

Awaken as from a tormented sleep with eyes anxiously looking to creep beyond this twisted dementia displayed on the walls. Mysterious mindset and ink droplets fall. Muses take flight in an all out war. Shall I catch with open hand or let it fall and start again? Such words burn the skin.

So enter stage right mic, in hand. Before the micro-cosm, stand. Display my efforts, after all, don't expect them recognized. Hourly torture, chaos ignite! Beauty and art give a sign of life. But, as Balzac and Hardy profess, the martyr will burn for her canvas.

Elusive horizon, I'm not a threat. You see, I'm for some reason always on trial. Object of detestation, always on trial.

O, Solitude, with thee I dwell in our assiduous gated hell.

Trivial - this mind and spirit world. You can't compare their worth to what is real. At its best, all critics must confess this work can outlive death, so what is real because I can't describe half the shit I feel inside for your crimes. Targeting intent eviscerating innocence.

(I swear I'm not a threat. Put down your defense)

Al I can do is watch in awe, feet raking the sand, hands bound by molten ire. As the broad guillotine blade sinks into the horizon, streams of burning gold burst forth from ultramarine expansive veins and reach towards me, lending heat to the air as the Earth is sliced in half and the dividing line approaches.

For ever stand turned wonderland, for every sound turned song, for every song turned experience, for every hour drawn long.

Accablées de misère en décembre, les muses se baignent en flammes. Noyées dans l'ombre elles disparaissent, attendant le divin peintre de l'Univers, le Soleil