
Three Poems

Matt Mallon

THE SIDE EFFECTS OF FAITH

The days rip and tear at the seams
Of their own machinery;
Their deaths mirror bruises,
All black and blue,
Hung on cosmic cross.
And their resurrections are
Infernos,
Cast in slow mo,
Contained within
A flame-kissed globe.
Each life-cycle
Rips with a hiss
Of deflated hope,
And flecks of rain fallen
From an eyeball atmosphere.
A static sermon preaches
A benediction of
Destruction,

“Weep and rejoice,
For you harvest your
Own oblivion
With each dream
That tastes like salvation
In every realm except
The three dimensional.”
I wail a throbbing sorrow
Till the notes become beautiful,
And the words prayers
To a loving
And understanding God.

IT HAS DAWNED UPON ME

When dawn's truth serenades an onyx sky,
Nocturnal melodies decay and mute—
Their voices disappear with their midnight.
How the sun's golden franchise, ripe with skill
Annexes land and blooming air; just look!
On the horizon, petals of gold unfurl—
A solar monopoly is born.
With space ensnared in goldenrod wonder,
The hands of time tied in suspension; just
What is this world to do, but breathe the peace
Of creation, and live like they know how?

MY CHILD

Bedazzled by a spell of sleep,
Dreams drunk off golden slumber;
Awakened by a voice so deep,
Time's echoes cry, outnumbered.

Yet gentle with grace abounding,
From birth I have adored
The rumble sweetly sounding—
How could I mistake the Lord?

“My child, sweet child, your tears!
They glimmer like the morning dew;
Halcyon lakes of mortal fears,
Dying tenderly in blue.

“Though hardships often you may find,
My light, like stars, it guides you;
In mortals bless your virtue kind,
And thy path, it shall be true.”

“But Lord, dear Lord, how so?
I lie battered by their hate;
It cloaks me like the virgin snow,
Yet thousand-fold the weight.

“Exploding with violet is my skin,

And my soul aglow with red;
I lay in pain as devils grin,
And wish that I were dead.”

“But child, hurt child, the love!
It waxes strong with life around you;
Heaven breathes it from above—
A sacred rain of essence true.

“So love until the hate recedes,
And you’ve nothing else to give;
Put aside your petty needs,
And then, you too can live.”

Matt Mallon is a student at Edwardsville High School in Edwardsville, Illinois, a suburb of St. Louis, and a self-proclaimed poetry nerd.