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Reptiles

Timothy Dwelle

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Reptiles

i. the premise

crawling through this post-industrial wasteland
inebriating myself on digital opiums
waiting for the second holocaust to come
and i realize
somewhere before madness i must have lost my soul
or then again, maybe i never had it at all
can't trust everything that God tells you these days
can only count on those primal, animal yearnings
there's a monster inside all of us
and right now
it's time to feed the reptile

ii. the dance

the moon it whispers sweet poetry
patron saint of the damned
urging me to shed my skin
this civilization i wear like a mask

so at last i'm free from bondage
like i was tree million years ago
a lizard king
a lizard king
and saurian instinct reigns supreme
a lizard king
a lizard king
tasting the world with a forked tongue

and yes i've always been cold blooded
even when i pretend to walk upright
so now the day has faded away

i make my offerings to the gods of the night

i need to sacrifice a virgin
on the alter of unbridled sin
i draw my dagger from its sheath
see how it glistens with beads of sweat
see how she glistens with beads of sweat
feel the rhythm as the two of them meet
feel the rhythm as they entwine
feel the rhythm as i pierce deep inside
feel it, can you feel it
this is an offering of blood
want it, crave it
it is the nature of the predator

and this is how we express ourselves
when we can't name for what we hunger for
so before you call me a sinner
walk with me through a season in Hell
do the slither of the reptile

iii. the interpretation

stumbling blindly between the rational and the carnal
i realize now that this fever will never break
man cannot separate himself from the reptile
so maybe what i seek is not to regain my soul
but to reclaim the dignity of original sin
for i know that man is evil
his snake wiggles before him whenever he walks
cast out of the garden and into a pool hall
called the lucky eightball on the south side of the city
a seed little place
just a winking bit of neon lost in the oceans of the night
but somehow between the clouds of cigarette smoke

impending stupor and the crack of the pool cues
the prostitutes look like the Virgin Mary
exchanging eternal salvation for small bills
this must be the temple
to praise the valor of Adam and the sons of man
for cast out of Eden
forced to bear the ignominy and spite of a vengeful God
never again to taste the sweet ambrosias of the garden
we drink from the polluted ditches
and we call it wine
and perhaps we are slithering through this wasteland
of all-night discotheques and fallen towers of Babel
waiting for a convenient apocalypse
to save us from the sins of the world and dance music
but all i can see is man's redemption
for instead of despairing the fall and memories of Eden
we escape into the man-made hypnagogic dream-states of
television and sex
a panorama of burlesque palaces and decadent speakeasies
aluminum mosques to worship the music of the night
we are not gods we are men we are beasts we are reptiles
we can't stop these monstrous cravings
they're our strength to go forward and face the abyss
and as i stand here perched upon the precipice of eternity
i see
it's time to feed the reptile

--- *Timothy Dwelle*