

The Dark Machine

Insect cold

The dark machine hums softly on...

Relentless

It's engines moaning in mountains and greasy dawn cities

crawling through steely mornings like indomitable acne and broken capillaries

inching ever closer to utter pitiless consumption

Silver quick

The dark machine whirs in adamant thought...

Pervasive

It's tendrils reaching in ravenous intent through hidden webs and rabbit ears

devouring all in it's path

lulling us with serene drudgery and panacea

swept up in spiralling arcs of feathery lust

Warhorse hard

The dark machine breeds madmen...

Remorseless

Swooning with racing thought and horrible intelligence

augmented into culture

terrible and beyond reproach

Venom bred

The dark machine feeds us to ourselves...

Inexorable

Vicious in fluorescent pigeon holes

it's feelers swarm out

coiling black dread in scaly knots

sifting down to collect in cancerous cattle

and contradiction of the soul

Migraine vast

The dark machine surrounds us...

Static

Inescapable as tinnitus

jeering it's shrill chorus to the pounding insatiable intensity of everything

grinding forever on the horizon

as sirens wail down oblivion in an instant...in a nutshell

Serpent calm

The dark machine watches us...

Patient

Plastic-clad, tight and shining in showroom gleam

cloistered in fang dripping wait for the perfect vulnerable moment

wound tense and lean in dead eyed fixation

it strikes in marrow sucking totality

Silk bitten

The dark machine has consumed us...

Irresistible

Parted it's charming lips to take all it needs

until we are ground to dust and assimilated

left to graze cosmic pastures caged and alone

in mirrored cellblocks that follow the eye

-Greg Paul Stone March 22, 2019