

## Shack

by zed Sunday, Jan 14 2018, 1:47am

international / poetry / post

the glass chimes on ur veranda  
ping thru my mind, the space is empty

raw emotion pours from every aperture of my being  
but to no avail, u have deserted more than ur bush shack

weeds and grasses threaten to overtake ur tiny refuge  
which is no longer a refuge, just an emptiness lacking ur presence  
tho i'm aware i see thru my eyes

wildflowers visually lift the otherwise un-kept scene,  
rusted farm equipment betrays failed dreams and ambitions  
but not urs, u bought the place for a song, sung by the failed  
dreams of others, which continue to haunt this place

a brown [snake] slides undaunted thru the long grass  
as if it owns the place and i am the intruder,  
bush rodents abound here tho u learned fast to  
use metal containers to keep them from devouring ur supplies

i wait  
for an impossibility i know, reconciliation --  
the healing of a love not yet strong enough to withstand  
the storms churned by jealousy and spite  
tho i imagined we could withstand external interference,  
but you couldn't, u began to believe the crud others  
were eager to inject into ur mind, tho the heart should rule love  
not the uncertain mind

i know that any resistance from me would only  
amplify the discord in ur mind, so better left to u  
to make a final decision, which u did, with an end to something not  
yet  
perfected and refined, the indestructibility of true Love

sitting on a crude weathered bench outside watching, waiting for ur  
return --

i dare not easily force my way in and make some tea  
so i wait in vain -- it occurs that u may have returned to the city  
for family or other reasons

the sun is setting slowly in agony resisting the approaching

darkness, the twilight casts a warm tone on everything except my  
brooding darkness

after some time i decide to leave it all behind  
and take the overgrown path to the road,  
now dangerous as the bush belongs to its own creatures  
many able to deliver a lethal strike, but i'm already dead,  
what does it matter?

half way to the road a vehicle approaches on the track,  
is it u but it's not ur car  
i barely give it a thought,  
u may have allowed others to  
use the shack

but it is you, accompanied by a male i haven't  
seen before, how could this strange intimacy have developed  
so quickly with a stranger? but stranger he wasn't  
u had him while u publicly showcased being with me  
such games people play, females and males  
so surprise wasn't my reaction tho i could now see  
the expression on ur face

u pulled to a stop beside me, hi, we didn't arrange to meet here,  
'i know, i thought i'd surprise u, i responded fatalistically,  
this is derek, hi man,  
pop in the back and we'll all go to the cabin together,  
i don't want that u should have made this long trip for nothing

'NOTHING,' pierced my mind and heart like a poison needle,  
as it was entirely appropriate

in the backseat i watched the exchange between derek and my lost  
love

'derek' i thought, the pommies use it to refer to a prick/phallus  
how appropriate i thought, a prick with a prick, surely it wasn't  
chance

bloody two-timing women, maybe she did me favour  
with double-prick, or did she invite me back to drive her  
treacherous dagger deeper into my soul?

we all entered her rustic shack together,  
sit down boys and get to know each other  
while i change into something comfortable

comfortable indeed, she returned in a loose, translucent sarong,  
bare feet and wearing a tattered man's blue workers singlet  
revealing  
her naked breasts with every move

derek didn't react to her body, he was clearly familiar

so what brings u here she asked me hoping for an awkward  
reply, i had a day to kill so i thought, why not, calmly?

well, u couldn't have come at a better time, derek is my publisher,  
i finally finished that novella and his establishment has accepted it  
for publication tho on a short first run,  
good luck with it, i said  
hope it does well, tho attention spans these days prefer 140  
characters  
written by imbeciles

what do u do? asked derek,  
well, i write,  
did u have a hand in this novella?  
well more a keyboard,  
tho it's all her work i proofed it  
grammatically tho it doesn't show here,

where? asked derek,  
HERE, u prick!  
but how was he to know? he wasn't aware  
i had created him and her, waiting for a failed internet connection  
to reconnect - which it has NOW,  
pity, i was enjoying this little jaunt,  
i would've loved to know how it all panned out

So dear readers, as the irish say,  
believe nothing u hear and only a fraction of what u see  
or read

text is treacherous, it forcefully engages the reader via the  
linguistic decoding process,  
which is automatic -- for example, all the world's religions are text  
based, God has nothing to do it or anything else.

propaganda is essentially text with images and video supporting the  
Lies

these are all artistic creations designed for specific effects, you  
nose-ringed chattel,  
be aware and beware.