

On the right,
Words bleed in delicious erratic motions
To waltz and lunge deeply onto the frail paper dungeons

With grace, spill their stealthy meaning
In a radical pattern of altered spinning
Words bleeding
A lunatic exorcism of impulsive literary stings
Serving the untainted delight of devious cunnings
Words bleeding

Lucidity may well drown in abstract pondering
Following the so crucial anchor into the deepest Inner
Ring

For magnificent moments flow uninvited
As benevolent spirits soaring
Just melt the armor
And taste the nectar divine
The expanded sensorial shelter
Of one's Inner Shrine

Corruption of a logic understanding
I stand naked on an insubstantial sun
Telling stories to diseased seraphs
Feeble from their linear addiction

'Cos memories and huge bipedal monsters
Don't agree with each other
A fusion so delicate
The nails entering lightly, further and further

The necessary why and what of a written autopsy
Disgust the fact that a fact is a fact
Hack the holy artifact so exact in its contract
Disincarnate, it is easier to discuss the optical lunar
tree

Bad men, bad meaningless mean men
You should not be bothered when the soul is adrift
Seconds are precious
Feel them deeply

With grace, spill their stealthy meaning
In a radical pattern of altered spinning words