

Mad Moments

The song of the lonely
Is as a Banshees wail,
Agonizingly and depressingly
hollow.

The cell of the mind,
Loneliness, slowly
Tightens about the soul,
Menacing sanity's horde.

Loneliness, like a siren,
Lures the unexpected
Into a trap that cannot
Be escaped.
As with a Venus Flytrap,
Loneliness engulfs the victim and
He can no longer back out.

Silent! O Mind of Mine Be Silent!

My feelings are always confusing,
[Anger and love happiness and hate,]
A turmoil, all consuming.
[Each a viper but can it be fate?]
I know my own emotions,
[Lethal, cold, deadly, unsure]
The toxic potion of Man's Notions.
[But if it is fate, there can be no cure]
My mind is too clouded to be untrue
[Why must I be condemned by fates gone mad?!]
This maddening cloud is more than a ruse
[Do I have free will, now, if I ever had?]
I am doomed to madness, for I must never love.
Am I to be punished by unseen Gods from above.

This madness is silent
And my mind bleeds no more.

--Apollo J. Masterson