

La Belle Horreur

Erich Johnson

When I go to sleep, I stare reality in the face

Tear down their city
And build ours with the rubble
Only to rebuild theirs

Sparks fly onto an obituary of common ideals
Odious joyous terror, and the thrilling challenges offered by boredom
For it is the lightness of dark that binds us to nothing in itself
They shatter and bend and wallop and cry into the pillars of haste that tear
into the blind rage of happiness

Where does the mist lead and why do elders bloom it does not say

Stagnant like pools of sulphur and wasted dreams in a vitrine
With a thousand words they say nothing, and with a thousand nothings I say
Damnation and detestable foulness that uproots the tranquility that never was.
Squeeze a stone from blood and lies from the truth
Always for nevermore into the endless abyss that encompasses nothing

I fall awake and time wonders where I go
Can't you see the hills for the trees
The nerve of them and their endless repetition never to be seen again
Understanding is an overstatement over your head

Awake, and reality stares me in the face.

