

# DALE FEDDERSON

## *Paramnesia*

1

Nothing exists in this time.  
All events are remembered: real and imagined,  
Past, present, and future—  
All are pre-existent; brought from memory,  
Recalled for the first time, they float up to light,  
Sink down again, are lost to us.  
We call this time.

2

It needs only a shift of light:  
The black will become white, what is denied  
Will become the whole truth.

One passes from this world to the next,  
Its mirror,  
Sees the earth luminous and transparent,  
and the sky black.

3

Your dreams incriminate you—  
There you walk with the others, your past  
And your future.  
They question, and you must answer.

4

The air here is thick; it fills your lungs,  
Invades.  
Breathe it out; it fills the world.

Black years since you lost your voice.  
You choke; it is the necessity once more  
To say it all.

5

Think of the music, the rhythm;  
It is what has saved you.  
It counted your breaths, traced the swelling  
Heart. Now it whispers again,  
And asks you to choose.

6

Remember, and choose.