

An appeal from Lucifer

dear god,
I will light my hands on
fire.
i don't believe in you.

i burn my timber before
it is rotten. It keeps
the messages fresh this way.

i am making a forest of burnt seeds so
that they know what it's like to grow
with a different type of rough skin.
there are many types of rough.
i don't believe in you.

in this forest, there will be a shrine of
rocks: rocks. sand. gravel. dust. consistency.
you are not welcome where my feet tread.

everything i touch turns to flames – expect this.
i am my own sun, why should I borrow your heat? my hands
are furnaces
which some would compare, in intensity,
to a heart.
i keep my messages brief:
smoke signals sporadic. The shadows around
the fire.

it's all there if you know where to look.

you are not welcome where my feet tread.

i am the earth of fire: my roots are made resistant and
versatile. i disperse my seeds: lifting each red hot rock,
flinging it with the slightest whisper. slender fingers
slipping secrets barely seen. crackling
and sparkling, burying itself into what it knows.
the place where your feet cannot tread.

Would you like to try an apple?

i make apples from stones, messages from smoke,
fire from earth.

Admit it, you're tempted.

i have more power than you. dear god, i don't
believe in you. why would you give me
the seed
when you want the fruit?
it is as if you set yourself up
for mistakes. wouldn't that make you
mortal?

Admit it, you're tempted.