

Black and Blue

Reginald Stephen

I have worn many masks and been well received
Allies of the falsely believed
But darkness blinds, and I never had anyone or anything I truly believed
Is it possible the conscience me is the consciousness that hurt it self consciously?

In order to be true to myself I have to be true to myself.
For a time I did what I thought was acceptable and proper
----in circles of acceptance
But truth took exception
True north is in the opposite direction
Freedom is never the measurement of one's indiscretion
Truth is best served as the rule rather than the exception

In search of raiment to provide cover for my skin
Sometimes living amongst others feels uncomfortable within
Seeking comfort, I entertained hawkers selling salves
But those salves never solved anything
Instead, I dissembled into clouds and haze
stuck in a daze
stupidly amazed
as all my competing selves have run past me
It's a struggle to save the last me

I'm black and blue
My spirit worn and bruised
Just a silhouette in
Black,
Pieced,
Parsed and
Pursued

There are parsed pieces to be gathered
But such a gathering won't remove the finality of the past
But in time
I'll move past
Tentatively into the future
Allowing all the parsed pieces to participate in a spiritual
Revolution

As a sentient being I'm inclined to respond to what I think my eyes see
It's always the perception of one's seeing that shapes and molds the collective of one's being

Affected by layers of culture that seek to shape me
Break me
Into
pieces
of
former
selves
So I erect barriers, then open doors
I close my eyes to open the eye
With eyes wise shut
I ponder the mysteries of the heavens above in water reflected blue skies
As the parsed pieces put together turns His/story into a lie

Physical limitations have become the catalyst for mental and spiritual reconsideration
of assumptions and sincere facsimiles of someone else's
faith and
belief
and
lies through smiles hiding gritted teeth

Others of dissimilar experiences have tried to lecture me
But few of those lectures have affected me
Save my mother
I feel justified in dismissing all the others
While in the midst of angst and frustration, I have grabbed at straws
without the knowledge of making bricks
leaving me just a stones throw from where I needed to go

In solitary contemplation, there have been flashes of light
and understanding
Commanding
me to gather my selves
Mind
Body and
Spirit
In a unanimity of numbness and resigned peace
I have distilled my blackness
Awash in blues