

Falling

by stylus *Tuesday, Sep 3 2013, 1:19pm*

international / poetry / post

how easy
the impossible

the weight
of my entire existence
carried aloft by reveries
or the falling
before sleep

jolted back to consciousness
while plunging into deep sleep
all burdens in that instant
miraculously disappeared

what then is it that oppresses
and weighs so heavy on our lives?

we habitually carry the weight
of the world on our shoulders
like a perverse Greek myth
(and i'm not Greek.)

how many times have we heard
the lie
that 'life wasn't meant to be easy,'
or 'it's a hard life' --
only as hard as we make it

a perception, notion or belief
becomes our reality
whether it's real or imaginary
tangible or fantastic

such is the character
and perversity of mind
and its ability to
carry us to ecstatic heights
or plunge us into
the most dread melancholies
when neither state has any substance
outside what our minds invest

u'll have to excuse me now,
writing this poem carries with it baggage,
a good measure of associations
that are beginning to weigh
on my mind

i would rather drift back into the
velvet void
free of all notions of self

moving in and out of other minds
like a phantom --
have u felt my presence,
do u see/feel me as i frolic
in ur mind?

some have asked directly
whether i have a sixth sense,
they see without eyes and feel without touch

kindred

we are the next ... waiting patiently for the purge
before we enter in and harmonise the world

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-790.html>