VISIONS OF THE POWER OF HUMAN IMAGINATION

by

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Darkness a veil

over and above avenues

in late hour night

where neon and streetlights shine

on restaurants and hotels

and musty shades are drawn

behind dirty glass windows.

Multidimensional space rafts

drift in basement rooms

living cells of humanity

how to define humanity.

While the cold, grey bankrupt city

murmurs in its nighttime growl

and waits

and waits

awaits!

Phenomenal space crafts

work on aspects of a puzzle

begun long ago

sometimes the idea gets lost.

Pills, potions and powders

can be keys

unlock doors

but too often

clung to, indulged in

backwards steps.

Thorns in the path

leather boots worn clear through.

Poisons flooding the mind

in a quest of meaningless glory

while multitudes disgruntled

remain hungry on pavements.

Look out through sober eyes

look through crazy eyes

through wild eyes

and level-headed eyes

dream about songs heard before

anticipate songs yet to hear

sit and wait for an explosion.

Youths with one life to live

and no hope of survival

chat in endless associations

drink coffee in all night cafes

look for lovers

to share passions

to hide with in the dark.

Secret fears

create black holes in relationships.

The devil, the guardian at the gate

with eyes that shudder and glow

one claw raised before him

in the other he holds the key

to your bondage.

And the two-fold entity

one soul tormentor

one soul tormented

breaker of the law

upholder of the truth

drags up alleyways

down roads never seen before

makes weary eyes perceive

visions of the power of human imagination.

The city sucks lives away

bombards bodies endlessly

breath all things

absorb through skin

smile, live day to day

grasp some notion

in the quiet night.

The archangel shall blow upon his horn

and the dead shall rise up

from out of their coffins.

-- D. A. Wilson

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