Fields of The Poppy

Molten red oozes from his hallowed eyes,

while fingers squeeze his inner neck.

His pain sedated.

His cries deadened.

An instant annihilation;

of thought,

of reasoning,

of dignity.

His jellied posture absorbed in a crowded netherworld.

What of these fields of beauty?

These fields of the poppy?

To the alliance- lurid.

To the traveler- peaceful.

Both braided within these painted hillsides.

Which of these onlookers will see?

The pure of thought or

the blackened of heart.

Says the seer-

Fault the dependent,

bring in the abuser.

It won’t matter to him.

His woozy hallucinations,

his unhinged thoughts.

His jaded frame already sold to the mules rotting corpse.

This user-

his chalked outline drawn on the steaming pavement.

Pointing by passers

Q&A:

Who is he dad?

Look away son,

he’s just a junkie.

Against bludgeoned eyes still does

the Eagle see.

Still does the Eagle fly.

These affluent dealers embalm the addicted;

They- to doped to beg for life-

to doped to beg for death.