

Chaosmic Heretic Dances

Julian Langer

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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

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