

IT'S KINDA WEIRD

No one really can depend
On random thoughts a mind does send.
At night release these ordered fears
By day avoid your conscious tears.
Rectangles in squares can dangle
At just about any absurd angle.
Just when a circle seems so right,
Then cones will drift beyond our sight.
Lines that should be parallel
Bend then cross a point toward hell.
Sharpened wedges flying straight;
Can they truly rule your fate?
Boxes made of cubits square,
Demand the strictest ordered pair.
In nightmare dreams these shapes collide
But thoughts like these aren't bona fide.
Freedom from mental chains we claim
Our conscious mind must truly reign.

Carl Russo
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