

Jonas Laughter

Maladaptive Daydreaming

Poetry

Bells toll to the arrival of a king,
The first royal to the axial vertebra.
Sat atop the cerebral apotheosis,
Only he sees the truth.
Wisdom from beyond windows,
Reality is unpalatable.
The eyes-King hides the visions of his advisors:
The truth has never suited regal decisions,
So it won't ever be revealed to public opinions.
He wouldn't burden the vessel,
The palace,
The kingdom,
With sight.