

ABSTRACT PAIN

EXCERPTS FROM THE ABSTRACT THOUGHTS OF A POSITIVE INSANITY

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A Severely Unsettled Mind

My severely unsettled mind swims in negativity and foreboding. My future shut off... my past dominating... My faith turning into simple wonder.

No certainty of vision.

Everything shaded by hope or lack thereof...

**The only emotion that replaces hope is fear
...fear of loss.**

Ego reigning to keep the grip on possessions as opposed to the bliss of letting go...

Detached...release from ownership: The real, spiritual power.

My low vibratory state oozes its destructive sludge into all.

My remedy...laundry

Looking for a dark corner and invisibility only will work to a point.

That's when the reality of the situation swirl. I tremble at the thought of walking that tight rope with no net for all this time.

That will never change.

...and last night's future search held one word in every compartment I looked.

Not regret, but the other R-word... RESENTMENT.

Everywhere I ran there it was.

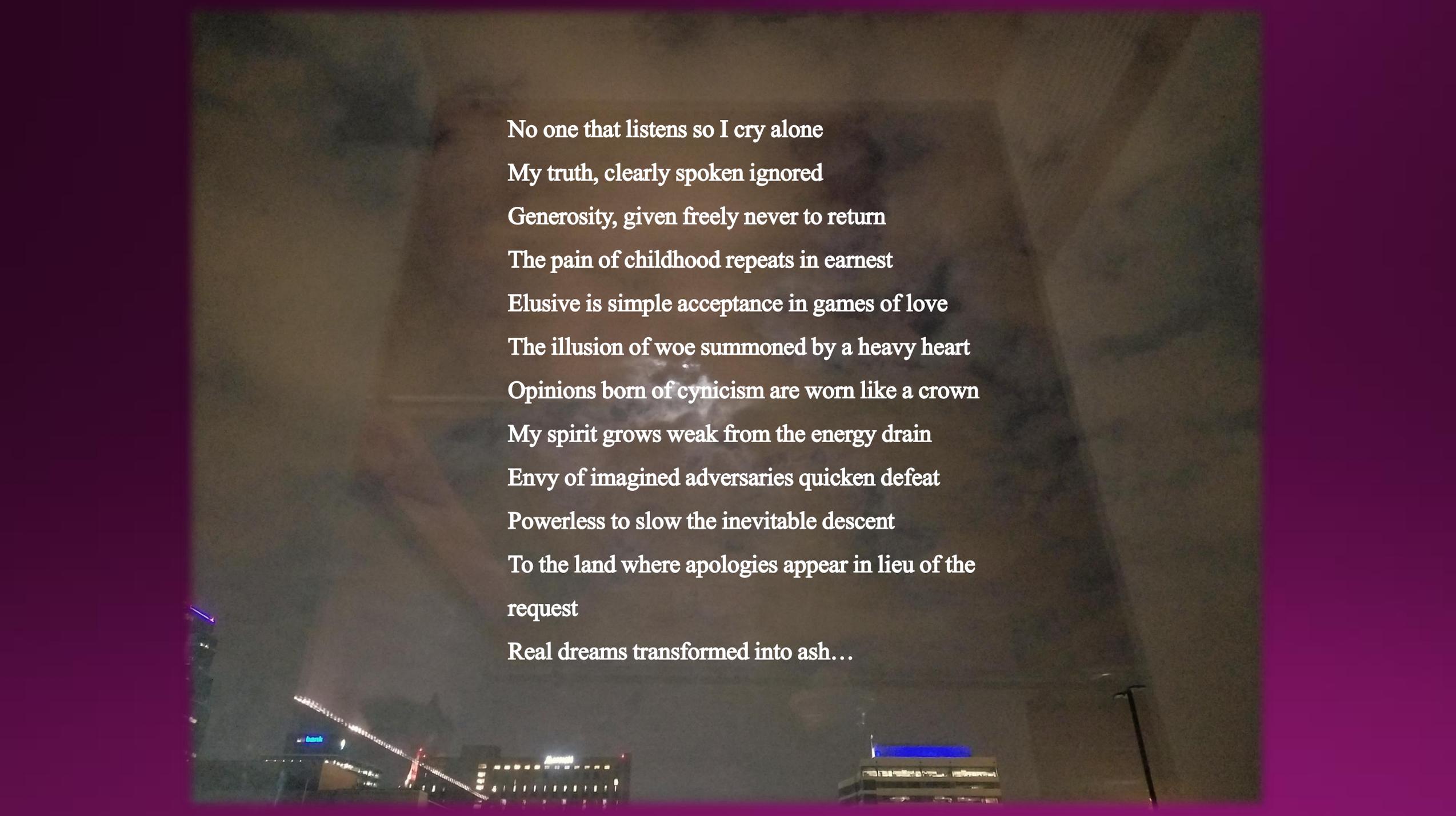
Trust and Faith became intangible, like imagined ghosts.

Only the TRUTH remained.

The opposite of a summer breeze...

Harder than uncut diamond...

But nevertheless, as real as my loneliness...

The background of the image is a dark, cloudy night sky. At the bottom, there are faint city lights and a building with a blue sign. The text is centered in the upper half of the image.

No one that listens so I cry alone
My truth, clearly spoken ignored
Generosity, given freely never to return
The pain of childhood repeats in earnest
Elusive is simple acceptance in games of love
The illusion of woe summoned by a heavy heart
Opinions born of cynicism are worn like a crown
My spirit grows weak from the energy drain
Envy of imagined adversaries quicken defeat
Powerless to slow the inevitable descent
To the land where apologies appear in lieu of the
request
Real dreams transformed into ash...

The silliness drained from me
On this day sucked dry
by the Oppression of both
Sweltering Heat and cold response
My being screams "release"
To be by your side

When all that I crave is,
In a literal way
Too expensive, too elusive,
Just out of reach ...
Denied even ...
The curling up becomes the way
The settling.
The anticipated sour taste
Of the mundane becomes real

The patient search for a fallen star to catch
like opening the faucet for water
And finding only sand...no cleansing

So, I choose to starve, to thirst
Dry desert sand or buried wasteland lies in my wake
Stretched before me and abroad...
I begin the long journey of no expectations

One day I will let go...





The Great Mother closes her eye upon me. Banishing a day's work to the land of hades or worse: obscurity. The end of a fine effort according to my recollection... alas, a sunset of my conscious purpose.

As the sun god descends, I become more aware of the new heavy load in the backpack of my mind. The master of wisdom and thought has done his duty...bestowed upon me those unique teachings that all Buddhists must follow.

I chase that suffering into less than quiet slumber... to the land of omniscience. The place where all answers begin. A butterfly net swings to and fro to collect what the all-father himself has set aloft...until the net holds the wispy wings of Understanding...and her secret is undone

The hard path grows strength of spirit, mind, body, and character. The tough road traveled well, endears observers en masse to the quality of the individual. The heavy of the past allows what's ahead to become light...in light...enlight.

The fading light of today promises the roaring excitement of tomorrow. New dreams await... New work to accomplish... New beauty to share... New love to hold...

In the shallow pool of my patience, I drown. However, through the mist caused by my flail and despair, I notice a truth. The closing of her eye was only the briefest of moments in her forever way. The quickest flutter of her lashes...an encouraging wink.



I STARE AT WHITE WALLS
STARK WHITE SMOOTH-SURFACED
NO LINES ONLY CREASES WHERE
THEY BEND TO CONNECT TO THE NEXT WALL

DESERTED BY MY BINOCULAR VISION
I SENSE NO DISTANCE
BUT CLOSING ALL THE SAME
TRY AS I WILL, I SEE NOTHING
NO WONDROUS SUNSET OR SEASCAPES
NO WHISPERING LEAVES OF DEEP WOOD FORESTS
NO GRAND ARCHITECTURE OF A BIG CITY SKYLINE
NO LONELY SOLEMN CREATURE RIDING WINDS OF THE NORTH
NO THUNDEROUS BEAST SHACKLED TO SOMEONE ELSE'S PURPOSE
NO BLEMISH. NO DUST. JUST WHITE WALLS.

IMAGINATION SPENT ON YOUTH, I PAINT WITH INVISIBLE INK
"THE NOTHING" I ONCE HEARD IT CALLED
THE NOTHING HAS ME CORNERED AND CAPTURED
NOWHERE TO HIDE...TOO TIRED TO FIGHT
BUT, YET STILL, I PAINT... WITH A DRIED WELL OF INVISIBLE INK
FORLORN, I PAINT ON AS IF LOOKING AT IT LONG ENOUGH WILL PRODUCE THE PICTURE I CRAVE.

EVEN THE CRAVING ELUDES ME.
EVEN SATISFACTION DODGES MY SAD ATTEMPTS AT GRASPING.
"WHERE IS MY SENSE OF WONDER?", I WONDER. WHERE HAS IT ALL GONE?

THE WALLS HAVE IT. THOSE DAMN WALLS!
THOSE STARK WHITE MONOLITHS OF TORTURE...INCHING CLOSER...ONLY WHITE
MY EYELIDS HOLD NO RELEASE; ONLY WHITE
LIKE AN AIRPLANE ENGULFED IN A CUMULOUS CLOUD BANK, IT TOO SEEMINGLY NEVER TO FIND ITS
WAY OUT...

TUMBLING.

UNCONTROLLED TUMBLING.

LIKE A TIGHT SWEATERED TIKE ON A WET GRASSY HILL
OR THE GIANT BROWNE D OAK LEAF WIND-BLOWN
ACROSS A PERFECTLY MANICURED LAWN OR THE
LOOSENED PEBBLE ON THE BOTTOM OF A FAST-MOVING
BROOK

TUMBLING I AM. NO SENSE OF CONTROL. SUBJUGATED
TO THE WHIMS OF EXISTENCE ITSELF, I CLAIM TO OWN
NOTHING.

THE GRASS, THE WIND, THE WATER ALL INTANGIBLE.
ONLY IN MOMENTS OF HUBBRIS LIKE INSANITY DO I
DARE QUESTION THEIR MOTIVE. AS IF "I" WAS OF ANY
CONCERN. AND THESE MOMENTS ARE WROUGHT BY ONLY
VERTIGO...

...AND THE FEELING OF BEING DROPPED FROM THE MOST
ELEVATED IDEA

A LOSS OF THE PERFECT: A DISPLACEMENT OF THE
SELF... GENERATING FALSE CONSTRUCTS...ALSO INTANGIBLE
AND HORRIBLE TO TRY TO HOLD IN ONE'S MIND'S EYE...
LIKE WET BLADES OF GRASS...SHORT GUSTS OF WIND...OR
QUICK CURRENTS OF WATER.

BUT, INEVITABILITY SENDS ME FURTHER ALONG. AND
EVENTUALLY, THE GRASS DRIES. THE WIND CALMS. AND
THE WATER FLOW SLOWS. JUST A BIT...JUST ENOUGH
FOR ME TO RIGHT MYSELF...TO FIND MY ELUSIVE SANITY.

ONLY THEN IS MY DIRECTION CLEAR...MY PATH LAID
BARE.

AND I REALIZE THAT I AM NOT ALONE...



MONDAY MORNING

Eyes open mind troubled no dream worth recording

At this hour the outside matches my inside... darkness

Division and tribalism suspicion and skepticism wait in ambush for the day's arrival

I just want to roll over and pout. But I can't take one more second of this yuck mouth

Damn! Shower pressure as weak as my motivation. Even the bar of soap, like my spirit, so thin, will snap soon.

Mindset on payday...and bills to pay...and labors of today...and the toll they will take

Because my pockets' surname is Pryor or Murphy. Their laughing "at" and laughing "with" are used interchangeably.

Even the burnt brick v-neck has its hole...and finds its mate in my heart sinking my soul. Damned moths!

But a whisper in my mind's ear like a jolt of joy it said to me: "the icebox holds the key." As I open the door, I exhale and release in relief...
...I have bacon

