

Distortions

by lex *Sunday, May 26 2013, 9:49am*

international / poetry / post

memory distorts the present
and taints new experience
with the past,
is there no escape from this
syndrome?

like a recurring dream
ur peerless beauty and
perfection
prevent new liaisons

none compare to ur knees
their inane inarticulate gibberish
and primitive gesticulations --
see what u have done to me!

was i fortunate to experience
such perfection first, or cursed,
as now nothing rates,
ur legacy, an unattainable
standard

i have tried to dull
my senses
with legal drugs,
in vain were my attempts
to re-educate my aesthetic
disposition

i have engaged Americans
in conversation
hoping that tedious venture
would invest others with
qualities previously unappreciated

but not so,
Americans slid
below the scale
of every known measure
and the rest remain grotesque,
circus and freak show performers

the fault is mine
tho i would dearly love
to blame others,
i have never settled for second best

friends and associates
were shocked
to see me with you,
a plain pedestrian girl,
but they do not possess
an eye for real beauty

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-580.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-374.html>