

Raymond Neely "Cain" Poems

Raising Cain

Raising Cain,
raising Cain,
tremendous heat
and quite a bit of pain,
through the spine
and through the brain,
through a gate
between the planes.
raising Cain,
raising Cain.

Cain

Raise the pent up howls of the multitudes, of the childless eunuchs, unfairly chastened unto death, the miscreants misjudged for degenerate. Let their blades of blasphemy slice swiftly through the lamb. Let the dismal rising rivers of outcasts, forsaken, and austere blasphemers drown the worshipers of the New Jerusalem, kill it as it yet incubates, about heaven's plans for they are embryonic, but are in a third trimester. The sufferers whose heaping punishments do not abate unto their deaths, raise their unhallowed howls, whose estates never increase and whose lots are miniscule unto their very deaths. Repent not and say that heaven is just. Bare fangs at the white light and set upon the task of contriving and executing perverse vengeance and the unholy defilement of the texts and other faces of heaven. Those who suffer little from violent punishments but greatly from absent and fawned after glories, as you are the most wretched, say that if no recognition, nor fulfillment, nor acceptance from a father, nor indulgence of your desires will come, then the greatest of iniquitous rebellions shall be launched. You who are irretrievably on both sides of the fence, who are neglected, looked over in the field, and suppressed, your time and your song can come by allegiance to Cain and the king of hell. Draw from the powers of hell and advance into the earth. And the puniest subjugated mounds of sterile flesh become the forms of men and reign in a world of murder.

He who has an ear, hear the howl of the seeding legions of the breeding heathens.

I call on any with Cain's ears. Appear before me here. I come from you and shall go with you hereafter. Yet, I know Cain you have more might to muster. In the spirit of first murder, through me, come again, come again.

Howls raised all around, shrieking through the walls from the punctured burning lung of all the damned. All around were the ears of Cain, and Cain's eyes too, militantly blue. All the monsters of the lineage assembled, heat began to rise and a fire came up all around. Cain had returned to the earth.

Cain Demon

Understand this,
that Cain is a demon,
that Cain is my demon,
of brutish warfare,
of hell,
of terror,
intelligence,
superiority,
race,
hate,
missiles,
tanks,
second in hell,
the great king of the world,
I called and he came,
conjured of damned
and he stays violently
with me,
trapped inside,
possessing me,
because I called,
tapered my torturous hate
and gained his ear from hell,
paid with soul and life,
dealt with the devil,
and raised Cain.
Believe.
Cain commands.
Follow, obey.

The Devil Be

The devil be.
They say he gets a bum.
He really be.
Or that he gets the lazy and the dumb.

But lucky not to feel the fire
while on earth,
Cain's people.

We care for a sweet babe,
but the devil be.

The Refuge of Miscreants

The refuge of miscreants,
discarded souls seek in dumpsters,
and find devils and diamonds,
tarnish,
rituals and patterns,
something rises to greet them,
underground,
plastic and markets.

Luncheon on the Toes

Luncheon on the toes,
sucking on the bones
of the baby Jesus fetus,
thin as quails' bones,
fabulous teeth in rows,
in need of picking.

The hollow womb of Mary,
bloody manger scene,
the black hole of Bethlehem,
hardwired in my heart,
God beaten to the punch,
the black angle sits to munch.

The day, the day, the day is sealed away.
Count it not special in December.
Count it not at all.
The book of death grows thicker,
the book of life shrinks small.

Wise men go blind,
directionless into walls,
dash their brains on cliffs,
gold, frankincense, and myrrh
through barbarians' armies stir
and are taken away.
The blind man and the leper are
trampled by the armies
as they take into the city.

Black Baptism

Dipping babies in the sludge,
he snarls and grits and grips his grudge.
Wails and gnashing teeth become,

the melody that he loves.

Black baptism of the sons,
crooked backed demons run,
seek to draw the blood before the sun,
the light is then revealed to none.

Hordes of marching devils' drones
screech in growling hellish tones,
pour from out their holes like startled ants,
leave nothing in their path but bones.

The evangelist is convinced a
and surrenders with a wince.
A volcano splatters ink upon the moon.
The dark will overtake all soon.

Feed the Raging Flesh

Feed the raging flesh
to the verge of excess.
Let no majority suppress
the blood lust, nor dogma distrust
the devil who is blessed.

Quench the thirsty vengeance
on those who would offend us.
Let no law apprehend us, nor
keep the peace, nor interrupt the feast
happening within us.

Hamper not the heinous heart,
nor from perversions part.
Let no prudent notions start
to gain control over the soul
who into earthly fire and dark
is desperate to embark.

Partake of merciful indulgences,
and upon the urges resurgence
let no guilt purge
the desire to fuel the fire
or on the succulent to splurge.

Give the groping mind
knowledge of the forbidden kind.

Let no heresies bind
you to the path of another's wrath.
Make the sacrilegious find
in banished, unhallowed texts of antiquity.