

# Disintegration

## Theatre of Tragedy

It's blurring out of sight  
The faces flickering  
In the tinsel light  
On the esplanades Fluid and vanishing, dissolving  
Hiding things in your room  
After the scene When the faces shift  
Into someone else  
The arcade is echoing  
In a shattered self  
The figure's shimmering Alter all the static thoughts  
Into something less  
Than what was sought  
The splendor of within Inner helplessness no more  
Empty habits cure the needs  
Solely to concede  
Never disagree  
Seek obscurity in lucidity My identity is dying  
Someone said  
"Can you believe this line?"  
And for all I know there's a cure Faltering, reversing forward  
Sentiment's never odd or even  
The minds are solid as liquid  
It's reverberant and faint  
Vaguely luminous Everything has changed  
And nothing is the same

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