

Poetry Series

Shane McKnight
- poems -

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Shane McKnight()

A Conventicle

Come nigh
Come nigh my friends in the night sky,
Pain, Darkness, Sorrow,
Come nigh
Let us wine and dine
Under the shade of the night sky,
Where Darkness is all we see.
Come nigh
Away with the pangs of mortality,
Let us feast on the passion of the night sky.
Come nigh
My friends
Come nigh.

Shane McKnight

Anathematize The Sanguinary Conventicle

Cold blooded fate blinds their faith. Sanguinary
Believers on the berth of anathema.
Sect of worship as dark as the night, anathematize
We pray thee, this conventicle.
All that dissipates the joy in the air are throes
Of wasted parturition.

Death condemns our parturition,
On our shoulders we bear the brunt of this sanguinary
Gathering of soldiers, garnering throes
Of anguish. Darkening skies herald this anathema.
Delirium deglamorizes this conventicle.
The sun darkens, the moon rescinds. We pray thee anathematize.

Beneath the bloody skies at dawn, anathematize
These infidels, subject their parturition
To worthlessness, like the dearth of life in the conventicle.
Harbingers of doom celebrate pleasure in sanguinary
Rituals, marching on the path of destruction. This anathema
Silence our symphony of joy. What we play are throes.

They dispose of their trail, throes
Of orphanized creatures at the mercy of nature, anathematize
We pray thee, this anathema.
Ravaging peace as a Leviathan does its prey. Parturition
Is akin to death. Sanguinary
Sect of worship. Livid conventicle.

Soldiers of fortune baulk not in this conventicle.
Eager to change our lucid laughter to a cacophony of throes.
The vast desert is the playground of the sanguinary
Gathering of soldiers. Disheartening parturition
Has become our lot. Anathematize
We pray thee, this anathema.

Like the mountains endure the infernal depths of the sun, the anathema
Subject our bodies to stoicism, feigning courage. Conventicle
Of mercenaries revel in neutering the joys of parturition.
Gaping at hope in the skies, our throes

Of rejection fleets with the passing wind, anathematize
We pray thee, this sect of worship so sanguinary.

On the verge of anathema, our rather eloquent throes
Deepens with anguish through the conventicle, they anathematize
Our joys of parturition, this sect of worship so sanguinary.

Shane McKnight

Another Morbid Tale

And I sit at the table,
With the immortals,
A chalice heralds
The gothic chandelier
Illuminating the dimly lit room.
Sanguinary
We are sanguinary.
The golden chalice holds the blood of the immortals,
Intricate chalice in-laid with gemstones
I slice my wrists, with a silver blade,
And lean towards the chalice
She accepts my blood with a morose smile.
Tenderly, I hoist her
I offer her to the god of the four winds,
I bring her to my lips,
And taste life anew
The angels below,
Play their symphony
In hellish growls
And herald my indoctrination,
Into the cult of the immortals.
When the sun refused to shine,
And the moon refused to glow.
On that day,
I ascended the throne of immortality

Shane McKnight

Sweet Agony

Sorrow is but a mortal
Browbeaten
Trapped betwitxt the walls of passion
I have knelt before her
In her courts
I have beheld her innate joy
Coursing through my veins
Like a pill of ecstasy.
Sorrow is but a mortal
Browbeaten
Trapped within the confines of passion.
She is misunderstood.

Shane McKnight

The Half Of The Forest

The howling wind

Heralds the darkening of the sky.

The clouds

Have blocked the sun from shining.

The palm fronds

Are glistening with moisture.

They sway from side to side

As they dance in the drizzles

Oh my!

What a splendid sight to behold.

The hardened earth

Awaits with anticipation,

The pelting drops from the sky.

Tearing through the heavens.

Come now, my dear.

Let us dance

Let the stars be jealous

Let the sky drool rays of silvery white

Let the moon hide behind the clouds in envy

Let the sky shake in rage

As we dance

On the balls of our feet

In exquisite movements

Let the beasts of the forest

Be our audience

Let them laugh and applaud us.

Look at the sky,

Raining its stars down on us

She is pleased with our love

She is pleased with our love.

My dear,

Even heaven is smiling down on us

In the half of this forest.

Shane McKnight

Under The Watchful Gaze Of The Stars

The eerie glow of the twilight
Agrees dearly with the still of the wind
Its translucent rays shower the wet ground
Like diamond stones in the mines
The unique atmosphere aligns with our benign innocence
Yes. What a masterpiece of God's magnificence.
If I could,
Tell of my life's journey
I would
Through my lines of poetry
The gentle atmosphere
Sits atop fleeting darkness
In a warm and fuzzy night
In cold June.
Like a charming prince
On a shiny white horse
I shall ride on the trail of the stars
On this bright crescent
I shall relinquish my quest for power
And scale this tower of uncertainty
I shall ride,
And slay this reddragon
Called distance.
The bonfire blazes mildly
At our feet,
And shoots warm feelings of passion to our hearts.
In your hands laid mine
I could feel the gentle stream of blood
Flowing through your veins.
Tenderly, I stared into your eyes
They hid the truth within your lies
Under the watchful gaze of the stars we laid
All our fears were allayed.
When finally, I beheld your beauty in the twilight
It drained my might
Down my spine ran a chill
I tried, yet could not distill
The tension your beauty brought
All on my face it wrought

If I could
I would pluck every star
Out of the sky
And string them
On the tail of the Western wind.
Laced with my love,
I would wear it around your neck
I would forever lie on my back
And listen to the sounds of the fleeting wind with you.
Till eternity, I shall gaze at the starry night with you.
I shall smother my fair maiden
With the loveliest of kisses.
For under the watchful gaze of the stars
I kissed you,
And you kissed me.

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