

Wilderness House Literary Review 5/2

James Piatt

My Sad Awakening

My feet press harshly upon the burning sand
With eyes half open confused images appear
Words arise then crumble as the sand shifts
Then warps into metaphors under my feet

The rough pebbly parchment unfurls and
An ancient message written in sun-bleached ink
Deceives my sad and anxious memory
And causes my words to metathesize

Seeking to decipher the diseased meaning
Remembrances slip into the dark chill of my
Nightmares and a coldness not of
Winter enters into my dark sea mist dreams

I creep into the melancholy of iciness
And the summer warmth slowly disappears
The hot sand transforms into snow as my
Mind struggles to regain lost purposes

An inner wintry storm disrupts my thoughts
My sacred intentions become opaque
And quickly metamorphize into ambiguities
The sanity of my mind becomes obscured

The enigmatically sad harmonics of
Cello strings vibrate in my pulsing heart
Subduing the prose within my forlorn
Soul as they deepen life's absurdities

Wilderness House Literary Review 5/2

The dark prism in my mind reflects
My contradictory beliefs and like
A chameleon suppresses the truth
Of all that I considered hallowed

Hidden within the darkness of my isms
A parable uncovers conflicting arguments
Within my being and carries my mind to the
Depths of inane anguish and absurdity

When I learned the truth of all that
I believed not to be true I found
Myself unhappily in the company of
Angels poets and enlightened sages

Wilderness House Literary Review 5/2

Wandering in my Dreams

I was drifting in my inner thoughts
Where earthly things ever disappear
And the fierce opaque tide of my
Emotions crashed anxiously upon the
Shore of my lost and unexplored desires

My thinking was seized by translucent foam
And made a slave by the colored prisms
That refracted upon the facets of my soul
Salty tears washed ashore upon the
Youthful emotions in my doubtful mind

Ignorance came rushing in with the
Blue-foamed waves that crashed
Upon the granite rocks of obscurity
Imbedded in the dim caves of my being
And my thoughts became gloomy

I no longer discerned the contradictions
Harvested from the depths of the ocean
Which bled common sense from the
Ebbing rushing tide of sane absurdity
The ocean waves of my inner thoughts

And the absurdities of my life
Liquefied into a dark yet new
Realization of life and mortality
I discovered the inequities of life
And the reasons behind injustice

Wilderness House Literary Review 5/2

In a planet that had become brutal
I am now afraid to relate the
The truth for it would destroy
All remaining sanity in a torn
And severely battered world