



HA!

HEBRIDEAN ARTISTS
AN LANNTAIR'S ARTIST SUPPORT PROGRAMME BLOG



Manic Poor Boys

So the sun is out.
The samurai in the sauna contemplates the entropy.
The change in thermodynamic properties of the atmosphere;
Spells cast on the sedated.
Livened,
They taste life once more.

Four associates coddle the stones.
Liberally pouring water on the masonry;
Stargazing their future in the inevitable landslide that will leave,
The Labourers dead, buried for a generation.
Exit.

Democracy never so readily divulged its inadequacies
Where is, liberation?

Karl Leon

