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21st Century Paradox

I wanna get grounded, not just grind out an existence;
not get ground up by stress, or ground down by the machine.
Instead I play hide and seek with my own hypervigilance
and try and stay lost in a nice, fluffy daydream.

But I can't resist imagining Worst Case Scenarios
which makes billions of neurons fire up up and away!
urgency masks out the pain of monotony, and neural pathways create
a familiar, predictable day.

But behind my facade of stoic zen
demons are locked in endless warfare
fighting over a wide-eyed child
who simply wants someone to care.

'Remember to forget', I tell myself, so I'm not dragged back
back, into trauma's endless story;
being buried alive by the unspoken past,
when I was drowning and everyone ignored me.

I witness all this like I'm behind a window,
a mannequin doing mannequin things;
When I'm numb, I'm safe, life's OK;
and yet part of me still wants to feel and sing!

'Life could be fantastic!' an inner voice affirms, and I nod and agree,
'Yes, theoretically, I suppose it could'.

And then it's back to idle dreaming, as I sleepwalk another day
with all my usual thoughts and all my unusual moods;

I walk a tightrope over my inner volcano
and hardly ever lose control;
It's my fear of falling that keeps me from spiralling
into a rage, so intense, it has its own dark soul.

And this is how my emotions are dealt with,
by my huge brain and my very sophisticated neo-cortex,
nursing a terrified stone-age monkey
through this insane 21st Century paradox.

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