Empyrean Musings
by Rachel Hargrave

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Timelord’s Burden

Running through the trees
From red-faced devils
Murderous angels
Creeping along rotting tunnels
Sneaking through the hulls of abandoned alien ships
The curve of your smile as you laughed
This is why I don’t walk by angel statues anymore
Fighting dragons on horseback
Watching stars begin and die
Fading, exploding into dust
In the same day
Your eyes as blue as a midsummers day
So full of wonder
At every new thing we found
You, golden glowing,
Energy coursing through you
Laughter bursting out in the darkest of nights
You, staring at the stars
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The whole universe in your imagination
Stars that burn cold as the souls of the monsters we slayed
And planets made of diamonds, glittering crystal
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Swirling, twirling, never ending
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Of a permanent wall
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And all I have
Is a lingering scent of roses
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Brahm’s Lullaby

A penny for your thoughts
A nickel for your dreams

The Dream Weaver comes a-calling
Do you have a dream for selling
Trade your soul for a farthing
Or a penny dreadful fortune telling
Confess what lurks under the bed
Waiting to snap as it slinks closer
The weaver only listens

Things you think of in the dark of night
That cling to your waking thoughts
Claws sunk in deep drawing blood
Broken brown bottles, crushed rose petals pink
What ghosts lurk in your mind?
Shadows in your memories that haunt the day
Waking finding them dripping like
Ink down your heart
Secret ambitions clinging sharp
Macbeth tell the dreamer what you
Don’t want the sun to see

The Dream Weaver will make a parchment
Tapestry of blood and hope
To wrap your yet-born children in
Lives written in string
Painted in golden thickly
Sickly dripping dye
The Weaver knows the Fates
Holds the scissors, snips the line
Ties the knot in your heart
Be careful what you wish for
Be more careful what you dream

Weaver comes a calling
What will you sell today
On a Park Bench

An angel sat and
Asked a question of God one day

Dear Father, it’s me
Are you even listening?
It seems like you’ve left and
The whole world has
Gone insane, Please Father
Your silence isn’t helping
People cry out in pain
Seeking guidance
Led by mistaken angels
Who thought that they knew
What your Will meant

Your Heavenly and
Eternal plan twisted
Even angels are not infallible
We just do so with delusions of
Righteousness rather than
Knowing honestly the monsters
That we are

I am lost, My Father
Please, won’t you speak to me?
I broke the world trying to
Glue it back together
Free will is a
Blessing and a
Burden I’m
Not sure I’m ready for
I’m not sure
I’ll ever be ready

My Father, I beg
Come back home
Charred Wings

My Angel, you’ve
Fallen, wings hanging low
Feathers crumbling, dripping
Drifting down to earth
Memories of decades falling away
As you lose yourself
I see your Grace fading
Dimming like a guttering candle
You’ve lived so long, and I can see the
Weight of centuries coating like
Dust trickling down your
Blue Black wings, bruised with age
Dragging out the
Color turning them grey and pale
Sepia tones of grey skies cloudy, snow
Drifting, chilling bones as you sink to the ground
Empty, hallowed being
Crumpled, beaten, a lost
Leaf in the November winds

My Angel
Some are born to love
Some learn to love
And Others, Others have love
Thrust upon them
Your fall from Grace
Hath been because of love
For you so loved humanity
You gave them everything
Winged Prometheus
So embrace your sin
Feel it burn and bring you life
As you stand tall in the
Ashy drifts of the
Feathers of who you used to be
The Death of Autumn

The colors are the first thing to fade
Shadows falling over autumn trees
Gold losing luster
Crimson becoming burgundy
Burnt orange and maroon drip
Violent, wind torn deaths down
No more mid summer evergreen
If there was ever a color
So full of life, it’s green
But truth is
Nothing Green Can Stay
For it all turns gold and crimson one day
Tumbles down gracefully as
Fallen angels dying feathers
Ushering in the winter of one’s Life
Now crunching under new Life’s
Naive, seemingly eternal footsteps
Words, Words, Words

I am a cavernous being
I am an empty echoing
Cavern of a Cave of a person
Water drops Dripping darkly
Down deeply Silent walls
Drip ping
drip ping
Until the drops form a Melody like coins
Clinking in a Wishing well
Forming words, words that
Chime and echo crisply in the Hollowness of my soul
Filling me up until it pours Forth,

The biblical flood and
I, Noah, tossed about
Carried away by this Ancient tide,
language
Dripping Life

Street lamps glow
Yellow under a
Cloudy grey
Sky of crystal rain
Pattering on rooftops like
Thief's footsteps
A thief that
Stole her heart
There’s something beautiful
About a rainy
Day of muted
Colors dripping
It doesn’t have to
Be sad
On a slick and
Cold park bench by
Herself but she’s not really
Alone because
He’s in her heart
Or really
Her heart is with him
Since he stole it
So long ago
As the raindrops drip
Tracing possible futures down the
Dusty skylines of her windowpanes
She follows one in the
Hopes that he will
Always be at the end