

i keep hearing it over and over again.

hell is not a place that rots...

in fact it travels.

travels through generations

travels through different places.

travels with different geographical instincts.

travels with the storytellers who follow the tribes.

travels with camp followers and their familiars standing by.

sometimes you can see where it has been.

sometimes you can see where it is.

sometimes you can see where it will be.

hell is a metaphysical hospital for the conscious and the unconscious as well

that is desperate and wants to keep you alive

without wanting to cure you.

no one wastes more time than considering what it means.

running away from it in denial

does not work

running away from it in terror

does not work

running away from it by running into it

does not work.

the ones that own the symbols of hell

and believe you will live there

and believe you should live there

if you do not listen to them as they

find the time

find the place

find the image

find the voice

find the rituals

find the sacred spaces

and tell you

just run

just run and run harder

toward the group  
toward the cult  
toward the religion  
toward the philosophy  
do not look back  
do not look back at what stands behind you.  
do not look back at what stands in front of you  
run toward them  
and away from the leviathan that eats the damned.

well  
everything living rots one way or another  
whether you call it  
entropy and dark coldness  
biological processes puddling into something else  
the way a collapsing universe smells while it is collapsing  
but the hell that is their rot  
    is not looking at their personal paradise with their version of the vision.  
    they are the sect of song and dance men  
    they are the sect of song and dance women  
    who do not want casual lives  
    who need to breathe in your fears  
    who need to exhale their constellations of fear blowing the candles out  
                    in ceremonies stalking us with this or that end  
                    as they say look at me but not what is in me.  
    sometimes they know who and what they are.  
    sometimes they do not know who and what they are.  
    whatever else is wrong  
    whatever else is right or could be right  
    they always believe there is nothing wrong with what they believe.  
                    it makes me wonder what they dream about at night  
                                    when no one is listening.

a place that rots.  
wf.h.  
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