

Vesania, Silence make noise

Heartbeat arrhythmic
Dusk, warm melting dusk
Large room immensely high
All around crowded porcelain
Charming figures of glass
Ballerinas shepherds popes
Alchemic dreadful spells
Wild formulas of the sorcerers
Magical triangles
Little green drowned man
Old brown big leather-bound books
Stuffed birds
The swords long double-edged
And the gorgets of gold
The bats, withered roses
Memories of childhood
Voiceless broken flutes
The devils, the saints, the clowns
Dismal regiments of toy soldiers
Awkward silhouettes of stone creatures
Humdrum litanies of drunk-eyes gods
Agamous devout knights in steel
Paper masks and white flowers
Dirty paintings blurred
Amongst all those
Slender shape of limp old man
Playing the clavicord
Old yellowed clavicord
Playing incessantly eternally
Persisting the immortal smile at white lips
Immersed in the soft reverie
Of this warm evening
And the odd crowd packed all around
Is listening still
Nobly
Subtly