

Johnny E. Mahaffey
February 14, 2017

The Novelist Portent
Reply ID: 36md

To Michaila Reed Mahaffey

A poem, made for you. I love you, and I hope you like this:

DNA CONSTRUCT

I put a child--a princess--on a world
which I gave DNA already shared
with other children on the world,
the same world--on which in one place
I stay--feeling tired but never disappointed;
not in my children, only for the world I put them
that let us all down, as we each struggle
to find a way despite this place that for now
I stay.

Each fatherless child of this childless man,
stuck without and forced to bely each promise
made in first wake: that this world
is fair and just, that all we must do is
right by others and ourselves for a life
free of pain--all lies to us
outside the Same, the herd of drones
all cloned to say and play to the choices
set forth by the world pocket-sized in my mind's hand.

This child--each child--a mind outside herd sway,
our pain keeping group-think at bay.



* Read a book entitled: "Brave New World," by Aldous Huxley. If you haven't already. Dystopian novels speak to something deep inside me--they reveal an unsaid truth about society. Sort of like, looking behind the societal mask.

Love,
Dad