

# Sixfold Poetry submission 6-30-14

## Un-Reality Is

I don't know all the words.

Not capable of expressing adequately

a shadow, a mirage; yet easy in hindsight . . .

to describe my mania:

one Voice, *My Voice*; omniscient **I, Me, We, Us, Our**;

no self, no self-awareness, none;

undaunted optimism; positive worldview,  
untold energy,

invulnerability even when suicidal;

unfailing belief My Rational Soul knows best,

now and forever;

paranoia bubbles from normal self;

caring at select moments, mainly -- Not,

aloof;

few flashbacks, but informed of all past knowledge and experiences, drawing upon them instantly;

100 percent future-oriented, moving forward not back;

nothing can go wrong — every intuition, thought, feeling, word, action, exactly right for that precise moment;

projecting outcomes, responses, and being confirmed.

My mother always saying,

"There are no coincidences."

No barriers that can't be overcome; patient until outcome unfolds;

no need of djinn or Guardian Angels, although, I believe;

unaware of Inner Force always directing;

rationality when needed; bidden or unbidden;

unbounded imagination, thoughts, scenarios, plans, objectives — fully formed, one moment or hour to the next, flowing uninterrupted until distracted to meaningful tangents;

Noun, noun then verb, or verb, verb, verb, then noun,

abbreviations, sentences collapsed, no pronouns, prepositions;

knowing full import of thoughts, events, intuitively;

outgoing, playful, conversational, hopeful.

Crossing over into spiritual world;

feelings, thoughts rising, combining, together;

one.

\*

Ever nonplussed;

appear normal, one with humanity.

Look like crap.

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