

A Conversation Between *Melancholy & Raving Madness*

The Gates of Bedlam, c.1840

Cannot you see, my brother, we are not heroes but depictions of the troubles of today's innocuous populations. We are fettered by the inequalities lain before us. We do not stand tall, we lay flattened by our perils.

Yes, flat as the ground sown of unruly seeds, flat as the pillar tops we lay, flat as the darkest of nights.

We are scathed by woeful audiences, families of the condemned for they wish it upon no-one to have what we have.

We are the epitome of humankind. The world will turn us all against the righteous ways. Our rebelliousness and cruelty and sharp tongues require no audience, no witnesses but will be the cause of our demise.

They will not care.

Silly Billy will not care.

*The voices boom from above*

Leave that worried look aside bother. Everything must belong somewhere; the yawning twine from unopened packages, the liberty in the broken bell and the furry moss on the marble posts. Our place is here.

Nothing gets crossed out.

We are marble. Our faces will never change in the wind.  
Cracked, eroded, unlucky.

We are an unwanted disease.

My hands are chained.

My teeth protrude my cracked lips and my eyes pierce the stares of those who do not understand what we are, what we represent.

Silly Billy does not know.

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Flat?

What is it that they see?

What is it that they cannot see?

Soon we will be inside and, in their denial, they will cover us with red velvet curtains. The pile growing worn and unkempt with every passing year. The tassels, golden and swinging in the winter chill, will not be touched. We will be kept aside, pushed aside. They will not know.

Silly Billy will not know.

*The voices boom from above*

Leave that worried look aside bother. Everything must belong somewhere; the yawning twine from unopened packages, the liberty in the broken bell and the furry moss on the marble posts. Our place is here.

Nothing gets crossed out.

We will become silhouettes of a past, forgotten in the present and scorned upon in the future. Every day and every night; there is no escape for us. We are trapped in a series of misfortune and our demeanour is lapsed with the constraints of aesthetics.

Our damaged minds take us on journeys through a time and space unrelated to our current situation.

My mouth is shut.

My head upon my hands lays forlorn. My eyes droop and my body aches for something better.

Silly Billy does not care.