

Parrot, squatting on your throne, mentally captured,  
are you?  
Foot-soldered concrete rooted in basement, alone.  
Corporeality relinquished. Fictive molecules revolt.  
Soliloquies like apparition of a long forgotten ghost.

Lonely Solipsist, sculpture squatting in a cell!

Anchored pedometry, concrete throne.  
Posture vocal like your inflective prose, tethered  
philosophy, encrypted psychiatry.

Powers of rendition on a capricious world, a pawn.  
Monet inclination for thoughts spoken - never heard.  
Tragic auditorium for one Pygmalion soul.  
Manas in transcendence through an infinite cosmos.

Destruction.  
Destruction is the ultimate creation so, your children,  
don't regret.

Like those to their divine inventions, like all to the  
planet.  
So, Lonely Solipsist, what rhyparography floods my  
eyes?  
Bituminoid lucidity, in trafficked lumens, hides.  
What would happen if your trompe-l'oeil was exposed?  
One brain stacked up eight heads high in perfect  
proportion.

Gravid knowledge crush the skulls in savage rebellion.  
Design by observation, translated erudition, so many  
creators cognitively collide like a pride of pan-  
psychics.  
Upon whom redounds this insistent obloquy? Power of  
observer granted power of intent. The Painter's brush  
the Writer's words, the sinners repent.  
I declare this pen a syringe! Injecting foreign brains!

Obligor objectivist base knowledge on fiction anyways.  
Pass the blame like nested Russian Dolls, inertly  
decaying. Smite the epiphenomenalism! Erase those bound  
to faith!