

## Remember

by ray Friday, Nov 17 2017, 7:50am

international / poetry / post

i remember the sacred rose  
and the tolling of the bell  
that withers through limitless space  
and induces the rose to unfurl  
its blood red petals

i remember  
the first time  
i saw u,  
unforgettable

these impressions stay with me  
as a record records its undulations/impressions  
of sound on another medium  
as waves roll and recede from the shore  
of existence  
as eagles shriek,  
lions roar and babies cry  
amidst the hoots of primates  
copulating in the jungle  
and the ranting of men  
addressing press galleries

i remember the humming in the womb  
in which body i found myself  
i remember you  
but not being born  
my ability is unable to recall that event  
yet it recalls experiences prior and post  
the birth canal

i remember the lights in perfect darkness  
originating in my essence  
and dancing in splendour before me

i remember my innate joy and being assailed by the  
torments of culture trying ever so hard  
to formulate another of its own

i remember recoiling instinctively  
to that perversion and frantically  
reaching for my lights and sounds of

unmitigated joy

i remember the torture of society expressed by converted  
parents that never ceased their attempts to formulate me  
yet i continued swimming in the unfathomable  
ocean of existence

i remember the effect on my parents  
of my pristine unblemished nature  
which they sought to pollute with cultural norms

i remember never relenting  
or forsaking my love for the filth  
and perversity on offer

it drove my father to suicide  
and my mother to insanity  
she continues her attempts  
to pollute, obsessed with  
the ways of the world

i remember the needs of my body  
and its attraction for the opposite sex  
and the absurd and thoroughly ridiculous  
behaviour of girls plying a learned trade  
of binary contradictions

i remember i didn't belong  
tho i had no difficulty navigating  
the primitive cesspool called  
civilisation

i remember the natural turns and curves  
that i made to avoid linear attacks,  
so easy as only society draws straight lines  
in a curving spiraling existence

i remember my victory at huge cost  
in inflicted pain and suffering

i remember my decision  
which sustains me to this day

i would never release my grip  
on the promise i received  
before i could talk or breathe  
i know who i am and where  
i originated

today existence has veiled my  
location/identity

as it now returns the promise  
it gave me before i was

what i am now is incomprehensible  
to the inhabitants of this world

and so it is that i remember it all  
perhaps one day  
i may be more specific  
as i know u wish to know  
my secret

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-3001.html>