

Substantial Guilt vs. The Irony of Enjoying

Ion Dissonance

and I lay numb, waiting for something worst to happen.
sweet innocence, it happened so suddenly.
she crossed my path on the way to nothingness,
I knew that was encountering an angel of purity
and in the process I've quickly understood that I don't deserve her,
none of us, humans, do.
beholding such a fatality leave you empty with bitter grief.
life seem to be tarnished and sour, raped in its very essence,
but sorrow is rapidly replaced by frustration, envy and despair.
dressed in white, a child alone,
so fragile and beautiful has dawn,
to hold her close was exhilarating in a most vicious way.
I felt so weak, yet empowered somehow.
One thing leading to another, I knew then,
that if I could not experience nor possess purity,
I would at least try to grasp it and choke the life out of it.
and I did, oh why, I don't know but I did... violently,
I've pummelled her face with my bare fists till she became awfully deformed,
bleeding and dying, all twisted in terror...
I, I, I have forcefully replaced every missing teeth in her mouth
by razor sharp shards of glass,
slowly inserting every piece of glass in the little one's gum.
why was I laughing?
I guess that is my art, to inflict upon purity the only thing I can give,
and unfortunately it's not love.
I should've feel guilty, I know, but it simply didn't occur.
(As I am unable to put the knife trough my own flesh anymore...)

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