

Forgotten Song

by rayn Monday, Jul 4 2011, 12:24pm

international / prose/poetry / literature

*“Can ya tell me
where we’re headin’
Lincoln County Rd
or Armageddon,
seems like I’ve been down
this way before.”*

A remembered life
a forgotten song
floodgates
burst open
releasing
repressed memories
and images of
bloodied syringes
strewn across
haunted passageways
moist with tears
dank with regret
unwritten chapters
of my early life.

songs and
pavlov’s damn reflex
so sudden
this inundation of grief
for you, mate

past events
captured and frozen
in a glass tube
like a museum specimen,
a time capsule
of gloom and dread
should i
have lived this long
alone?
what cruel hand threw the dice
that left me and took you?

alone with my sculptured
gloom, ghosts and a song.

i remember you
so clearly
long dead now
decades ago
u made the front pages
but not the bard
who fucked ur wife
he died in
ignominy.

that skull on your mantle
traced ur future too well
u used it to inflate
the price of ur pictures
it used u to fulfil
itself
I knew it would come to no good;
Melanesian spirits
seek their revenge and rest.

fear sticks to me like glue tonight
impelled to write myself free,
scratching oaths on a door
that must close
on these haunting memories
and spinal chills.

where are u my first love,
alive or dead?
where is ur strength,
i know not
the tears that flow tonight
are for you
but far too late
to save what could have been
but never was

u left me in despair
to find solace
in that (winged) white steed
and black velvet
sky
etched with every starry
dream i ever spun

riding solitary
in the eerie
stillness
of night

i wasn't strong enough to bear

it at the time
having just escaped
that murderous demoness
that feeds on dead mens' souls.

my punctured arms
and battered heart
are left howling
tonight
like an arctic wolf
in the chill winter wind.

🔊 [Bob Dylan - Señor](#)

Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-2602.html>