

## Opus Outrageous

by W.W. Baker

Night's sonorous horrors drone,  
Forever dissonant those constant tones,  
Discordant keys, pitched minor, foully mask  
Tiny hammer and anvil's delicate dance,  
While Mind's unbidden clatter incites  
Hideous and dreadful refrains to ignite  
Grave sounds from screeching Devils, most plangently maddening,  
Tumble relentless through gray matter's folds,  
Forcing frame's toppling crash upon unforgiving Earth,  
Manifests Prosper's unlucky guess: the malevolent Spinning Curse.

Whirling eyes twist life's wonderous gifts,  
Tilting the World obscene,  
Though we beseech those torturous and nauseating and rolling visions  
saying:  
"Please, for the love of all things Quiet and Stable and Sacred, just STOP."

Then, horizontal, We recover begging not to swirl nor twirl any longer,  
Nor perceive Tinnitus' dreadful and galling timbres that  
Trail doggedly aural decay's non-linear tail  
Bursting with frequencies, warped and demented,  
To scream from out Nothingness' insatiable and slavering maw,  
Burrowing, bull-like and blind, through Mind's tormented hemispheres.

Taunting cacophonies move left, and then right,  
Traversing Mind's wounded and scarred centerline,  
Whilst old Scratch's laughter, released from Gehenna's *Abyss*,  
Taints once beautifully-formed musical inventions  
With ill-patterned and distorted vociferous musings,

Destroying forever Our pitch-perfect, yet ever-flawed Sonic Dreams.

Most unwelcome, deafening Chaos returns  
Heartlessly bludgeoning once-sensible Ears,  
Leaving Soul and Spirit to stagger raggedly home,  
Alone, Our vertiginous World revolves.

And now, cast out from Perdition's Door  
Opus Outrageous spews forth, claiming triumph  
As "Ode to Menière's" choruses, singing praise to its many ills,  
Heralding Hell's ever-grotesque Demons'  
Fatally interrupting Life's once-rich harmonies,  
As Deafness descends, manifestly unobstructed.

Regardless, rings the constant din,  
Insufferable to Our very End.

END