

# DEADMAN'S TOME

BEST OF THE DEMONIC



DEMONIC POEMS

Note: Not responsible for  
resurrected ghost, zombies,  
and other members of the  
undead.

POETRY EDITION

Deadman's Tome @ 2009

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# FOREWORD

*Thom Olausson*

Thom Olausson's work is not only powerful in description and imagery, but it has earned him significant recognition of Editors & Predators as a top ten finalist. A Secret Place, a collection of Olausson's poetry, has received a warm response and a must have for those that enjoy darker poetry. Lately, Mr. Olausson has been rather busy working with a Film studio on the development of movie based on his screenplay.

**M**y name is Thom Olausson and I am a

horror poet and author. I hail from Sweden, a country full of evil tales from the past. I am here to tell you about the art of writing.

So, let us talk about horror poetry.

Just poetry can sometimes be a little hard to swallow, and most people don't want to read poetry no matter how good it is. If you add horror into the mix, then you have the attention of most readers, at least the horror fans. I

have written many horror poems, and I enjoy it immensely. Sometimes I get stuck in a story, and need something else to relax my mind; I write horror poems of dark and violent creatures. There was one thing that got me hooked on the art, and I blame metal legends IRON MAIDEN for it.

They released the album *Powerslave* and on that album there was one track that stood out. I am of course talking about *Rime of the ancient mariner*, a fourteen minute dive into an old horror poem written by Samuel Taylor (\*\*\*\*\*). The lyrics caught me, and whenever I hear that song I get this feeling of joy. I read the poem some years later, and man, that is a masterpiece. If you ever get the chance to read it, I suggest you take it, for it is a chilling tale of horror.

Anyway, I was hooked from early on, but then again, whenever someone mentioned poetry people rolled with their eyes. So I did what Jim Morrison of THE DOORS did; I wrote my poems in the form of lyrics. As

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I played in various metal bands while growing up (all bad, but I had fun) I wrote loads of lyrics. Still, I kept some of the horror poems to myself. Then there came a day when readers wanted to read horror poetry, and I submitted some of my work.

It was a hit from the start, and I felt, and still feel, joy over that. Who would have thought that my creations would one day earn the respect of readers and fellow writers across the world? Not me, let me tell you. But I am glad that my girlfriend, Ditte, persuaded me to submit my poetry.

But can horror poetry be scary?

Can it be thought provoking?

Can the readers enjoy and appreciate the form?

My answer is: yes to all of the above. Some horror poems can be a glimpse into a possible future, while others might be a doorway back into the past or into another world. Almost every one of them can put fear into the right reader. Some fear the dark, others fear the stalking killer, and some are afraid of the unknown. **The horror poets in this collection will take you, Dear Reader, into a dark world.** A place where the dead speak, and where the sun doesn't always shine. A world full of despair and sinister thoughts, a place where demons dwell and vampires search for the blood of eternal youth. I and my friends invite you into our dark realm, and we hope you'll enjoy your stay. And remember that some of what you are about to read are glimpses of a possible future, and that wicked things go bump in the dead of night...

[Visit Thom Olausson's Blog](#)

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# WORD FROM THE EDITOR

*Jesse Dedman*

**B**eneath layers of cool earth, a hundred indentured servants (a.k.a interns) were forced to endure the grueling labor of retrieving poems from the darkest and deepest section of our establishment. Despite the poor conditions, the lack of sleep, and the little nutrition one receives from solely eating crackers and tea, these "interns" followed our command with little resistance.

If only that could be true.



Perhaps it is for good reason that I and the others here do not possess such power. More importantly, however, is that we did sort through our archives in search for the best poems our more Demonic days have to offer. For those that don't know what I mean, Deadman's Tome used to be called Demonic Tome a banner that glorified the content we sought out for but all that changed when more and more people thought of us as some Satanic Cult that frequently participated in orgies that often involved a ritualistic sacrifice. I only wish I was kidding. The faces on peoples' faces when I asked to place banners in their place of business deserved a quick snapshot. Too bad we never took any.

This edition is a collection of a few hand-picked poems that stood out among the rest.

We want to thank all of the contributors we've received in the past, even those that did not get selected for this, and for those that did and something changed. This selection, the nine poems, was selected based on not only my opinion, but that of trusted associates as well.

On a personal note, I thank those that took the time to get a copy of this special edition. Considering that the featured content is solely poetry, this is, without a doubt, our shortest edition ever. With that said, however, The Best of the Demonic: Poetry is loaded with extras and other goodies that we wouldn't dare to leave out. Originally, this edition was due on the 10<sup>th</sup> of this month, but we postponed for possible extra material.

Thank you,

Mr. Deadman

P.S. This edition may be better with some absinthe.

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Last but not in any way least, Children with special needs are not ill - it's not contagious. They only want what we want - to be accepted! Deadman's Tome has a heart and it is important to know that every child, every adolescent, every person deserves to be accepted, unless they violated a right of another repeatedly.

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## READER DOMINATION

DEADMAN'S TOME is giving its fans a chance to partake in future editions of Deadman's Tome. We often feature a note from the editor to compliment the stories, but now we want you to use that time to share your thoughts!

Dominate the readers with your critique!

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# DEMONIC TOME

*Thom Olsson*

Featured in Demonic Tome May 2009 Edition

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*Through a veil of flesh the insane Undead whispers  
Alastor smile within the heart of men  
Another name is entered into Satan's Demonic Tome*

*Within a tomb of darkness the ghost of a killer is  
imprisoned  
Lilith kisses his long dead lips  
The names of the Beast inked in blood in the Demonic Tome*

*A thief nailed to the cross wearing a crown of fire  
Colopatiron turn his key and howl  
The history of the damned written down in the Demonic  
Tome*

*A dead staring eye upon a blackened sky  
Aesma whisper in the ear of mankind  
Another deed entered into the eternal Demonic Tome*

*A church of bones are the home of the cursed  
Euronymous feast upon their diseased corpses  
666 authors write their confessions in the Demonic Tome...*



This piece was written in honour of Deadman's Tome, but back then it was called Demonic Tome. The idea came to me while I was in my dark cellar getting my furnace going. You see, I love writing, and my house is littered with paper and pens, just in case I get an idea. Yes, even my car has paper and pens in it. Anyway, I was working on the 2<sup>nd</sup> draft of The Devil's Farm when the idea struck me from out of nowhere while I was getting the furnace going. I had been thinking about writing a horror poem for the magazine exclusively for some time, but had had no idea as how to approach it. As the flames started licking the dry wood in the furnace it came to me. I sat down on a crate and wrote the poem while listening to the roaring flames.

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# BONSAI CHILDREN

*Brian Rosenberger*

Featured in Demonic Tome May 2009 Release

(First published Artspike 10/03)

At the museum  
he passed a tour group  
of children  
next stop adolescence  
much too old for his  
particular needs

He keeps them  
in bottles  
custom made  
water and food  
provided  
through a tube

His favourites  
he names after  
Japanese appetizers  
Lesser successes  
are forgotten  
and like snowflakes  
no two are ever alike

The final result  
breathtaking  
due to smaller  
lung capacity  
as a result  
of abdominal  
compression

They are  
very much his children  
shaped by his hand  
birthed by his imagination  
a garden to be nurtured  
and loved



Brian Rosenberger's writing has appeared in several anthologies. His poetry has been collected in "Poems That Go SPLAT" and in "And for My Next Trick." His first collection of short stories is "As the Worm Turns." He lives in a cellar in Marietta, GA, and writes by the light of captured fireflies.



*This Holiday Season*

*Cradle of Ruin*

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# THE CALIBERS OF HOMICIDE

*Richard Pitaniello*

Featured in Demonic Tome June 2009 edition

**.357s** AT HOUR ELEVEN  
JUST A PULL  
OF THE TRIGGERS  
WILL DO

9MMS FOLLOW THE LEADER  
SLIDE THROUGH THE CLIP  
TWO  
BY TWO

20-GAUGE SHELL A TICKET TO HELL  
FLYING FIRST-CLASS  
WITH A FEW

BIG .45 EAT 'EM ALIVE  
SPINNING JUST  
LIKE A  
SCREW

.22 LONG PERCUSSION SONG  
BOUNCING AROUND INSIDE  
YOU

.223 DIG INTO ME  
SWAT DRILLING MY  
HEART INTO GOO

It's 3:57 PAST HOUR ELEVEN  
FOREVER JUST STARTED  
ANEW

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## The Bleeder Collection

Jesse Dedman



A monster is released out into the alleyways of one of America's poorest cities, and during a time of great economic collapse. The horror consumes the lives of hundreds for sustenance, showing no signs of humanity and morality, until one faithful day...

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## Fields of Rot



Chris Lecher

&

James Mustang

### Knee-Deep in the Dead

Waves of undead armies pour out from an open Hell Gate, and it's these guys we have to rely on.

A Deadman's Tome production

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# TRAPPED SOUL

*THOM OLAUSSON*

Featured in *Demonic Tome* September 2010  
edition

**T**rapped soul, lost hope  
No closure in sight  
Cold heart, frayed rope  
No way out of thy plight

Choking darkness, blinding dawn  
Alone inside thy head  
Fading light, night's spawn  
I make thou wish I was dead

Fear of love, love of hate  
I'll put thy restless mind at ease  
Fear of life, live to hate  
I'll give thy dying heart some peace

Confused inside, endless pain  
Numbing terror of denial  
Shards of steel, falls like rain  
Forgive thy black soul's betrayal

Feed you hope, feed you passion  
I'll let thou in from the cold  
Starve thy heart, dry my compassion  
Dead feelings thy soul will hold

This poem was written while I was getting divorced. It describes the way I felt being stuck in a loveless relationship, and in the middle of this hellish nightmare I met my girlfriend. She gave hope back, and let me in from the cold, and since then I have never been alone inside my head.



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# FEAST OF WORMS

*Thom Olsson*

Featured in Demonic Tome September 2010 edition



The rotting dead will have no ill to say  
eaten by worms they rest within the grave  
Behold the world in its glorious decay  
The fall of Man leaves no one to save

Dead within their hearts as they rest  
corpses feeding our hungry mother earth  
The living shall by demons be possessed  
Satan celebrates their demonic rebirth

Join the feast of the damned, see them eat the slain  
Arise from the tomb, walk the halls of the dead  
Until the end of days, only hate will remain  
Hate feeds hate, fear breeds fear, Death nods his head

Fall into the abyss,  
the dead shall know the truth, hear them moan  
Fear dilutes the blood, vengeance follow war, Death follow all  
Join the feast of worms, flesh eaten away to the bone  
Until the end of days, remain in thy dark home until I call

I wrote this piece while sitting at my old blog, which has been deleted since, and playing around. Usually there is a line that gets stuck in my head, and it won't go away until I have written it down. The line came after I had done a lot of research on demons. I was at the time working on the first draft of a novel called The Devil's Farm. The line was the title: Feast of Worms.

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# INTERMISSION

*Jesse Dedman*

Hold on, dear reader. Give yourself a moment to fix up another cup of coffee, a pot of tea, or perhaps (if you took my advice) another goblet of absinthe. It's time for reflection. Please, allow the imagery in the previous poems to settle and collect so that they may saturate your subconscious mind. Allow yourself to give into the absurdity, to the dark, to the morbid projections so that your saturated mind can spring forth an emotional ride into your consciousness.

Allow me to be somewhat of a guide. Thom Olausson not only introduced with an inspiring foreword, but set the stage with a poem that bared a title similar to the very online magazine that published it. *Demonic Tome*, Olausson's poem, works well as an opener for many reasons, but besides the shared title, the poem carries a very sinister vibration.

Rosenberger's morbid envision of a man growing children like how a Bonsai-hobbyist would. For me, I see an older man, full mustache, huge nose, thick glasses, and a lame flannel shirt sitting in a small room lit only the dim glow of his desk lamp. Patiently, the man examines a child in a tube as if looking for the next imperfection to fix. Scary thought and it only becomes worse after even brief moments of pondering.

*The Calibers of Homicide* is a fun, fast, and clever way of painting a picture of urban brutality. I couldn't help from thinking about films such as Pulp Fiction, Die Hard, Sin City, and etc... The poem goes beyond the type of ammo and guns used; it brings a deadly conclusion with close attention to rhyming.

If the previous poems disturb you, then rest assured that they are only fictional. Repeat the familiar lines you've not utter since you were a scared little child afraid to brave a moment in the cool darkness. Repeat them until you've convinced yourself that everything is fine. But, brave reader, I advise that you recognize that dark, hard to fathom things still occur whether you believe in them or not.

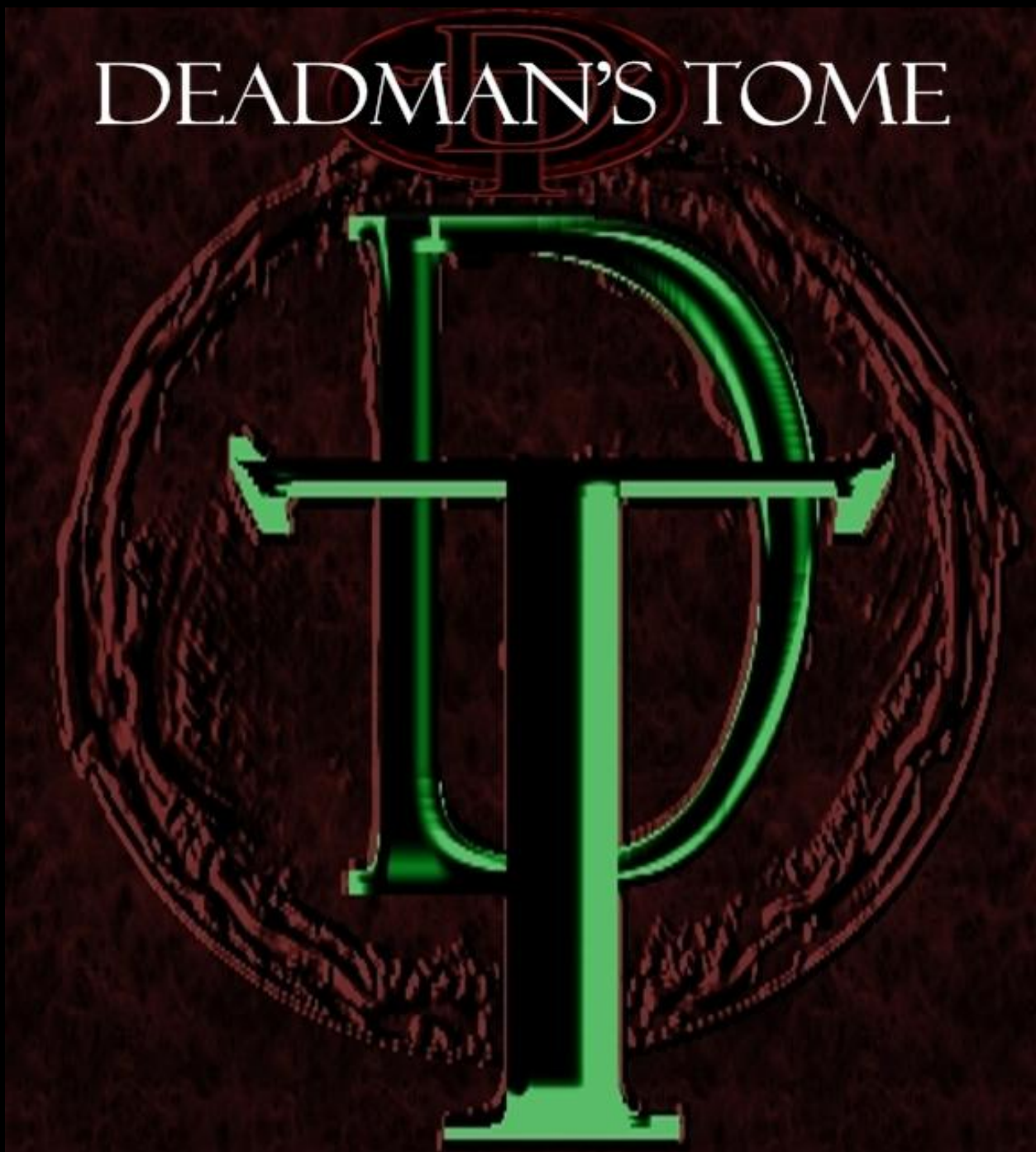
Now, before you continue with the reading. Please, take some time to enjoy the throwback to some of our most popular covers (we've even included some shameful moments).

Your horror guide,

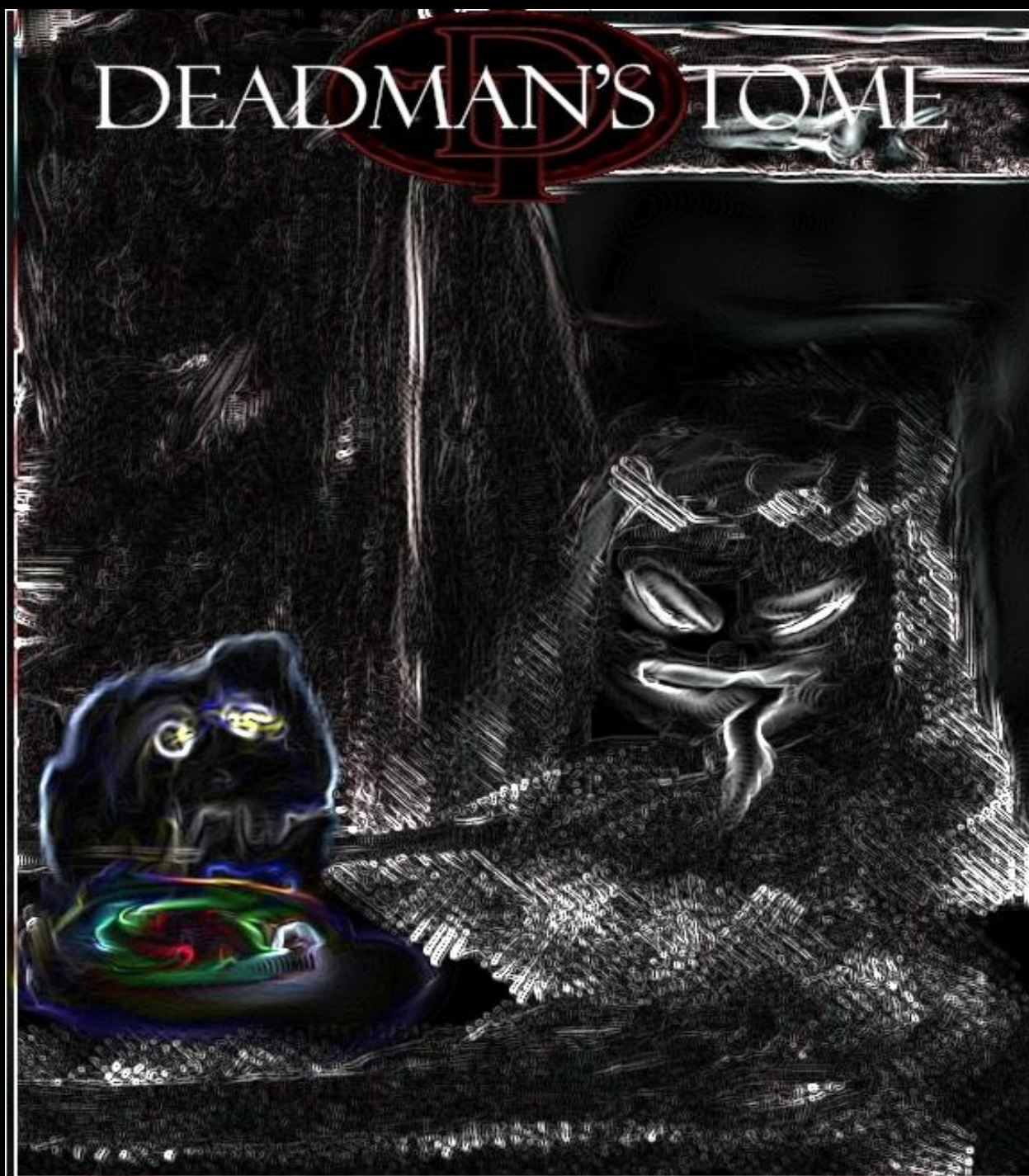
Jesse Dedman

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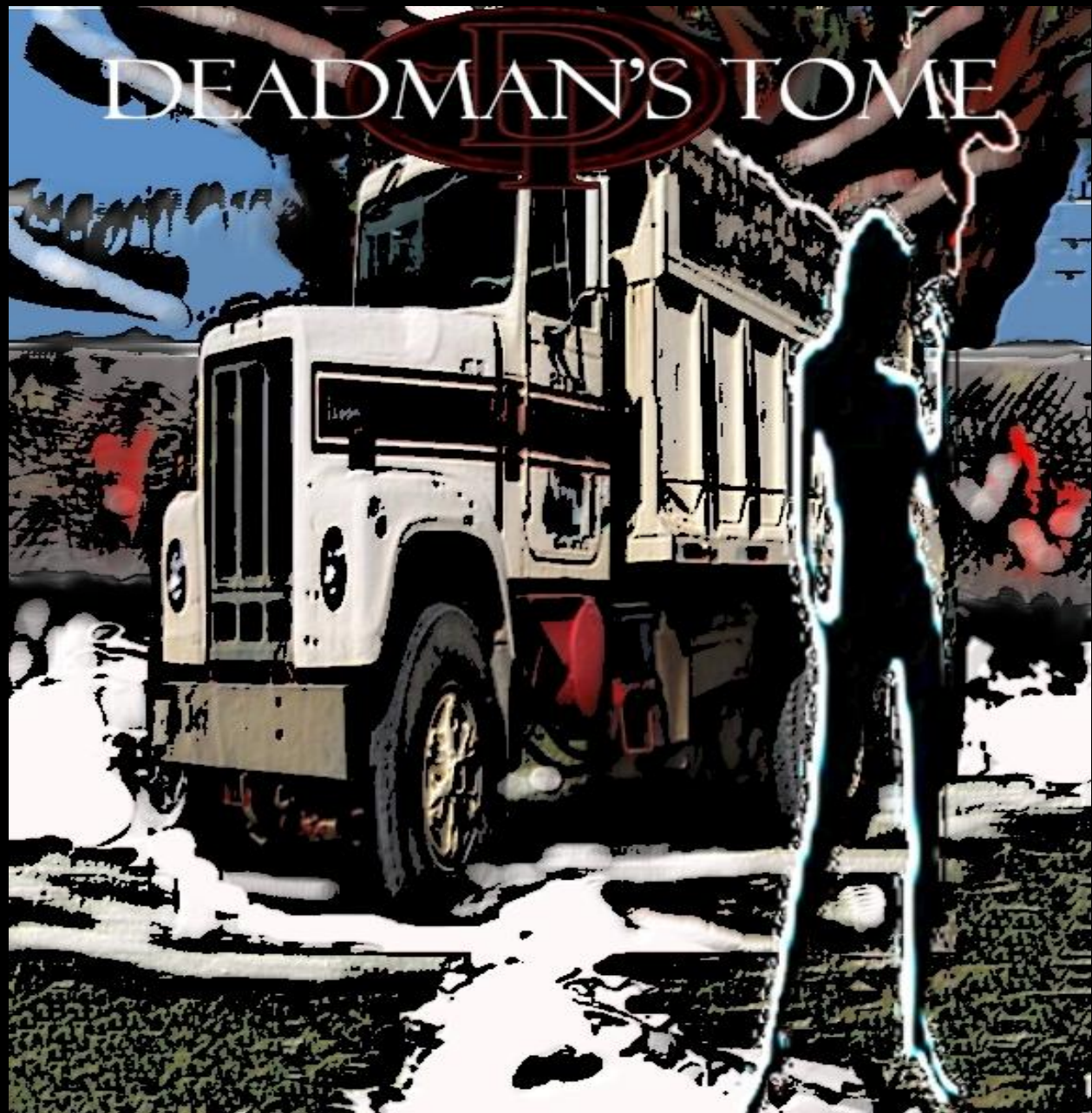
# DEADMAN'S TOME



The Deadman's Tome Logo Engraved in what appears to be a flesh bound book. This was produced to replace artwork that was used during our initial growth period.



Smothered faith, shattered dreams, and frayed remains of sanity linger predominantly throughout *The Charge*, a story originally created by M.R.L. Jesse Dedman wrote a short story within M.R.L.'s universe and he designed this cover art for the sole purpose of setting the mood.



"What were we thinking"- a frequent comment made by confused fans. Though the composition may be more suitable for a Truck and Trailer magazine, the themed worked for the featured story. Maggot King, a short story by Jesse Dedman, is about a mysterious, unexplainable phenomenon that consumed the lives of thousands of people only to become buried beneath red-tape and utter bullshit.

# DEADMAN'S TOME

July 2010

*War of the Worlds: Frontlines  
Review.*

*An Interview with  
Scale the Summit*

*The third chapter of  
"The Master's Torment"*

*and*

*Maria Mitchell's  
"Second Coming"*

Edited by: Mr. Dedman.

Very peaceful for a horror magazine-large boulders stacked in a formation that provokes religious ideologies backed by a beautiful, deep skyline. Not something one would imagine from Deadman's Tome, but it suited the featured title favorably.



An alternative to the Charge inspired cover art. Perhaps, and maybe it is just me, but perhaps the blue went just a little overboard.





The original logo, and if you look closely, you can see what appears to be a black man with horns peering over the blob of blood. After debating over aesthetics of our minion, we decided it would be nice to give him more appeal. Actually, none of that happened. Jesse Dedman wanted an image that paired bold, in-your-face, evil overtones with a relaxed, no stress environment.



This is the insanely evil, overly satanic, and ultra-violent cover that we intended to use solely for the purpose of giving our accusers the finger. Produced from the blood of slain virgins, the tears of fallen angels, and the bones of few hundred starve goats this fantastic piece represents a metaphorical overload. We used an inverted pentagram, because a normal pentagram is NOT satanic, so you for those that saw the cover of Dedman's "The Master's Torment" and flinched, you're now a little wiser. We even incorporated our orc-ish looking demon head with the red smear of the DT logo.



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# MONEY TREE

*Paul Handley*

Featured in Demonic Tome December 2009 edition



Plunging the sink I tip over  
The beaker, making a melon  
Gruel that I feed with elbow dips,  
Slaps and loving caresses to the  
Microscopic, baby birds,

Resulting in the keeper of the  
Elixer snapping his Maxim to a  
PG-13 spread. Thus armed, I  
Brush arms in the swirl  
Of the dance floor.  
Hairs electrify, others recoil  
As birds spit their gargle.

They are living things that  
Won't let me sleep. I  
Contemplate cutting them  
Off. I conduct a pay-per-view  
Event for the acrotomophilia  
Crowd, using a French  
Guillotine replica. I  
Nearly die because the nurse  
Practitioner faints like an  
Adolescent French maiden,  
Until I boot him conscious.

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# THE CHAOS OF ORDER

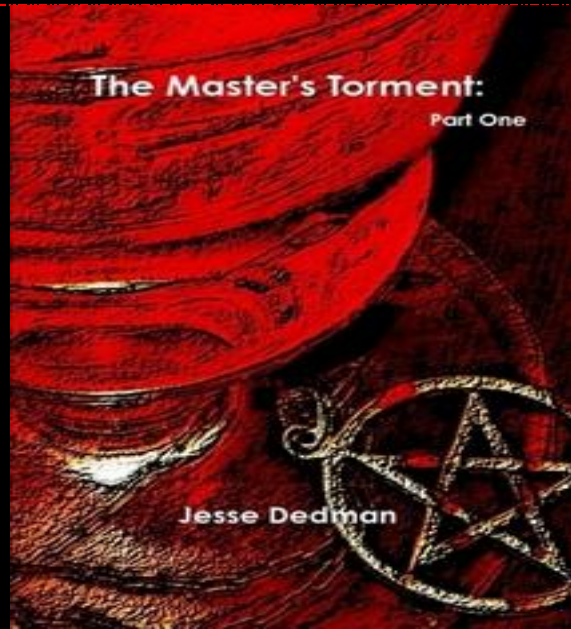
*Colin James*

A new featured poem as an extra bonus.



**S**ardonic toilette seats  
had never been a problem.  
Previously, a man could  
have his house built  
and just sit there.  
The view over the sink never changed,  
only hair color with the seasons.  
Plaid his fabric, Rayon his disdain.

Then shortages of toiletries  
caused a mass migration  
of soccer moms and dads  
into his tiny room of solitude.  
Even here, must herbicides  
be their conversation of choice?



A series that addresses the ultimate question that surfaces upon the thought of death: what will happen to my soul? For Moranet, the prince of a ruthless, soulless, manipulative, and wretched Queen, the answer is of a forced upon sentence of agonizing torment. Denied a rightful passage into the afterlife, Moranet seeks out revenge, feeding upon the misery and torment of his victims, while preparing for his final hour.

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# TEMPEST GARDENS

*N. P. Miller*

Featured in Deadman's Tome January 2010 edition

Dead flowers rise from silent graves,  
Brought into the suns of March,  
Witness to the winter's unmarked slaves  
Allowed to spring forth into the marsh.  
Hours waste in discontent,  
Despair's malignancy upon the face  
Where life has come with time well spent,  
But fallen ill in this dreadful place.

Alive with season's change come the tides  
Of lilac and gold with shimmering hues  
To replace the vein-like corpses of those  
who died  
Singed to light with oracles new.  
Angels choir descend from gray above  
To sing the travesties of icy death.  
How deprived the garden was of love  
And how quickly came its eventual breath.

Beyond that which mankind knows  
With existence has come to be  
That silent epitaph written in shallow  
snow  
Fades all to distant memory.  
When comes the moment of departure,  
Souls separate from living form.  
Mortal eyes shall observe no farther  
Then that of seedlings slowly born.

I'm all about contrast with my poetry. I love two taking things that are completely different from one another and somehow mashing them together to create something totally new. In this piece, I attempted to mash together life in its entirety - or the garden - and subject it to the decay of death. This was the end result.



*This Holiday Season*

*Cradle of Ruin*

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# WOMAN FACE DOWN IN A RIVER

*Justin Ehrlich*

Featured in Deadman's Tome January 2010 Edition

**D**elirious nomadic waxen clouds  
Weep, melted by the inescapable  
Sun. Resolute beams dexterously  
Pick the weary lock protecting glorious  
Incense of lavender. A burden weighs  
Considerably on the crooked spine  
Of the horizon's threshold; a limp wisp  
Meanders idly, floating off the sweat  
Of the relentless current's labour. Pale  
As the remains of empty medicine  
Bottles, her naked body flows downstream  
Unblemished by the touch of death, at peace;  
Betraying fragments of dark glass she saw  
Herself in. Under our breath we deny  
All comprehension; tears we never shed scratch  
Inside like watercolour brush strokes swept  
Away by an uncaring river; she  
Drags in her wake the jetsam of our fears.



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# EPILOGUE

*Jesse Dedman*

*A Woman Face Down in a River* paints an accurate scene of morbidity. Can you imagine the deterioration of a waterlogged face venturing without a choice into the beginning stages of rot? Disgusting as it may sound, I wonder if she would look any better than one of my ex's. Only kidding, of course, I don't need any more hate mail. *Justin Ehrlich* did a wonderful job portraying the imagery, but I can't help but to wonder what his own thoughts are. Would he, like most writers, by humble and modest on the surface while rolling in the internal glee of such praise? Perhaps, but I don't want to speak incorrectly about this poet. Instead, I invited him to share his own opinions about this piece.

I could tell you what inspired the poem, and perhaps, in that are some answers about it. I could not have been much older than ten when, at a festival, my brother and I saw a gathering by the river. We wanted to know what they were looking upon with such fascination until we caught sight of a woman floating face down, and like all around us, could not take our eyes off of her.—Justin Ehrlich

"...tears we never shed scratch  
Inside like watercolour brush strokes..."—(Ehrlich).

Have you ever seen the eyes of the dead? Even if you interpret the line as literally as it could get, you would still see the delicate touch to the description. That's what I like about Ehrlich. He doesn't simply describe a gruesome death with overly violent language and call it horror poem; he approaches it with a subtle touch.

I'm sorry to tell you this, but this just about wraps up our time here. I know you want more, and I would love to give you more than you could handle, but you'll have to wait until next time. We release an issue every month and with a special edition once and a while. Also, if you like reading this you may want to try our sister ezine, *Iron Bound*.

Your horror guide,

Jesse Dedman

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