

# High-Pressure Writing

*Gary D. Jackson*

Silence falls over the asylum  
The chattering beasts  
Down for the night  
Signaling the madman to awaken  
Where he'll "write throughout  
The night  
Pounding his words upon the page  
Of a life shattered like crystal  
Upon your social hierarchy  
Spotlighted wires of concertina  
Cannot contain  
What he has to say  
Of your fucking great injustice  
You smug, suburban bastards  
Blind gods flaunting your omnipotence  
Deciding the fate of others  
While looking not at yourselves  
Yellowed skin, yellowed eyes, ancient eyes  
Flashing in the yellow light  
Cast by the watchtower  
Outside his cell  
Artificial moonbeams of intolerance  
Falling in a cross-checked pattern  
Through the bars of his rage  
High-pressure sodium  
The only night ever allowed  
The yellow man "with the yellow eyes  
Scribbling with yellow hand on the yellow pad  
In the yellow light  
Father, Son, and Husband  
Lost to the artificial night.