

# **POET OF THE FALL**

**by**

**PKM**

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# What is Poet of the fall?

**A broken fortitude, a fortress for no one,  
fallen one, to repair wounds that never heal,  
a wall enclosing of independent existence,  
the overcoming of the hard edges of life,**

**refined by the hurdles, purified, beyond the  
veil, arise in the descent, desperation  
embraced, accursed,**

**hope in the dark, excess in moderation,  
descent from grace,**

**empty in big, transmutation,  
a cocaine of the profane,  
visceral living.**

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# A PICTURE OF MY DARK STAR

Out in space, I see a dark bit floating  
it glows with an ember -- floats free  
unbounded by its constellations even  
the cold will not stop this journey

Some last light, still shining through  
you can't tell if its what pushes gravity  
you can't know for sure what you can't see  
Still distance can never get in a way of the  
need to know -- a truth

Need, a burn, a feel, a want  
seems to burn in a natural energy,  
giving out natural donations  
even when you have no pulse,  
are you wind or are you a thing?  
Do you matter?

Light seems to work best in the dark  
Darkness is empty and infinite;  
the only good is that you feel one reality  
with all its void and absent sensation  
The great unknown gives plenty  
to work with to feed a light  
For a light to know the unknown

Oh and the light wants to feed on darkness,  
and when it does, there's nothing to know anymore  
no room for the imagination,  
where all rooms have been painted with  
the taste of pop culture

Value works best with what's limited  
ask the economist, the crafty one who's been  
able to convince the world that the law is tangible  
somehow, the intangible seems to work  
It keeps everyone a float,  
like that froth on top of your beer

Where were we, yes - Pop culture  
cyclical and forgettable like  
most life and death riding  
through numbers on statistical chart  
I'm sorry but what do the numbers mean exactly?

Oh a rise and peak, the drop to decline  
we code meaning to transient symbols  
the fear that drives us to tag the unknown  
is the fear of the dark consuming us

If we can name it, we can unmask our fears  
we can deny the existence of the darkness  
never mind that we see it everywhere  
more questions than answers, the more I dig

The more unknowns lost in a trail of papers  
among the windy path of that extends out  
to yonder, my companion only the winds  
that howl like wolves

Outside my cabin at night I hear them  
the wolves, spirits and the universe  
cackling with talk show paradox  
infinite rerun of clichés and myths

Through this bottomless pit,  
that goes on forever  
darker as you go deeper,  
sometimes you see hot light  
maybe it's hot love moaning

What it's like falling through a bottomless pit  
wind on your face, falling forever inside  
some infinite mystery ride to know  
how you fell through forever  
was that a cosmic joke?

The transmutation can't work without natural  
donation and a little light after all,  
how can the alchemist work  
if there is no catalyst  
to bring forth the infinite  
unknown properties of  
transforming abstract matter -- to a thing

There's gold on the hills,  
not without the news first  
that little light that just went of in your mind  
that flicker of the thing that could exist  
outside your mind  
That black mystery of the void and all its  
unlimited limited reservoir  
wrapped in talk show paradox  
of infinite rerun of clichés and myths

Dark seems confused on transmigrational  
status of his cosmic residency  
does he matter or is he better at anti-matter?  
Is he as independent as he thinks he is  
or a pawn in a game of theatre

The alchemist would know,  
perhaps he is the writer of this  
world very much like these words  
you see now starting one sentences  
and ending the other

The black empty to fill,  
and the white thing to give  
The dark consumes covering  
everything kept away for a suitable  
period of time before an explosion  
of alchemical beauty  
for something that -- matters

I knew I found freedom when I let  
the dark in into my house, a lit  
candle showed me what mattered  
and all my fears won freedom

I recognized I had all the tools I  
needed to go for my hunt in the  
great wilderness  
of the -- infinite unknown

All that flickers is gold, like sapphire  
thoughts I want to know who is the  
rider myself or just a force I can't  
understand another light that shines  
through by chance

from a source I can never get to see  
who I can choose to follow or  
rationalize

All I have to do is decide if I will go  
with this I think I have a choice in a  
game of binary outcomes

I cannot see how far it reaches  
past the end of my view  
for this eternal affair could matter  
past my -- dark star

