

The Evangelist

Spawn of Possession

Sleeping pills can keep one drowsy, shut out the angst
and feel but nothing
Yet to find total closure for terrors of the past, a
saddened man now entered
the hospital at last

Ninth door to the left, laid all answers to what had
kept him drunk for all
those years
A gently knocking but no answer, hesitated for a second
then turned the knob
and stepped inside

In front of him a well made bed, in it a woman
sleeping, he pulled up a chair
So fragile and so helpless, he took her hand and held
it and whispered in her
ear

Edward
"My dear Ms. Sinclair, you are my mother and a whore of
evil
How could you leave me there in that old church, why

My first vague memories of Father Dorian and me on my
knees
He stole my boyhood early, him and the other priests
While preaching I was dirty and needed to be cleansed

Baptized my young face with soggy semen every evening
while tears ran
Alternated with violent whipping in God's name, I was a
child of shame.

Dorian, he sodomized my weak and childish body
The cross went inside my ravished rear end and bent me
open
Those yellow teeth still haunt my dreams

Caged from daylight inside a cellar, he kept me locked
up 'til pleasure he
craved
I know God's light is shining but this molested soul
will never see a heaven
that I am certain of

My dear Ms. Sinclair, you are my mother and a whore of
evil
How could you leave me there in that old church, why

Then one night I noticed he'd forgotten to lock the
doors and I saw my chance
I sneaked out and ran off, foggy air, morning dark, the
grass was wet
I'd been there for so long, not sure of my age, the
wicked Father D. may he
burn in hell

You must die oh spiteful bitch, you put me there."

Slowly she opened her eyes and stared at him silent at first

Felt she was squeezing his hand, the wrinkly old hag

Ms. Sinclair

"My dear boy, my dear Edward let me tell you of your past

Please son ease down, sit down and listen to me

I was born where you grew up, daughter of Father Dorian
His line of blood runs deep, deeper than you can
possibly imagine

Night after night he robbed me of pride
Pleasing his need, a child of his breed that never
could smile
Instead of playing with a dolly I had to play with him
In my mouth I can still taste his salt veiny skin

Barely fertile yet daily raped, his holy seed
Finally my girly womb managed to impregnate
My father, my lover had now made me a mother
As he delivered my baby I wept to God

I left the church right after my baby boy was born
I was replaced by my infant to be my father's toy
That toy was you dear Edward and I'm glad I left you
there
Our Father's love for his children can never be
compared."