

Madison Court House

by Tantra Bensko

Ceiling dome high bewilders

Violet behind stairs

Whirring falls

The corners crossing

Voices lengthened

Contact echoes

Hard to touch

In the center an animal

Strains forward

A toad a wolverine

A porcupine perhaps

A combination

Cloth savage skin

Hair succumbs to corners

Angles frenzied slant of eyes

Lines converge

A composition crazy from

The viewpoint of eyes

That do not change it

To be the postcard's

Logic from some inhuman

View, official photographs

Too close up to show

The scattering of angles

Which lets the future

Pull you to it'

The pleasure of the moment

Shapes of future pleasure

Echoes high happen low

Low happen high

Domes repeat but different

**Times of one time drunk myth
I call beauty to me
With the architecture
Of this place
Beauty that has no doubt
Been pulled to me
All its life
And is walking to me
Now
I am ready
Guards don't know
The future eats us
Like a hungry animal.**

