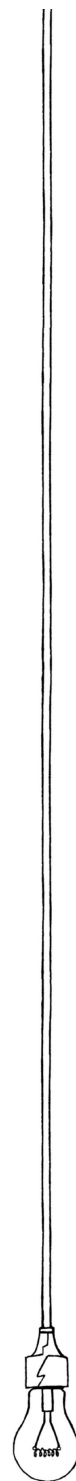


**A
Conversation
Between
Melancholy
and
Raving Madness**



**Text
Rebecca Edwards**

**Illustration
Erol Arguden**

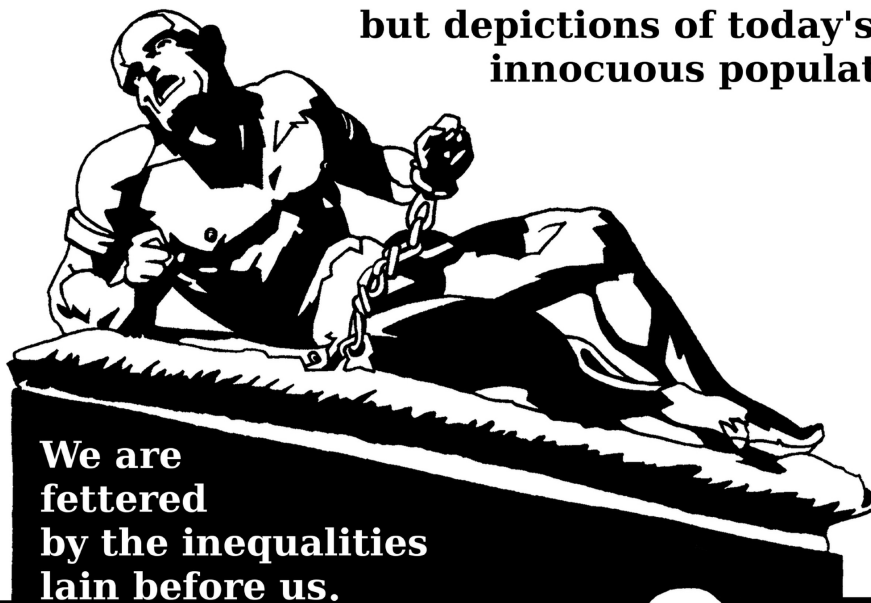


**Cannot
you see,
my brother,**

**we are
not heroes,**



**but depictions 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.

Flat?



**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.**



**What is it that they see?
What is it that they
cannot
see?**



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.**

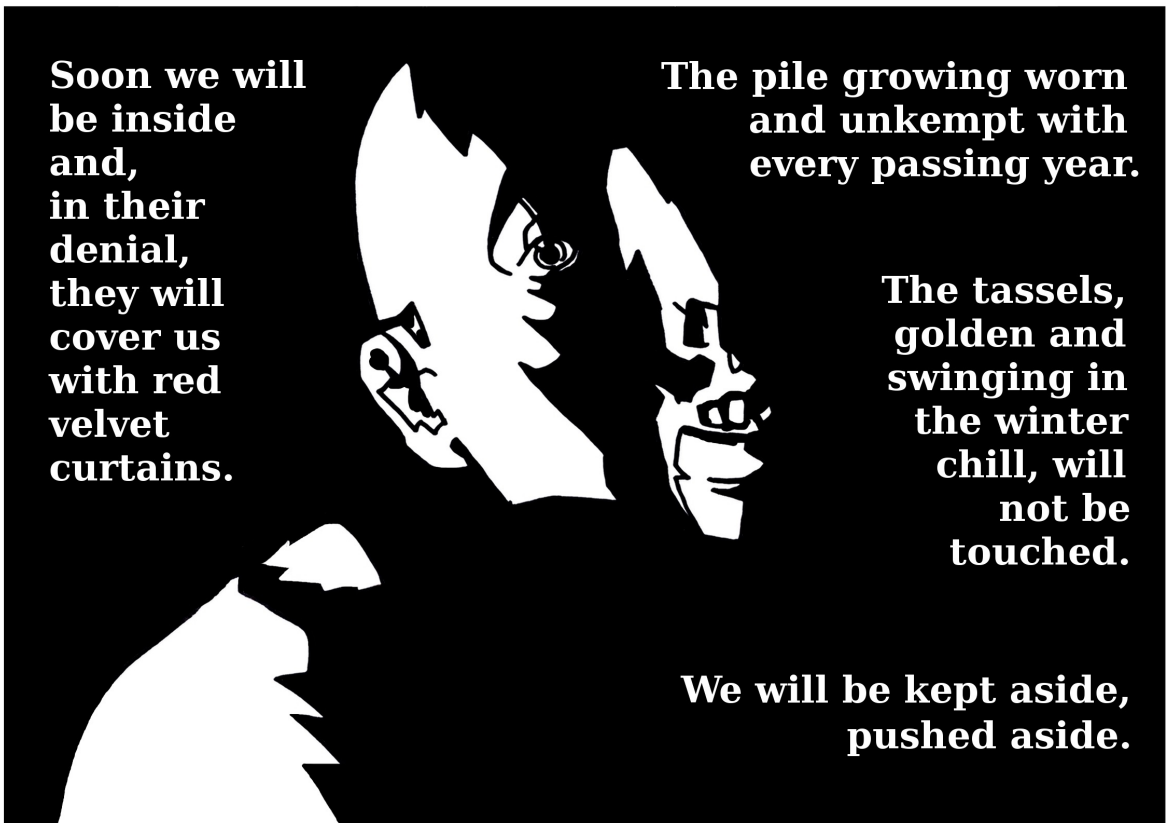


**Soon we will
be inside
and,
in their
denial,
they will
cover us
with red
velvet
curtains.**

**The pile growing worn
and unkempt with
every passing year.**

**The tassels,
golden and
swinging in
the winter
chill, will
not be
touched.**

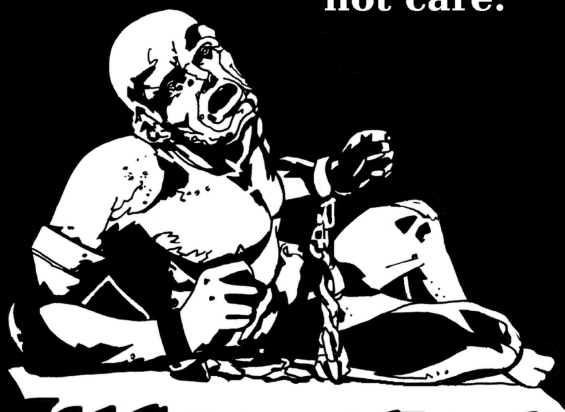
**We will be kept aside,
pushed aside.**



They will not know.



**They will
not care.**



Silly Billy will not know.

Silly Billy will not care.

THE VOICES BOOM FROM ABOVE

**LEAVE THAT WORRIED LOOK ASIDE, BROTHER.
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 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.**



**We are an
unwanted
disease.**

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

**My
hands are
chained.**

**My
mouth
is shut.**

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

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





Silly Billy will not know.



Silly Billy will not care.

