

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.