

Of Lilies and Remains

Bauhaus

In the marbled reception hall I received a three band gold ring, from Mark. A token of esteem. Running through ghost closet locker rooms, to hide from Peter, who has fallen to the old cold stone floor, wheezing and emitting a seemingly endless flow of ectoplasmic white goo from ears and mouth. A wind rushes through the hall, whistles as it breezes through the narrow slits in the green locker doors. I hide in one of these, number thirteen.

Barely concealed but hopeful

Blackout

Blackout! I will climb this high wall

In remembrance of Clancy

To regain or re-earn my life

As I died just a flicker of an eyelid ago

The wall has many holes

And many foot pieces to fasten to

The wall is dangerous, and this is my penance

My penance and my task

I did it once and they wondered

Yet I need to go, once more around

Up breathtakingly

Across rigidly

Down easily - and foolishly

I endeavoured again

To climb the wall in vain

And capture back my chain

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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