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journal of a transformation

the game

toys meant to teach

toys meant to thrill

toys made to preach

toys made to kill

would you still want them

if you knew

it is the toys

that play with you

truelove

perfection

hard to realize

the choice to which

this does give rise

to alter, settle, or despise

take what you like

and leave the rest

alternative some would like best

perspective changed to fit the mood

is why the wicked never rest

crash

control relinquished

an observer

slow motion spiderweb of glass

a consequence of brief inaction

no time for fear

the moments pass

eyes shut, eyes open

makes no difference

decision made to trust in fate

enjoy the ride

absorb the impact

to take it back is much too late

self?

armor of scabs

from wounds

just scratches glorified

encloses all

detachment justified

something left out

wet cat outside closed door

if i'm out here

what's in there anymore?

look, don't touch

of self, by self, for self, to self

for me to see

for you to sell

the pretense of innocence

a triumph of impotence

look, don't touch

robot, i

the art of function

cause and effect

arranged

subservient

oh well

it was my hope to learn from you

i wished that you would change my mind

i sought another point of view

i dreamt this time to not be right

seek

no rhyme just reason

alone and sad

drill down intently

find only mud

eyes open wider

proximity sensed

blind hand extended

the effort spent

no resolution

just conjured ghosts

verification

i seek the most

purpose

look up

the shape

distorted and unclear

commands your reverence

and fear

look down

the patterns are the same

call it a path

call it a game

see

as you lift

the ancient load

we are but ants

on someone's road

polytetrafluoroethylene

uncertain target
hard to grip
go on without me
on your trip
no honor gained
in balance lost
the thrill is just
not worth the cost
to live my life
without friction
a goal of emptiness
devoid
you can't sell me
on your addiction
to never lose
is to avoid

purge

i killed my pride
disowned my soul
brought down my ego
like a wall
in casual passing
you may see
the shell
of what you think is me
look closer
and you'll understand
i've found a different
place to stand
i'm by myself
i'm not alone
thicker than air
softer than stone
so what

pause

to dwell on goals
long since achieved
from forward pressure
a reprieve
the stones i shaped
now form a wall
when to decide
how thick or tall?
taking on faith
the blueprint truth
past tense invades
concepts of youth
i yield to urgency
once more
but should this house
have a roof?

mute

new understanding

failed by words

discovery

denied reward

own limitations

only foe

combating self

to lose once more

so often

it no longer hurts

wake

i woke up different
each day
so much to do
new things to say
with plans and dreams
new joy and pain
i worked to build
shade from the sun
shelter from rain
secure comfort
to sustain...

woke up indifferent
today
nothing to do
not much to say
the sun
the rain
have passed me by
i have no cause
to laugh or cry
wishing for joy
longing for pain
for scorching sun
and freezing rain
inert discomfort
fills my head
could be today
i woke up dead

play

rules that cannot be bent

break them

toys that you cannot have

take them

those who won't play with you

make them

huh?

the makeup
is not quite perfect
a rust bubble
under the paint
this house of cards
a careful self-delusion
is built on a rug
that needs shaking out
watch this

could have been

thought that we could be better

now it has come to this

why do words taste so bitter

why do tears smell like piss

tell me how did this nightmare

evolve out of the dream

wish i wasn't so numb

think i would like to scream

self...

the cat came back
the door's still there
supported by its frame
all else is gone
no shelter here
the door's closed
just the same
under the sky now
beyond fear
rain soaking bare hide
better to earn my scars
out here
than to decay inside

still friends?

cannot move forward

nor go back

behind each smile

a vague attack

nothing achieved

no lesson learned

perhaps some bridges

should be burned

hermitcrab

it felt secure

it was so right

slowly it grew

a little tight

and now this once

protective shell

no longer fits me

quite so well

- next!

robot?

i see it all
through robot's eyes
he wears my face
as a disguise
and it is he
not i
who cries
cause and effect

walk

the steps are tentative

at first

in distant memories

are lost

the keys to that

which hurts me most

first find the doors

then find the locks

recurring pain

my efforts mocks

tearing the walls down

with brute force

may solve it all

but at what cost?

dance

to test the responses

i pull at the strings

the failure of motion

is pain that it brings

a puppet

a human

among other things

i walk on two legs

but pretend to have wings

moment

not unexpected

yet not planned

a dance of steps

now here we stand

shape of your warmth

weight of my hand

is this a start

or just an end?

king

world's at my feet

it doesn't know it

with but a step

i put it there

i breathe my fear

i do not show it

the world below

too real to care