Counterfeit

by dee Friday, May 3 2019, 10:10am international / poetry / post

> this is reality, presented like a ghost from the mouths of liars -u must adjust to it

i have no intention as what u present makes no sense to my sense, i cannot nor would i adjust to a turd

seeing

i could see forever as a child i had not yet been trained in blindness

i could hear angels sing until i was taught the chromatic scale now i hear only what it produces

i could fly on my magic cloud and go anywhere i wished by imagining, now i am offered street directories

before i was taught to write i could read the universe now they give me books with limited characters

haven't they yet realised i was full to overflowing from the inexhaustible well within me?

now i am dying of thirst