

The House on the Hill

26 April 12

It stood paired with darkness
With wind gnawing at its wooden-flaked
Window frames
The rain beating its jelly arms in its face

The baron ebony etched trees
That catch the wind, chew it up
Then mashed together with branches
Of dust and darkness
Faces appear from no where
From the pits of hell
Altering the facial features of mother-nature
Sleeping away the beauty
And rekindle the fires of hell

I stand below the hill
Below the house
Below human kindness
And as I touched the bark
The leaves shudder
With sinister pleasure
Deep desire
And I felt myself change