

## Feign

by sybil *Tuesday, Oct 29 2019, 9:26pm*

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

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Inverse Times Open Publishing. <http://inversetimes.lingama.net/news/story-874.html>