

A FEELING OF FOREBODING

by John Darling

Part I

I look down at the milk soaked, fabricated,
Bits of synthetic nutrition and
The feeling comes over me.

I race down the highway in my gas guzzling,
Smog belching, status symbol and still
The feeling overtakes me.

I look at my precious offspring, I see the
Uncaring, dying world that I am leaving him and
This feeling.....this feeling of Foreboding
Slithers up the back of my neck, choking me,
Stupefying my once useful brain that is
Now awash in an apathy shower
That leaves behind only
Foreboding.

The earth trembles, and the fear,
The fear of this feeling, shakes me...even more.
Storm clouds gather, the daylight sky turns to night,
The man at the Big Switch is a uncaring fool,
Vultures gathers in the stifling heat of desert
And the feeling engulfs me. Overwhelms me.
Foreboding!

Mankind must take it's final course
And be done with it!!!
I must be free of this feeling!

Part II

It's cooler now.

The hot sweat that bathed me in sleep
Is now a cold shower in this waking moment
Brought on by the scream of my alarm.

It was another nightmare, (another vision?),
Another time, another place created in a swirl
Of imagination.

Now to get through the day.

The face I see in the mirror has eyes that are more cynical than
The day before.

The razor stings the face. The cologne helps create
The mask

That the face will wear today.

Workaday drudgery follows shallow greetings.

The clock is frozen.

People start running, running into the day, running
From the feeling.

But they can't escape it.

It chases them in casual conversation,

It leaps at them from the newspaper,

It blares at them from the television and radio.

Staying busy helps.

To think, to have an independent thought,
Brings on the feeling. Best to empty the mind,
And smother the feeling with action.

But it is only temporary.

There are times when

The Feeling

Will not be denied.

Idle times, between work and play, moments

Before drifting off to a fitful sleep,

Times denying the conformitism---all are prey

To the feeling.

Best to be one of the confused, relentless, majority
Then to be alone

With the feeling.

Part III

A juncture has come again.
My head rests on the pillow.
The day flows before me like a parade without music.
I am weary....but I do not wish to sleep.
Idle thoughts are blown up to biblical proportions.
My mind must keep working under my control.
To lose command of it means.....
Vertigo! It threatens to seep into my being.
I am standing on a cliff, not wishing to jump.
Dizziness, in my eyes, in my mind!
Then I am falling, falling into the feeling.
And the feeling is a hot bath, swirling like....
Imagination!

