

Part I.

War and Sojourn in a  
Strange Land

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## War and Sojourn in a Strange Land

### I. The Shore

I am and He is,  
swimming across a large body of clear water.  
Periodically fainting,  
Nearly suffocating,  
But awakened  
Over and over again  
by the fear of death.

We kept swimming because we can't not swim.  
Suffering and bleeding for many days and nights.  
Motivated by the reaper's steady encroachment.

Eventually reaching shore,  
We celebrated our arrival with violent shivers  
and groans.  
Looking back towards the  
newly crimson ocean,

We tried to make sense of the journey  
and to mourn what was lost,  
But we couldn't.

All we could express,  
to anyone willing to listen

“My eyes and face  
feign ease,  
Don’t be deceived.  
Today, there is no peace in me.  
I am bleeding, I am tired.  
My soul wanders through the ruins  
of collapsed temples.  
Full of dread,  
Drenched in grief,  
Covered in blood.

My only request is  
that you do not misunderstand  
my disposition. There is no peace  
in me, today.”

After saying this, we

retreated into a

darkness.

To pray.

To rest.

To grieve.

To ask for direction and strength to endure the next thing.

Lying motionless on wet sands

nudged by gentle ocean waves.

conscious enough to notice that it is night.

The moon radiant, full, and alive.

Bloody sea foam dissolving on our left arm

And it's cold.

we attempt to crawl,

face dragging through

the softened Earth.

And with a deep sigh, slipped into a dream...

...

## II. The First Dream

“The Diner”

We came to,  
fleeing from chaos  
into a diner  
where poorly lit strangers were  
sitting behind wooden tables  
on red cushions, inside booths.

Only their eyes moved, and no one ate.

They sat, disillusioned and ashamed and in silence.

They saw us

And noticed the look of a man  
running from something.

We noticed their expression of pity.

We watched them

return calmly to their melancholy gaze  
towards nothing.

Feeling called,

We sat next to one of the many

And leaned against one another.

Propping each other up.

Resting intimately,

in ways beyond the ways of flesh.

bonded in soft and gracious torment.

becoming uniform in appearance and philosophy.

And nothing was said,

because there was nothing to say.

At that point,

Our thoughts merged,

“What in me is dark, Illuminate!

Set fire to the desires of my mortal vessel.

Death and everlasting pain

await me in slumber

because I am enslaved!

Clinging to what I know,

And it's killing me.

Therefore, through starvation,

of many kinds,

I remind the flesh of its

frailty, fallacy, and function.

I silently endure

Suffering and embracing

Suffering and embracing

Suffering and embracing

Suffering and embracing

Alone,

with no one to blame  
But myself!  
On the inevitable path of true JOY.”

### **III. The Second Dream**

#### **“Counterfeit Gods: Love and Death”**

We exchanged our darkness,  
then fell asleep in the comfort of each other’s scars.

We met in dreams where we created  
altars for ourselves,  
becoming one in spirit and flesh.

The sharp edges of our love  
cut through reason,  
fulfilling our desire to die.

We gouged out our eyes.

We covered our ears.

Falling through poisonous air

We, the counterfeit gods,  
Descending into the decay of our own creation.  
And I knew before you did  
our impending doom.

The thought consumes my heart.

Evoking a peculiar kind of fear.

One beyond my comprehension.

I played with the concept of eternity  
until I wept.

Then the wooze crept in.

and wooze rusts joints.

The psyche scraping and dragging  
against life itself.

Simple movements accompanied by  
faint electric.

Now I pray through static,  
carefully listening for the pulse of the day.

Sometimes

I walk outside and  
look at the clouds and think...

“My goodness, what an absurd man I am.”

#### **IV. The Wake**

He is, and I am

awakened by

The subtle sound

of erosion,

And the wind weakened by a nearby  
collage of trees, shielding me

And snow is falling,  
dancing in downward spirals  
to cool sand beneath me.

Melting swiftly to a grand ending.

the snow's descent is symbolic

The way he and I think,  
in downward spirals.

Filled with rebellion  
inside the flakes of  
cold imagination.

Our cyclical thoughts,  
like a black swan  
trying to achieve perfection  
before they disappear.

But we would never allow it.

That's a good thing.

We let it dance,  
It's little dance  
until it lands

And melts away.

We caught a few within our hands

to hold for a while

To look at.

#### **V. The Insight**

And it said to us,

Through its destruction

“to grieve the living,

is a tragedy”

Held still

In chains of gloomy darkness.

And after years of tears, still

carrying a heavier heart

Free to leave but held

Still

And still

Our flesh,

Is a burial ground

for seeds of war.

Where forgotten seeds

are growing into

tall trees, tall enough to see from the hill

We chose to die on.

Assuming we could forget them over time.

We can no longer look at this deep forest

from a distance

because there are ghosts calling our name

from within it.

And he must tend to them.

So, to you

We give only silence,

space and the truth of his plight.

He knows his task.

to cut down, uproot, and burn

leaving only scorched, cleansed land

for someone else to tread.

Here's to you! The one who heeds the warning

But this is only a half truth

The perpetual act of failure

A continued attempt to reach the exit

Blinded and headstrong

With tears, confusion, and discomfort.

Carrying objects,

With and without life

Heavy and light

He knows

He is not just himself

He is also,

the people he doesn't understand,

the irrational ones

living through them and outside of them

looking and feeling multiple perspectives at once,

the pain of his ancestors and his living bloodline

fully and fused.

What we lack in strength,

We see in others

Our brothers,

keep fighting through the

pain of healing scars

So why is he

The one who remains in the cocoon of dread

Unable, unwilling to move ahead

The perpetual act of failure

The tears and confusion

Stuck in a loop

Like a lost child

Repeating the same things

Talking to the spirit of insanity

Asking it why? Expecting breakthroughs

And new answers.

in a constant state of devastation

too tired

to hear about you and your devastation

but always aware that you might be devastated

or on the way to devastation.