

Microcosm

Time passes me by
Sitting alone in this cold squalid room
Virulent apathy rages as a forest fire
Dare I venture into the unknown?
An oracle manifests itself before dis-animate spirit

Infinite tunnels of blackness, beckon me onwards
Dilated pupils can find no light
Stomach churning in angry fashion
Blind directionless body
Flits between these walls

Whirlpool spinning furiously downwards
Greedy gorgon's fangs biting deep into human flesh
The cries are soon forgotten
I smile unseen at the others
Do they feel or see my presence?

Naivety hides all else
Willing participants in their exploitation
Dissimulation covers my intolerance
Caustic utterance masks my phobia
They never need to know the difference

29th May 1980