

### the sECURITY of sECLUSION

we six subtle characters are victims of society  
attempting to support our mental sobriety  
we are escaping from our crumbled home  
searching for the castle of sugar-coated chrome  
we journey for joy of our own volition  
we are to travel united on our bold expedition  
our occult world of art, drugs, and sex  
is esoteric, clandestine, and the apex of complex  
we possess everything we will ever need  
our secret aspirations will finally succeed  
no longer to be maliciously misconstrued  
we are to wallow in the solace of solitude  
our souls are safe, saturated, and naked  
each moment is waves of elation so sacred  
all of our previous efforts prove futile  
so now we shall utilize our lucid guile

the most potent of the pack is a poet  
and he knows someday everyone will know it  
he suffers profoundly from perpetual self-deceiving  
always giving greatly more than receiving  
his eyes are glowing of an emerald green  
his body libidinous, starved, and lean  
looking for a lover, a reason to exist  
only with atonement can he possibly persist  
he scars himself by saying not enough too much  
with truth he kills spirits so remains out of touch

and there was the honey-dripping harlot  
her lips were lush, sweet, and scarlet  
she had an abundance of opulent lovers  
the most beautiful beast under covert covers  
but if you can believe it or not  
she could conjure the deepest thought  
she could discern where she did not belong  
and seep out a seductive mellifluous love song  
but she denied any shame in her occupation  
because she knew the basic elements of satiation  
endowing others with pleasure made her real  
shocking was the electric of her orgasmic zeal

and of course the melancholy musician  
with his despondent suicidal disposition  
he only found his comfort in fools  
he only broke himself, never the rules  
his hair hanging, hovering over his eyes  
his love now erected and on the rise  
yes if reclusive he conceives he can cope  
he is lifted by this novel hope  
heroin replaced with hemp-filled cigarettes  
away from family and away from the marionettes

and there was the yearning virgin nun  
who had finally realized her living oblivion  
she could not negate her heart loaded with lust  
she desired to be fused before returning to dust  
she wore tiny freckles upon her soft ivory skin  
she was partial to the poet so he penetrated hymen  
and through her tender strands of sand  
carefully caressing her velvet in his hand  
and now addicted to this coital contact  
with god she composes a modern vibrant pact

we are accompanied by the energetic screenwriter  
hollywood had attempted to pull his brain tighter  
but he is bursting with veracity and vim  
those bastards cannot drain his ideas dim  
he wears no distinct pride for being negro  
he just covets to dream beyond the pseudo  
boundaries placed upon his brothers  
he kisses anyone who fondles his druthers  
and then stimulates his soaring psyche  
bringing him bliss incessantly so brightly

and at last there was the nymphal nurse  
with suppressed sentiments to disperse  
she tired quickly of her redundant routine  
needing an oasis to sustain placid and serene  
luckily her Buddhist heritage was no hindrance  
in her quest for freedom and independence  
she tilted her dainty red face towards the sky  
now only when she floods has she cause to cry  
she is open to practice the tricks of her tongue  
she is happy to be vivid, fervent, and forever young

so we now will depart adhering to our dreams  
with nothing to lose or at least so it seems  
and now we see the sun spilling over the brim  
so through these waters of destiny we will swim  
we will tread through the tides of tranquillity  
we shall obtain our equilibrium and felicity  
coalescence is the essence of our consummation  
our passions flourish in our consolidation

*Ian Michael Sigmon*