a time no longer relevant

by Jane Galian

the irony of a simple motel marquee
the glowing concept of a temple
shining virtuously in silver starlight, mellifluous angel song blinding skeptical eyes
set into a mountain of hollow stone
emptiness imbued with dissimulating illusions

skepticism eviscerating peace of mind,
as the waterfall descends, exposing insufferable truth
frothy waves whipping at the walls of a gentle mind brought up in sweet, mellow deceit
to envelop oneself in such pure fragrance and beauty
only to crumble moments later as the mountain of deception tumbles out of the sky and into reality
pages and pages of hypocrisy up in flames as bright and convincing as the pretense upon which they were established

temple city motel marquee
color fading into an empty abyss of vacant faces
markings physically displaying the obsolete ideals of a temple
the irony
light that constituted that temple city
and gave way to the firelight that scorched the tips of angel wings dipped in deceit
the smoke that overwhelmed the mellifluous angel song
the vehemence of the heat that bore through the stone
and the gleaming flames that engulfed the temple and its city,
a motel marquee beholding such a negative connotation, supported by its temple associations, and that alone
we will not let go, the concepts too beautiful to consider life without
yet we constantly tell ourselves to move on from things of the past
the mountain of hypocrisy burns, streams clouding with dust, godly air almost tangible with burden
the significance of what once meant something is no longer existent.
yet we deem that unacceptable.

waters, once clear, were tainted with time, memories fading into a desolate landscape.
yet we grasp what yearns for liberty.
what was once modern became obsolete, replaced by the contemporary.
and we still lie in the narrow, infinite stream, we call temple city
as we are buried by ashes that burned through a time, no longer relevant