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Deliverance

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Deliverance

Author Bio

See bio for The Lowest Point.

Deliverance

ARCHER CASTLE

tw: body horror

Inside a church as black as pitch, so black, so black, a dark abyss,
Inside a church as black as pitch, the mouths demand their toll.

They squirm and scrape and masticate,
themselves, the air, and everything,
with teeth and gums and bleeding tongues
the mouths demand their toll.

Your blood is given, ounce by ounce, it pours like velvet, to the mouths,
which squirm and scrape and masticate
your blood, which you now give.
the teeth and gums and bleeding tongues
they drink your velvet blood.

your flesh is given up as well,
a customary gift.
A kindness, simple, fair and free,
as you yourself will soon now be,
as flesh is given up as well, inside a church as black as pitch,
to many, many, many, many,
many, many, mouths.

it tears and shreds and bleeds, your skin,
unwilling to be thrown into
the grinding mill, devouring all your gifts
which you now give.
the texture rich, the layers thin,
the rapid way that it gives in,
your skin,

within the church as black as pitch,
which houses, mindless, gnashing mouths
which squirm and scrape and masticate
your skin and very blood.

what next you give is bone, my friend.
the bone, and marrow too.
No need to be all squeamish now,
you've no way backwards anyhow,
so give up bone and gently bow, inside the black, so black, abyss.
so give up bone, and gently bow,
as crunching, snapping, ground to dust,
then far beyond, as just like us,
you give up bone, and marrow too.
The spongy nourishment goes through
the many, many, many, many,
many, many mouths.

They speak, the mouths, as wide they gape,
though silently they speak.
so quiet in these dark-hued halls
as noiseless, mindless altar calls
demand you now come forth.

then eyes go, muscle, heart, then brain,
then mind, then self, then just remains
the only thing to give.
your mouth.

It's just the mouth now, that they want,
and you must give it, to the mouths,
which squirm, and scrape, and masticate,
and name you kin and kind.
you give your mouth, and then you bite,
as next in line, so full of joy,
arrives a hapless girl or boy,
to now give up their blood.

their blood and flesh and bone and eyes, muscle, heart, then brain, then
mind,

then self, then finally their mouths,
to join the silent chorus dirge,
which from your mouth can now emerge,
as closing down, it has the urge
to squirm and scrape and masticate,
Inside a church, a dark abyss,
with many, many, many, many,
many, many, many, many,
many, many, many, many,
many,
many,
friends.