

## “Shock Prelude To Freedom”

Ice apathy melts prior illusions, cloaked emotions open-felt  
like wounds at a funeral, somnolent sweet memorial poetry  
in running minutes and dancing hours – the endless patho-ticking  
throbs behind your eyes teary curtains – washing away mystifying.

Where were you, drowned under years, personality power puzzles?  
incrementally muzzled, codified, curiously, furiously conditioned  
combat, suicide, murder, perversion, cloistered mad rendition  
zero human value in a blizzard skeleton gallery behind bars, prison.

Photographs were portals, a rush of tangible spirit, elusive love  
meaning written on every facial detail, lighthouse of eternal possibility  
until they took them away, until stigmas and distance made people  
tired – shrugging, turning away...the music went silent, pain bloomed.

Every anniversary a trauma, being responsible, paying isn't enough  
punitive interests, their capital scalpels, soul scourging retribution  
worn proudly on the symbol of an institution, a group think hate school  
so alien cruel, as your sanity shrieks behind anaconda solitary walls.

Your agony crystallized, sparkling willpower you wear, your passion  
a hue fashion, mostly carried secretly, beamed in a joyful smile  
moving to an unknown rhythm desperately fighting for home  
so acute, aware of people, perception heightened now, sensitized  
from a desensitization?

And to think this is just one Ship of Fools fitfully sailing  
amid unfathomable fleet, imprisoned underneath, lunatic stars  
by a line in the sand, a beauty charisma, or loss of someone they'll  
never know  
terrorized by our own outlaw vertical imaginations, walking horizontally.

Luckily we've seen the other side, smelled its fast paced air  
a rabbit hole wrinkle in time – then you're older finally escaping “Logan's Run”  
what is “renewal” when there is no “sanctuary,” no constant  
relationships like snowflakes drifting over dreamy cemeteries.

Glowing, beaming and bleeding I'll re-enter society  
enlightened Titan, Darwinian-Olympian frightened – by trust's infection  
that number, that other, the odd figure, stained reflection, redemption  
heart still a romantic orchestra, mind seeking entangled mysteries.

For better or worse, regret, mistakes, apologies – there is no cure  
from where you've been and what you want, for our war of worlds  
becoming who you are hurled – fast, a flash, festival defying oblivion  
Screaming into rebirth, breaking chains by your love letter to life, few will read  
them  
now is indefinable electricity “Shock Prelude To Freedom.”