

A Hamartia, Perhaps.

Kelton Jay Hevelone

I.

That untrue Lust – the vile, infernal beast,
thou art the bane of my internal keep.
When I was young and knew of thee the least,
in me allow'd thy thief to travel deep.
Thou robb'd from me my agency and love –
a tragic loss to that within which sings;
the carnal fervor yearns and calls thereof,
to hold and touch – such pangs with voice do ring.
So lo! Oh what would I forgo! To call
within again that fair and novel taste,
to know with eyes so bright and soul withal
that I may love without some sens'd disgrace,
and liberate myself from wretched halls
and unabridged be most deep enthrall'd.

II.

One day I woke within a fever dream.
I clear'd my eyes and saw through hazy screens
of fog and mist a younger man so preen
yet so bedeck'd in constant misery.
I ran to him but distance did abound
from that between, and too no shout nor sound
could reach befallen ears – were only drown'd
by that abyss of time that did surround.
Instead, I sat, observing fate play out.
He fell down rabbit holes, so fuel'd with doubt
that he may ever find a love devout.
When done, he lay forlorn, esteem without.
If only he remain'd assured on course,

would I not need to sing the same remorse?

III.

How trying tis to bear that brutal load,
the nightmare demon known by name as 'shame,'
which stalks taboo on sex, of whose sole aim
be that to have one's sense of self erode.
The jail, whose walls sustain the silence of
estrangement, knows but only shrieks in vain,
when falling on deaf ears do none attain.
"Such discontent is frankly violence, love,"
the demon says, up perch'd upon my soul,
but fuck you, wretch, I know from deepest depths
within this cave, that shadow cast not death
does mean, but rather light and growth extols.
Thou, blackguard! Off! By gods, I rid of thee!
Thereby educe forsaken normalcy...