

'BLACK RAINBOW' AND THE PUPPET

They were art's holy tragedians
Distant silent madmen in asylums
Drama museums of the insane

I was in Exe Vale Hospital, Exeter,
Busy in the occupational therapy department.
I sculpted a mask out of clay.
Ideas oozed effortlessly, as if guided by pure magical instinct

The image produced seemed divinely inspired,
I had no conscious involvement in its creation.
The schizoid, apeman-like, one-eared, one-eyed, fish demon
That emerged miraculously encompassed my soul

*Sarah said it was good -
"That's art believe me I know" she enthused
Mr. Whalley added
"The best from here"*

I skipped home elatedly, emergent chrysalis-soul:
Earth, water, fire, air, binding,
Spiritual and physical merging into one for all to see
I implored praise. No! secretly, sinfully I desired it.

Dear Aunt Mimi greeted me at the door,
"Why David, it's lamb chop" * she wrongly, cruelly assumed
Her innocent words
crushing me completely

* child's toy

David Woolger

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