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Sanity

a poem by Timothy R. Nunes ©2006

It's all relative anyway, isn't it?

Listen.

Can you hear it?

There it is again, faintly perceived within the incessant buzzing.

Beyond the beautiful screams,
Behind the phantasms, bound and gagged,
Beneath the turgid swirls of dripping crimson,
Before the satisfying crunch of the axe, or the sighing
sibilance of blade parting flesh.

It's there, trying to break free, to shatter reality.

Words filled with meaning,
Whispered logic,
Weirdly ordered perceptions.

I must run, hide, escape in any way possible.

I can't let it catch me, reshape me, destroy me.

I fear it more than anything else,



Weird But True

In Belfast, Ireland there is a male dog named Zoe that has a persistent, audible hum coming from his head.

That which haunts my waking horrors,
And threatens my most delicious nightmares.

Did You Know ~

There is a mysterious ice mine in Coudersport, PA that grows mammoth icicles and strange ice formations in hot weather, and which thaws out during cold spells.

No, I will resist it to the bitter end... This 'sanity'.

~ *Timothy R. Nunes, Illinois ©2006*

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