

Drowning Man

A sea of lies
Of lost hopes
Devoid of expectancy

Dark water
Deep water
Airless liquid
Translucent coffin

It waits for me
This end
It waits for me to let go
To let it enter and swallow me simultaneously

And, will I be driftwood for the ages
To collect upon someone's mantle
A freeze dried, petrified memory
Losing expression, save for the faulty recollection of a few,
Adorning the altar of yesterday

My heart panics at the thought
Life instinct ever fighting against the tide of death
Full of fright at what might be a last breath
Fear of death and nothingness
Even Hell would be something less than final
Less suffocating
Active

Yet, to fail at life so miserably
And still resist the pull of death
When I am obviously so dead already
I don't understand
Part of me still seems to hope
But why
How is it I think I will change
Over and over, I remain the same
Pulse-less,
Breathless,
Nameless, except forensically
Never fitting into life
Lifelessness my only home

On the dry land of assumption
Where everything is known
Where everything is safe
Mortician-like
I masked my identity to meet the expectations
Of the viewing public
Never quite genuinely alive

Too uncomfortable in it to be genuine

I jumped in this sea
This sea
Of doubt
Of nebulous thought
Nothing to hold onto
Limbs flailing aimlessly with nothing solid to claim
Just struggling against the tide
As it rushes in
And out
Pallbearer waves bearing me helplessly along

Yet I allude the reaper, with his winnowing fork
Chaff from wheat
Chaff has no business among the wheat
So I have no place here
Good for the fire only
Refuse

Is that it
My slow mind not a match for others
My aging face not welcomed by even the superficial
My thoughts so easily dismissed
As if I were already on view
In the box
An excuse only for a gathering of people
Making only passing remarks
Saving all true conversation for other subjects

Prejudgment
A final prohibition
Truth not necessary
Safer to drain the fluids
So he poses no threat of disease

He is no one special
Toe tagged Mr. Doe
Washed up
On someone else's beach

George Lennon, 4/11/06

Falling Apart

Pieces of me
Have broken off
Carried away in the merciless wind of hap and circumstance
If I look back
I can see them strewn behind me
Left as a clue to who I was
The wind is too strong for me to return
And collect what I have lost
Some of it
Lies too far to even recognize
What remains of me
I am unsure

I only know what is left
And that, I do not recognize
This stranger
This one who is malleable
Who conforms to that which he must
The product of the wishes of others
Avoiding conflict
Edges smoothed
Nothing to identify me
No discernable difference
Or preference of my own
Each color
Muted to grayscale
Ash colored
Particles of paper made light by fire's relentless insistence

George Lennon

3/30/05

Forest of Darkness

A forest of darkness falling around me
I am slowly losing all sense of shapes
The trails dim to blackness
Sounds increase, with no owners
My thoughts begin to magnify
To rule over everything
Lay down
Lay down
No use in the attempt
Lay down
Melt into the despairing depths of lightless coolness

A cocoon of thoughts insulates me
Quieting my fight
Preparing the body
There is work to dying
To snuffing out life
Until it is still
Until it is death

No metamorphosing
No butterfly is coming
No winged escape awaits

True
I have crept here
But the change is but a hardening of my black heart
And, I will never fly out
The black night, like a great Boa, swallows me whole
After first slowly and effortlessly folding itself around me
He is my slimy cocoon
My lidless coffin

When the harsh daylight arrives
It will be too late
It will merely identify the body
But they will not know the cause of death
My eyes will be closed
No windows left to gaze into
And, not a single mark on me
“Peaceful”, they will say
“He looks at peace now”

They will not see the flames of Hell
Or hear the retched screams of the tortured
And they will not know
That I am at home amongst Hell’s residents
Fellow failures
Happy to be doing my penance
Happy to know that all those I have failed
Have there retribution on my useless life
Even without their consent
Or, even their knowledge
No one would have ordered it
No one brave or cruel enough

I had to find that
The one thing I could do
End what was never started

And, alas
The torture

The punishment
The pain
That is less Hell
Than my invention of it

Eternally alone with my thoughts of failure
Like worms and maggots
Eating my spirit
In the Godless confinement of a rotting corpse

The kind lies spoken by cleric, friends, and family
Passing by me in death
As they did in life
No more enlightened now than they've ever wanted to be
Willingly clueless in the bliss of ignorance
With no true responsibility
Able to send flowers, visit the corpse, then go out for ice cream after

And this waits for them too
Sick as it is
Even the successful, useful people
Will end up beside me
In the ground

The difference?
They leave behind blessed accomplishments
Which bronze the words of mourners in truth
Here lies someone who mattered
Someone who drew well in the lottery of life

I, with my worthless ticket stub,
Was turned away and interred
In a pauper's grave of anonymity
Fit to be forgotten

George Lennon

5/2/06

Waking

I am coming to
Awakened from years of slumber
I do not recognize the reflection in my mirror now
A person I no longer know
Years of neglectful sleep have orphaned me from my self

Yet
I do know that I am now parentless
My mother
My father
My god
They were mere figments of my imagination

Conjured dreams
In the light of day
They have vanished

I am bastardized
But happy to be
Is this my true entrance into the world
Or an invitation to leave it

I have no legs as yet
I am unsure I can actually walk into this new reality
The shock may kill me
It may be too much freedom
With no boundaries, the sea may swallow me whole

And what of the life I had
The choices I had made
My wife
My children
Are they casualties of my renaissance
Must I leave them with what I was
In order to live anew

Would I be brave enough
Would I be man enough
Perhaps death will win the war in my heart
Perhaps I will decide that no one will have me
Not this life or a new one elsewhere

How heroic
How utterly defiant
To leave life altogether
But I love life
And people
And nature
Living it now would be new
I would approach it the way I am
With no one to color me
No one to keep me from expressing my joy
No one to squeeze me back into conformity
To cover my colors with gray

My legs
Will they carry me into this new world
Or will I lie here
Paraplegic
Overwhelmed
Unable to accept this new challenge
Unable to walk into this new world of me
Until infection sets in
Abandoning me to death

Will I lie still enough for death
Will no one ever know the person I have just discovered
Not even me

George Lennon

What Do I Do With This

What do I do with this?
This something
It brings me to life
And always, I can't wait to be there again
I spend the times I'm home just waiting to be there

Can she tell?
Does she see any of my secret devotion
Is my secret gone with my smile...
My look...
The tone of my voice with her?

I go home thinking it is not mutual
Always trying to bring myself down
Down to the earth I walk on
Down to where dreams die
Down to the everyday

But, my silly heart hopes
Each chance to find the daylight peering through
A hint that she might feel this something
That I might bring her to life
That she can hardly wait to get there
That her time at home is spent waiting to be here
With me

Forbidden topic
So close to self destruction to think of
To even consider once
But, I bring myself there daily
Looking for cues
An inviting smile
A knowing look
A soft tone in her voice
Ready to throw myself off
Into open arms
Or oblivion

Still, what do I do with this
Something which lies beneath the surface
Noticed or not
I dare not call concrete attention to it

If she notices, and is pretending not to
She is hoping it goes away
If she notices it and is hoping I do
Then, paradise may be as close as that

Yet, I must not venture there
To define my feelings for her
As that may cause a loss
I prefer to remain in the vicinity of this something
Perhaps, one day, it will reach back from her
And a dance will begin

George Lennon

4/6/06