

~ be ye angry ~

in the beginning

i was a conduit

for lightning

struck with a heat

so seething was i that

my heart would pump

more bolts than blood

my body bolstered only

by the volts rushing

through my veins

so still i sat

with friends too oblivious

to realise the person they saw

was just a vessel

for violent atoms to expand

and take up space

without retribution

silly me,

back then i thought

my vengeance should be

contained

that this oncoming storm
should not rage
out of the blue

but too unbalanced i became
by the pow'r invested in me
until Nature could seek no remedy
to pass this charging current

o the temerity of Her for
abandoning me to
strike the same place twice!

ye piteous devils below,
so unworthy of naught
but the might which i
inflicted upon ye

would that i had known from the start
that i must be transferred
and not trapped

would that i could have made ye
dip thy fingers into me, lick them,
and know what it is to taste
the fury of five suns!

ye should have known
that i am
the beginning and the end

you should've known that
i needed some fucking *help*
and stood by me while i
swallowed these rolls of thunder

but no matter.

the sun no longer sets
on my wrath the same way

now i repel that pull
to the ground and remember that
it's not every day be a vessel
because i'm too grown

for fire and lava to
goad me into a fight.
you will see me struggle

see me spew crimson columns
above you, away from it all, silent
not because i'm scared of you, but
because i am scared of myself

yea, you will see me silent
but never in your rassclart life
should you conjure

the courage to test me,
lest i come and
smite this Earth
with a curse.

by cora dessalines

by cora dessalines

by cora dessalines