

AMIR KNEZEVIC

Stranger to Reason

Glastonbury Festival, '94

Hounds of doubt and wolves of despair haunt me
through the marshes and the wastelands of this life unique;
beseeching at every meadow of hope for this soul given to Me,
pouring down like rain on me and onto the soil where feet lay; loose
stride, bad vision

Fever, a friend, unlike all, hugged me and nursed me through fear
against the fabric of death;

Aye, I proud have died inside, on several occasions;

when ambition and lust for life left me, the truest traitors;

Or, could it have been I the one to have left, to contemplate, rather
cunningly,

The Great Treason?

The final plot to assassinate Me within the I!

Making firstly the I redundant of wit, leaving Me completely
a stranger to reason.

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“Hunger for a careful thought, and a penny for food
this poem is going nowhere, it's just one of my usual moods!”

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(Freedom therefore is framed only by one's own notion of it;
Entirely, the realms of one's own perception limit it;
Earthly Love is frail and untrustworthy, Faith is what thou needs)

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Bailiff then will come to one's door,
with hounds and wolves and sacks and sables,
if one does not confide in one's self
believe that one is able;

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He, who love had sought

(earthly as he were)

stared into the abyss

for too long unaware

*

Layer upon layer, clinging onto Me

the tamest of orchards of light,

and sweetest fruit once may it be;

stranger to reason,

no, not me