

## W J Miller "Angels Of Madness"

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In full flight from reality, the misunderstood angels of  
madness dwell,  
Taken with delusions that can only be seen by them,  
they openly share.  
All things forbidden by the walls of conformity, taking  
on patterns and color,  
We lay down, exhausted, drawing breath from unseen  
forces everywhere.

The beat poet took a box from under his bed, half-  
propped on one elbow,  
He watched with intrigue as I drew life from his  
perceptions, scrawled out,  
In pencil, he portrayed life more clearly than I've  
ever seen it before.  
Unmasked, the twisted pain and pleasure of the life of  
this loser, so brazenly rare.

I closed my eyes and captured this moment in time.  
The words and cadence, mismatched and un-rhymed,  
Said it plainer and clearer than excerpts, refined.

After meeting for coffee at a local café, I took him to  
see my new dwelling.  
Once there, I took out my list of lovers to vex, lighting  
the corner with fire,  
Reciting an incantation I'd made up right then and  
there; his expression  
The corners of his mouth wryly turned up, his eyes  
danced with a fear he knew.

We looked into each other's souls in silence, and  
he shared in my torment.  
Like the night I casually read his ranting for hours,  
unaware  
That the sharing of our souls was a mutual purging and  
cleansing  
We released each other's imprisoned emotions, all  
laid open and bare.

The beat poet nodded, as if, with a dare and a snare  
He took my challenge, and we knew this, aware

Of our connectivity with those angels of madness,  
everywhere.

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