

## Treacle

by will *Tuesday, Apr 18 2017, 12:06pm*

international / poetry / post

the night sticks like treacle  
something is not as it should be  
i have lost my ability to glide through  
the night

images of empty houses, rooms devoid  
of furniture/life,  
no sound though images move slowly,  
they linger sticking to my emotions  
perhaps generated by memories  
this scene is not as it should be

glide, do not sink in the quicksand  
of a dead world, a necropolis  
populated by the walking dead  
endlessly repeating the same movements  
pretending that senselessness makes sense

a dahlia slowly submerges in the thick  
ooze -- if this is a dream it's time to wake up,  
something is not as it should be

the dead offer no reaction/response they continue  
to move automatically, their movements  
like a film stuck in a loop

this is not my place why is it before me  
sticking, slowing me, pulling me into  
the dead zone?  
this is no place for me

i cease struggling in anguish, almost panic  
then it occurs, return to myself  
my treasure garden, watered by fountains  
of the purest love --  
hold that image/emotion/reality

immediately i am released from the ooze  
of the dead world and begin to glide through  
the night again,  
i take flight into the warm, soft sky

i see the stars again,  
everything now is as it should be

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2617.html>