

Aberration

Labyrinth:

As The World Falls Down

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Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors

Vlad Tumanov

We lived, we feared, we lied, we mattered
Remember us but once.
Today we're an embarrassed murmur.
You'll pass us by without a clue
as you pursue your dreams and fictions,
immortal plans, intrigue and games.

We're two-three atoms here and there:
a blade, a leaf, a beak, a hand.
You'll never know our posts and taglines.
Who wants to be a millionaire?
We thought we'd hold the precious oyster
within the cradle of our hands,
but it was just an ancient pebble
that children think will always shine.

All vanished in a sorry second
despite a longing to affect
events and people yet to happen —
delusions of divine import
spread like a virus masked or open.

What have you learned from books and letters
that some of us did leave behind?
Will you and yours embrace the darkness
of futures not within your ken?
Or will you follow our example
erecting palaces and visions
of sheerest glass and bits and bytes?

All swans are black — forget the white ones.
They will adorn a painted view,
but lakes and rivers will not hold them
for whiteness is a soothing story
we tell ourselves before we die.

Inventing time and space and postings,
we thought of us; we thought of you.
We tried to tap your distant shoulder
and you responded with a grin.
But that was false — you were invented
by poets, bloggers and the press.
Unborn, untouched, not yet imagined,
you waited calmly in the wings.

And when you came, you looked and wondered:
could they have done and wrought all that?
What chutzpah, will and inspiration!
We will not make the same mistakes.
Perhaps, perhaps, but then our stumbles
make up the dance that carries on.
The curtain sets but always rises
to give the audience more thrills.

We lived, we feared, we lied, we mattered.
We'll say no more; our part is played.
But when you fall asleep on Wednesday,
and toss and turn and think of taxes
and feel a guilt, an ache, a stirring,
get up to get a drink of water,
as you return to bed all groggy,
remember us but once.

Thanks for reading. Come back in the Spring for more
Aberration.

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