Poem

Jamais Vu

Ria George

I spent
aeons
of my childhood
wandering this galaxy
floating, fingers brushing
felt, feathers and glitter
as they wheeled me down
the dressed-up corridors

eyes wet as they
watched the world
go by
birthdays and new years
constellations glisten and gleam
in that sterile room
where I learnt to stop time
romanticise the fantastical
and swallow my pills

and faces from the starship
etched fondly in my memory
like black-and-white photographs
in a photo album tucked far away
opened and dusted off
every time I caught a reflection

. . . and in its absurdity
it almost felt like home.

so, I thought it would be like that again
but

this place does not feel like home
anymore
the hallways are narrow
the ceilings are too low
displaced, muscle memory serves
no purpose here
anymore

perplexed that these
bare labyrinthian networks
and spiralling staircases
do not lead me
where my memories
sprang forth

there is no feeling or face
that embraces me
no warmth or familiarity
the heart has frozen still
and
the photographs have
faded in the sun
a tragic heartbreak
or intergalactic phenomenon
time seems to impose

and I cannot even remember
why I so desperately wanted to
cling on.

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