Crazed Dreaming

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Inspiration

Goosebumps ripple over my skin,
Power shudders and quakes through my limbs,
The Blues from Mississippi break the stereo's heart,
A mystical world of words unfolds in the short span of an hour.
The yellow ichor of the typeset stares balefully,
Whiskey of the finest sort clenched in my fist,
A burnt out cigarette dangles from cracked lips.
The guitar continues searching for cracks,
In my consciousness.
Then the whirlwind begins,
My hands become prophets, my fingers... Deities,
But it dissolves in a moment,
A terrible moment of purity.
The illusion fades, even as I grasp at its edges.
Pulling with all my mind's strength, even as thoughts collapse.
It slips away...
Reality intrudes in its place.
All is not well, except deep down,
Lower than my feet,
Resonating in synch with the earth,
A voice of molten honey soothingly whispers,
"It will return."
So I take another sip and wait,
And wait,
And wait,
For inspiration.

Michael Schultz

Crazed Dreaming

This rage is built upon a chair
Just like a ladder it leads nowhere.
The paint is cracked, the posters torn
The walls fall down, there goes the floor.
The warmth of the bed, all cozy and hot
It lies on a chair, fear it I not.
The smelly fungus, the rusty nails
From almost-dead rats
The clear skin of their tails.
The floorboards creak, the shutters shake
Upon me this whole ball will break.
The bubble pops, I let out a scream
Sitting straight up, I wake from my dream.

Chad Vandemark