

## The Code

# "A Cloud-formed Teardrop Asylum"

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Tired souls hunched in familiar bricks  
Drowned in sleeping sickness silver skeleton palace of  
mist  
Heart-shaped carnival of sores locked up in cupboard  
doors  
Looking up at the starry sky won't make your scarred  
life  
Light up bright

A thirst for questions have their black reply  
Hide in cloud-mouthed skyscraper  
Haven for no thoughts but mine  
A muscular memory of February  
When proud absence left me  
(We are alone amongst millions...)  
Subway stations filled with forced equations for my  
earth to burst  
The retina is so hungry I could eat a hearse  
Peeling adverts perfumed with roman numerals  
As we shuffle off to our jobs like funerals

Drawn by wounds to the throat of ghosts  
(We) lost our way back to the vault of youth  
Codes forged in my minerals when the earth grew old  
Love's labours lost back when lives for lies were sold  
(our lives were sold)

Kodak coloured souvenirs  
From a furnished furnace of fears  
For learning to be mad  
Is the poverty of happiness

And I know that it is clear  
That I'm not here  
In this cloud-formed invisible asylum of tears

I am ready to face my fears  
As my consciousness disappears  
To the internal sanctuary of seers  
Where the clouds last for years and years

"I placed a blue death mask there in my book of hours

That those who dream of an earthly paradise may read  
it as men"

And I know that it is clear  
That I'm not here  
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