

Mandolins

by jill *Monday, Nov 11 2019, 10:20pm*

international / poetry / post

paired strings plucked perfectly
play on the horizon of my dreams
where all my experiences appear
and disappear on queue

but ur face is always there
whispering continuously, "do not, never fear"
without qualification, which I need to step forward

the fluid music draws me into itself
everything boldly being what it is without hesitation
yet I doubt cringing in the corner losing myself to fear
"do not, never ..." I cannot write the word for dread
so I bleat in terror like a sheep waiting for the shepherd
to guide and save me from the wolves of my imagination,
surely I was trained to be guided and exploited
for my wool and meat but I lose my life in the process

images come closer until they are immediate,
frightening as they reflect my cowardice,
who am I, who or what?

u break ur repetitions, "never fear .."
and state emphatically that I have been given the heart of a lion
but have been raised as a sheep like others of my flock -

mandolins play frantically joined by trumpets breaking the sky
screaming 'freedom, BREAK free,'
as ur enslavement must be BROKEN in order to know freedom
BREAK/smash FREE

I withdraw and cringe, how is this possible, I am a sheep
see my wool?

NO, it is a superimposed garment
to be discarded, note the skin and tan hide of a lion,
who would dare to lead a lion, sovereign and unique
with lies and deception? Break free!

The horizon surges into a wave miles high
that covers the land where no mammal is able to survive so I
transform into an aquatic mammal

and ride the waters of freedom
where a new horizon forms to the tune of flutes,
not strings

Inverse Times Open Publishing. <http://inversetimes.lingama.net/news/story-895.html>