

# gravelortian part 20

*by* Chad Smith

No one was listening at the time  
Ear blisters squandered at the picnic  
Furthermore and hither to a prayer to Satan  
Please don't harm the boy  
Take me on this day instead

My mind is more wicked  
Drink from the cup, laugh quietly  
Baby who battles with devils  
Can't pronounce the real title  
Hopes nobody asks him to read it out loud

One hundred and twenty days of autumn  
Raise your hands to the sun rays  
Strip off the colors, cooler in  
Black and white, more serious in  
Black and white, move mysterious

Take hold of hand, this road is dangerous  
Two years with an old soul  
He comes from a long line of a long line  
Raised by wolves and told  
It was the knife that brought him forth

Train a child in the way he should go and the gallows follow  
Sit at the right hand of Feisty Mischievous  
Scuttle around in the squalor  
The boy will rise up in the cool morning  
And write his own Bible

Storybook tale of Noah and the whale  
Who marched with penguins

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Available online at «<http://fictionaut.com/stories/chad-smith/gravelortian-part-20>»

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He doesn't believe in mythical creatures  
Tall buildings leapt in single bounds  
The fairies, the dragons, the unicorn all

Raise him to know his savior  
Worshiping with and lovers of gibberish  
Introduction to the keepers of faith  
Stand before the class on judgment day  
We don't close our eyes when they pray

Honesty reigns when the mind is weak  
Raise the knife to sacrifice the boy  
Only stop if there is a lamb to slaughter  
Burnt sacrifice on the barbeque altar  
Borrow a lighter and spark it up

Feed the multitude with two hamburgers and five pieces of pizza  
The frying pan is base, the floor is lava  
Walking on the moon with JFK and Moses  
The cameras are good, we can get it just like that  
He sits beneath the tree eating blood oranges

Mother's eyes are green  
In him she puts her hopes, in him she puts her fears  
It is the nature of the mother that  
One day soon she will kill for him  
And always knew she would

The witch by fire light tells his future  
He will grab the Devil by the horns  
And with the knife slit his throat  
Her house is made of candy  
When she falls asleep you can take her cookies

The matrices stacked twenty high

Not safe for children under six today  
The carnival grins and the whores watch  
The laughter of sinners is much more soothing  
They no longer put coins in eyes

The knife, a captivating prelude to life's untimely end  
Filmed before a live studio audience  
A psalm for a generation of TV viewers  
To a nation of mouth breathers, Pong players  
And hatred breeders

Bless us fathers for we know not of sin  
Raise up golden statues and urban totems  
The city watches over him as he sleeps  
He can handle his skateboard and graffiti  
Lights in windows sparkle like teeth left under pillow

The old ones no longer dream  
Ghosts and demons, white van follows to the  
Empty park where the dogs feed  
Broken bottles, shattered glass, from a previous battle  
Junkies on the jungle gym play catch

Temple made of bones, walls made of skulls  
Buildings and traffic raised by machines  
March round the city for three days  
Then scream the walls down  
He returned to the village as the people's witness

As a hunter of bear and badger  
Sharp teeth and claws, craven smile and fur  
It rained thirty-seven days and thirty-seven nights  
The great fish spit him up on dry land  
And now he looks to stab the cricket

Grab your guts and howl  
A ticket to the first supper with red suit on  
If he can't get through the chimney  
He can fit through the keyhole  
Those two taught him to sing and dance in the rain

That one is the good monster, that one not  
With the gods and the mystics we fought  
We are not alone with our pure thought magic  
Only did what the TV and computer told us to do  
And declared our innocence at Hell's summer camp

Rise up and sing your song with the  
Sun, moon and stars getting ready to jump  
He created the hundredth line and saw that it was good  
Separated the filth from the truth, dusted it off  
And on the hundredth day he rested

