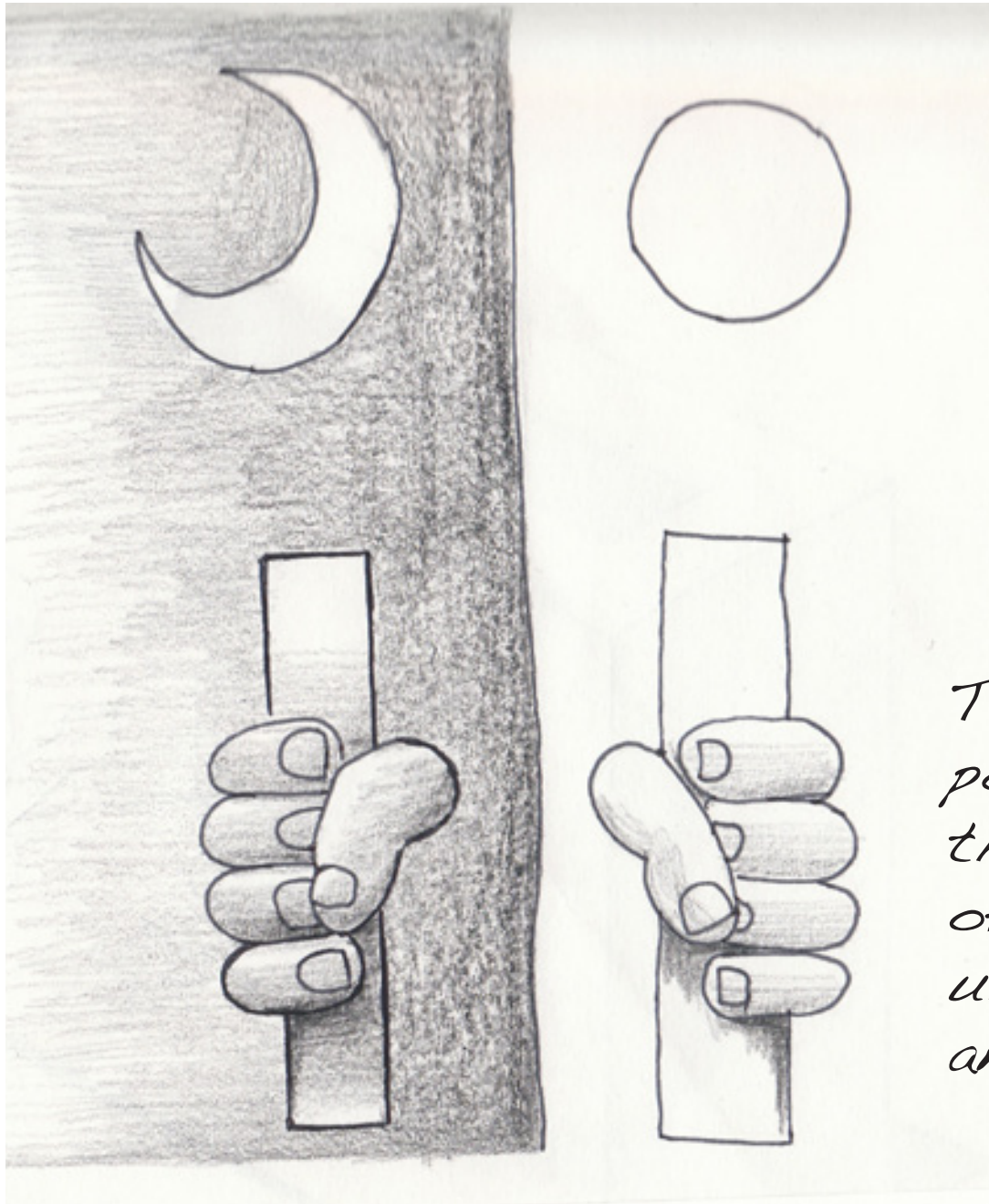


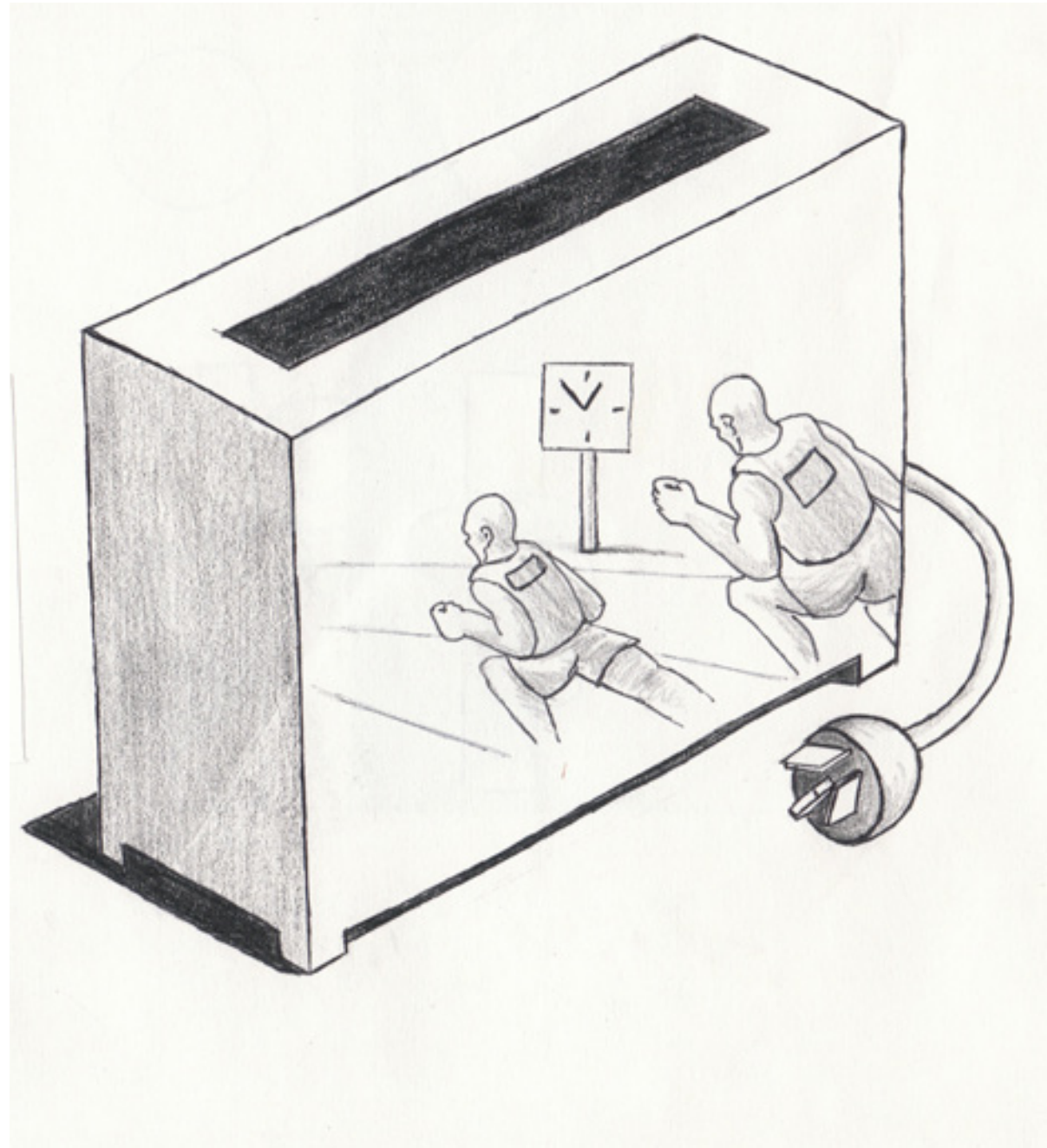
Nicholas Turner

Unum
Demens
Ridere

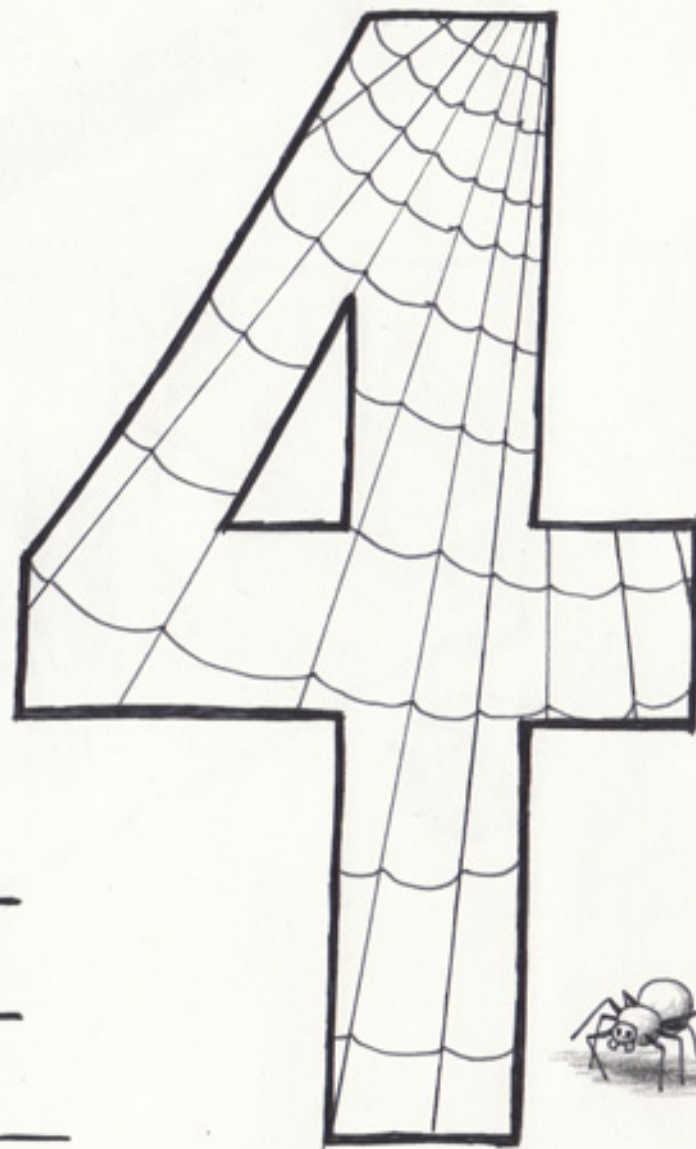


The insecure rich and powerful encased me within this cushioned cell, in the land of liposuction. For all time, under the chandelier of night and the burning gaze of day.

*Euphemisms of the words
forgetting what we've heard.
Ten to one, the race is run.
From beginning to the end.
Hereditary baldness,
congenital heart disease
and these toaster ovens.
Ready to please.*



Four, that is my number
Four, I don't know why
But Four is my number



PAGE





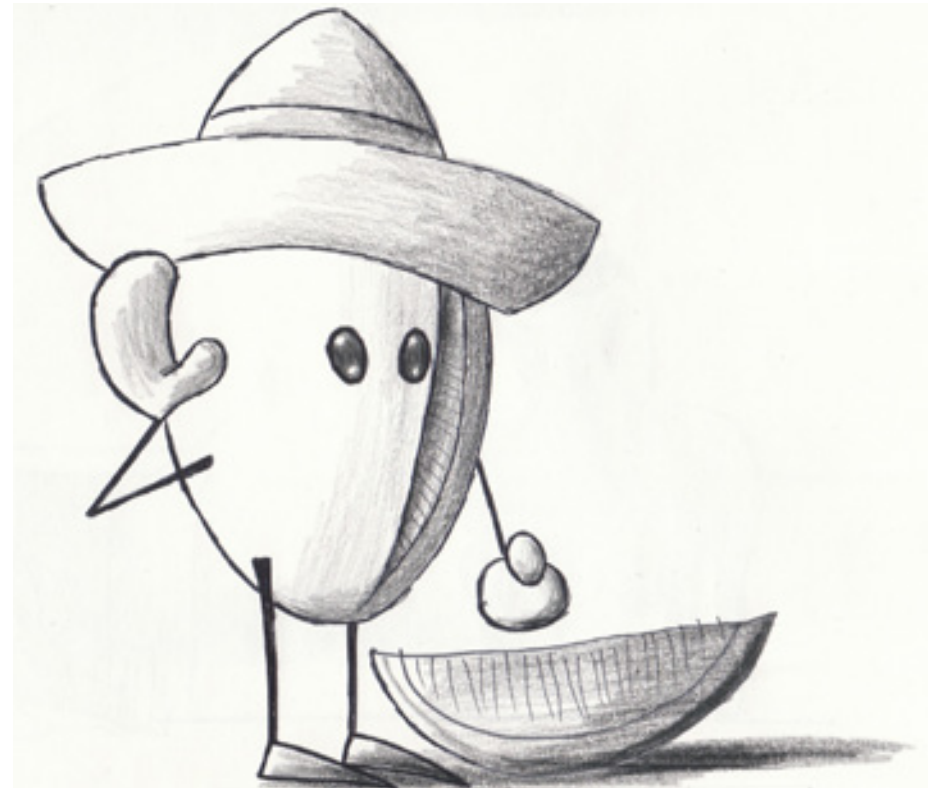
My thoughts clouded and destroyed by my disease.
My psuedo-personality unoriginal in the extreme.
Hardly interesting except to those who don't know me.
My disease, in my head like a cancer, slowly infecting,
growing, increasing its intensity.

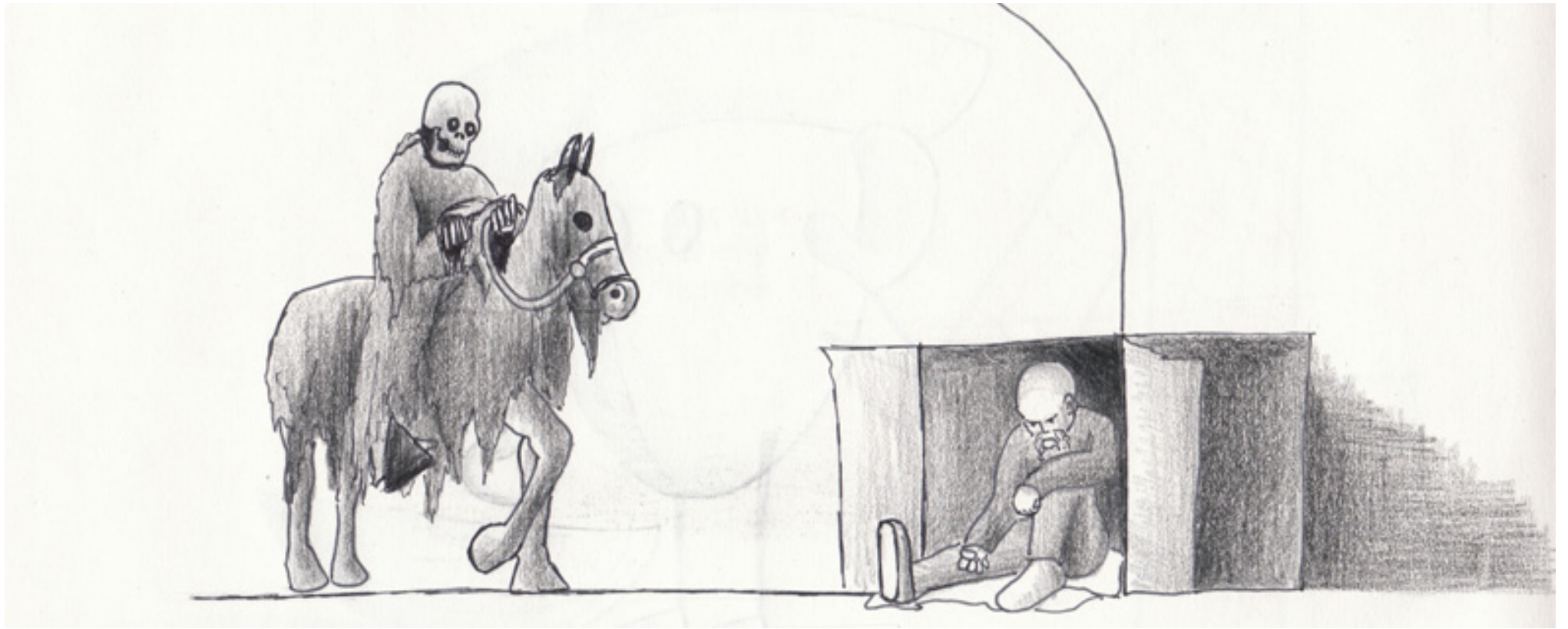
*My disease isn't contagious,
and I am not dangerous.*

Yet, here I am.

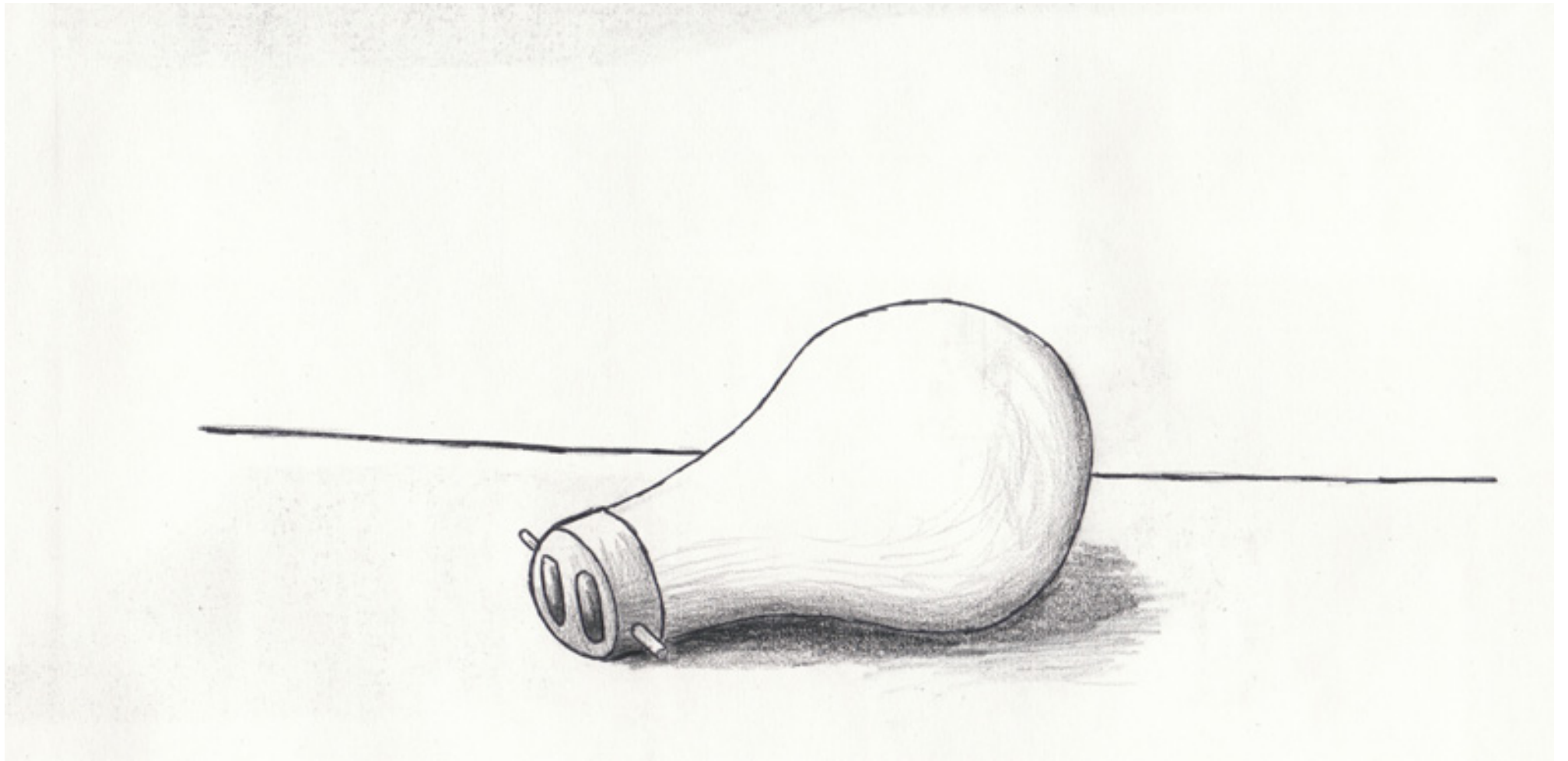
*Left all alone, with
my hallucinations of a
neglected tomorrow. In the
loud silence of my mindless
confusion, I talk to Bob.*

*Although he is small and
yellow and cut up to go
into drinks, he still listens
to my woes.*





In a room of my own. No-one comes near me.
I am only really here because no-one has the courage to break
my bonds and unleash me upon society again.
I wish I carried my school stuff in a plastic bag.
Days will become years. Ageing will catch me and death shall
finally visit like an old friend.



*But an end is just a beginning
The beginning of your own thought and imagination.
Or maybe I am just crazy...*