

## Floodgates

by quin *Thursday, Sep 16 2010, 10:20am*

international / prose/poetry / literature

a mysterious hand  
opens floodgates  
when least expected;  
at the most inopportune times  
the entire content of consciousness  
is released,  
a burden  
far too large  
for a puny mind  
to bear.

i am drowning  
in my own emotions  
and experiences  
whoever heard of such a thing?

twenty year memories dancing with  
this afternoon's experiences,  
not yet filed or savoured --  
life's most exquisite and horrid moments  
in one gigantic mass!

everything has a strange new  
quality, tone,  
to re-experience, re-live,  
a haphazard arrangement  
yet somehow a discernible  
ordered chaos.

a lone swimmer against  
a giant whirlpool,  
about to disappear  
into another dimension --  
where perhaps  
this monumental load  
becomes a trifling,  
a fleeting whimsy.

we are all  
the sum of our experience  
uncensored passions/emotions,  
pleasures and pains;

fuck!  
it's 2:39am  
and i'm going down  
for the count (again).

*there is no existence  
without consciousness,*  
a difficult statement to counter  
the ruin of sophists  
and a fool's delight.

it's 3:31am,  
a poem completed,  
a lifebuoy,  
a raft in a limitless,  
variegated sea.

🔊 [Fancy -- The Kinks](#)

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Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-2110.html>