

## The Mind's Eye

by june *Monday, Jul 27 2015, 11:16am*

international / poetry / post

as a child i often wondered  
why i could see with my eyes  
closed  
though that seeing is not the seeing  
of eyes

swirling coloured lights  
and images fleeted across  
the screen of my mind  
as i lay waiting for sleep  
to intervene

a continuous kaleidoscopic movie  
beamed from some secret projector  
filled me with curiosity  
until one night i decided to exert some control  
and discovered i could freeze any frame  
and study it as it slowly melted away

the more i exercised this faculty the more  
i learned about its source -- the observer  
and observed were inseparable,  
i was watching myself,  
the gizzards of my entire being  
not limited by time or space,  
3D viewing in its original form

the sequence seemed incoherent,  
lacking thematic continuity  
but that was not the case  
i was watching the content  
of my mind, soul and spirit arranged  
by some abstract formula  
offered for a final edit or perhaps  
to instruct

as i gained proficiency in this art  
i discovered i was able to project  
'myself' outside my body  
and view it  
lying inert on the bed  
and then by imagining any person

or location i was immediately transported,  
no corporeal object was able to obstruct  
me reaching my destination

and so this world of foul  
and wonderful secrets  
became an open book  
for me to read  
at will

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1749.html>