**At What Point**

You can sit on a knife edge long enough so that it withers and rusts and becomes a comfortable bench upon which delightful thoughts grow out of sweet nothing

All the while nothing

Immeasurably nothing

Beautifully hollow

Roots grow where terror once stood

To put it another way, a great pillar stands, holding the great library of Alexandria or the stone of the colossus of Rhodes, both now obstacles for fish in the Mediterranean

And now what?

Ought we not give our collective madness end?

Eventually you have to accept the terror has passed

Or you fast

Melt into the growing subterranean caverns that man’s hubris inevitably sinks into

We live there

I am struk by it all

Or, at what point do you accept the end is better

At what point are hairs not able to be split

Too fine for Young’s slit

No

Excuses are meant to be convincing

That is why they are

And they’re not literal prison bars

But knives go dull

And your bed is so comfortable

Such is the bed of nails

All that imagery entails is but a mere stroke of fantasy

When compared to the real savagery of man

Yet people continue to sit, happily

While the monster sleeps

Dancing on their fate

At what point do you let the avalanche wash away your anger

And let your nothing come to be

What have you lost and did it really help you anyway

What obscured horizon confronts me

The end of a terrible sunset, stained a glorious red

And the fish swam then

Gnawing at the coral

Would you even believe it?

Would you even care?

How incredulous an image sought

How does the self serving dare to even find his courage bought

And sold like mouldy cheese in a gentle breeze

Cut with a scalpel

The knife wielded

At what point is the absurd welcomed

When lollipop broomsticks walk wavily into magglegoop air

And directed thoughts play with angry women in tights

Fighting for air

So common that no one cares

At what point do the sounds in your ear convince you that no one is listening

At what point do you accept that your home is your grave

Or your lover your eulogist

That’s not a disposable moment

A decision that holds no gentle tryst

At what point do these questions become self-serving and hollow

Fart and the world farts with you

What a strange note to end on