

Pieces

by trayce *Thursday, Oct 29 2015, 9:47am*

international / poetry / post

torn apart so many times
it is preferable to remain in pieces,
before anyone wishes to tear it apart again
they would be forced to reassemble first,
it foils further attempts

the phone is disconnected
a girder protrudes from the collective brain
supporting collapsing towers,
it may require surgery
before structures remain stable

in desperation a dispatch is sent to oblivion
asking for assistance
years pass before a response,
'tough luck' this is the void
what did expect, signed the queen of diamonds?
thank u, exactly that!

streets overflow with somnambulists
black is white and white is piebald
the awake dream haunted dreams
surgeons sleep-walk hospitals with bow-torches,
sledge-hammers and other precision instruments

nothing is able to return to its former state
disintegration foils all attempts,
another dispatch perhaps, but to what avail?

fish fly, birds swim underwater
this world is upside down
like the arms of an old clock racing in reverse,
time has not stopped it is approaching
midnight in the full light of day

a dreamer screams in his unrest
the world defies reason,
it's 2015
what did You expect?

i'll save personal pronouns for
happier times.

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1954.html>