

## Eating the Visions of God

Job for a Cowboy

I am staring at the Sun of the Nothing  
For I want to eat the visions of God  
Consuming the knowledge and power that radiates overhead  
As I slumber in a bed of vegetation and thorns leaving behind u  
nease and dread  
I feed from pretentious notions and malignant demons through it  
s rays  
For hell is abandoned and this single horror walks amongst our  
ongoing cliches  
My eyes, my perception - They seem to smolder and whiten  
For it seems that I have peered into the diseased display of my  
self  
I am the eater of the sun  
I am the destroyer of worlds