

Directionless Resurrectionist

A Forest of Stars

Once upon a time there was a lady of no repute,
One Miss Crow, who, by force of a certain stranger,
had engaged in violent night-time actions, against her
very will.

Resulting from this invasion came,
an aberration of desperation, a horror in all but name,
A stoop-backed boy, short of stature, violent by nature;
to be expelled from the womb in late November.
A fast track to sorrow in a world bred slow.
From foetid seed, a poison tree with a venomous bark did
grow.

He was to work all the hours his sorry god sent,
a resident of fantasy, living a life of lament.
He was to have no living lovers, no-one on who to depend.
Yet his friends were to call him Carrion,
the friends inside his head...