

Limbo

Through all the
sadness and depression
the lunacy and hatred

there has been a slick joy
that exists just below the surface
as if I knew
it was the experience that mattered
not so much the act

through the women leaving
and tears shed through lonesomeness
it always gave me material
to feed the only true
important beast

and I have to wonder
if I'm truly fucked up enough
and drunk on passion enough
to actually not care

have I realized
that love is a diminishing
evaporating dream?
Or is it something to fight for?

Is all of it just a pretend play
does nothing matter
or does it all happen to
supply me with fresh words
to pluck down from
"style heaven"

if so
it fills me with great meaning
and a mortal emptiness
which are both
inane and brilliant

as are
the dualities

of a complex human being