

Disaster Theatre-----

-----By Arthur Klepchukov-----

-----03.08.2006

Taste the rage across the page the burning stage enraged with dark enlaced joy erased smiles replaced with miles of hate each future date a despicable wave a day unsaved a prenatal grave a throbbing bobbing glob of growing throwing blowing shit in which I sit and sleep and weep and keep myself in one piece one brutal little piece of human misery human apathy come on human clap with me where is humane empathy a life lived empty and lived loose I choose to lose I choose the noose and with a bang I hang like a wicked purposeful little thing that brings only the angels without wings without faith without a place without a chase or love left to embrace without tomorrow without today without the comfort of this constant sorrow without a fucking thing to say without a rhyming word without a binding cord without a thing to restrain without a single drop of well-earned pain I trip and dip myself into an infinite crater to call the devil's waiter and order happiness for later but there is no god or his antithesis they don't exist I don't persist only in the constant war against the mind's thirst for more a skyscraper of questions a life following suggestions philosophies atrocities one moment's truths another's hypocrisies hope dies with a thud and my blood it drips in quiet violent trips and exits stage right while I find my mind performing this encore into the black of night.