

Plight

by zed *Friday, Jun 19 2020, 11:29pm*

international / poetry / post

the darkest hour approaches
before the dawn

the herd is alarmed,
agitated by unseen movements,
panic rules
which way to move, where is
freedom/reason/sanity and the security
of the light?

nowhere in this treacle blackness

but the rising sun dilutes opacity
allowing clear sight and thought

a breeze gently laps the face
and blue waters murmur,
each according to its harmony

tempted to catch the wind

so the wind assists:
to catch me u must become as me, the waters
concur -- to be easy, free and flow u must be me,
formless and easy -- beware of ur enslaving fixity

there is nothing to resist or fight/fright,
it is day but darkness has stained the mind
and fear continues

a stray balances on a high precipice,
hide twitching in fear, tho the sun reassures
that a herd animal alone is able, tho it must know it --
the wind assists and increases intensity,
buffeting the animal toward the edge
under which height the waters flow below

the animal stricken, loses balance
nearly tumbling over the edge,
i must fly like the wind and flow easy as water
to escape
but it is not of my inherent heavy nature,

but i know i must
in order to survive

the stray eases back, assisted by a gust,
and sits feeling the reassuring warmth of the sun

surely there is nothing to fear, tho
i miss the security of herd numbers
but i am here alone and must make do

it regains its feet, the wind returns to breeze,
the water sings its song below

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-1005.html>