

Dissociative

A life of conflicting extremes has been thrust upon me,
I'm not strong enough to bear the burden.
A hollow chunk of hail with infinitesimal measure,
shoved into the mouth of an ancient volcano,
sputtering and fuming with rocky rage.

I search blindly for the expertly hidden,
I desire to touch the phantasmal,
I worry if my expectations will ever be met,
Honestly, I'd be concerned if they ever were.

I'm insatiable, brimming with gluttony,
accompanied by the shame of such a lifestyle.
Yet I believe I don't deserve even an insignificant crumb,
a plague rat has more claim than I do.

I wish to painlessly conquer the world,
claiming myself to be the one with all the answers.
But I hardly challenge myself,
I can't even confront the disheveled man in the mirror.

I attempt to create imagined masterpieces,
yet only succeed in destroying the framework,
merely to complain about the scattered rubble.
The crumbled sculptures of my design disgust me,
in their beautiful, archaic features.
They deserved to be greater.

I lay with women while I lie to myself,
I find true interest elsewhere.
Thousands of miles away from my father's grave,
I still fear judgement from a dead man.
I continue his legacy through the self-flagellation of my soul.

I write these words hoping for a moment of exaltation,
where the pouring of my heart has distinctive meaning.
Sadly, nothing flows from that eager pitcher.
I pity the overturned container made of flesh and blood,
as I rob it of its purpose.

I wish to participate in this grey world,
but I worry I'll never belong here.
A thin veil creates a blockade,

resisting my transition between realms,
impenetrable and inconceivable,
yet undeniably real.
It keeps me from the others like myself,
if they even exist at all.

I believe, one day, the world will know me,
yet I hardly know myself.
A sad reality of a reluctant man,
with too much wasted time and misplaced pride.
The chaotic whirlpool continues swirling,
aching to discern its existence.

--James Shawe