

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

🔊 [The Trip - Donovan](#)

🔊 [The Joker -- Steve Miller, unplugged](#)