

The Bedlam Of The Bedlam

Atrox

A young man astride a rocking horse. His petticoats bristling.
His eyes closed with pleasure enjoying the euphony of his fork
scraping his plate.

Facing him sits a filthy oldie shaking his dentures like castan
ets. Whistling through his nostrils, giggling with tears in his
eyes.

The clattering of my teeth. Sometimes a coff, sometimes an acho
o.

Heard a cry for help, but didn't pay attention. Thought it was
only myself as usual - the beldam of the bedlam.

A toothless hag moving eyeball-beads in an abacus. They stare s
o, they stare so on her rope of pearls: A row of Lilliputian sk
ulls on a string.

The oldie chants the alphabet in an order he has fixed himself.

Once he strode down the aisle with a wedding gown on an arm's
length.

His bride-not-to-be (anymore) in the soil right outside.

The youngster tells about how he once lay in a bathtub barely c
onscious in rusty-bloody-red water.

The bathtub tiptoed on lionpaws to the landing, tipped over and
flung him down the stairs on a rusty-bloody-red runner.

I'd like to tell them about a dragon with hiccups. Hiccuping fi
re in headwind, burning itself. But I'd better not...