

## THE ACCURSED

*For A. Rimbaud*

*By T. William Phillips*

He curses the banality of day  
And the inevitable darkness of night  
He curses when he cannot say  
That which consumes his sight

He curses heaven and he curses hell  
Ah! he curses, and he curses well!

He curses the silence of his inert arm  
Out of sequence with his kinetic thoughts  
He curses his repulsiveness, his lack of charm  
And the fortress of solitude, which he haunts

He curses love and he curses hate  
Ah! he curses, and he curses great!

He curses the blatancy of time  
Standing still while moving swiftly  
He curses meter, and he curses rhyme  
And the chains of rules that hang so limply

He curses wealth and he curses poverty  
Ah! he curses, and he curses properly!

He curses the blackness of his heart  
Once red as a boxer's bloody lips  
He curses the meaninglessness of his art  
And his dreary fate as a *poete maudit*

He curses his pride and he curses his indignity  
Ah! he curses, and he curses indiscriminately!

He curses the balance wine brings him,  
A spell of mania for his depression  
He curses his veil of fabricated freedom  
To the world, he declares his secession

He curses heaven and he curses hell  
Ah! he curses, and he curses well!

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