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

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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.