Rape of the Dear Memories

David Paul Allen

A loving, trusting child
I was.
But now I find,
As Plato once divined,
That truth
Is oft a specious shadow.

Though youth's eyes would fain perceive,
Its ears alas believe
Draped words of shame
Which build
Delusions.
Then parents part.
The piece of me
Which they comprised
Is torn
Between the hating eyes.
And all to do
Is don disguise, and cry
With silent tears.

Sweet moments of forgetfulness
Bring forth
Those precious few
Reliefs—
Til healing wounds pour blood anew
From the swift and searing lance
Of grim realities.

But, God, I Fear
My fiendish laugh
When I revere
The profaned memories
Buried here.