### pailucinating

#### the path

The T-Cell snow's falling upon the path, upon the pilgrims buried down inside their Cistercian robes spread, as broken wings, around them.

They have seen, with one eye closed, as if taking aim or fearful of seeing too deeply, this land wet with drought, this land of ros crux,

this land of Ptolemaic love, where the Satrap-Soter breeds scythes for mobled souls. 'O quam cito transit gloria mundi'

quotes the last pilgrim in selfish prayer, but thinks, or maybe hears, this land, this snow is Jolie Laide, and begins to feel the father inside the cold, inside the pain, inside the grave.

#### ambivalence

"to save our people we must sacrifice our people" G'Kar

I saw him today down in Circle Nine found only decay in his hate he said forgiveness is the highest form of faith

our souls unborn buddhas wanting freedom from the dark he said so all life must die I saw him today down in Circle Nine

yet I fear the matin light which you have stoned blue with bruises he said hear my prayer forgiveness is the highest form of faith

ascending a blind guide led me beyond the dark asked me if the sun was rotten I saw him today down in Circle Nine

and so the sun bled out and lost the sky orphaned all to ineffectual fire forgiveness is the highest form of faith

in the morning the sunrise smells of wings and whip marks and blood and ambivalence I saw him today down in Circle Nine forgiveness is the highest form of faith

# The Book of Doubt



Scott Devon



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