

of that empty cellar room.

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Twisting & Twirling

Confusion & Chaos

my fashion's all rage & satire

dashings & swishings

a riot of colors

but with a deep-rooted design

some with the force & the flash & the passion

of paintings by Vincent Van Gogh

some that are petty & parted & foolish

some that are evanescent & rough

Phlegmatic I sit in this riot of colors

in the grip of a vice-like & terrible pain

silent I sit through my sad shivers in

amazement

God for my passive resistance again!

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That full relief of knowing what to say &

what to do,

yet doing nothing, with a heart so full

that had to speak returns tears to the eyes.

That swelling, filling up fashion in my breast