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Julian Langer  
Chaosmic Heretic Dances  
September 15, 2017

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# Chaosmic Heretic Dances

Julian Langer

September 15, 2017

A gale in the night is a chaosmic orchestra  
Whose symphony fills the landscape with an auditory flood

Shattering the still quiet with rushing gusts  
The pounding of rain upon the body of the earth

Under the body of a community of trees  
I found the splendour of the wild world  
Outside of order and death  
The subtle touch of leaf and rain

When that fawn looked in my eyes  
I saw it look into me, confused by my adornments  
It knew nothing of the masks of Man  
Splendid in its nakedness, it danced away and left me behind

The silence of the machine is a deafening void  
A simulacrum of sound, with nothing to hear  
An explosion devoid of shattering, erupting yet again

This is what has become of the world of Men  
Like Gilgamesh before, Man prostrates himself

Unable to flee the wild, he chops down the trees  
Slaughters those who dance upon the forest floor  
The violence of a coward devoid of beauty or splendour

“They are coming from the woods” he cries  
And behind the metal of his axe he hides  
Fires they will come and go  
But we are in the midst of a violent shattering

Battles once fought rarely finish  
The scars of empires have not healed  
But all they fear is found in the dance  
Of those who listen to orchestras eruptions

Being is transient, the river and winds flow  
Death is the only eternal, the only permanency  
Each sunrise is a new destructive shattering  
This is the truth that each morning the bird sings

Mountain walkers laugh in the dark of night  
And rejoice at the beauty of the dawn  
Quake in fear, for we heretics are coming from the woods

We are the destructive fury of a storm