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Artistic Freedom

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Twisting symbols 'n' signs are what my mind sees,
When I see art — drawn, written or even
Sung. I sense all such art similarly
Finding pleasure in a few lines like these.

This sight, this sense — though sealed tight in a box —
Fills more of my consciousness as of late,
Guiding me as I'm impelled to create
Poetry and prose. Away ticks my clock

While my body stays in its cage, for life.
Yet my artist's mind's eye gives liberty
To me — not the slaves who turn my lock's key.

Thus I rise above the soul-death so rife
In the masses of blind humanity
Living in fractal realms of fantasy!