

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>

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