

The Beast

There lurks within my mind a rampant beast
Whose strength o'rwhelms life's truths and deigns them speak
With mouths of blood. I'm bowed before the bleak
Insipience which serves this bogus priest.

I live enslaved. I'm wrapped with lies; yet creased
By tongues of truth which sap my will and wreak
Their vengeful wrath as though 'there Hell's technique.
"Oh give me eyes!", that I at last may feast.

With jests of Time the beast enthralls his court
And things he ought conceal, his jests allow.
If only clowns were real and beasts were dead!

Great clouds of pain surround the gargoyled fort
Where now I'm held; but then there is no 'now',
Nor 'then', nor 'when'. And hence, the truth is spread.

[circa 1982]