

## THE SELF-HATED GATE

Self-hatred is the cruellest disease. It twists ease.  
It is the cork and champagne of death and pain,  
It makes any simple, honest sonnet turkey vomit.  
It tricks perfect oxygen to sink of crude horse piss.  
It terrors mother's milk to reek of rude whore's kiss.  
Like kinky Adolph Death's lude, coarse, piss miss  
On sticky Rudolph Hess's lubed dork's bliss hiss,  
Or a sharp squad of bloody broken glass blowers,  
Or silent armies of dark cloaked death mowers,  
It bitches at your life itself for merciless hours.  
It concocts savage cancers into hideous flowers.  
It viciously abuses soft hopes to beat broken babies.  
It makes love hot lips foam dog screams like rabies.  
It courages lost gamblers to abandon healthy gains.  
It forces deadly warheads to ascend in steady reins,  
It whips clouds of acid tears to descend in deadly rains.  
Perfectly able to slide its quiet poison inside anything,  
Self-hatred hardly needs to spit to split a human being.

Stars shine bright on shatter light. Inside the hot light is that dread dark spine where many  
A human being has killed its Self. Thee. The. The. That's and it is very easily done too, folks.