

## Mazes

by joyce *Friday, Jul 14 2017, 11:04am*

international / poetry / post

yanked from pure  
freedom into the warm darkness  
waiting as contractions  
almost squeezed the new life  
from me  
until i emerged into another maze  
different from the last  
but with the same dreaded  
puzzle i had failed to solve  
previously  
and so here we are  
navigating uncharted waters again  
searching for what, a way out?  
so many shared this prison maze  
which promised an escape

many fell from sheer exhaustion  
others tried to cheat only to  
be pushed back from the progress they had made,  
maddening

but i had learned to deal with everything that  
confronted me directly, running or avoiding  
was counter-productive  
so i tried to recall that vague memory  
of my emergence as i knew it held the secret  
of escape

i turned and turned into so any dead ends until  
i found an uninhabited corner and just sat  
to re-collect

whether from exhaustion or sheer exasperation  
i fell quiet

images began to race across the screen of my mind  
though i did not recall the experiences  
they depicted -  
i remained quiet until they began to slow

i could then begin to decipher  
what they were trying to impart

i realised they all issued from various stages  
of my development

i pushed on knowing that if i  
could recollect that moment of my inception  
the moment between potential and manifestation  
i could solve the riddle of the maze

i pushed on until nothing appeared  
though the nothing seemed pregnant with  
the endlessness of all things yet to form

i fell again into another void or empty chamber rather  
which slowly began to reinvigorate my depleted vitality  
until i could feel it agitate my sacrum and collect in my solar plexus  
until that hexagonal store began to overflow  
vitality then began to ascend and descend of its own volition  
i remained quiet and focused

a field appeared in a vision, teeming with everything imaginable,  
mad beasts and dreadful delights all juxtaposed  
creating confusion, what the hell?  
as surely hell it was

undaunted i pushed on when something caught me attention  
it was the smallest inhabitant of my vision  
a tiny serpentine creature  
standing erect on its tail on top of a forest fungus  
i moved closer until i could see a human face where fangs  
and beady eyes should have been

i moved closer until i could discern the features of the face,  
which was strangely familiar -  
the creature, aware that it had captured my attention  
coiled and uncoiled on the mushroom  
and then stood perfectly straight and disappeared  
into a ball and then a speck of light  
so tiny nevertheless a clear message  
was transmitted, which i could not decipher immediately  
so i remained seated and undisturbed  
in the outer maze

before me appeared a huge mountain range  
dwarfing anything on this planet  
its peaks extended beyond the atmosphere  
and its valleys seemed to plummet to the core  
of existence

i approached the edge to get a better  
perspective of its depth  
until i reached the sheer and precarious edge

jump, a voice whispered from now-here  
jump (again) but more insistent  
but, but, but ... i would surely die  
that is the point, jump and be assured  
there is no death  
did you not recognise the face  
on the tiny serpent?  
it was mine in a previous existence  
it was me informing the new me  
of a long forgotten secret,  
this fuckin' maze, is nothing sacred?

a corporeal maze including other incorporeal mazes  
what chance did i have? the key of this prison seemed  
too obscure to decode

but i was tired of the game so tired  
i jumped without a thought  
tho my stomach reached my throat  
as i plummeted into the chasm

for a brief moment free fall felt like flying  
and that sensation comforted me though i was acutely aware  
i would die from the sudden stop

i fell for hours it seemed such was the measure of this range  
until i could see the ground below, it seemed as soft as green moss,  
tiny elf-like faces were smiling through the vegetation as i  
approached my end  
at least they are satisfied i thought caring little for the outcome at  
this stage

at that moment of total abandonment i fell through into another  
sphere  
which had no corporeality it was an ethereal plane, again i fell  
through  
to another realm and another and another until i returned to my  
body  
in the third dimension though that remained a maze

however, i now knew how i arrived and the many worlds  
i had inhabited prior to this

all was contained in memory which was once locked closed  
and inaccessible -- the door was opened  
by the act of abandoning my 'precious' life  
ha! creation plays a mean trick on itself

suddenly i began to lift/float  
until i rose above the maze which from above  
seemed to sprawl forever

yet i was free, the illogical freed me  
why remain earthbound/captured when i was shown that  
my essential self could fly?

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2761.html>