

Aborted Dreams

by quill *Friday, Sep 3 2010, 11:27am*

international / prose/poetry / literature



*i promised myself an early night
but a poem demanded expression –
a dedication to you.*

unlike ur bright arrival
ur departure was without event,
almost unnoticeable,
sullen
a quiet dying
without so much as a whimper;
a portend to be avoided
like a life lived in a box
safe but lacking the joy of surprise
and wild abandon.

i searched for the assassin of our dreams
[those] aborted possibilities
and discovered
denial
disingenuity
a lack of character/integrity,
a pathological
need to manipulate
and a morbid fear
of taking responsibility for the least action;
a truly untenable situation.

frightened of the least commitment
or real variation
u resorted to familiar,
shallow experience,
tiresome hedonism,
vacuous pursuits
and the safety
of feeble minded company.

watching you in ur current,
predictable,
lacklustre existence
it becomes painfully clear,
the loss is all yours.

it ends.

[“without so much as a whimper.”]

🔊 [You can't always get what you want -- The Rolling Stones](#)

Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-2087.html>