

Walk On Vanity Ruins

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In here is a tragedy,
Art thou player or audience?
Be as it may, the end doth remain:
All go on only toward death.

The first word at thy left hand:
A false lunacy, a madly dancing man
Hearing unhearable words, drawn to a beloved's grave --
And there, mayhap, true madness at last.

As did this one playing at death, find true death at last.
Killing a nameless lover,
She pierced a heart rent by sorrow.

Doth lie invite truth?
Doth verity but wear the mask of falsehood?
Ah, thou pitiful,
Thou miserable ones. Still amidst lies,
Though the end cometh not,
Wherefore yearn for death?
Will thou attend to thy beloved?

Truths and lies,
Life and death.
The game of turning white to black,
And black to white.