

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

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