



HA!

HEBRIDEAN ARTISTS

AN LANNTAIR'S ARTIST SUPPORT PROGRAMME BLOG



Marcy

Forgive me, furthest father,
We have all sinned,
You'd think I never make it out of the maze that I'm in,
With this grin.

I'm him,
Him without all the jewellery.
A net worth measured in petacoulombs.
Mulled over

Nothing noble of this semi-total,
Can I hold you?
I know my makeups menacing,
See beneath this scar tissue others call their skin.

Within, within

Karl Leon

