

## Maze

by julian via lil - Jungle Drum Newswire *Wednesday, Aug 24 2016, 10:20pm*

international / poetry / post

be careful or u'll lose yourself  
not lose ur way, ur very self

u've fallen into pits and traversed  
sunny scapes but are u aware  
that no matter which course  
u take, that course u've prescribed  
for urself like a mad doctor  
that takes his own medicines  
and cures or poisons himself?

this maze is of ur own making  
like a diabolical street directory  
which leads either to damnation/pain  
or liberation/joy,  
choose ur way carefully  
this time around

u should know which route to take  
as u have inscribed them all,  
but life is not so kind as to leave  
memory as a guiding light  
each action or non-action creates another  
course for a future that forgets the past  
and all u are left with is a maze of ur own design  
not knowing which way leads to freedom  
and resolution

a street directory is two dimensional  
but ur maze is three dimensional  
populated with love, despair, regret  
frustration and every other human emotion  
and circumstance,  
hell, heaven and everything in between --  
a future life created by ur present life  
live it wisely now and u would be able to navigate  
ur amnesiac future easier

life is consequential death is inconsequential  
as it leads u to a new maze without the memory  
of how u created it, and just think that every page  
of a street directory adjoins another page teaming

with roads and streets, quite maddening  
if one burdens oneself with knowledge of the game  
and how it works, but without cues to guide

and so life may become a hell of one's own making  
or paradise, so do not withdraw or retreat but  
do what u must

i was mistaken about cues,  
an inner impulse always assists but very few  
acknowledge it and fewer still listen or are guided by it

consider ur turmoil and pain and the sublime tortures  
u have made,  
born on a plane where the entity is split  
in two, male and female, which binaries  
must seek union to resolve their separation  
yet somewhere/time in the past u traced a course,  
every female or male that appeals views u with dispassion  
and every male/female that u attract does nothing for u  
a cruel joke one would think, but no,  
previous actions/non-actions  
created the current circumstance and  
how it hurts and tortures ur soul  
as this world requires the joining of opposites  
to continue

and so u are a stranger wherever u go  
with only rejection and unfulfillment as friends,  
but do not feel badly, as i wrote this piece for myself  
'alone'

be comforted by the fact that most do not expire  
by the roadside  
they find *their* way in the end

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-2341.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-670.html>