

Poetry Series

Ethan Aparicio
- poems -

Publication Date:

2011

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Ethan Aparicio(1992)

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Abnormalities Of The Self Conscious Mind

Desolate bible fiend
Lies motionless on alters of cobblestone,
Whip at hand,
He masturbates the maggot of his mind,
In the presence of the host,
A mistaken creation, which you cannot yet perceive

The cloaked, perverse intent of your carcass compels you,
Move forward, Let it happen,
The filthy, traumatic aftermath is the grand expectation,
Which not even the creator can surpass,
And so the undisputed violence and harlotry only stews, bitterly,
A rejected product of the blackest hate

An Abomination,
An anathema,
Is now and forever coursing through the conscious brain,
So the civil illusions tremble at the thought of deliverance,
Toxic, infectious race of a tainted humanity,
Oh, relentless oppression of radiating silence!

Cast me into the unspoken,
That the fires may appease my tired, unsatisfied soul
Forever dying,
Liberating my veins from the iron cramps which pinch at the nerves,
As yet another comprehension of pain builds the abnormality which dominates
the self conscious mind....

Ethan Aparicio

Carnivorous Loins

Blackened veins, Submitting recognition,
Immoral stain, With yearning dark ambitions,
Eternal slaves will chant in repetition,
Consumed in flames, Which taint the intuition

Sickening pauses, flashes and visions of ancient supremacy,
An embraced perversion which tortures a god to squander his legacy,
In the back of his mind, he contemplates death as he breeds with the enemy
Now she claws at raw flesh and spreads the affliction brought on by this agony

Masquerading harlots, who crave this dark desire,
Proclaim the call of Lilith and live to birth the fire,
To manifest a calling which never will expire,
And claim the throne of chaos from which all darkness will transpire

Intolerable disorder within the walls of purity,
Set forth the mass grave which incarcerates his mutiny,
The stench of his malice has fallen victim to her tyranny
To forever rot in solace and produce abominated conspiracy

Ethan Aparicio

Enthroning Tyranny Within The Recollected State Of Self Denial

Unprotected virus,
Colors my mood a depressing shade of yellow,
As if to mock my malnourished desires,
He skins the remnants of this idiocy from my aching bones,
Yet feeds traces of detachment to my scornful eyes
Enveloping what i could have been,
But was not meant to be

Ingesting clouds of a sickening nature
Now tear away at my strengths and weaknesses in their winter state,
I am but a vessel aware of everything which is feeding and eating at my roots,
And yet my ignorant self manifestations render me useless,
It is a relentless attack of denial,
Unidentified by the fast, unthinking culture of existence,
And I have suffered her tormenting rays,
They crucified my legacy on crosses of scrutiny,
Inverting the irrevocable light which is the agonizing abyss

Now the ravens of night listen with color blind eyes,
Yearning to feed, chasing a scent of lament and guilt
Because their gluttonous wings fail them,
And the pitiful audience refuses the hand of power

Sacrifice your morality to the gods of enlightenment,
Show yourself in all your horrific beauty,
For it is a gorgeous revival
That of the ego,
The loss of your attracted borders and restraints,
And the death of the recollections perpetrated by self denial...

Ethan Aparicio

Entrails Of Agony

Anguish is seen, heard, felt through repentant wicker
To relieve the strain of deteriorating courtesies which flaunt pleasure
In the eyes of bestial man in raw shells,
Left unattended by the inhumanity of her aching memory
Lost in a flame of ignorant chatter
To drive the brain into silent chaotic warfare
Feed this disease, My love
Then maybe these ripping entrails will emanate the stench of decaying
repression,
And once again harbor the rotting agony of perversion,
Steaming to a boil in the remnants of loss and wonderment
To mislead us all into the grips of Her putrefaction....

Ethan Aparicio

In The Embrace Of Death And Eternal Damnation

Under the full moon they cry,
Vultures of darkness,
Ravens of the blackest night,
Trampling scavengers scourge the path,
There shall be NO inhibition,
This has evolved into the death of restraint,
Kneel before my alter
Worship these methods fed to you by the lord of nocturnal silence

The descent only grows in potency,
Abysmal monstrosities unchain from their seats of power
To inflict retribution upon mortal inaccuracies
Wiped clean from the face of my dominion
Suffer the jaws of polluted inhumanity,
Impaled upon the horns of Hell,
Man only grows to embrace his beast,
Possessing himself to indulge

Kill it all down with the taste of 'Luciferian Absinthe'
As we are our own addiction
I am the downfall,
The decline,
The renewal,
The rebirth
I am Heaven,
I am Hell

Ethan Aparicio

Infestation

This morning's joy
Came two hours late,
By then my coffee was cold
And the first meal plagued me

The arrival of external chaos
Was delayed yet another day,
The wicked wouldn't sleep tonight,
The moon's arms cast a mournful shadow

Insomnia related disorders
Swimming towards the flashing lights,
Infesting my family tree,
Defiling the pure virgin

Send me the rays of hope
So that I may never come down,
Just feed me the map home,
I'm sure it will never be found

There are trails carved on cellar walls
And they change every century,
They spawn breathing assassin dolls,
This decade marks an anniversary

Of all executions witnessed,
Mine was the worse
Because no dared to listen,
As my brain continued to burst

Religions will be crafted,
Until the alarm clock is repaired,
Because the sun no longer wakes us,
Instead you slumber, scared

Yesterday's stale departure
Left me twitching alone,
By then the coffee was frozen,
And the breakfast developed mold

The departure of inner peace,
It chokes my uneased mind,
With a million parasites surrounding,
And two thousand more dying

Tomorrow's morning joy,
It'll come with a blast,
But i will lie in bed restless
Until the absurdity passes

The daisies may bloom,
And the buds will resume,
But the agony will linger,
Tired eyes will still cry

He that plays the non-believer
Puts his existence at risk,
Because his savior is on vacation,
Redemption forgot him without a second thought

'Save us' cry rejected soldiers,
Only because quick sand consumes
And the more that they hunger,
Impending doom reassures dominance

So you can try to taste freedom,
You can try to make it luxury,
But what you don't know is the addiction
Until it crowds your feeble brain

*(This piece was conceived in lock-down in Carrizales/Rucker DC on 7-28-10)
CAMERON COUNTY JAIL 2010

Ethan Aparicio

Madmen

Depravity speaks through mixed emotion, yearning,
Calling to the noose with its arms stretched out stiff
Rigor mortis cursed companion, unholy union,
Bar codes etched on the foreheads,
Burned onto the back of the neck
Branded cattle, feeding off of preying retinas
To conspire a necessary evil,
Dictate this nefarious revolt
Madness redefined through the perceptive sensors
Feed life to strangling roots and the adjoining weeds
Weaved hatred born of blades and calamity,
Father of turmoil,
Mother of turbulence,
Children of harbored hostility and wrath
Defecating the locusts possessed by the black, impersonal daughters of past
regrets
Convulse as you ejaculate this anathema into the womb of blinding defeat,
Masking your misanthropy behind unaware confusion,
Through the loins of your Sister Whore...
The mother of our filth and abominations
Lying cold within the asylum walls of your self-deceit and her blatant denial
She has conceived a virus, an eradication of worthy expiration,
Extermination feeds my addiction,
Thorns rip at me from within
To dissect the veil of inhuman screams,
Torured soul, slaves to a fabled tyrannizer,
Forever prisoners to the buried realms of the brain's natural fermentation,
Baking in the excretions of scum bred miscreants
To dominate the potency of an overbearing darkness,
And the resulting pariahs long forgotten by sanity and remorse
Tonight, this dies, agitate the aggressor! ! !

Ethan Aparicio

Magnificent Beast

Malignant expression,
With wrath of scornful emotion and viral intent,
Labels my seed a disgrace of nature
And points fading fingers at the face of this atrophy
To once again restore the calamitous, unprotected face of regret and shame,
This 'putridly' magnificent beast of a darkening origin,
Spawn of my utter cold being,
Forgotten leader of my unrealized temptation,
Pleasurable servants which the unholy loins have brought forth

Establish your uninvolved standing,
You, children of the mutated eye,
Meaningless dolls, splattering the impurity of your untimely vision,
A threat to His superior standing
Thus, this challenging concept is dragged into the bowels of his mind

And He cries!
Spewing turbulence from every orifice,
'Preserve the impurity of my corrupt cleansing and deep understanding' says he
But the senseless do not register the unassailable process,
For degeneration weighs them down
And their blatant, involuntary evocation commits to the magnificence of my beast
and the absolute laws which sprout from her divinity...

Ethan Aparicio

Mourning The Goddess Of Shadows

Thee i worship... Oh goddess of midnight..
Nocturnal kiss of a rejected vanity,
Maleficent queen of chaos,
Now a ruthless dictator of a sickening nature,
Displays of a sadistic romance, a veiled retribution,
With the aching calls of inhuman flames reflecting the horrid error of our lusts,
A denied attempt at the throne, an empty, envious glance at what you evoked,
Through carnivorous loins, sweetly coated in the bitter sugar of a hungering guilt,

Washed violently in the whorish filth,
Painfully scraped into a repressing state of submission,
The seed calls out to his forsaken gorgon mother,
To once again breed the soil from whence he came....

Ethan Aparicio

Pray To Satan

I will embrace this cold cruelty of a sensation
Defined as utter deliverance through undefiled perception,
To allow my bloodstream its allotted pacification,
In pleasurable asphyxiation,
Satan hath claimed our beloved insecurity
Pariahs unleashed,
Infernal acceptance of divinated intent,
Incompetence I will squander
In our age of glorified flesh,
This spirit is slave to Helvete,
And thus lust hath prevailed,
Running rampant through black veins
Orgasmic torture within the bowels of the subconscious,
And the eyeless squalor shall be washed away
Until the very bowels of history bury this martyred filth forevermore,
Consecrating the name of Satan through stone,
Proclaiming darkness through ageless decree,
I will propagate the ending
Until time herself begs for the horns of her creator...
AVE SATANAS

Ethan Aparicio

Sexual Deviance In The House Of Abstinence

Lamenting her malpractice,
Deep within hollow shadows which leave her weeping,
A sensational desire,
Thirsting for brass staves and iron chains to unbind
Searching to find,
A hunger to see,
A blasphemous path to her deviant wishes
Nurturing bestial fetishes,
Unevovled lusts which her own malice has dared to invoke,
So proudly on knees, bleeding, bruising, begging
For deliverance from this repression, this burdening resentment...
To revel in the fruits of her hungering orgasms,
Free and proud,
Unbound without the hint of restraint,
Screaming the name of Abomination
Chanting the spell of infernal charm and pleasure....

Ethan Aparicio

Sit In The Darkness

Kill off the brood,
A parasitic maniac
With blood for its food
A fearful necropheliac

Sit in the dark
A message written in the sand
Suffer the bark
Of the dog that sits in dark Siam

She is his way,
A light so bright you cannot see
He is her clay
A mold of inner thought debris

Stand in her light,
His eyes now frozen, try to bleed
Suffer the bite
Of the maggot grown inside her seed

Lay on the floor,
A killer, crazed, will try to cry
Go back for more
As the final brood now tries to die

Now all is said
So sit in dark and try to hide
Now that they're dead,
By rules of death you must abide

Ethan Aparicio

The Luciferian Manifesto

Upon the illuminated throne of a utopia so rejected,
Wings of deliverance relieve the self infected,
Within these energies the wise will bestow creation,
At last laying to rest all hint of pretentious temptation

As the feeble kneel and claim their demise,
They inhibit the soul as they pray towards the sky,
Thrown to flames of the sun, they burn yet don't die,
Content in the torments of a 'god' in disguise

Self denied pleasures of a vibrational discourse,
Have now rebuked the titles which one's own flesh has enforced,
For the hand not yet worthy drives its lord to perdition
Left to endure this inhumanity which has claimed all intuition

Yet freedom from this repression lies behind gates of light,
Attainable answers which dance plainly in sight,
For the keys which are needed are often neglected,
Yet through nurtured perception are self manifested

Ethan Aparicio

The Manson Family Values

Jesus Manson was a leader
A real keeper of the kind which went waste
And then they got him,
Now they have him,
Who will lead us?
For there is no one worth taking Charlie's place

This is the hour,
When the family shows its power
To all who question our defense and our belief
For we're empowered not to cower
But to flower
Simply as misfits joined with losers left to thief

In our traditions,
There is value
And importance
For it is vital to the way the outfit fits
And every value holds a meaning worth exploring
From which these values, a true Manson ever splits

Ethan Aparicio

The Pinching Of Metal And The Deteriorating Immunity

This is what you suffered to fear,
The naked face of immoral reality weeding out your social dogmas,
Subliminally excreting intoxicated doctrines to rape your diluted state of being,
Polluted emotion has left me craving blood and sex,
Raw, impure, adulterated beast
Stewing morbidly under the skin
Oh how the prostituted mentalities of rodents screech in muted overtones,
God's pussified drones of a sickening nature,
I have grown to love the hatred of man's undisputed carnality
And the cold detachments of their wrathful grudges,
I am my own saviour,
Impersonal emptiness,
Hollow husk of what you consider a human man
Walking, killing, breeding,
Within the walls of immunity
As the bones of infant leeches drive me to be impaled,
The noise fades
As the vibration increases...

Ethan Aparicio

The Preacher's Son

Twenty years,
The father's reign
A tool of God,
He cannot gain
The strength for war,
Or heart for love,
So silently he hides the dove

A preacher's son,
A soul so safe
Hidden from life
Inside his faith
His winter scar;
A line of blood
A rush of faith
A mental flood

Of gods and demons
Fighting war,
Of church filled boys
And sin filled whores
The way is seen
The only one,
The preacher's gold,
The preacher's son

Ethan Aparicio

The Unclean

Defiled, bleeding cadaver
Conceals the torn, useless flesh which has nurtured his weakness,
From his birth to his death,
Through every agonizing breath
From seeing to blind,
He fucks his own mind
In the back of his brain
He is learning the strain
Of the chains which now keep
His shrinking mind from all sleep

Corrupted corpses collect in the corners
Hiding the bitter sweet fruits death has to offer
Throughout life into the grave
Malicious angels leave him raped
Until this flesh is born anew
His unheard screams will only stew
And I rejoice through horrid moaning,
As troubled children reach out, groaning
For soon the gates reveal the master
Which leave the victims breathing faster

Forest cellars cloak the shadows passing through experience,
Ritualistic lust for the dead is all we expect from the blackening masses,
Malevolent personalities,
Dictating evil claiming the tools,
Bow before this idol you have enthroned
Consume the enraptured vessels labeled slaves,
They are the footstool,
This earth is the throne

Ethan Aparicio