

## June and the Laconic Solstice

Benighted

The worlds close, cold and threatening  
They left me no way out, no door anywhere  
Just these big white walls and their majesty  
Dripping with anger and hostility  
They rise in the rigidity of the accuser  
The steams of your stench hidden behind

Your emanations contaminate my senses  
And enjoy what remains of my damaged soul  
Suspended over the fascinating space under my feet  
Waiting for the time I fall

My throat hurts as I scream with all my guts but no sound goes  
out  
I feel my veins beat on my temples and their rhythm resounds in  
my head  
The spotless white of the walls blinds me  
And crosses my eyelids

Time has come to see the end  
Time has come to tame the whispers beyond the walls

The question's why the consolation  
The question's why divine redemption  
My acts cannot be forgiven,  
Forgotten with neuroleptics absolution

These relentless images in my head  
Of a magnificent and so familiar red  
This silence I like rocks my grief in these last years  
No word, no shout, just the silence  
I'd like to meet the child I was, tell him "I'm sorry for your  
loss"