

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