

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

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