



HA!

HEBRIDEAN ARTISTS
AN LANNTAIR'S ARTIST SUPPORT PROGRAMME BLOG



SIXTO'S SPEAKEASY.

I'm sorry.

If I act like we're not of the same kind.

I was born for the purpose that crucifies your mind.

Blind by the way of your hem.

Driven, now stagnant phlem.

A gem never more for my feet refuse the floor.

I chore though so seemingly indolent,

Me light and ambivalence.

This self-appraising score might be the problem,

Rambling as I speak, lethargic words as a solvent.

I preach 13 amendments and I'll die before one more;

For the floor once flooded with finches is splattered with diamonds,

Love Galore.

Karl Leon