

Where am I?

By Shannon Steines

Where am I?

White walls
Clean floors
A wristband that shows I belong here
Indistinguishable voices
They crowd my head
A stray word or concept may penetrate the chatter
But largely
White noise remains
There are people around
They can claim the voices
Now
But more spectacular
Than this chronic noise
Are the visions that surround me
The eyes of a baby
Encased in a mountain
Pierced souls
Long red hair
Envelopes all and
Begins to tighten
The shapes that compose
The sky dissolve
We all rise up
Legs longer
Than the journeys of
A dandelion petal
Stark in the wind
It lands in the water
I look up and see it
With the fish
Who swim above
The clocks in their eyes
Know nothing of time
The dreams
The aspirations
The terrors
Of Dali, Vidal, and Varo

All contained in four corners
A mess of the mind
A subconscious mayhem
Grotesque and intriguing
Desolate yet teeming with breath
All wrapped up in a rectangle
As much as the visions
Seek to reign the space
Four lines keep them
Contained

White walls
Clean floors
A wristband that shows I belong here
Indistinguishable voices
They crowd my head
A stray word or concept may penetrate the chatter
But largely
White noise remains
There are no people around
No one can claim the voices
Now
The colorful visions encase the walls
In the same manner
Horns stab through the neck
Of the body of a giant
Those who embroider
Our future
Look on
And adjust their tentacles
The heat intensifies
I grasp at the desert sand
A green mouth screams at the sky
But the clouds dissolve it
And the books bury it
And all who remain
Remain silent
Even the voices
There are no corners to contain these masterpieces

They are free
They cannot be imprisoned
By sharp borders
So lush in imagination
That any effort to is fruitless
Just as beautiful as ever
Captivations that could compete
With any masterpiece
My only wish
Is that others could see
This museum
That is just for me
Unleashed