

## 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

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