

Madness in the Rain

by Rickard Sagirbay, ASPE

Once again, I feel the rain running down my spine;
nevertheless, I am upholding my grin(e).
The terrain is glancing in the mist,
and I am squeezing my fist.

My whole inner world is turning around.
I now hear the shaking ground.

Chaos to order; order to chaos.
This is how the dance of madness and sanity goes.
It is creeping forward
behind the rows.

Atomic nr 3, I feel free!

The fog is lifting, and the colors are shifting.
Here goes my momentum wave of mental creativity.
I hope it will last long enough to reach expression in longevity.

Red blink, yellow blink, green blink—the colors of the spectrum are shifting
together with my eyes that are drifting.

I am slowly losing my mind and going insane;
and in the end, I will find myself standing alone in the middle of the rain.

Atomic nr 3, I feel free!

I wake up in a meadow puddle of rain. The sun is shining upon the grain.
The growth around me is so green, and I feel so sublime.

I praise the daylight for finally showing up, drinking the rainwater from my cup.

Within it lies the fountain of youth that will lead me towards the sooth.

I feel lithium dripping through my vein, and once again I am going insane.

Atomic nr 3, I feel free! Ω

