

[Untitled]

When chaos harmonizes, Darkness becomes bright.

Truth lives in His art highs; Death, scars, and twilight.

Being carried in a dream, I shan't master its deep meaning.

We know what's being seen, Can't verbalize feeling.

Words on quarantine, I'm a mute yelling.

"I cannot conceive of a sensible statement on painting."

Solely storyteller, Ranting bones in the picture.

Proclaiming where's their slammer, A house of hot placid horror.

Where being dead is an honor, Reaching the fog single color.

Many figures lookalike, Different pain same hunger strike.

Twisted and torn apart, Suffer creates a distinctive art.

Doors to Heaven or Hell, The provoking art breaks a shell.

Cathedrals have been skinned, Float and stagnate in dead wind.

This symbolic art is reflective, The Church's structure is defective?

Half a corpse webbed on a cross, The art's mood calls misery.

Convention has been tossed, Flying with the art's bewitchery.

Crosses hopelessly deserted; As Nietzsche said: "God is dead?"

"You must have chaos within you to give birth to a dancing star."

Zdzisław's paintings are living, dancing, Warbling: Gehenna is never too far.

His art helps me understand for some part, The scars family scratched on my heart.

When a mother murders her daughter, It makes you forget all the flowers.

Untitled nightmare, No name for a scene of warfare.

It's a sister gone for long, in an oubliette, The shrieking mother can never flee town.

Without leaving any explanation, Many pieces of heart burn down.

Suicide is the only option, A tragedy: masterpiece meltdown.

I realize as I admire Beksiński oil, That a morbid world can still be beautiful.

A so calm violence, A so frantic peace, Contrary forces may actually be complementary.

Contemplating a frightening atmosphere, In the underworld things look more clear.

In Krakow there's a door to Hell, Path to Eden of an abyss Grail.

Paintings forge a hellish world, All conventions are hurled.

Emotions and mind being led, Sitting on sanguinary red.

Windows to a ghastly scene, Exposing musing anxiety to angst dream.

Distorted layout is a surreal space, Tearful show gives birth to a coup de grace.

In a dark room from a dark place, Turbulent art shine on our face.

“The people who walk in darkness Will see a great light; Those who live in a dark land,
The light will shine on them.”- Isaiah 9:2

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