

Premature Promise

by angie *Wednesday, Dec 4 2019, 9:16pm*

international / poetry / post

(The mystic smile)



i was born in you and of you
i remember that unfolding --
that push into consciousness
tho i came from that going

yet you insisted on projecting yourself
as me into existence
tho before i could think, speak or
distinguish myself from you
i remember a promise
muffled by the push into existence
yet i remember

u held fast to ur promise tho
the contorted world into which
you thrust me was perverse

the inhabitants seemed to sense your strength in me
so did everything they could to separate me
from your firm but gentle grasp - impossible, as i knew
letting go of you would result in vacancy,
torture and a hell indescribable which they tried to sell
as normality, consensus, agreement with what? perversity!
which i later learned had a name, culture -- a blight and sickness
superimposed on your continuity, which disease they called mind
the sum of all their learning, housing itself within and without
though its worth amounts to nothing, benefiting no-one
captured by the lie and stricken with the disease

and how they persisted with intimidation, violence
and every conceivable coercion but you were too strong,
imperturbable, tho i was buffeted by those horrid experiences

thus i was forced to pay for my freedom tho unlike
you, i am not perfect, so i fought like a lion and butterfly
to maintain my/yourself,
you promised me after all that it was necessary
for my final triumph and dissolution in you forever

and so i never feared anything the perverse entirety
threw; fabricated charges, subsequent incarceration
chemical management, all of which failed to sever our link
so today i am yours as i was in the beginning and
will be after the end tho there is only one process,
never ending in you

ur promise has now matured into realisation
of the nature of things and the perversity of men/culture

the horrendous price paid is only a dry memory now
discharged of emotion, being remains unblemished, un-scarred

should i now reveal ur identity to those captured, tortured slaves,
knowing all the while it would make no difference
to their condition as they have surrendered to the Lie --
yes, you say, though you/i know
only heroes overcome and earn their place
in the cosmic scheme/body of infinity

however, i would go a few steps farther of my own accord
and say it is all in the name of knowing/earning perfection
impelled of course by your raison d'etre,
which is an Eternal dance of Bliss --
everything develops out and back into yourSelf

tho the Truth of this poem/presentation speaks only to stardust



