

THE QUARRY

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Rorka

Blood be the body
Surging in it and out of it
Dribbling over the dimming eyes
Separating those eyes

Sending the fire out of the mind
Spurting it out of the head
Giving the body supremacy over the city
Drenching the windows in a fiery dark

The unmixable smoke
It penetrates the body
Hollowing it out of life
Destroying the centre

The crunching face rages with fury
Breathing the black smoke from the air

Sending it down through to the lungs
Deeper deeper go the tainted vapours

The city will fall before me
My power will snap the infrastructure
The statues will crumble
Until the rubble will be a second sea

The sea will roll interminably
Burning the bodies falling from the surface
Swallowing the enfeathered souls
And I will watch those ghostly pained faces

Sulphur will penetrate the safe havens
Where the innocent are hiding
In their shady burrows
Warmed by their fleeting love

The Black Widows will peak out from the gaps
Come sprawling
Out over the totems of falling civilization
Possessing the newly purged landscape

Mercy, there will be none
Just a reminder ever brutal
That homes are temporary
That the reckoning is inevitable

The spirits have just been waiting
Forcing a false sense of security
To the lethargic inhabitants
That nothing will come of their decisions

But the nature of the land will take hold
Giving no creature a second dice roll
Erasing all hope in their prayers
Leaving but the peaceful silence before annihilation

We will teach the people
Of the hierarchy of breath
The legions of emissaries will show no mercy
And the land will be cleaned flat

The sea will calm
The Widows will relinquish their thrones
Leaving a vacant, dusty city
Waking up to a new age

And it is without the stragglers
For they have whittled themselves away

In the dark crevices that we made
The ones they hid in before perishing

The new sun will be born of water
The water of their blood
That ran down the buildings into the stream
And the sun will be called Rorka

The purity will be the rage
The rage of extinction
The seething hate of being chosen
Chosen to be vanquished by the upper power

The sun will warm the new places
Giving pulse to the dried up swamps
Giving jobs to the legged cripples that survived
And leaving the fallen rubbed into the darkness like charcoal

The old safe place is gone
The rebirth is complete
Total Completion
Purity from a sun

A new form must be made
A new leader of the second sun
Born from the new sea
And from the shadows of before

Build it
Start with the teeth
With black sperm squeezing through the gaps
Forming the gums and lips

It all comes back to what we destroyed
A refreshing of the old body
To make a new one
To command the Widows and sea

Fetch the parts from the old coves of death
Feed the veins from the seabed
Supply the bones from the graves in the buildings
Give me the soul from the Second Sun

The soul will be the centre
Herding the water around it
Connecting the tendons
Latching the veins together

Then an earthly being will form
A disgusting new being

A sick reminder of the past
But eventually a new ideal for the future

There will be no skin
Only the crimson muscle
And perfect white tendons
No shroud of skin to hide the lies

And Skinless will sit on a throne of waves
Constantly nourished by the water
Held above the rusted buildings of old
Giving it elevated reprieve from this sordid world

No new citizen will be forgotten
They will come to worship Skinless
They will fill the buildings
Stepping over the stale bones of the past

New words will come from Skinless
And the new citizens will learn the past
Learn the present
And they will know the future