

Doubt

by sylph *Saturday, May 9 2020, 12:36am*

international / poetry / post

if perversity had a name
what better than doubt as its paralyses,
numbs and doubts itself, indeed doubt doubts itself

today we name it post-modernism where everything is
devoid of objective meaning, indeed the entirety of
existence is doubted as it is all subjective to the post-modernists

but what is subjectivity subject to? its own perversions,
illusions and doubts, not a good basis for continuity
and expansion

and so lost people live in a lost meaningless world
tho desire is impervious to post-modernity
as it is of the emotions/passion, beyond intellectual nit-picking
and the circular trap of the mind chasing its own tail;
and if perchance the tail is long enough to catch
then the bite is inflicted by self onto self!

academicians burble about post-modern
subjectivity, poor lost fools, as there opinions are also subjective tho
they refer to texts written by men who doubt themselves

indeed, there exists a Truth that cannot be assailed by
opinion, conjecture or post-modernity but is it real
outside the meanderings of academic minds and their
sheepish subscribers -- followers and leaders are the dog and the
tail
frantically chasing itself to nowhere

but truth simply is, without any qualifier or signifier to signpost its
location
and so easily escapes the circular assaults of trained puppies

it must be immutable, self-defining and beyond intellectual
comprehension
but above all, beyond location or measurement! did I give it away?

indeed infinity is the only truth that endures without taint
and its progeny, existence, endures like its progenitor
so this immutable thing must have something to say/express,
as it endures and nothing meaningless endures past

the latest academic theory, which always seem designed to
attack/subvert
previous theories in the fashion game of academia

so i went to existence for solutions only to find it spinning
and whirling like a dervish, which was its meaning --
a spiral is not circular, trapped
like men's minds or dog's tails

but when i attempted to encode its meaning it spun away from
my keyboard and page but i caught it nevertheless but not with
mind
or any other sticky snare but with the fluidity behind the mind
known as consciousness,
which is not a matter of being or non-being as it is unrestrained,
continuous
and cannot be anchored

so i would leave it on my mantelpiece next to the small statue
of Nataraja dancing the universe into existence
and out of existence simultaneously -

Truth is evasive and experiential, not subjective vaporous thought

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-1003.html>