

Hammill Peter

"In The Black Room"

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I was thinking about thinking but it really didn't get me
very far,
so I thought I'd throw a Tarot but I only got the Priestess
and the Star.
There's a shadow cast between the future and the past:
the room and I agree to buy some time...
The cards don't tell truth nor lies,
only options and cusp lines
the furniture in the black room.
I've been thinking about acid, but, it seem there's not a
reason to believe.
I don't make a vital breakthrough and it walks me like a
dog upon a lead.
It's all unreal and, the way I feel,
I'd like to try and make it on my own...
Going to the feeling is find:
I really have me a good pleasure cruise.
But, deep in my mind,
I'm no better or worse, just open to the walls.
Paint peels in the black of my room
I'm only talking about myself, ordering my treasure
shell,
documenting these present feelings as the future sets
me reeling...
What I'll be is what I am,

I'm simply trying not to sham or fake.
Use vision as sense and not as crutch!
It doesn't matter all that much;
whatever happens we'll all survive.
I'm only trying not to pawn my life.
When I'm (maybe) old and strait-laced, shall I then
deny all that I feel?
In words of bitter compromise, re-smelt the wrath that's
in my eyes
like steel?
Be a hermit then?
Or be a miser?
Be a man who hasn't managed yet to write his rules?
The Fool?
The future holds my hand in the room...
Well, then my ghosts shall steer down through the

years
and lay a hand upon my soul
like ice.

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