

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 fled 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

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