A Meaningful Lump of Silence

by

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Erasure poem taking up the work by Haruki Murakami - 1Q84 (English translation 2011) - as source material.
A tiny meaningful lump of silence left behind
Floated
enclosed in restricted space
An imaginary miniature cloud

Consciousness beyond meaning
Sucked into nothingness

A soundless tsunami stopped time
Air grew thin
The liquid wall swallowed the world in darkness

The background was watching
as if to say
You are trapped
I shall move ahead
Willow trees swayed soundlessly like lost souls
the atmosphere
the cries
Background music composed as a breeze over time
A complex musical pattern of confused memories, like a tangled string
Recall scattering in the wind

The background, still watching, spoke again
Look at this and nothing else
You are here
Hibernating
Trying to wake up from the depths of dawn

An overall image
A blueprint
My intuition
Making room for myself
…the things that he would
…the things that we would
The passage to life out of nowhere
Into nothingness
To some other world without beginning or end

Communicating wordlessly
Absorbing feelings for such a long time

Stillness filled space
Deep silence
An absence of sound trying to tell me something
from a transient place between
this world and the world after death
In a deep dark unknown place

Through the silent realm

There is love

– faintly breathing –

the beating of its heart too ephemeral to be heard

Just a touch

An instant

And then

One door closes

Another door opens, without a sound
Am I an after-image?

No

I am a butterfly with half dried wings, sleeping on his shoulder

A butterfly

Sleeping

On his shoulder