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Dirges of Insanity

Arjun Joshi

In this nightmare of an existence
Let us celebrate our degenerating existence.
For we are happy.

Now as I slip into a trance, into my loneliest loneliness.
This drama that I've lived, would I have to restage it again?
I curse you! Whoever you are, for I've lived innumerable times in a lifetime.
Oh my dear friend where are you?
I apologize on behalf of these wretched folks, who have invited you but have failed to welcome you.
For your caressing touch is what ends all our miseries.
Where are you?
Where are you?
Where are you?

Hold your breath and listen to the benevolent clock master humming the dirges of insanity in the dark corners.
Oh my precious, the prodigal child of obsessive and perverse thoughts, wrap me up in your blanket of eternal darkness, for I want to sleep.
What about my love you ask?
"The traitor feeding me the venom of hope and prolonging my misery, striving to interminate this nightmare which otherwise would have come to a timely end."

Oh let us rejoice as the cuckoo clock that rings the bell of eternal sleep hits twelve, for its time to end this absurd play.
Oh death, you fool, even after billions of appearances have you not got your timing right.
For I'm about to travel to the land only seen by the ones no longer seen.

Like mad dogs we chased what we saw, not knowing what to do when it stared right back.
And now here we lie like a heap of nameless dead dogs, in the womb of the indifferent mother.