A Collection Of Autumn Musings
By: Michael P. Heibs
2019

This work is dedicated to my family, for without which we have nothing.
1) The winter sun,
   Casts a pale shadow,
   Upon my face,
   In cold, silent loneliness,
   I myself do contemplate. — Glimpse.

2) Crowned the king,
   In bitter hate,
   Blood of billions,
   Won’t my thirst slake. — Juggernaught.

3) For days gone by,
   My heart does ache,
   The passing of time,
   So melancholy and grave. — Shimmer.

4) How much further,
   Into the darkness,
   Of the deep,
   Must I rage? — Suburbs.

5) Silence—
   Orgasmic for,
   The intellectual. — Bliss.
9) Life bleeds strife,
   Cuts deep like,
   The razor blade,
   Edge of a knife. — Conscience.

10) Scratching and clawing at,
    The inside of the lid,
    Of their coffins,
    Desperate and gasping,
    For one last breath,
    Of freedom. — Society.

11) The pleas of the poor,
    And impoverished,
    Imprisoned and enslaved,
    Fall upon deaf ears,
    For bigotry has,
    No compassion
    And hypocrisy has,
    No conscience. — Overseers.
14) As if in a dream,
I see you there,
Eyes of wine,
And raven locks,
Beauty so fair,
Even a corps,
Can't compare. — Desire.

15) What better,
Muse,
Than death? — Erevitable.

16) Watch the flames dance,
Flicker so spry,
Watch the cycle reap them,
Like wheat and rye. — Apocalypse.

17) Listen, how she moves,
Like so much smoke,
Thru the trees,
With brimstone eyes,
Acrimony in her smile,
Giddy at her task,
Collecting their flesh,
Relentlessly as she burns,
And on she burns,
And on she burns. — Lillith.
21) What an eerie sight,
Once so full of delight,
Oh, moonbeams, moonbeams,
How you've lost your,
Seductive mystery. — The Knowing

22) The only beauty I see in the world,
Are pictures in magazines,
The only beauty I hear,
Are songs on the radio,
The only beauty I ever come into contact with,
Is in my seldom occurring dreams,
For beauty is only an illusion,
A mirage to be glimpsed,
Never to be had nor held. — Evening Mist

23) Toxic Stupidity Syndrome,
The new religion for
A new generation,
It's mantra... "Duh...What?" — Plague

24) What squalor of mind,
What stench of tongue,
What repulsion of deed,
What seed hath been sowed,
That hell must be reaped? — Social Media
29) The machine,
   The machine!
   With its,
   Ever destroying,
   Ever eviscerating,
   Ever raping,
   Backward marching,
Sicophantic parasites...
Your day is coming! — Babalon.

30) We see you porn rhind,
   With your plastic,
   Mirrored eyes,
   Evershine patent,
   Leather skin,
   Wearing your nightstick egos,
   And your holstered dick,
   On your hips,
   Over your battle dress utilities,
   Of hypocrisy,
   And driving your anti-citizen,
   Armored combat vehicles...
We know who you are! — Apotympanism.
21) As I sense it all, 
I wonder what is, 
Wrong with the, 
World today and, 
Can do no more, 
Than look away, 
Lost deep in my, 
Reverie it dawns, 
Upon me ... maybe, 
It ain't the world, 
That is wrong, 
Maybe it's me. — Antiquated.

22) Welcome all to the age, 
Of gutterscabs, 
Parasites and, 
Scumbags, 
If the homosepian species, 
Thought Adolf Hitler, 
Was the worst that, 
Could happen to it ... 
Well, boys and girls, 
You ain't seen nothing yet! — The coming,
39) Haven't seen much of,
   You these days,
Sure do wish that,
You would stay ....
Sorry Grandaddy I can't,
I have to go but,
One of these times;
I may ....
I'm so scared of,
You not coming back,
Home when you go away ....
Oh don't worry Nanna,
I'll come back home,
One of these days,
But no matter what,
Just remember that,
I love y'all forever,
And always. .... Wounds,

40) What comes next in,
A world so diseased,
That sheer stupidity,
Has us upon our knees?
I opened my mouth,
As if to say,
But then thought better,
Not let it die away. — Lethargy.
It's been raining since she left me,
And I have no place to go,
But a wise man once told me,
Follow where the river flows,
So I'm moving, yes, I'm going,
But where I do not know,
All that I can tell you man is this river rolls,
And I'm moving, going with the flow,
I started on a log raft,
Then I stole a little boat,
Now down the river faster,
On the water I do float,
Faster, faster, faster, yes this water calls to me,
But this rains got so thick that I can hardly see,
But I'm moving, going with the flow,
I said I'm moving, going with the flow,
Now the thought of life from here on out,
Just chills me to the bone,
So this river I have come to love,
I think I'll make my home,
Yeah from now on till the end of time,
This river she'll be mine,
And I'm moving, going with the flow,
I said I'm moving, rolling on so slow,
Oh yeah I'm moving, forever with the flow.

— River Of Tears
45) I absently peer out of,
   My window and,
   What do I see?
   Sun on the rise,
   Moon on the wane,
   Birds on the groom,
   Train tracks on the rumble,
   Planes on the fly,
   Vehicles on the move,
   A world on the go. — Motion.

46) I miss watching and listening,
   To the waves crashing on the beach,
   The rippling reflection of the sun,
   Upon the surface of the Atlantic,
   The pungent smell of salt in the air,
   The dull, gritty squeak of sand beneath my feet,
   Feathers of seagulls shimmer in the sunlight,
   As they flutter by over my head,
   Forever searching for something to eat — East Beach.

47) The sun blazed crimson,
   As it set so slow,
   Over the still green waters,
   Of good old Mexico. — Dreams.
50) What the fuck?

I thought in a fright,
As I was awakened by,
All that shit that,
Goes bump in the night,
As I peek out of my door,
What do I see?
A gawlish, beastly Ogre,
Facing back at me,
I piddled down my leg,
As I slammed the door shut,
Then slipped in the piss,
And landed upon my butt,
I heard the demon hiss,
As I scurried to my right,
Desperately searching for the light,
When I found the switch upon the wall,
I lost consciousness and began to fall,
Having been struck upon the noggin,
With its massive stone, battle maul.

—Fairy Tales.
LIMIA
HORROR
A SHORT STORY

By: Michael P. Gibbs
— 2019

This work is dedicated to my family, for without which we have nothing.
It was midsummer in Southern Georgia and I became aware that I was walking down a street, a street I had never been down before and it was as black as pure tar. I had absolutely no memory as to how I ended up there, or for that matter, from where I had come. It was so quiet that you could hear death creeping up on you with no problem whatsoever. I had the sense that it was well past midnight, though I didn’t know the time. But the dew was falling yet the night lacked the accompanying chill. And there was an odd, very palpable tension in the air. Something was amiss that I couldn’t quite put my finger on. I felt as though I was supposed to be there, however, even as I had no idea where “there” was. Then I realized that the street was utterly abandoned, all but for one, single streetlight and one very isolated, lonesome building, an apartment...
I had no reason for being there, I didn’t live there, nor did I know anyone who did live there and didn’t want to at this point. Considering the willies I was getting. Nevertheless, some unseen force seemed to propel me forward and I was at a loss as to why. This is what I was thinking when I heard it. The sound that made my scalp tingle and my skin crawl like nothing before it ever had. A scream that made my blood run cold and drew horror from my very soul. But, without giving it a second thought I dashed into action running as fast as I could pump my legs. Up the marble steps I went. Bursting through the lobby door I found the place altogether deserted, like a cemetery after midnight... Then I was there, in the dimly lit and weirdly old fashioned hallway. With its dark wood doors, deep violet wallpaper and thick crimson carpetting. How did I get up here? ‘I asked myself. I don’t remember taking the elevator or stairs. I thought. But the atmosphere was so oppressive and deathly quiet that it was as if time itself had
dense wood. And where they were, I don't
know what I was expecting to see, but
that surely wasn't on the list. She, an ex-
otically beautiful suicide blond, was half
lying, half sitting in the middle of the
debris that once was her coffee table. Her
blouse was torn from her right shoulder
down to her hip. Her skin as white as raw
silk gleamed with sweat. The blood oozing
from the right corner of her mouth was in-
distinguishable from the shade of her lip-
stick. And her left eye was already begin-
nig to swell shut. Her chest was rising
and falling, hard and quick, from the exert-
tion of trying to defend herself. And a tall,
dark, shadowy figure was standing over
her. Both...now turning their full attention
on me. The air was fetid and smelled of
sulfur, but I didn't let the scene inside
the apartment dissuade me, for at that
moment, as strange as it was to me, I
felt no fear. As I rushed in on the featur-
eless intruder I yelled, "not today asshole"
we met violently in a flurry of punches
and kicks that lasted well past a minute.
Then a right cross caught me square on the
the advantage, we went reeling into the small kitchen. Caught as we were between the stove and vintage refrigerator, I realized that up till this point I hadn't been able to see his face. It was as if he were made of pure shadow. But there was a small window over my right shoulder above the sink and the one solitary streetlight just happened to be shining right through it. So I leaned back as far as I could in order to pull his face into the light, which I did with great effort. I had no choice, I had to see with whom it was that I was locked in mortal combat. But I was not ready for what I saw staring back at me. It caught me so off guard that I damn near lost my grip on it, and that surely would have cost me my life. For what I saw was my own reflection. When I recovered I noticed that the reflection wasn't quite right, however, it was distorted somehow, like the reflection in a slightly flawed mirror. Drawing the lines of the face a bit askew and the whole visage stretched out a little too long. In that
ble retreat. Then I turned swinging my left arm around its neck in a vice-like hold, gripping it as tightly as I could in a headlock. With my left knee pressing the back of its right knee; and my right foot pushing against the fridge I levered its face down onto the red hot coil of the electric burner and with great satisfaction I heard the sizzling and popping of flesh as it came into contact with a heat equally as searing as the brimstone pit the loathsome creature escaped from. Then the demon spewed forth a wall of ear-splitting and hellish proportions wrenching free of me with such power that it almost ripped my shoulder from its socket. It reared back in a pyretic, cyclone of burning, exploding sinders, ash and a torrent of sound. Like thunder and a screeching like rending metal as it was sucked back down into the Devil's sepulcher. When that nightmare was over and our eyes met, mine wild with terror I'm sure, I asked stupidly, "What in the name of the Merciful Buddha was that?" And with a most blasphematic
smile, a forked tongue slithered out from between her lips to lick at the blood at the corner of her mouth, then with an eerily melancholy look upon its face it replied, "My better half... by half."

The End.
instant my heart sank because I understood with visceral clarity that I wasn’t fighting a man, but rather a full-fledged demon. And how could I possibly win a fight against a goddamned demon? A dark and sinister force that had been sent or brought here or had clawed its way up out of the bowels of hell to destroy all that it could. And I thought, well, it’ll have to begin with me! Yet just then, when I thought all was lost, that I couldn’t possibly hope to defeat an ancient demon in battle, enlightenment graced me and I had an epiphany. Fire! Fire will kill it! I will set this motherfucker on fire and if we both burn, so be it, I thought to myself. At that moment it seemed to understand what I was thinking, but it was too late. I was already in motion. With the speed and agility that only one who is fighting for their lives exhibits, I reached down and turned on one of the stove top burners with my right hand while at the same time repositioning my left foot and calf, wedging them firmly behind its legs to cut off any possi-
side of the face, right about the cheekbone area and sent me stumbling backwards, falling into the wall. Dazed, I blindly tried to fend off the attack. I knew was coming, but as I recovered I was shocked to see him once more going after her. I thought, 'I cannot allow this to happen!' As I leapt the distance between us in one fluid and lightning fast movement that actually surprised me as much as it did him. I struck out with an open handed palm strike to his left temple, the impact of which sent whitehot needles of pain through my right arm and into my shoulder. As his legs buckled I drove my knee into his face, my left knee, as hard as I could hoping to end the fight, but much to my dismay, it just seemed to revitalize him and he lunged for me with great velocity. The collision pushed me back, but this time I took him with me. We hit some cabinets above the short island between the livingroom and the tiny kitchen so hard that they broke free and fell upon the blackstone counter-top. Wrestling at this point, both trying to gain
stopped; and the hair on the back of my neck stood on end. Which brought me back on task. I immediately began to focus on the apartment doors, straining every nerve in my body to pick up the slightest sound. Trying in vain to deduce from behind which door the blood rippling scream had emanated. I eased my way further down the hall as if walking upon eggshells. Every faint creak of the floorboards made me cringe and break out in a cold sweat. As I passed in front of door number 469, I noticed the numbers engraved in the oblong, golden plaque were as black as coal. Then I heard what sounded like wood splintering, and a loud thump like a heavy object falling upon a piece of furniture too weak to withstand the impact. Without hesitation or thought for my own safety, which I was beginning to think was becoming a real bad habit, I took a step back and executed a front thrust kick with everything I had. This sent the door crashing in, the deadbolt giving way with a loud ting and cracking of
building as it turned out. Otherwise the street stretched out into the darkness of the void both ahead of and behind me. The building in and of itself appeared brand new in its dark red brick construction. Even the windows sparkled as if they had never known a speck of dust. And the grass was so green and lush and perfectly manicured I thought it was fake. But I didn't dare stoop down to run my hand through it. I thought, what if someone were watching me, how foolish would I look? And if seemed such a queer thing this scene. So as I slowly and cautiously made my way, you know, for fear of waking the dead, I found myself being drawn down the finely cut marble stepping stones that led to the entrance of the building, which was gloomy and ominous, to say the least. So much so that I half expected something evil to jump out and accost me.
48) I miss the velvety muzzle of a horse,
Muzzle upon my cheek,
The protesting creak of the saddle,
As I settle down into the seat,
A slow, leisurely walk down a long,
And quiet, winding country road,
The low, gentle, whimmy of hello,
As he greets a plump, Georgia swamp toad,
Never had I a stronger bond with a friend,
Nor loved an animal more,
Than I had and did with him. — Samson.

49) I am a proud parent,
Of an automatic, biological,
And mobile shit dispenser. — Bumper Sticker.
43) Ancient seasons how the bind,
Like primal instincts intertwined,
In the purple silence of the night,
As the lightening burns hot and white,
I feel the scarecrow in the rain;
The endless agony of his pain,
Forever to be denied his only desire,
Hung upon wood with rusty barbed wire,
For whom will help that tortured soul?
Bring him down and in from the cold?
It eludes me now its hard to tell,
Why he continues to brave his hell,
But noone cares, he’s a worthless lot,
And seems destined to hang and rot.

—Scarecrow.

44) I miss the genuine laugh of a woman,
The feel of her lips upon mine,
The faint lingering sent of her perfume,
In the air long after she’s gone,
The warmth of her body as we lie,
Staring up at the stars in a purple sky.

—Faded Youth.
In the abyss of the mind,
Tis the captain upon the tide,
The blowing storm braving,
The wind and spume raging,
Ripping sails upon high,
Lashings whipping, sigh,
Plumbing creaking, snapping,
Blinded, loss of tacking,
No harbour can. The hail,
Caught so in the Devil's veil,
Yet if death bid ye yield,
Know thy fate be sealed,
And with no land in sight,
Don't give up without a fight. —Sanctorium.
36) At 44 years old, 
   I look back at my life; 
   The blood soaked ashes; 
   And see that it was I, 
   In my infinite wisdom. 
   Who pulled the trigger, 
   And struck the match. — 260

34) Nostalgia: 
   What a 
   Beautiful, 
   Agony. — Bittersweet.

38) The day was slow and oh so grey, 
   As memories of summer fell away, 
   And now it seems so long ago, 
   Yet aimlessly I wonder on, 
   I try, try to recapture, 
   That forever fading youth-ful rapture, 
   But alas... they all escape me, 
   Among the cosmos do they flee, 
   Oh I sense the darkness creeping in, 
   And now to the stars I play, the host. — Pulse.
31) Outnumbered and surrounded,
By morons and enablers!
Ain't the world grand? — Trench Warfare.

32) Oh how I relish,
The anguished,
Screams of,
The miserable,
The Stupid,
How the prisons,
Of their realities,
Torture the mercilessly,
Driving them further,
Into the depths,
Of their insanity. — Cockroaches.

33) I often wonder what happened,
To the world of my youth,
Spending hours, sometimes days,
Locked in the melancholy nostalgia,
Of its long-faded memories,
Stoically shedding tears for,
All I have squandered,
And for the love of,
Those now lost to me. — Regrets.
25) If clouds were smoke,
That'd be one hell,
Of a fire in heaven.... — Ruminate.

26) Hope is,
The origins,
Of hell! — Genesis.

27) Still...
I stare into,
That empty space,
Long, long after,
She has gone,
Lovingly do I,
Think of her,
Even now in the,
Coming of the dawn. — Luna.

28) Such it, man...
Yeah you —
The man!
I said,
"Suck it!" — Anti-authority.
18) What reality is this, 
That we must aimlessly drift, 
Far beneath our desired destination, 
In this realm of fetid desolation?
Pray, release me from its grasp,
So that I may be free at last. — Enlightenment.

19) I've sailed the oceans true, 
To thy own self be true,
The toad sits upon its fool, 
Hope is only for a stool,
What it all means, 
I haven't a clue, 
I'm still wondering, 
What must I do? — Fragmented.

20) I dreamt of crows, 
In an empty field, 
Pecking up the past, 
As I stood quietly, 
It all became clear, 
And so wonderfully simple... 
Poison shall do perfectly! — Revenge.
12) And when there's,
   Nothing left,
   Not even hope,
   Don't despair,
   For there's always
   The rope. — Noose.

13) Once upon a dark and dreary winter's way,
   The quickness of the quiet made the old
   Oaks sway,
   There you hear in the distance, sneaking
   Shadows calling,
   Their ghastly wails, mournful, come a low creeping
   and a crawling,
   But these are the loathsome, screeching things
   What keep me here,
   If you were to steal them away I would
   Surely disappear,
   And so, as the moon ascends she casts a
   Hateful glare,
   If only to illuminate this beautifully
   Decadent nightmare.
   — Asylem.
6) Who am I?
   Young, cold, hungry,
   angry, hateful, raging,
   Who am I?
   Middleaged, cold, hungry,
   angry, hateful, tired,
   Who am I?
   Old, cold, hungry,
   numb, regretful, resigned. — Inner Eye.

4) Life —
   Death,
   In this day,
   And age,
   What's the
   Fucking difference? — Blur.

8) I was handed,
   Life upon a,
   Silverplatter,
   And I flushed,
   It down the toilet,
   Like so much shit — Bad Choises.