

# **The Fallen**

**A collection of poetry**

**by**

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## **Preface**

This poetry collection looks at the darker side of life, both real and imagined. It encompasses human decline and frailty in both the mental and physical sense.

## 1. Poem for a Vampire Fallen

*A vampire finally meets his match: a foe both unusual and unexpected...*

Tonight I claimed a youthful girl  
I do not know her name  
Unlike the rest, she showed no fear  
Or cried for one to blame  
Before I pierced her virgin flesh  
Our eyes did meet and there  
I gazed upon my rotten core  
And glimpsed a speck of care

It was as if a sacred cross  
Had rammed into my brain  
And then for once in centuries  
My demon guest felt pain  
I fought against the raging fire  
Resumed my gruesome task  
But as my prey fell silent  
I knew she was the last

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A year has passed since I have known  
The taste of human blood  
Beguiled, I have been poisoned  
By silly schoolgirl love  
I live off swine and insects  
Hide deep within the woods  
For like a stinking carcass  
I'm cast out by the good

This penance is the perfect curse  
Perhaps I should appeal  
Yet I was evil, sought my fate  
A wound our Lord won't heal  
In Hell I am a failure  
A thorn in Satan's side  
I walk alone, then, shunned by all  
The dark my only guide

In shadows now I search for rats  
But moonlight thwarts my tack  
The misery that taunts my mind  
Seems worse on winter's back  
Thus I resolve to end this pain  
Accept what lurks beyond  
I seek no peace and that's a fact  
I crave no magic wand

Tonight upon this tainted ground  
I rest 'til dawn of day

When sunlight flares and dead flesh burns  
I hope to fly away  
To where I killed the youthful girl  
And there my ghost shall dwell  
My sentence for eternity – to think  
About a child who conquered Hell

## **2. Poem for an Angel Fallen**

*Mankind's inhumanity and the downfall of an angel that rails against it...*

There was a time, now long ago  
Before our Lord was born  
I studied man and womankind  
And felt, in truth, forlorn  
These creatures seemed a grave mistake  
They lied, they killed, were vain  
I could not grasp their sacred claim...  
Was I perhaps insane?

At first I sought to hide my fears,  
Suppress my deep concern  
I looked towards each year with hope,  
But they would never learn  
Then hammered to a twisted cross  
A young man died in pain  
Tears, like acid, scorched my face  
What doubt could now remain?

Forgiveness! 'Twas beyond belief!  
This travesty must end  
Eradicate each poisoned soul!  
Could no one comprehend?  
Alas, my fellow soldiers dreamed  
Alone, then, I must stand  
Thus, when the humans squealed and moaned  
I chose to stay my hand

Their prayers like whispers in the wind  
Vague cries I would not hear  
I watched them plead, without remorse  
My cause was just and clear  
Too soon my comrades stirred and woke  
Their charge, to rescue me  
'From what?' I bellowed. 'Truth, per chance?  
'Tis you too blind to see!'

My trial was swift. A blessing, yes,  
For I would not repent

I put my case with force and grace  
And left the court content  
My sentence? To become true Faith  
A penance hardly fair  
To rid myself and mankind from  
The demon named Despair

In deference to the Maker  
I gladly met my fate  
The enemy was strong indeed  
Our fight shook Heaven's gates  
But when he died, his arm outstretched  
I still judged Man a blight  
And so, I sank into the pit  
Too late to see the Light

### **3. Death of a Hero**

*Not everyone is a hero and not all heroes die in battle...*

Soldiers lying on the verge  
Their bodies cut to shreds  
They strove to save us, gave their lives  
Yet still we hide in dread

A man, a boy, three girls survive  
The rest no longer care  
What God would lead men to this stage  
Then countenance such slaughter?

The bus is shattered, burning still  
There is no refuge there  
Blasted from the road by mines  
It should have been our crypt

Instead a few, a marked quintet  
Cower in this ditch  
Soon the sky shall burn as gold  
More splendid than the sun

When darkness comes and furies roam  
Then shall we join our friends  
Those with me stare, their eyes alight  
Their fear no boundaries knows

I feel they look to me for hope  
But I have none to spare  
In my life I've held no gun  
I lack the wit to fight

I sat at desks, relied on phones  
And tended to my life  
What honour will these faces show  
When I cannot react?

I claw the ground, a blackened earth  
This is no place to die  
God help these children flee this maze  
And in their stead take me

How could this happen? What went wrong?  
They said it was secure  
A venture into dangerous climes  
But all would be quite safe

Our escort armed: all well-trained men  
A guarantee of sorts  
Then pledges wrought from bitter foes  
No one would suffer harm

We went in search of water  
A benefit to all  
The drills and tools were all installed  
A small encampment forged

Time for deals and documents  
Money must change hands  
Finance men in war-torn lands  
Not my first choice, that's for sure

Perhaps if I'd had second thoughts  
Or even thought at all  
But promises of wealth and power  
Anaesthetised my dread

The journey was both long and hard  
Two days and half a night  
Through rain-soaked jungle, burning heat  
A devil's home delight

As dawn awoke a mist emerged  
Swallowing up our path  
But there, the camp, just yards ahead  
At last we had arrived

The crew was hale and hearty  
The locals full of cheer  
Until, that is, a shot rang out  
And chaos trampled calm

Bullets flew and people died  
Others wished they had  
Our escort, though outnumbered  
Fought back with all their might

'Take shelter on the company bus,'  
A leader's last command  
He fell as we broke cover  
His neck a ruptured mass

At first it seemed we might escape  
No forces blocked our flight  
A cruel distraction? Yes, of course  
An ambush lay in wait

How does a man prepare to die?  
With prayers or maddened rage?  
Neither has a place with me  
For terror rules my stage

Through silence, sounds of beating air  
Rhythmic pounding signals hope  
A thrashing wind assaults the eyes  
Salvation is at hand?

Once more projectiles swarm like bees  
The chariot thus retreats  
For any soul to live this day  
There is a price to pay

How I stood, what gave me strength?  
None shall ever know  
Machine guns clenched in bleeding hands  
Triggers tightly squeezed

'Run, for God's sake, run!' I say  
An order most obeyed  
For those who could or would not flee  
They lie upon their graves

The seconds race as if on fire  
Spent shells like raindrops fall  
How quickly do the chambers clear  
A futile gesture after all?

Then, in reply, a single shot  
A shattered leg recoils  
Blood gushes forth, contorting pain  
I crumple to my knees

Cold metal rips into my chest  
Dark hands upon the blade  
My vision blurs, my breathing fails  
And soon the pain desists

Lying in this cursed dirt  
My mind is strangely clear  
Propeller blades and angry cries  
Sounds worthy of a smile

And so my life had meaning  
I brokered one good trade  
Instead of stocks and corporate bonds  
Four souls exchanged for one