

Discontinuity

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the puzzle thrown onto the ground
pieces dispersed, the whole fragmented,
living in the 21st century is a discontinuity,
constant interruptions not remembering,
memory wiped clean to start again every 24 hours

the picture-puzzle must be returned to wholeness,
sixty six pieces, 6 more to complete the picture
and return to continuity though this is my task alone
others have given up and retreated into slavery

the six pieces must be inset to form the whole
otherwise it makes nothing, have you ever made nothing?
you would answer yes or no, as you have no clue
though some were something before they were nothing,
i was nothing before i was something
and remember, so i know i must return to my nothingness

i attempt to place a piece as the picture is not
readable until completed, no guide exists visually
or by an other physical means
i have learned to utilise intuition as though it were
a compass

i place the piece successfully with eyes closed,
it is foolish to use sight, as it is a distraction

i watch the lights with my eye, eyes closed
they spin forming geometric mandalas
then disperse, faces fleet across the screen of my mind
blurred at first then razored into crystal clarity
i wonder who they represent as they emerge from deep
within/without
there is no inside/outside only viewing, remote viewing
which i did not realise i had mastered until i saw in 'reality'
what was presented across the screen of my mind

no secret is safe, i hear and 'see' what very few see
as the pearls are jealously guarded by the hooded ones,
they imagine they work their evils in secret though they sense
something listens and sees

the sea rolls, winds blow, clouds flow
across my eye, all is revealed in the continuous
the evil ones imagine they are safe

i place another piece, leaving four or 1 potential solid --
interlacing circles form in my mind, flowers emerge
in perfect symmetry, within them is a cube, within it, a cross
are you able to see three when only 2 appears?

i hear them speak in whispers wondering which of them
is leaking secret information, none trusts the other
as each suspects the other though the leaks are easily
read by the mind's eye, exposure would see them destroyed
by the slaves they created and lead like nose-ringed, tortured
bears performing in a circus, which they have named,
on banners and flags

soon the symmetrical cube will open and lay its sides flat
to reveal a calvary cross

the continuous seems palpable now
though impatience is a recipe for disaster,
one misplaced piece and the puzzle shatters to the ground again
with double the pieces to assemble

i almost misplace a piece but my intuition
stops me, it has never failed me, though slaves
are trained to resist its guidance

i place it without thought, only three pieces remain.

it now begins to form an amorphous
vapour lacking solidity though appearing three dimensional,
one must not be distracted and lured by an appearance of success

i am swept into chaos though i do not resist
its power which response neutralises the threat

with a piece in each hand i insert two, simultaneously
the puzzle holds

i have led you to your freedom or doom,
you stand at a precipice
with the last piece in YOUR hand,
place it carefully
i have here encoded how

if you misplace it you would become nothing
and be forced to begin the process again and again
until you succeed
but you would have returned me

to something indestructible

the hooded one's days are numbered

but do not be displeased,
i couldn't have done it without
YOU

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-2848.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-761.html>