

## 5. Down and out in the mind

The moon strokes balm  
on the degradation of the dark  
cover of memories going down,  
to find their rest or happily drown.

The past sinks into loss of time,  
the sequence of events undone:  
they fall apart, step out of line,  
regroup, then merge into one.

Identities blur, and are gone,  
or enter intercourse, wildly coming  
to fuse, in logic undone.

Until daylight restores the march of time.  
The self dredged up, identity restored,  
pressed back in line.