

III

Come!

Sit with me if you dare,  
Within the heart of madness.

Ponder the complexities of life,  
with all its bitter strife.

And with the razor's metallic rap  
upon the cold and bloody glass,  
in the rhythmic beat of our blood,  
as it taps out its last tune  
upon death's door,

Let us slip calmly into the stillness.

David S. Baugman

10/2017

"On the Horizon"

How loud doth the heart beat,  
bloody and torn in the depths of darkness?  
How close and intimate the hungry ghost,  
hauntingly, they feed upon the soul,  
the mind - such a bloody mess.

Chaotic are life's rivers -  
cold and void of love.

Bitter is the razor's cold sting,

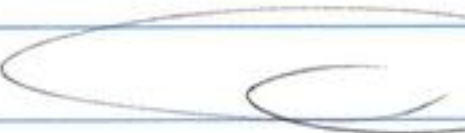
soothing euphoria  
 as life's essence glows from  
 your wrist,  
 Sadly. There's no help from above.

And where doth love and death hide?  
 where goes the heat of thine soul,  
 the colour from thine porcelain skin,  
 on whom, do we confide?

Innocence no longer exist,  
 Purity a myth of the past,  
 blood glows with its coppery scent,  
 that salty spectre of life -  
 Death so hard to resist.

And on the horizon of tomorrow,  
 darkness awaits;  
 Silently, eagerly anticipating  
 Our demise -  
 life so full of sorrow.

The mist of breath escapes our  
 tender and waiting lips -  
 As the light fades  
 from tearful and anxious eyes.

 "Dlx" Burgess 10/2018