

## The Beast

There lurks within my mind a rampant beast  
Whose strength o'rwhelms life's truths and deigns them speak  
With mouths of blood. I'm bowed before the bleak  
Insipience which serves this bogus priest.

I live enslaved. I'm wrapped with lies; yet creased  
By tongues of truth which sap my will and wreak  
Their vengeful wrath as though 'there Hell's technique.  
"Oh give me eyes!", that I at last may feast.

With jests of Time the beast enthralls his court  
And things he ought conceal, his jests allow.  
If only clowns were real and beasts were dead!

Great clouds of pain surround the gargoyled fort  
Where now I'm held; but then there is no 'now',  
Nor 'then', nor 'when'. And hence, the truth is spread.

[circa 1982]