

# 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.

