
Master Piece



A Child lost in Time sitting at
An old children's family desk
Playing kosmic chess for years on end
With his hands resting on the warm
Green radiator behind his back

Drawing a line between black and white
Somewhere in his mingled mind
Searching for beauty and complexity
Since there is no real victory

In the room a cupboard filled
With games and comics.
Pictures from his siblings
From When they were young.
An age old cracking radio
A record player with prime stereo

“Child in Time” echoes through the speakers
Terrible screaming between the lines
How could my sweet mother in the kitchen
Bear the sound of such hard rock pigeons

Until my aunt who came to visit
With a little bit less tolerance
(Her husband was shot by the Germans)
Asked to put on some classical tunes

To launch me into a more artistic realm
Like the world of Marcel Duchamp
A chess champion of turned toilets
Clearing paths for conceptual art and jazz

My real hero being Bobby Fischer
With his fabulous Bishop retreat
Sacrificing his black Queen
A Windmill for his Knight
An immortal masterpiece
At the age of thirteen

Vertiginous how such a genius
Disintegrates into xenophobia
A stale mate, a hermit, a clochard
A lost and damaged Don Quichot

Playing kosmic chess prepares you well
For the real challenges of your mind
To unravel the mysteries of mankind,
Not for spiraling decline and misery

So let's take two masterpieces into One
When toilets turn into Fountains
The children shout out loud:
The Knights have finally Won!