

Feign

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international / poetry / post

another poem birthing
tho I have no idea what
it desires

this time language like assorted vegetables
and fruits are blended, not in some mysterious
way but like making a smoothie with a kitchen
blender -- it's rather puzzling as this hasn't
occurred before but the muse has her ways

in goes every word I can remember and many I have
forgotten plus the base solution
or liquid emotion in which everything
is emulsified --
so how on earth could something coherent
be the result, tho I never have doubts?

i was reading Kafka the night before
tho I do not relate to his dilemmas and anguish
awkwardly disguised in his skilled literary productions,
tho the surreal does appeal but trapped, pointless endings
leaving only existential crises is pure Kafka,
tragic soul that he was - you see, writers have no choice
they are forced to write about themselves
all the time regardless of how distant
or well disguised that self appears to be in the work --
the self vomits thru every sentence
but is re-consumed by the writer/dog who attempts distance
and once swallowed is regurgitated in an endless cycle of futile
attempts to hide

so now to this blend, the heavy liquid brew continues
to be without form so the blades of the muse
were utilised on this occasion perhaps
to instruct or simply to experiment --
has descriptive meaning been produced?

of course it has, you have just read it
but you long for meaningful emotion, something
you wish to hang yourself on
but after dog vomits which are re-consumed
and banal kitchen appliance metaphors

what good, merit or elevating meaning
is to be had?

none whatsoever as is clear, meaning
in a world devoid of it remains nevertheless
tho very easily hidden, unlike the feeble attempts to hide self --

this blend is pure prose without
a skeric of the poetic artifice
but do not be disappointed/displeased
as allusions and meaninglessness
are plentiful, meaning is the most
meaningless word in any language

there is no use throwing a rope
or lifeline to a person unaware they are drowning
they simply do not see it,
they painlessly enter the realm
of death in a dream state,
much like the dream they imagine
was/is their lives

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-874.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-979.html>