

Conversation with the Existential

Trevor Taylor

In the basement of
café's he talks
to dead philosophers.
Conversations with
Kierkegaard, Hegel,
and Nietzsche
with no one else near

His mind steepes,
like tea, into thick
air. Defusing his
thoughts until highly
concentrated

On the Sisyphean
task of monstrous
freedom. The beast
that devours all
people because
only he can be
happy.

Such anxious thoughts
bring agony as well as
authenticity.
The hidden gem
of human existence.
More easily seen
as arrogance.

A crumbling will
to power soon
finds what does not kill
us, comes back
to finish the

job later.
Like Christ's
second coming

He lied to himself
about knowing
where was his soul.
Rationality, a known
killer, was just
asking for a friend.

Yelling at himself
he realised that
truth wears more than
just one face.
Deciding delicately the
appropriate expression like
an artist picking paints

The colours he chose
or thought he chose
to see, he hoped
one day would bleed
into one.