

# The Fallen

**A collection of poetry and prose**

**by**

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## **Preface**

This poetry and prose collection looks at the darker side of life, both real and imagined. It encompasses human decline and frailty in both the mental and physical sense. Included here you will also find the short stories, 'Ghosting' and 'Commissioner Frank', the latter containing the poem, 'The Ancient Witness' so that the context in which the poem was written can be understood.

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## 1. Poem for a Vampire Fallen

*A vampire finally meets his match: a foe both unusual and unexpected...*

Tonight I claimed a youthful girl  
I do not know her name  
Unlike the rest, she showed no fear  
Or cried for one to blame  
Before I pierced her virgin flesh  
Our eyes did meet and there  
I gazed upon my rotten core  
And glimpsed a speck of care

It was as if a sacred cross  
Had rammed into my brain  
And then for once in centuries  
My demon guest felt pain  
I fought against the raging fire  
Resumed my gruesome task  
But as my prey fell silent  
I knew she was the last

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A year has passed since I have known  
The taste of human blood  
Beguiled, I have been poisoned  
By silly schoolgirl love  
I live off swine and insects  
Hide deep within the woods  
For like a stinking carcass  
I'm cast out by the good

This penance is the perfect curse  
Perhaps I should appeal  
Yet I was evil, sought my fate  
A wound our Lord won't heal  
In Hell I am a failure  
A thorn in Satan's side  
I walk alone, then, shunned by all  
The dark my only guide

In shadows now I search for rats  
But moonlight thwarts my tack  
The misery that taunts my mind  
Seems worse on winter's back  
Thus I resolve to end this pain  
Accept what lurks beyond  
I seek no peace and that's a fact  
I crave no magic wand

Tonight upon this tainted ground  
I rest 'til dawn of day

When sunlight flares and dead flesh burns  
I hope to fly away  
To where I killed the youthful girl  
And there my ghost shall dwell  
My sentence for eternity – to think  
About a child who conquered Hell

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## **2. Poem for an Angel Fallen**

*Mankind's inhumanity and the downfall of an angel that rails against it...*

There was a time, now long ago  
Before our Lord was born  
I studied man and womankind  
And felt, in truth, forlorn  
These creatures seemed a grave mistake  
They lied, they killed, were vain  
I could not grasp their sacred claim...  
Was I perhaps insane?

At first I sought to hide my fears,  
Suppress my deep concern  
I looked towards each year with hope,  
But they would never learn  
Then hammered to a twisted cross  
A young man died in pain  
Tears, like acid, scorched my face  
What doubt could now remain?

Forgiveness! 'Twas beyond belief!  
This travesty must end  
Eradicate each poisoned soul!  
Could no one comprehend?  
Alas, my fellow soldiers dreamed  
Alone, then, I must stand  
Thus, when the humans squealed and moaned  
I chose to stay my hand

Their prayers like whispers in the wind  
Vague cries I would not hear  
I watched them plead, without remorse  
My cause was just and clear  
Too soon my comrades stirred and woke  
Their charge, to rescue me  
'From what?' I bellowed. 'Truth, per chance?  
'Tis you too blind to see!'

My trial was swift. A blessing, yes,

For I would not repent  
I put my case with force and grace  
And left the court content  
My sentence? To become true Faith  
A penance hardly fair  
To rid myself and mankind from  
The demon named Despair

In deference to the Maker  
I gladly met my fate  
The enemy was strong indeed  
Our fight shook Heaven's gates  
But when he died, his arm outstretched  
I still judged Man a blight  
And so, I sank into the pit  
Too late to see the Light