

Mention of madness  
I am quick to believe  
That those you call crazy  
Are my brothers and sisters  
Voices alarming  
That you cannot hear  
They are louder than mommy  
They are nails in your brain  
Bastions of blackness  
In veins of saliva  
Sex with your sickness  
I'm happy all over  
The truth isn't tragic  
In fact it's so nice to listen  
To the silence of truth  
While I'm screaming inside  
Noose around the neck  
Tied with heartstrings  
Drowned black water  
By the time  
She begins to scream  
Lessons learned by a child  
Forgotten as he learns to trust  
May God forgive me  
For witnessing this crime