

A Cloud-formed Teardrop Asylum

Code

Tired souls hunched in familiar bricks
Drowned in sleeping sickness silver skeleton palace of mist
Heart-shaped carnival of sores locked up in cupboard doors
Looking up at the starry sky won't make your scarred life
Light up bright

A thirst for questions have their black reply --
Hide in cloud-mouthed skyscraper
Haven for no thoughts but mine
A muscular memory of February
When proud absence left me
(We are alone amongst millions...)
Subway stations filled with forced equations for my earth to burst
The retina is so hungry I could eat a hearse
Peeling adverts perfumed with roman numerals
As we shuffle off to our jobs like funerals

Drawn by wounds to the throat of ghosts
(We) lost our way back to the vault of youth
Codes forged in my minerals when the earth grew old
Love's labours lost back when lives for lies were sold (our lives were sold)

Kodak coloured souvenirs
From a furnished furnace of fears
For learning to be mad
Is the poverty of happiness

And I know that it is clear
That I'm not here
In this cloud-formed invisible asylum of tears

I am ready to face my fears
As my consciousness disappears
To the internal sanctuary of seers
Where the clouds last for years & years

"I placed a blue death mask there in my book of hours
that those who dream of an earthly paradise may read it as men"