## The Incredible Vacuity of Meaning

by jaylin *Tuesday, Mar 30 2010, 8:03am* international / prose/poetry / literature

it seems pointless now standing back viewing past events, traumas.

it's pointless to regret or lament the past

held down, force fed, 'it' matters (constantly in my face) until i pass out and dream of non-descript incorporealities.

look up, around, inside, outside open your/my eyes

the world is whirling; with people, left, right, back, front and 'in between' arguing circles, consoling hurt pride.

i touch the water with my toes cold it is of no consequence, i murmur to myself.

i want to scream, 'it' doesn't matter, it has no bearing on anything, it is irrelevant

- 1 The Trip Donovan
- The Joker -- Steve Miller, unplugged