



DARKNESS RISING

PROSE AND POETRY

BY ELIJAH KAMPSEN

"This time, same as before, love you forever"
- Franz Ferdinand's "Right Action"

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Elijah Kampsen

ekampsen@yahoo.com

Visit my website at

<http://www.elijahkampsen.com/> and follow me on Twitter [@Kampsin](https://twitter.com/Kampsin).

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For M. – As it was in the beginning, is now, ...

Darkness Rising

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Thanks: To the bands that wrote the records that have kept me sane (by my standards): The Airborne Toxic Event, Brand New, Franz Ferdinand, The Neighbourhood, and Senses Fail.

[Darkness Rising \(mix\)](#) (link opens in Spotify)

1. "Mad World" by Gary Jules & Michael Andrews
2. "Daisy" by Brand New
3. "Sometime Around Midnight" by The Airborne Toxic Event
4. "Numb" by The Airborne Toxic Event
5. "Staying Up" by The Neighbourhood
6. "Changing Of The Seasons" by Two Door Cinema Club
7. "Only" by Nine Inch Nails
8. "Archers" by Brand New
9. "Me, I'm Not" by Nine Inch Nails
10. "This Town Your Grave" by Innerpartysystem
11. "Mile Zero" by Periphery
12. "Very Busy People" by The Limousines
13. "Somewhat Damaged" by Nine Inch Nails
14. "All The Best Cowboys Have Daddy Issues" by Senses Fail
15. "Negative Space" by Senses Fail
16. "The Priest And The Matador" by Senses Fail

In Misery

*“You got to find yourself alone
Before you’ll find the eyes of God.”*

*– The Airborne Toxic Event’s “It Doesn’t Mean A
Thing”*

All's Fair When Love Is War by Elijah Kampsen

"Darkness falls and so do we."

- Inhale Exhale's "Explosions"

Your love was like a bullet to the chest,
So that when it hit me with all that force,
It tore me up inside, I must confess,
Love struck me dead [And] have you no
remorse?

Bleeding out on the stylish battlefield
I've been so long. I think I'm almost done.
The only player who could have me healed
long ago quit. I can't say it's been fun.
My only consolation in leaving,
Although I think I've lost all confidence,
Is of sanctity found in believing,
In the idea of something beyond sense.
Not who I've been, but I want to be, so
This is the end of the me that you know.

In *Sickness And In Hell* by Elijah Kampsen

*“Back in school they never taught us
What we needed to know.
Like how to deal with despair
Or someone breaking your heart.”
– Brand New’s “Seventy Times 7”*

In truth, your love was to me just a dream,
But I never thought *you* would wake me up.
And now as vivid as the dreams may seem,
Fell asleep, in time I become unstuck.
Now together bis in my deconstruct,
Blesséd you can’t take that away from me.
But when I wake up, the day is just ~~fucked~~.
A ghost of yesterday, you’re all I see.
Somewhere along the way, you lost your skin.
Left me on an island, cut the line taught,
I’m still waiting, holding tight what could’ve
been.

Here alone, or so I know I once thought.
The details of us I remember too intimate.
Suffice it to say, “we [were] infinite.”

Prey To Your Lord by Elijah Kampsen

*“[‘Cause] The God I believe in
Never worked on a campaign trail.”*

– Brand New’s “Archers”

You’re easily influenced by guiding light,
Little bits of schizophriz make decisions [I can’t
fathom].

Pillaging the lost and weak just isn’t right,
Actors on a payroll hold you for ransom.

It’s like with you there’s a hundred channels
But they’re all playing the exact same thing [And
frankly, nothing’s on].

I’ve seen this episode of 16 Chapels.

I watch it anyway, staying up ‘til dawn.

[So that] When some breaking news reads
“clergy corrupt”

And the comrades, led astray, do grapple,
Funded by sponsors morally bankrupt,

Televangelists so justly **CANCELED**,

I’ll watch from the edge as madness ensues

And I can be the one to comfort you.

The Fire by Elijah Kampsen

*"Everybody wants to go to Heaven,
But nobody wants to die."*

- Bring Me The Horizon's "Hospital For Souls"

Patience. Patience, patience, patience.

Patients. Patience, patients.

What's it been, 2? Maybe 3 hours? 2 hours.

Hasta be. Oor 45 minutes, that works too. Wow, okay.

Shit man, I just need to know something - anything. Why won't they tell me anything? I have a right to know. If it's on a need-to-know basis, I think I, of all people, *need* to know.

Maybe I could help. I want to help. I want to do something - anything. Nothing. Nothing I can do but wait, I guess. And why didn't I clip my fingernails?

Because there wasn't any time. Oh, sure there was time.

So much nervous energy right now with no outlet. Why no outlet? I suppose I'm already amped though, huh?

I need something. Anything. Nervous

tendencies, do I have any? No, none that I know of. But I should. A nervous tendency could be of ample use right now I bet.

Maybe I'll bite my nails. Yes, perfect.

Okay, no. No, those are much tougher than I expected. How do people do that?

I wonder if eating a specific diet makes your nails tougher. I could look it up. Yeah, I'll look it up.

Looking up, I see the sign reading "PLEASE TURN OFF ALL CELL PHONES."

Does that mean my iPhone? Where is my iPhone? It's not in my pocket. Where is my pocket? Relax man, you're losing it. Think.

Patients. Patients, patience, patience.

Can someone turn the TV up? Here, I'll turn it up. Ah, the 10'clock news. Only 10 o'clock? Which means I got here at what, 9:15? But I already knew that.

Wow, there's already a story about it on the news. But they don't have the *whole* story. Couldn't possibly - I haven't told anyone yet. Might not ever.

But they have pictures. No, no pictures. I don't want to see those. It's the pictures I was trying to get rid of. Okay, turn it down.

Pictures. Off, turn it off!

Magazines. Magazines – I'll read a magazine.

Let's see here... the September 2007 issue of National Geographic. 2007? How timely. Seems about right, I guess.

More hidden cell phone towers are popping up around the country, I think I read. I skim further, but end up merely daydreaming as I so often do when attention is critical.

Right now I remember being a kid and taking pictures of houses, cities I wanted to watch burn. So that when my dad left for work in the morning, I'd lay the prints I'd saved my allowance for out in the ashtray on the dining room table and then, with a flick Andrew stole from the convenience store by the lake, I'd watch in feigned satisfaction as they melted away. Or maybe it wasn't feigned at the time. But now I can't really even fathom such satisfaction.

I never truly considered acting on these impulses, to light up bigger and brighter things, but God knows I had them. I just wanted things to burn – I guess it didn't really matter what, either. Just things.

But buildings mostly.

I bet it stemmed from some deep-seeded hatred for the permanency of such institutions. Like, nothing stays the same, so why should they? I'd honed this basic knowledge: "everything changes eventually," but I wanted to work it out somehow for myself. Maybe even *needed* to help speed up the process for some things.

Hey, I'm not gonna be here forever, right? I just wanted to see how things'd turn out.

I first began noticing these changes in my own self after we'd moved. Mostly just minor stuff, like movie or music taste. And the arson crap was probably just me wanting to act out these changes I was experiencing within.

Wow. Maybe I shoulda been a psychiatrist? I can diagnose this nonsense for myself. Why

couldn't I do it for someone else?

Maybe though it's 'cause I know myself better than anyone else. I've kept a lot of those changes and feelings to myself. For fear of, or... not really fear, but recognition at least, of the consequences of, well, you know... threatening to light stuff on fire. Just seemed like too much trouble.

All of that being said, I don't think it's right though, that keeping this to myself should've cost me the possibility of lifelong friendships. Maybe it's that people are supposed to change, and people didn't see me changing. But lack of change shouldn't cause us to grow apart, should it?

Seriously though. Top story? "Breaking news"? Pretty cool, huh? You know, I could've tipped those reporters off ahead of time. Maybe they'd have gotten some Pulitzer footage instead of just the classic aftermath.

Yeah, okay, I could've tipped them off and then maybe they could've prevented me. That would've been the responsible thing to do, huh?

Suppose then I would've been caught. I'd just be locked up somewhere *else*, instead of here.

But I'm not really locked up, am I? I could just get up and walk out. But what if while I'm gone the doctors arrive at some sudden revelation? What then? I don't want to miss something. Even if it's nothing, I don't want to miss it. So I'll just be here. Reminiscing.

Of being 15 and lighting up a Marlboro Andrew stole from the convenience store by the lake with the flame from the pile of pictures in the ashtray - an entire roll of film's worth by then.

"Beautiful pictures," the girl behind the counter at the convenience store by the lake had said, handing me the freshly developed stack. At least, I think that's what she said. It was hard to make out between the smacks of her bubblegum, which I realize is a bit cliché of her, but I wasn't gonna be the one to tell her that.

Besides, she was right. They *were* beautiful pictures. I suppose I had a sort of talent for landscapes like those. I think it was the potential

I saw within each frame. Potential for destruction, sure. But potential is potential. Well, potentially...

The skies behind the high-rises in the photos were painted pale pink or blazing orange, the two running into each other at times, but always bouncing back.

I think I saw in those sunsets the brushstrokes of God himself.

And I think I was lucky enough to witness them again in Helena.

We were 15 when we met “and if *we* couldn’t be permanent, why should anything else be?” the old me would’ve said. But she helped me to stop thinking like that.

To see the beauty in the temporary as much, if not moreso than in the permanent. I guess you never really can tell what will be permanent, so the sooner you figure that out, the better. We spent, what was it, like 5 years together? Yeah, *like 5*. *Like* I haven’t counted out the exact number of days again and again.

But back to *right* now. I’m still trying to

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