

## The smiling skull of sadness

Holding this man's skull is like  
Holding his mind, and in it I can read  
And imagine his visionary dreams which  
Were slaughtered with knives sharper than  
His funny teeth that used to be the rainbow  
Of his jokes.

This man was once my jester and what  
A ridiculous man he was at that, he used to  
Carve a smile into my unforgiving face,  
And erupt raw laughter from my burning  
Lungs, and looking into his face once again  
Happiness smiles out of his beaming  
Eyes which are no more.

Echoing from his rotting soul,  
Are the bells that used to ring with  
Ecstasy not death, and silence  
Envelops me as this man cannot  
Sing one more song, and  
I have thousands of breaths  
Left that fill thousands of wasted  
Days, which are somewhat more  
Shriveled and less definable,  
Like a cascade of ghosts of still to come,  
Blurring the fading jester and  
Digging him a hole bigger than his grave  
In my memory, but with his jumping  
Skull, his smile hallucinates halos  
Of heaven, where surely he must  
Be spilling down sunshine tears, knowing  
That for the last time, Prince Hamlet  
Will remember him fondly,  
But will then carry on with his life  
Leaving the bright colours of living  
Behind.