

Beware of false prophets who cometh to you in sheep's clothing, but underneath are ravenous wolves.

- *The Bible*

False Prophets

To truly capture the essence of the frail and confused longings of the soul, I mean to truly capture it's rupturing conscious; it's soulful regret,; it's wholesome capacity to love,; it's grievant longing to home,; it's warmth and it's winter,; it's mellowing sunsets and harvesting flowers, ook inward into complete nothingness and that's where you'll find something. If there really is. Nowhere else.

As life becomes harder and grey, and the tall lanking mountains of the north have grown old and white, the patriotic carving creatures that rest on tall trees are dead, frozen by winter. The children all resonate deeply with their fantasies, comforted by the familiarity of their beds, falling gradually into the encumberment of sleep. As the reaping sun sets east and the wayward moon rises, deep and drowning in the night. Ominous. When the worlds of lives of unknown men collide, and the romance of the stars is too beautiful to bear, when the nervous scratching of the wind against the faintness of the windows is too sound to ignore and all that moves is too rundown by the calm silence of the cold, then there is winter. Breathe it in, the air, the life, the everlasting and enduring foundations of the earth, it's roots. Inhale it's being. They say the night is too young to sleep through and the day too cold to live through. Is it not true that we are someday stars in the sky? Are we not all sick and forgotten?, by the carnivorous indifference of this revolting night. I sleep again, hysterical and naked, as though I don't understand the dusty recesses of my dreams, as though I am afraid. Still, I live so well, warm and sound. As men do in days of cold. Weaving through the days life like fire does through wood.

Yet still and yet so, where do you lie, O faithful purpose, O caller of our winds and faith, O mender of destiny, so are you dressed in overalls and dirty. And where do you lie O grave deviance, O come not to us cause we are scared of the darkness that you lead us to. So you are in clothes, smart and shrewd. Are we scared or is it all just in our minds?

But in truth, there's purpose everywhere, in the grass, in the night, in the soaring clouds, in the eyes of dying men, in the faces of love. There's purpose to be found, there must be.

Winter runs dark and with walls too tall to climb over and now as everything I know and care of slowly leaves me. And all that I dont know of and wish not comes racing to my arms, like love comes to young men. It rains. There's not much here, there never will be. The city is all flat and grey, but I love the vibrations.

And don't you know that stars are the eyes of god?