

Mad Symbols

Tom Brinck
Summer '92-'93



Mad Symbols



Running up the stairs



Running through my hair



Seeking dreams that breathe



Seeking breath
That Heaves



Looking for
The lost agenda



Wondering
where
My heart
has gone



The sky
drops rocks

into the trees



The city burns
Like dried-up leaves



Looking, waiting, seeing, bleeding



Waking up the mind
From needing



A thousand reasons
Called to me



Losing form,
I could not see





Blowing the dust
Of desert night



Taunting the sun
As sparrows might



Now Spirits
call

with Painful
Screams



with torn
Posture

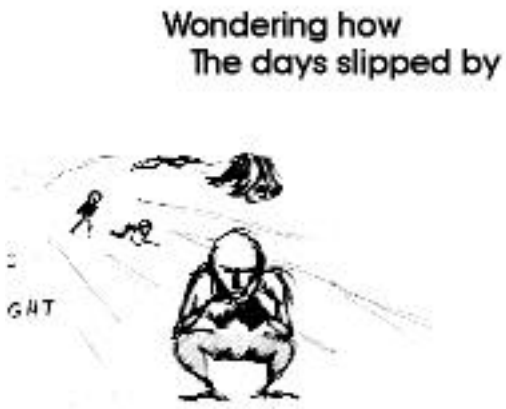
with ragged
Seams



Running through the streets



Orange-red flames
Licking hot concrete





Feeling chills
While the skin burns dry



Feeling ill
As hungry face glides by

Buzzing
Insects
At the door



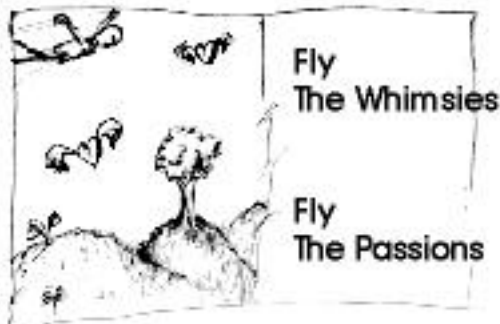
Transferring the sweat
And blood of war



Mad symbols speak
Of something hidden



Destabilizing
and now
Forbidden



Fly
The Whimsies

Fly
The Passions



Watch
The Rage

Reward
The
Actions



Seeking out
The lost oasis



Speaking out,
I walk
a thousand paces



Looking past the screams
That don't scream with me



Goliaths riding horses
How could it be?



Scratching the sand,
To see what releases



Trying crying,
When the heartbeat
ceases.

