

## 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

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-406.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-316.html>