

Lost Poet

by dib *Tuesday, Aug 29 2017, 6:38am*

international / poetry / post

output has failed
i went looking for the poet
and could not locate him
here, in my place

perhaps he's hiding somewhere
familiar, as i know he only haunts
familiar ground but not here lately

i was overdue to visit my mother
but i had another motive

she was pleased to see me, her man-hating
target of abuse had returned,
what is it with mothers?

she hadn't started up yet but it was sure to happen
so i asked where's my stuff from the past?
in ur old room, which was now full of her shit,
she had filled a two-storey, 5 bedroom, house
with her shit since i left

but i found an old cardboard box,
which housed some of my stuff
which she had not thrown out

she was behind me babbling as usual,
u refuse to believe they're after me,
yea mum,
i called a carpet cleaner
he was one of 'them,'
did he do a good job?

she ignored the question and said, he threatened to kill me (her)
i told u they were out to get me,
look mum, i've copped this paranoid shit all my life
and ur still at it

u won't believe me, yea mum,
is there something on the stove? my feeble attempt to
get her out of my hair, it worked she went to the kitchen
and then i found my old sleeveless Levi jacket

which i wore on every trip i took in the valley of the waters,
i imagined the poet was in one of the pockets
regressing to the womb of his creation

she returned, babbling another para story,
i walked, thanks mum, see u again --
i thought i threw that jacket out, look at it, it's a rag
she was never sensitive to spirit, that lunatic woman
c u mum, i left with my jacket in hand

when i got back home i went thru the pockets
desperately searching for the poet
instead i found a cotton bud with a drop of blood
now 45 years old, i was getting closer
memory is now, in the present, unrestricted by time/space,
i was junkie again
trying to close the doors the acid blew open

i hadn't used a Lux Rose for over 35 years --
that damned drop of blood was now chasing me
around my unit but i knew the poet was born in the acid,
the jacket would save me and reveal the poet

i wore that jacket thru my late teens and early 20's
it was in my hands again, a talisman
more powerful than a gem-tipped wand
or silver chalice

but i failed to find the poet,
this piece was written by an old,
worn and weary, denim jacket --
i watched from my desk, sipping
laced, green ginger wine