

Daedalus, New 64

Dark this evening,
desperation in the eyes of a man
betrayed by the mirror
engraved in his own glance,
captured by the silent Sense,
absolute control of life.

They unlit the moon
beyond the clouds,
he knows he'll be taken in a while,
steely walls bar his vain escape

from a world in which you pay
for what you feel.

I still remember
different nights just before the end,
when I could relish
the warmth of light,
subtle scents not obscured by hate
and crystal clear
embracing waves of gold.