

Rimbaud

Give madness Lord God, the words
Frothing at the mouth:
The standard of the worlds
In knots, meanings mixed up
In bizarre brilliance, the parts
Of the rational sentence broken down
And reassembled in shocking re-couplings.

Madness my Lord
Dismiss your old order...wrong the right,
And make it be the opposite world
Of the mirror on the wall.

It is so my heart demands,
Demands madness in the cause
Of health, demands,
The smashing up of your great juggernaut
Machine into bits of vibrating impulse;
Demands the separating of parts,
All to be on its own.

Demands blindness Lord
To see your world with the private eye—
The madness without a method
The revisiting of the dark
Unvisited places;
All in an unfamiliar light,
Floods of red blood fed into the brain,
The eye its own spectator.

Give deafness also Lord
The world's loud gong refused audience
And only heard the confused dance
Of the bees within,
And the singing sting of the mosquito.

Madness madness...
Flying ants lumbering like jumbo jets—
All sizes falsified—
Mountains crushed down into moles,
Moles blown up sky high.

— *Keshav Malik*