

# Le Grand Guignol, Dimension Canvas

Never before was I to delight a suchlike chef d'oeuvre  
Its mere presence imposes a taciturn remaining on me

Myriads of galleries I have walked, indeed  
But which master could brandish a palette of equal birth ?  
A fragile colour scheme scattered upon the canvas  
Shapeless in its sublimity and meant to endure

An insidious urge embraces my psyche  
To haphazardly drown me in a spiral suction

Disgorged and spawned from the deviant  
The frame now resembles a coffin for the gist  
Impiously mounted in disgust  
With fever being the artistic medium

An apathic journey towards delirium:  
Indispensable knowledge to interpret this cryptichon

Dismal relique,  
Hideous parody of anthropoid contours,  
You are far too monotone in your expression !  
So cease, obscure phoenix, cease to rise

Morose, I scrutinize each and every feature  
And endeavour to focus beyond the blatant  
Still, deranged I am forced to give up  
To languidly regret all of those whens and whys

In a final writhing with pain  
I try to summon the significance of this allegory

Queer aftermath, confound me not !

On the spur of the moment I become aware  
That I peer at the ridiculous effigy of the painting's creator  
I am left to discern in frantic turmoil  
That the draughtsman has worked his canvas in glass !