

# I Know Longer Know If I Am Mad

Age of Silence

I no longer know if I am mad  
or if I'm feigning it to cover my own mediocrity  
I sometimes feel like a fell wizened necromancer  
labouring at his pleasure  
performing his liturgy as one long consumed by ashes

Factory fumes nourishing the dreams of the cosmopolite  
Affectionate longing for white coats, auditoriums and blackboard dust  
Spiraling walkways, webs of concrete, bricks and mirrored glass  
I no longer know if I have experienced passion/love/despair/hate  
Was it only socially induced behaviour?  
Like long forgotten twisted poetry  
gleaned from mouldy parchment

Pain is always more real than bliss  
It's in greater supply  
It's the warm familiar womb in which your mind can hide  
As your open doors and portals  
Walk the paved paths to offerings  
Foiled predetermined neurological patterns  
Like paper boats bound for the drains  
You speak the incantations written on grey mortal walls  
syllables tasting like blood in your mouth  
You know absolution  
You know mortality

Reality slowly peeled layer by layer  
outwards to the fringe where upon the altar of forgotten deities  
the combustion of the self still vibrates  
Dark flowers thrusting their thorns up  
reaching where manifestations of the skies labour to fill the vacuum  
You seek to explain the universe with numbers  
Itch to fill in the final answer underlined twice  
Like an infant you step into the first light at dawn  
It's bright and bitter and sharp