

SCANDALOUS THOUGHTS

*As the shadows fall from the windowsill,
and the noonday sun retreats at will,*

*Who doth protests from whence it came,
is not your enemy to blame?*

*Logical is not the world to me,
Like tainted blood it beckons thee.*

*Through scandalous thoughts that do not rest,
as does a slave to the master protest.*

*The truth upon not my conscience does bend,
like a sandstorm of swirling, dry wind;*

*Yon wanderings adorn my parlor of shame,
while my secretions of angst, anger, and blame—*

*Porridge of the masses;
A convergence perplexes,
as often as a dull man contemplates
His folly, it vexes.*