

9th March

Switch on the TV set
Images mixed with wine
Soft, like steel
The door lays open
The truth, effulgent in its retrospective brilliance
Lies
A man, a fool
His nose broken by the glossy pine threshold
In the likely case of emergency the exits are here
Follow your dreams my friend, for reality is uncontrolled
The mirror, half silvered, is cracked
As I stare my vanity is scarred by those dark unhealable cuts
The virtual world, mapped out into infinite inconsequence

The nymphs, playful in their ignorance, float like gods
Their halos unscathed by honesty

A tear.
Perfection attained in the last human tragedy
Meander down soft, calloused skin
She is ancient. Born to a naive, silent world
To die, her last mumbled gasp unheard in the arrogant chatter of success

Those grapes, succulent in smell and sight
Are out of reach this time my friend
May I drown in the tranquil lake
So unaware of my thrashing limbs
As I pass through its thin yet impermeable membrane
What reflection do I see?
My last thought
Not the brilliance of the sunset
Nor the refreshing thrill of the ocean
But the sweet fruit. Still mesmerising yet unattainable
Reality and dream become one amorphous memory
Darkness enshrouds. My eyelids close. Am I at peace?
Cast from the machine, a rejected toy mourns the anticipated rhythm of its creator
An entire life of singular purpose, now dashed in one cruel second.

As the bright lights recedes the night encroaches.
A cool breeze heralds the ship's exit.
All is quiet except the rhythmic lapping of the grey waves.
Alone in the great expanse.
Flotsam preserved on a still sea.

I'm so sorry.

Andrew French. 9th March 2001.