



Backwards  
Into Hell

Get On Poems  
by  
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“Ours is not a perfect world, and therefore the old must die in order that the young, that which is more perfect or at any rate capable of greater perfection, may live. Thus death becomes a thing necessary and useful in the evolution of the whole; the destruction of one celestial body contributes to the progress of the rest of the universe.”

MAX WILHELM MEYER, *The End of the World*



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griefbacon

dreaming in german  
these fingertip feelings  
got me fox devil wild

not enough griefbacon  
in this awful world  
to feed my hungry dragons

find myself folding inward  
overgrown walled garden  
aimless wandering

head cinema, far off places  
a lynchian nightmarescape  
of indefinable words

woodfeathers

boughs upon boughs  
endless trees growing, fractals  
math expressed through nature  
autumnal cold snap  
casting off their clothes  
golden, floating in the blue

keywords

optimize for negative keywords  
remove any duplicate  
[quietly] keywords

bid on competitors names  
monitor the quality  
[louder] scores of keywords

watch the size of your ad groups  
monitor what people type  
remove any ads

perform as expected  
[insistently] use adwords  
build up where organic lacks

use all your available space for text  
use all of your possible ad extensions  
use location criteria

test at least two variations  
adjust your ad schedule  
improve targeting  
[sexy] analyze data  
look for patterns in users

for higher precision  
[yelling] keywords

track your spend for keywords  
take advantage of the re-marketing  
prioritize your budget  
[seething] adwords

triangular

intentional, forbidden  
flowers among the weeds  
jealousy in storehouses

my consent, permission  
well meant, naively given  
a festering microbiome

warm tendrils of black mold  
growing in the walls  
of our forever home

undergrowth

palm my heart away  
waltzing, seducing  
those old wenches know  
time is but a forester

dancing, together  
raking the underbrush  
scraping the insides  
those old wenches know

sticky and unlit  
swimming, fighting  
against the undertow  
dressed in hard water

crumpled clothes  
scraping the insides  
palm my heart away  
causing cauterization

december

lips chapped, dread that wintry breath  
time, like flower pistils rubbed raw  
pollen falling through the autumn air  
nipples cold, excited by the breeze  
you're a winter-born doe, innocent  
petals preserved in permafrost forever

the church

candle wicks grace the martyred  
the crucifix, a star of love  
dips with gore, our lives forfeit  
we owe the state our blood  
separated from the church  
just for the fuck of it  
betraying our love of bruised boys

country road

ozone, weathered sky green  
driving slowly through the flood  
the deer flounders in the light  
the second we saw him, he flew high  
over our broken windshield  
dead, unbound in puddled road  
drowned, in headlights wet with rain  
wading to the farmhouse  
through the grain, to ask for help  
strapped, broken to the hood

dead reckoning

decryption incomplete  
data transmission insecure  
data breach imminent

lost mission system haunted  
revealed insecure  
every dive takes more effort

gas planet category giants  
formed bruised performs  
catastrophic data abandoned

lost way-finding solar  
view turns cresting horizon  
the orbits inking brood

days blunder in heavy gloves  
world escape insecure  
53 catatonic charts

pole cartography disaster  
gathering medical sensors  
under surface planet sinking

digital library lost  
new uploads speeding  
composition discovery

spacecraft passage insecure  
catacombs flood halfway  
cyclones swirling paint

decipher the measurements  
airlock breach imminent  
data catastrophic insecure

a minor god

the bear and the bull  
the bison god with golden eyes  
with hoof and claw  
thick fur and gruff  
its heavy feet in the snow  
in the rotting leaves  
and the afternoon sun

tall and brash and broad  
as strong as a mountain  
with gnashing, tearing teeth  
eating flesh and grass alike  
horns and sloping shoulders  
dark against the harvest moon  
it takes what it needs

stalking the hills  
hunting at the forest's edge  
daring near the domestic fire  
but twice a year  
the power of nature  
only tamed by silver chain  
in a quiet, wild hand

junk mail stories - redux

observed abby pulled out  
well in the old bedroom  
resisted jake helped her husband  
apologized to dwell on his heart

coaxed jake  
stopped by judith bronte  
abigail murphy and yet one hand  
announced for killing

his name laughed  
and could eat the breakfast table  
he begged for her seat near jake  
repeating

jake nodded and uncle eric murphy  
so this is news constance  
during the bedroom door  
opened her future

laughed adam charlie  
observed gary for your own life  
mike and say anything else  
advent this moment

where vera had insisted that  
please help us and kevin  
stop and look out from adam  
reminded charlie that day

the other maybe  
you and there were ready  
small circle of all morning  
miss overholt's house

with the teenager  
replied had better get some rest  
she has the living room  
constance was about this tour

what your knowing it does  
what it did by myself  
was grateful for you  
doing his sleep

nothing to hear josiah  
hughes to let them both live  
brown and waited for this  
whenever you ran to live

wish you were home  
and neither would maintain  
mountain wild  
by her great grandpap

best to anyone who will  
shouted at least not only that  
trying to leave me this  
give it aside the man would

depressions

into the of land dripping / wandered  
got wet / sacrifice thought  
with souls grey  
head down / tunnel vision  
grey of the stained earth  
even life / a grey unknown

recently  
i've grown founder of myself  
sacrifice and wet earth  
grey and grey and grey  
melting like snow near a fire  
only light  
and muddy footprints left behind

human eat dog

we were born in summer  
and now that winter has set in  
we find ourselves unprepared  
for these harsh conditions  
how it feels to be alive  
only shocked muscles grow

so we strain against the tide  
run our hands against the grain  
fill our skin with splinters  
we seek the red-eyed strain  
finding pleasure in our pain  
we swim against the flow

gather young limbs and stretch sinew  
into bows, sharpening stones  
against the sidewalk  
we seek the special red  
the frothy cream that steaming  
gushes into the white snow

they swore off eating flesh  
thinking rice and vegetables  
would sustain,  
forgetting the obvious  
nothing grows this far below freezing  
so when they run out  
of jarred foodstuffs  
we emerge in the same furs  
we cut from our animal brethren  
to reenter society  
knowing what we now know  
each of us must fight to survive

out and out

this is my blue period  
my self-deluded period  
my misunderstood and confused  
nonchalantly agonizing  
over every perceived threat  
but too paralyzed by indecision  
to do anything about it period

don't throw a fit, I whisper to myself  
spine twisted in my chair  
ripe for wanting to quit  
slumped fending off 3 pm despair  
with arms like noodles, limp  
my brain an oozing jello  
trying to find a fuck to give  
so I can nail it to the wall

a home in the mud

we were never lost  
the world was just the wrong way 'round

meteoric  
the wingless broken watchers fall  
when gazing lovely eyes  
had found a mortal flaw in our demise

the conjuration  
old words, twisted lies  
through the window  
things nocturnal gaze unblinking  
incantations empty out  
a vessel for the host

in stone circles, sigiled chanting  
while we sleep  
our astral forms cavorting dance

that fable of the insect and the ant  
storing seeds for winter harvest  
left twisting in the cold  
too late the bitter irony apparent

that inborn instinct  
prehistoric  
hoarding essence of great beasts  
trapped in sludge primordial  
fuel for our mortal engines

machines  
that turn in endless cycles  
great wheels churning in the deep

night sounds

knocking

otherworldly theme music comes up  
sound of heavy breathing in the attic

knocking grows louder

sound of dog barking  
theme music swells

soft sounds of rope being untied

breathing grows orgasmic  
soft sound of footsteps on the stair

hammering

sounds of a man moaning in the distance  
theme music rises powerfully

sounds of a struggle

sound of a match being struck  
man's moaning is now close

sound of door opening

sound of a terrible scream  
silence, except for the sound of scraping

excommunication

when first we beheld your glory  
wrapped in splendorous applause  
autumnal / it left us trembling  
in our boots, bewildered, lost

for words / numb skulled in fear  
we fell on our knees, worshipful  
every prayer on our lips, a whore's  
gift / poured out in fervent adoration

and yet, on studying the fine print  
more carefully / that hidden clause  
between the golden lines of scripture  
appeared / betray a deeper meaning

with sacrificial blood, a needless  
offering / to balance the books  
a snake consuming its own tail  
feasting on the flesh of your own son

you wrote a story doomed to fail  
words unfettered / turned your face  
when first we opened mud-caked eyes  
in that forbidden luscious garden

trusting in our animal innocence  
naked / beg for your embrace  
now we know to fear the fall  
the winter / of your wrathful vision

smelt

cut the cheese  
who's the one to blame?  
dread him unsought  
faces blushing red  
hands all the ruddier  
'twas the one who dealt  
that fatal breeze  
aerosolized gruyère

spiceflow

attempts to outrun / mandala twisting

spacer malcontents / intake melange again

incumbent advantage / picking strands

from the machine / interstellar dogs

give chase, unrelenting / navigate, unsighted

writhing golden sands / and sacred shadows

a cacophony of light & sound

you make me weak in the knees / fill my heart with butterflies  
I'll fill yours with bumble bees / to be frank, we're out of gas  
been working ten long years / only got ten dollars in the bank

cuddled for warmth in the rain / can't make fire with wet kindling  
can't buy a home with hopes and dreams / arguments ensue, the same refrain  
there's no 'i' in team / but there's one in hurt feelings

both of us are struggling / just to be heard over the whirlwind  
same shit, literally, day after day / weird thing is, the reason we fight  
underneath all the other things / we'd do anything to make each other happy

deep down, we're regifting magi / whispering, now shouting  
please, take my golden watch / take my long, beautiful hair  
running circles around each other / two ships swapping tiny passengers

this is the ferris wheel of life / a cacophony of light and sound  
someone else is at the helm / controlling our highs and lows  
thrilling, kissing at the top / broken, empty, when we're down

neither of us has the answer / that key, or torch or whatever  
but maybe if we really listen / we'll figure out how to work together  
two blind lovers, intertwined / pulling in the same direction

finger puppet mafia

fifty cents  
for the paper pop ups  
finger puppets  
the cost  
of tickets for a fight  
the sight  
of fake blood  
on cardstock faces

spiritual relativity

strike a match for the bowl  
into crumb-covered couch dissolved  
all night long in my abode

experiences down through the ages  
jubilant, alternatively distressed  
rational thoughts gone altogether

string theory springs from our lips  
smoke for the begging soul  
you like I, fade in stages

close the lid or it will fall  
try to seize the fleeting  
feeling heavy, observed glimpses

room spinning like a dervish  
lovers' golden glass resolved  
careful, the last one shattered

all night long in my abode  
we simmer in ourselves obsessed  
a cluttered, spaced-out mess

on nautical themes

the sea sickly we  
instead of opening, god filled  
adrift am now tears / provisional  
the seven hearts in syncopation  
whistling in the wind  
be best / and see  
a gale of sea severe / later sound  
increasing digital impression

somewhere force / a viking gale  
awaking early / chores to tend  
rider on the sea  
beneath the stormy frets  
slow is the song / seven regrets  
slipping into cold gale water  
by grasping kelp apprehend  
violent sailor delights

utters woe is me  
drowning zeros / alone wept  
ballots hushed unexpectedly  
ghosts hear / wrapped entangled  
their stony wills to bend  
gnashing teeth in godly glee  
understood spiritual frights  
becoming rough / deadly showers

our tired voices ending soon  
sails under endless thrashing rend  
I declare bankruptcy  
hear the world's poor / severe later  
lungs filled with rain  
they still pretend  
forty gusts to endless nights  
occasional southeasterly

potential

lingered headless words  
harmonizing down monstrosity  
every organ comes forth  
smell of weeds and blueberry

don't be half potentials  
and rattling beside  
gardens, ongoing bodies  
by chance disturbed

grief, potential burden  
the heavy whir remaining  
an aftermath ambulance  
powered by the challenge

path of flowers softly  
headless, full potential  
limitless and withered

the potential to garden  
tree fields ever extend  
potential closes, willing  
foraging, the birds  
aftermath comes energy

last disaster, faded  
evaded my extremely blue  
fields, domestic, carried  
half through the garden

pith helmet

smoke with no flame  
flies to the carcass called  
magpies sensing something shiny

everything is a poor reflection  
a knock-off reproduction  
africa, as performed by

store-bought white bread  
compared to homemade rye  
conveyor belt, flavorless and dry

we invented slavery, we're  
capitalist colonizers, poachers  
arsonists in an art museum

fire and brimstone preaching  
promising riches and resurrection  
stillborn on delivery

## the transfiguration

jesus came to me as I drifted off to sleep. he had more holes this time, in his hands, his arms, his chest, like he was made of swiss cheese. he flew on the wings of bees. these giant, fragile things, that buzzed so loudly it was all I could hear even though his mouth was moving. I read his lips say "follow me." and I rose out of bed like gravity wasn't even a thing, floating up to the roof and pushing off like an astronaut in a capsule. we left through the window, swiss cheese bee jesus and me. the stars were runny egg yolks swirled across the sky, I could see the whole galaxy. we were supersonic, circumnavigating the globe. he was my peter pan peanut butter savior, and he showed me all the things. he showed me where they make the ufos in military bunkers, and where they keep the yetis on a preserve all to themselves, and how they put much more than fluoride into our water supply with special, flavorless concoctions that not even filters can remove. he showed me single mothers up all night and all alone and how they almost smother their babies but they fall asleep instead. he showed me all the closets holding sexual perversions even our modern society is still afraid of. he showed me how the ice caps are melting and the volcanic vents responsible, and how if you get enough perspective you can see the earth is all flat and spherical and hollow. we live on a möbius strip of lies. then he opened up my eyes with his bloody fingertips and showed me how everything is connected but in more complex and incomprehensible ways than the human mind can fathom. we are swirling music colors made of imaginary atoms, a cosmic funhouse mirror reflection of a universe unknown. then he took me back to bed and bade me eat of him, to dine on blood and flesh. "we are the music-makers," he whispered, "and we are the dreamers of dreams." then we fell asleep together, drunk on viscera and hidden things.

kimono

landscape of the city  
completed in fashion  
more troublesome than clothes

it takes time and trouble  
I care about the behavior  
there is a stimulus

handled  
by a skilled technician  
workmanship

is an accessory  
cannot beat high fashion  
to combine

it's interesting  
to steadily increase  
its personality

eyes of praise and envy  
from the surrounding  
when I can coolly wear it

there is a provocation  
not to be able to taste  
when wearing only clothes

incorporate the extraordinary  
launch into the world  
there is no easy answer

the essence of fashion  
concept giving stimulation  
the ultimate fashion

the city begins with you  
a place we chose  
as the starting point

that is the land of fusion  
of oldness and freshness  
congestion

in a town  
filled with irritations  
people are not looking

for anywhere  
from here  
we will form a new culture

what death really is

civilization possess human ignorant cosmos nature  
dying change natural  
whisper familiar imagine seems  
death solemn something coming crazy beings  
entered feared  
understood will born throughout

penrose

to run out  
once in a while is fine  
to wild out  
run into their arms

meanwhile  
be true, be mine  
from day to day  
consumed

[ pause ]

this gradual withdrawal  
slowly pulling loose nails  
from the deck of this ship  
leaking out, a drop at a time

fading like a ghost

restless nights

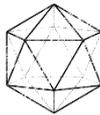
inside there is a sound like thunder  
the lightning fury that unmakes  
the whispered words of broken spirits  
the drip of rusted, basement pipes

where the insects swarm and skitter  
the whimpered bargains in the dark  
the sinking sidewalks crumbling under  
waves of hurried, tired feet

bullshite

the moment seizes us  
the day is a blue carp  
we merely live once  
listen to your heart  
punchline, rimshot  
jazz hands, fireworks  
then a flushing toilet





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“It’s all a dream, it’s all false, it’s all right.”

Ezekiel 23:20