

Untitled Volume

by quill *Monday, Oct 18 2010, 8:34am*

international / poetry / post

you opened the
secret volume
of my life;
the seal is broken
never to bind
the covers again.

pages never before seen
now turn in the breeze
for all to read.

content/words brimming
with every manner
of secret intrigue,
exotica, trauma,
love and loathing
open for everyone to see.

i feel like a naked dream,
a violated violet,
a telephone directory
in a public box
thumbed to death
tattered and dog-eared
by desperate fingers
searching for elusive
contacts/*numbers*.

i had better learn fast
to navigate this unwelcome
exposure,
my innermost being/thoughts
exposed,
strewn across Main Street
for every passer-by to inspect.

but i take the alternative option,
to change/rewrite the future
and by consequence
derail thematic continuity
rendering all previous 'meaning' meaningless,
confusing identity

and making the past
redundant
irrelevant
strangely familiar but incoherent
to all except me.

mystery restored by stealth
and textual artifice.

i already detect my past
(and present)
turning,
changing direction
Freeing me.

i have begun to re-write the future,
history (therefore) deceived
a new life of my own design --
i am anonymous,
a mystery once again.

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-2157.html>

🔊 [Bang Bang -- Nancy Sinatra](#)

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-151.html>