

Thoughts...

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Preface

In the den of my membrane
It stays like the tower of Babylon
Existing as an idea the frequency flicks every second

Draped in conviction, opinion and perception

Decorated in negative and affirmative

Tucked in when both active and passive

Dressed in shades of grey

Branded as paradox

Wanders in every being

Haunts every writer

Haunts every character

Haunts every critic

Haunts every Buffon

Haunted Mary Magdelene

Haunts me

And now you

The one who is reading this

Beware!

It won't leave neither me nor you

“It wanders like a shepherd less goat”

Post Script

I wonder Bunyan's Progress is to flee thee

I know every Rose, Jack and Harry

Carried it till their grave

The beginning...

Byrne said the secret answer laid in the law of attraction

The answer laid in the thought

The answer is within you and me

My thoughts...

Memories

Million Memories Meander

Swiftly silently softly

I pen down

Misunderstanding mistakes maddening

Severely seriously sadly

I pull myself down

Million memories manifest

Sweetly spicily seemly

I smile down

Million memories melted

Suddenly strangely secretively

I ran down

Letters clouded me

Images faded from me

Amnesia they named me

Million memories marvellous