

DEMONS

There is a place where no man  
Goes under dark and evening skyes  
Where demons stand upon a hill  
And wail unearthly cries.

A strange sound in a holy  
Land a rune that ends in darkness  
As the desert ends in sand, it is  
A penitence for the living it is a  
Prayer of the damned, it is the sadness  
Of life caused by your own hand.

And while the night she  
Beckons darkness and  
While the night she beckons shame  
Listen

The demons

They

Call

Your

Name!

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POEM TO A MAD FRIEND

Reality like a pendulum  
Swinging slowly to eternity  
Moves unhurried and sure  
Into a room by itself,

While this moment becomes  
More and more primitive and  
You ponder your possessions.

For your dark bright, insane mind  
Is a living thing and you are  
A little afraid

And if you are not fraught with  
Desperation it is the hope you are  
Denied which blinds you to  
Your own worth and like  
Lilies in the desert we all die

For we are alike you and I,  
And as surely as my eyes turn  
To blood I think of you.

Wm. Jones

~~paridise~~  
paridise lost

I

have a

Crucifix and I

express myself freely by taking  
him down and putting him in any appropriat  
place such as thecuppord(according to  
my mood)

this chrismass I plan on  
putting him in the living room

currently

he is in the refrigerator

it

is

july