

## Walnut

dreams drifting through conscious thought  
breaking up the day like thunderbolts through the sky  
cracking the shell of a walnut

bell rings and I scream  
still walking to class;  
a pavlovian response  
the screaming isn't real and they all know it  
eyes scan the ground between my feet and theirs  
we're all too used to my "eccentricities"

I doodle organs in my textbook  
and can't fill the void in the question  
"Why?"  
it made sense when I closed my eyes  
and if I pick all the moths out from between my teeth  
and craft colors in the spaces between shadows  
if I find the flying corpses transposed into another's brain  
like some pulsating alien disease  
if I put meaning into a madman's moans  
and test the waters in the future's ocean's veins  
you can close your eyes and see  
my visions and my nightmares in the dark projector room of your ultimate privacy

what I know is this and only this:  
it could make sense again  
although meaning does not transpose itself well into this reality of ours  
cracks form across the plain expanse  
like a walnut