

Floodgates

by quin *Thursday, Sep 16 2010, 10:20am*

international / poetry / post

a mysterious hand
opens floodgates
when least expected;
at the most inopportune times
the entire content of consciousness
is released,
a burden
far too large
for a puny mind
to bear.

i am drowning
in my own emotions
and experiences
whoever heard of such a thing?

twenty year memories dancing with
this afternoon's experiences,
not yet filed or savoured --
life's most exquisite and horrid moments
in one gigantic mass!

everything has a strange new
quality, tone,
to re-experience, re-live,
a haphazard arrangement
yet somehow a discernible
ordered chaos.

a lone swimmer against
a giant whirlpool,
about to disappear
into another dimension --
where perhaps
this monumental load
becomes a trifling,
a fleeting whimsy.

we are all
the sum of our experience
uncensored passions/emotions,
pleasures and pains;

fuck!
it's 2:39am
and i'm going down
for the count (again).

*there is no existence
without consciousness,*
a difficult statement to counter
the ruin of sophists
and a fool's delight.

it's 3:31am,
a poem completed,
a lifebuoy,
a raft in a limitless,
variegated sea.

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-2110.html>

🔊 [Fancy -- The Kinks](#)

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-134.html>