
DEMONIC TOME

February 2009 Take the chocolate, toss the note, and shred the heart.



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THE CORRUPTION SPREADS

*T*his is an official word from me, Mr. Dedman, but that is completely obvious and the attempt to introduce is foiled by the very fact that you reading this know who I am. Demonic Tome has seen an increase of hits in the past months, but there is a certain hit count that has decreased, but it is not as alarming as it might seem. It is great that our numbers have increased; it gives me reason to organize additional projects, as I am somewhat of a procrastinator. I am completely honest when I say that the volunteers that have helped me have helped more than a great deal.

The particular stat that has decreased is one that corresponds to the behavior of that of a blooming source of literary entertainment. So when I say that we have seen a fall in the number of unique visitors, I do not speak with disgust or anything close for that matter. I speak of acknowledgement of something greater. Of course, when I say words like greater we must remember that this is Demonic Tome, not Cemetery Dance. Let us not pretend that we are large in popularity, not yet anyway. I'm sure those days are not far behind, though I doubt the increasingly unemployed would think first of reading an E-Zine, most would probably think about cutting finances. Though that comment might only be loosely associated with this message, it is a comment about the future and our ability to predict it.

Plotting the future is like guesstimating the number of the mines, and the locations of such mines, in a minefield, before traversing. It is a crude science and all one can do is look at the numbers and make an educated guess, but I will do more than that. I will share with you.

Our hits are steady in the five thousands, with visitors increasing each month, but with new visitors slowing just a bit. It would be safe to assume that Demonic Tome has established some sort of base--if I could reach out from this screen and thank you I so would—and it is this base we wish to never alienate, though I'm sure I'm not the first one to ever say that, and with that I introduce to the issue before you.

I was actually wondering if we should entice you all with something as awesome as a pure poetry edition, sounds nice to those that love poetry doesn't it, but the dilemma is what do we do with the stories? Well, as you know, there is a writing contest for the short stories and let me tell you, it will be exciting. So for now what you will find here is an edition of the Demonic Tome that gives tribute to those few wonderful poets. This is there time to shine. Give them your attention as there is so much more a horrific poem can emotionally accomplish than that of a 5000 word counter part. These authors have decided to pen in a field of writing that soaks with artistic style. Cryptic messages, description that entices the nerves, stimulating the mind, tapping deep into the core of the unknown.

Whether they are new or skilled, these poets are here to give you a show.



WIND HOWLS *by John Grey*



The wind that rattles my window

is not a wind at all
but ten thousand terrified voices,
the screams of naked trees
in ransacked forests,
the sough of haunted houses,
theory of the dead
blown hither and thither
from their graveyards,
the baying of beasts
hungry for prey,
the sobbing of desolate creatures
Out on a night like this.
And it's not just my window
that rattles so uncontrollably..
The shutters of my spine
flap like frightened bird wings.
Teeth rattle their skeletal dice.
Nerve ends stand up
straight as flag poles,
and the flesh atop
waves uncontrollably,
a banner of no country,
unless foreboding is a land.

I have been
published
recently in
Agni,
Worcester
Review,
South
Carolina
Review and
The
Pedestal.
with work
upcoming in
Poetry East
and REAL.

PORTRAIT GALLERY *by John Grey*

*W*alls choke the hall,
portrait gallery,
pose to pose,
old generals devour
maiden aunts,
matriarch
gnaws the grim grin
from bearded patriarch,
air is tongue and tooth
and eyes...
try running that gauntlet

in the dead of night,
the bloody hubris
of a hundred faces
that hate you
for living;
your ancestors,
your enemies,
your own painting,
your bones for easel,
drying on your flesh.



CREATURE OF THE SHADOWS *by Thom*

©Clausson 2008



I live in the shadows of death, I lurk in the night

From the grave I have returned

My powers are evil and dark, my existence void of light

You will be mesmerized by me; I imprison you within my eyes

You will succumb to my needs

Forever seduced by my evil, I will awake as sunlight dies

My fingernails are long and yellow, my teeth sharp and deadly

Check the
Author
Shrine
within a few
days and
you can get
all of the
information
the author
is willing to
share.

We try to
keep it
consistent
with the
release
dates of the
magazines

From your youth I steal life

Blood is what I crave to live forever more, my existence is
ghastly

I was born in the pale light of the moon; I was dead yet lived
once more

My heart was cold and my soul black

Death had called me to enter eternity, but I turned my back
on death's door

Forever I wanted to live no matter what, as a creature of the
shadows I reign

I now seek out my prey in the cower of darkness

My victims come freely into my deadly embrace, with ease
their trust I gain

and we
admit that
isn't a
simple task
to keep
completely
accurate.

We want
you, the
readers, to
have a
chance to
read about
the path
that your
favorite
writers took
to get to
where they
are.



MILLENNIUM OF THE DAMNED_ *By Thom*

Claussen 2008



A force of darkness moving swiftly on deadly wings

Through the blackness It travel toward annihilation
A sinister gift of murder and death It brings
Burning cities to the ground with It's breath of destruction

The coils of the deadly beast shimmer in the pale light of the
moon

The sharp fangs drip with poison and the beast emit a deep
growl

It's sharp and black dagger claws will tear you limb from limb
soon

It throws its horned head to the dark sky and begin to howl

The eyes lay deep in the skull and they are like pools of oil
It's leathery wings are ancient and they are spread wide
Mankind's red and pure blood It will spill upon the soil
You can run in fear but from the Angel of Death you can
never hide

It's crooked horns will impale the souls of the innocent

The pointed tail will wipe out all of civilization

Through our deeds we have given the Angel of Death our
consent

The future of horror leaves nothing but a dead nation

We pray to a God of old that regret our cursed creation

He turns his head away and give the Reaper our mortal souls

of sin

As He harvest them he send us all to hell to suffer eternal
damnation

Paradise has been forever closed and none of us will get in

The beast roar in pleasure as It baptizes us in It's deadly fire
We hide from It and pray for forgiveness for our hateful past
It won't listen and forever we will burn upon Satan's eternal
pyre

Millennium of the damned, Armageddon, approaches on
deadly wings fast

The Author Shrine

Engrave your name

PARADOX: WORSHIP *By Kingwood*

*I*t is advised by many that one shouldn't care about the projected opinion of others, and it is often said that the reason for such discretion is to secure one's individual independence so that free thought won't be hindered, but this advice has one giant flaw. Man in nature is a social creature regardless of one's ability to socialize, and writing, in some form or another, is a common skill in those that lack the normal social grace. So with



Oliver L. Kingwood, or just known as Kingwood, is the editor of this humble online magazine.

opposition of the claim made insignificant it can be said that in some degree man cares about the opinion of others. Some people find the constant attention flourishing, and they often follow into professions that allow such a vice. Some take office in politics; some take a role of a character on stage, while many more just find a crowd that will follow, regardless of the attitude in which the attention is given.

He welcomes us with long winded rants in which deep thought and insight are common.

In some religions this sort of trait is often considered a sin, but it really is just a humble trait of man that is sometimes grossly transformed, so why let it be so loathed upon. After all in order for someone to become an idol they must have, to some degree, a following willing to show their love, and in these religious laws, which were crafted by men with fame, no one is spared. The priest care about the opinion of others, especially if it is wrong when subjected to their beliefs.

It is sad that something so human can be so diluted, and it isn't just the fault of religious mongrels, elders of our generation tell us that there is a cost to being vain and that we should do what we can to forget the thoughts of others to prevent such a tragedy; however, a person that is vain has a build of confidence that often pales to the standard method of construction, that their perspective is only as strong as tiny glass fragments placed so carefully together, fastened by tape. Those that are stricken by the moment of vanity are only as strong as their favored skills, for it is the love from the people that allow them to grow; however, growth is limited by the mere essence of disdain, which more-than-often shadows admiration.

It that is to be true, that those in the spotlight are often influenced by the wavering emotion of the people, then only a man that is truly confident in himself could ever make a truly long lasting impression. A type of impression that would seal his or her name in history, but not everything historic is remembered forever. The condition of the people is subjected to the forever crashing tides of time and such change has a habit of swallowing years of great accomplishments to where they would have to be

rediscovered, or forever lost.

Man and his creations are victim to be eroded from time altogether, and even something as strong and admirable as a deity has little chance of resurfacing, and various gods have paid that price, gods that can only be found in over-sized and over looked directories, which are often compiled by some sort of university, gods that man had one time or another worshiped and even sacrificed too. This brings to question the overall effect and purpose of vanity.

Man often turns to a chosen figure to worship, just like they turn to an appointed man to rule based on established principles, and these leaders are no more powerful than their brethren by intention. Once man has a leader, they then submit their will for a price, often contributing food, wealth and even blood. It is of no surprise that mortal leaders walking to the throne are often gripped by diluted fantasies before they are forced off the throne, and it could be said that man has been doing the same thing when looking at the heavens.

Man looks up to the heavens and can't help but wonder and question, but some men are more incline with something referred to as intellect, which wasn't really intellect at the moment until Galileo's ground breaking discovery; nevertheless, man had put in place a number of possible reasons. Reasons that lead to the existence and worshiping of Gods and Goddesses, and because man has this tendency to bow down to something greater they gave faith, while a few even gave sacrifice. But as time progress, more and more belief systems began to collect each with their own god; these gods only existed because man said they did, because man gave attentive faith to them. So does a God really need the attention and worship of people to exist, or can it simply exist. Keep in mind that even though the ancient gods exist in name, they do not exist in the same degree as the currently worshiped Gods. Zeus was once a worshiped and respected God, but now his legacy is only used in symbolism, symbolism that has lost its purpose in time.

Now we have the remaining few. I'm not trying to promote atheism, as I myself believe in some sort of higher power, just not one that would really care one way or another about the many problems that plaque this world. Faith for me is similar to optimism, and the really do measure about the same when questioned. Try it sometime, try questioning someone's stance on happiness, but when you do, do not forget to bring up the always occurring pains around you. Their response will be amusing....



BLOODY HEARTS AND RAZOR KISSES

By Kat

We have not forgotten about Valentines, but rather ignored the romantic holiday in favor of a painful reality that love is only as true as the letters that make-up the word.

When someone says, "I love you." Remember to not get your hopes up, as the person saying that will later play surgeon with your heart, and they do not have a license or the education to do such a thing. Don't let them fool you, and don't be quick to label this message as a bitter-bitch-note.

The person that says the word first is generally going to be the one calling the shots, they will front you with believable half-lies and so-called facts, if you trust even a lick of the mutter garbage then you are already fucked, and not in a good way. I don't care how good of a lay he is;



At the core we have the stories-- some of which venture to sci-fi, others wonder with fantastic ideas, but most are horror—but that can only do so much.

In response to the

if you are in this for love, do not believe it.

The consequence if you believe can be disastrous, and will often lead to tons and tons of empty ice cream cartons and a belly that will further ruin chances to get another “true love”. What you would be getting instead would be a “mercy love” which is good for long run relationships but sucks in the complicated truth that it is the inability to better oneself that binds the two of you.

Your heart will be taken from you, and you can't leave. Instead you have to stay, and you have to watch. He, or she, will force you to watch the painful moment as they ready a meat tenderizer and go-to-town on your vital organ. No doctor can heal you from that type of damage, and don't even fool yourself with herbal remedies.

What a merry little article this is. I bet most that are reading this are the jaded type that feels a sense of truth with these written words, but not everyone is alike. I get the impression that some are the happy “couple” type. The type that “WORK THINGS OUT”. For you that match that type, you could get rich sharing your secrets. You could even have your own talk show. However I think I might know what one of those helpful traits might be.

Never fall for a guy on Valentines Day. No matter if it is first date or a long-time friend. Because this holiday is meant for people to score, sort of strange that the day is named after a saint when it is everything opposite of sainthood.

So when the man takes you out to a fancy restaurant you ought to go, but only for the free food and the chance to see other potential “partners”, because let's face it that is what the holiday has become. You want the passion and romance, but do not confuse that with love otherwise the kisses will turn deadly sharp, slicing the emotional high you had the night before. His lingering presence and smooth talking could place a curse on your heart that can prove more effective than any five-fist-open-palm-heart exploding-death-punch.

The only way to win this holiday is to be one step ahead of your date and know full well that it is only a one-time fling.

surveys, we bring back the columns, but they are not staffed with regulars, instead we will be trying new voices and see how well they do in print.

Thank you,
Demonic
Tome Staff.

Katherine
Day, A.K.A
Kat.

She is not a full-time writer by any means, and even though she isn't into the blood and gore of this magazine, she is willing to share her side on a subject relative to this interesting holiday.

That is all from me,

Kat.



EDITORIAL AND PREVIEW

Demonic Tome Staff

The words that are scribed in this document are in respect of the unknown being of darkness that lurks behind the thin façade that surrounds us. The buildings in the city, as magnificent as they might be, they are only a distraction created by the hands of man. The vast wooded areas complete with thriving life, as natural they might feel, they are just an illusion, like a veil over our eyes, distorting what is real and confusing what should be surreal.

Are these statements of an idealist human being seeking happiness in a form of doom, in hopes that the burning world will be the answer to his problems? Or is it a plea to the people that believe the latter.

Fellow readers of the tome, We give you this magazine with confidence that you find something memorable within it. We set aside the short stories for one magazine to allow the poems to portray the picture that is Demonic Tome.

We will be back next month with the Aleyin's Sorrow edition. It will consist of three contest winners and the runner-ups.

Until Next Time, keep safe out there....