

“he beheld the plumage on the miraculous casque shaken in concert with the sounding of the brazen trumpet”

At that time
anxiety was in you like a scribble.

An oblivion-scribble
like a big piece of Abstract Expressionism
where your thinking brain was supposed to be.

That was like nothing.
It was a big waste.

One must decide to be different
if one wishes to be different from what one is.

You with your list of worries
smoldering.

Might as well
say goodbye to the realistic world.