Déjà vu

by ives Wednesday, Feb 13 2013, 11:29am international / poetry / post

walking again always walking through forests of the living forests of the dead merging at times so no distinction is discernable

people imagine i
live on
a page
a screen
a medium
not so
i walk through existence
like a bleeding phantom
one green breathing tree
in a petrified forest
that died and turned to stone
so many aeons ago
it aches

so i walk
searching for life
not the living dead
whose souls have been captured,
bottled and placed
on never-ending shelves
in the corridors of hell
they are unaware they have sold
their immortality they mill in cities
like a tide of blind
moles

sometimes i am asked for my ticket to enter so i produce a poem to confound kings and scholars the gatekeeper reads glancing up occasionally as though encountering a line meant for him alone

it gets me through into other realms but there's no escaping the milling hordes the living dead, automatons slaving, performing tasks for the benefit of others

sometimes, enough times
i encounter another walker
we exchange glances of recognition
being careful not to alert
the drones to an alternative reality
or that something unusual
is transpiring under their noses

déjà vu is not a sensation it's an action, reality piercing the fog of illusion alerting the sojourner to avoid previously trodden, tired trails

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-406.html