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Lycidas Hath Fallen

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Lycidas Hath Fallen

Author Bio

My name is Rory Wainwright, I am an English major with a Writing concentration from Akron, Ohio. Writing has always been my passion, especially pieces about interpreting religion and art. Poetry is my favorite genre, with drama as a close second. I also enjoy writing about Greek Mythology and the action of play writing. I plan to graduate from Gettysburg and attend a graduate program of my choice to become an Environmental writer, and to continue to write poetry in my free time.

Lycidas Hath Fallen

RORY J. WAINWRIGHT

Lycidas tumbled to the ground
Back arching, elbows aching, skull cracked like broken bells clattering in
the night sky
His eyes rolled to his brain, reaching for the scorched air, the rays of liquid
fire revealing bone, revealing palm—
To keep him from crashing into 100 Galilean Seas and psalms
Waves crashing into splintered glass and shards of shells, sharp enough to
cut stones, cut skin,
Dripping in sweet red nectar, gallantly thin
Staining pages of crumbled book bindings,
Ripping flesh and fantasy from the moon's blindings
For Lycidas must choose.
His body rose at the feet of Satan—
Steaming breath fanning over his papery face.
Shall he choose the garden over molten beams of ripe tangled streams—
Lycidas must become one with shackled wrists and tar-stained screams
For it is better to reign in Hell than rule in Heaven.
Eve's snake runs cold over his skin,
Scales gleaming decorated with darkly chosen sins
Shining like the shackles of gun metal chained around his raw wrists
For Lycidas hath chosen,
The watery depths of his own demise,
Seeing twinkling lights shine like showers in the water-colored navy sky
The red skin of the apple was tainted with rot,
Worms trickling over the edge of his charred-stained lots
The only option waiting at his planted feet
Hath Hell has gained another follower,
To part the sea of gushing fears
To jingle the rust of Peter's solemn Keys
God has lost a saint today
For Lycidas opens the doors of Hell
Waiting for those who enter at the sound of the chiming bells.