

Portrait

by zed Saturday, Dec 16 2017, 10:39pm

international / poetry / post

the unimaginable reaches for consciousness
and becomes imaginable tho distorted by
pre-existing notions/cultural pollution

yet this emergence cannot be allowed to fade and die
as its source is from the pristine, pure

it winds around my mind suffocating
the learned and derailing the train of
incessant thought, i have no regrets,
like a babe's first laboured breath
it forces the door into existence
while banishing memories of previous existences,
tho not the consequences of previous actions

nothing has gone right since my initial recall
no connection whatsoever with my species, in this realm
of inversions, distortions and lost
living prescribed dreams of vacuity and senseless folly

every road taken is crooked, signs hang riddled with bullet holes
squeaking in the wind offering no direction,
how the fuck did i end up here?
tho deep down i know it is the result of previous actions
forcing new experiences that must be dealt with,
tho here nothing makes sense but the moving cycles of nature

from my vantage i look out over the horizon and see
no future that anyone would desire
yet it is a future which is created
in complete ignorance of consequences
every thought, word and deed of unintentional designers
permanently recorded on the akasha, there is no escape,
only the option to deal with every lunatic confrontation
of this world

trapped in a world as foreign to me as is possible -
heartless, selfish and violent, pure madness reigns here
incubated and hatched in poison urban conglomerations

the unimaginable begins to take form, it is my pristine
self comforting me and re-painting the portrait of Dorian,

with a palette of colours i have never seen before

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-3056.html>