

Darkling One

Second Edition. Re-vamped.

Written by Raven

Artwork by Laëmas

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**Humbly dedicated
to all anarchists**

Foreword

Montreal, February 5th 2009

Of all the different styles of literature, poetry has ever been the mediated voice of wretchedness: either current, past or forthcoming. Poetry is the transfiguration of felt absence. Rummaging through verses no joy is there to be found, no candid laughter, not a speckle of mirth whatsoever. Even the sweetest lauds foreshadow the loss of their object, as the words themselves are not built of the stuff of life but of *symbols* - doomed to flutter into the void from whence they came. Indeed, why praise through rhyme what is present and nameless? Why not lay down the pen and enjoy the moment? Because all things move toward their end, and the wretched know this quite well.

So poetry can assuage the tormented spirit by fixing restlessness into form... but for a time. The ache finds source in echoes of distant thoughts, souvenirs, images that, by their eloquence, haunt us, seductively,

begging to be released. Yet it is our familiarity with these places, these scents, which tempt us to twist our own regrets into verse, if only to hold them one last time.

Furthermore, poems are but representations, mirrors casting flawed reflections, and aesthetical though they may be, they can never equate life. We offer them to ourselves and to others as testaments to the desire of all we fail to attain: freedom, love, peace, wilderness, ecstasy, company. And in such they are almost utterly vain. They signify passiveness, not action. In the senseless horror of civilised existence, poetry is never found at the forefront, the flanks or even at the rearguard: it lays in entrenched camps, far away from confrontation: cowardly and pestilent. Perhaps we dared not fight. Perhaps we fought and lost. Perhaps we're recoiling, bracing for a new onslaught. Or perhaps we won, only to discover what conflicting desires truly cost us. But whatever the cause, we're not *over there*, we're over *here*, scribbling moments away. Absent.

Our only gain is to shape despair into subtler, quieter beauty, to snuff out the noise which tears our conscience to shreds and turn screams into sighs, suffering into slumber. Thus surrounded by paler shades of chaos – wrought from our own hands and thus more familiar – can we find peace within ourselves. And if by such passiveness should all of dear Earth's beauties come to pass undefended, then we are truly damned.

These verses are no exception. I've dipped my feathers into the blackest ink since the days of my twelfth spring – lit by candle flame, virgin moonlight or despicable streetglow, faint poisons constantly stifling between my lips. I was a poet long before I became a novelist. It was never so much a question of choice as of sentiment. Life has been oft sweetly kind, oft starkly cruel. My eyes have beheld beauties I can not express and horrors I dare not name. And like any other wretch, I've been lost somewhere amidst the two. As a youth I sought God and light and hope and meaning. Now I seek darkness, anarchy and chaos. This opus is of the latter breed. I am not a

peaceful man. And this is a fucked up world.

Darkling One is my third poetry collection, the first to present works solely in the tongue of Shakespeare. The first edition consisted of slightly more than a hundred copies in *zine* format, completely DIY. For the first time, Laëmas wasn't on board for the visuals as he was taken with other projects and we thought it to be a minor release. It was distributed as free material alongside a hysterical *corpus delicti* by The End of the World Committee; *la Quatrième dimension*.

The first edition of *Darkling One* presented a selection of poems taken from a four-year span, going back to *L'Aube Noire* writing sessions in Ireland and the entire *The Noxious and the Daemon Flower* project. This re-vamped edition features more material in a better suited medium. I'd been waiting a long time to complete this opus, and now seems a proper time to release a fuller, darker version. The title *Darkling One* refers to the ever-changing shapes of unmediated existence, both darling and dark.

Each poem in this dissembly is a lonely painting, one moment in existence, a series of thoughts lapsed in an instant. Most were inspired by the aforementioned premises. Others, like *Advent* and *Post-Human Technoculture Whores* are more in sink with the usual clamour or my rebellious ethos. They all culminate to the *Dark Vengeance* cycle: a bloody hymn to the destruction of every linear path.

I had the devious pleasure of performing most of these pieces at the seasonal Chaos Nights with La Forêt Noire at the Café Chaos in Montreal. Some were published in the green anarchist *zine* La Mauvaise Herbe. Others were lost for years in various scrapbooks.

Lastly, I added several out-takes from *The Noxious and the Daemon Flower* sessions which got cut out along the initial process. They didn't quite fit into the novel, yet were elected to be the final chapter in this collage of elliptical works. Ironically enough, most of the theatrical play La Forêt Noire enacted from *The Noxious* during the Second Anarchist Theatre

Festival of Montreal was taken from these out-takes, where a disgruntled Nickel tried to explain why'd gotten in such a grimy predicament. *First, we awoke.*

Enough said. I offer you these works in a somewhat chastised manner. If these lines are ever to have purpose, it will be through your eyes.

Blest apathetic, we are the Dark.

In feral anarchy,

-Raven

Poetry

Laughing Tragedy

Laughing tragedy,
The Acolytes run amok 'neath my parched
stare
Twirling flight, such astute recklessness
Havoc quoth the dead nihilists in vain;
None shall understand

Sighing merrily,
My unbelief in twain; here the blacklace
corset
There the promise of severance
A lady life hath flowered Dark
- scent o' my deviltry, blest scattering mark
Gloved hand held aloft, naysaid ever
'Til frozen tears do tear at my cheek
And I must gaze upon that scene
A haunting grove of delight
Winter hath forbidden tight

Erring mockingly,
For weaklings did plunder my halls bare
Stuttering fools to fleet at my every wake
(these never look back)
Poetry to petty white noise, all affections
bled
Fetterless am I, yet fearsome to behold!?
Fair enough!
Woe may they wed in my stead!

Fainting agony,
Whence wolvern ghosts would accompany
me
Unto the bleaker path and the solace of
night
'Til broken hosts of butterflies do weave
An anti-lullaby fending off sleep
'Til duller charms may pale her into
Silken lips softly graze my neck
'Til her velvet waist enwrapp'd about mine
arms
Blackly bracelets twice enfolding

- forego Light to the hopeless beauty
Of desiring what we can not hold

Vargtimmen

Only to sleep, love
Draw the blanket o'er us
Hush the tired tune o' my tired heart
Whisper close,
To the deep softness of our bed
Swathe thine arms 'round me
Promise thou wilt stay

Darkness looming o'er us
Shut that weary light from my weary eyes
Lull me to forfeit
Into the black damask of our bed
Embrace me whence I weep
Promise thou wilt not forget
Only to sleep
Only to sleep

White Rabbit

White Rabbit, run
Say you can sacrifice everything
And everyone

Bunnyman, keep that watch
Time ran out of me
Quite indiscreetly

Oh,
I know
The minutes pass'd
The bowers clasp'd
And those creepy shrieks
You gasp out when we meet

White Rabbit, run
Say you couldn't bear to lose
Anything
Or anyone

Bunnyman, tell the Queen
I'll keep that head of mine
Upon my shoulders

Say on, White Rabbit
Say on, I'll miss the show
And every
single
opportunity

Say on, I'll waste something
And someone
Say on, the day ruined me
Quite explicitly
Say on,
You know
you can't
beat me