



## *Afflatus Creations*

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### His heart's guardian

His  
brutish fingers clawed for violence  
penetrate  
his own chest,  
wrenches from himself  
his heart's shield  
and formed the guardian of his heart.

His  
will extended from his fingertips  
onto the bone dripping before him  
with his own blood and gore, and  
the whiteness  
painted permanent crimson.

Carmine moons bud and soften,  
He holds it in his palm,  
bares his teeth, and bites  
into the soft flesh.  
red skin secedes to white  
running in rivulets  
over the core.

Planets congregate,  
drop apples in the lap of the moon  
who blushes,  
hides the bite mark,  
appears whole.

All of his gravity and tides  
maintain their austerity.  
these nine spins around the earth  
are the single purpose of the moon,  
forever dutiful.

Scintillant in silver glow,  
the moon,  
(for the rays of red are certainly produced by the sun alone)  
twirls nine times,

sketches a shy curtsy,  
and disappears from the night sky,

For the gaping wound  
oozing sin and gore  
upon the ninth and final turn  
is no longer possible to ignore.

His  
tides and gravity maintain  
their austere constant,  
and the guardian of his heart  
flits and spins through the darkness  
with the uncanny-tinctured mystery  
surrounding some coven of crones  
that had fulfilled their singular duty  
and in futility,  
and a spellbound silence,  
draw unbroken circles around his unbreakable heart.

**Mahi Khetarpal**