

## **Born tomorrow/yesterday**

by eve Sunday, Apr 24 2011, 3:42pm

international / poetry / post



*artwork, sarah howell*

i died (to my previous  
existence) to be born  
here  
on earth

a mistake, no doubt  
what a hell hole!

true, it could be paradise  
but for humanity's fixation  
on destruction  
and disharmony

the species knows better  
but seems hell-bent on annihilation  
we ALL know better  
but allow criminals to rule  
and negate our instincts  
and better judgement

i wonder at times  
what i'm doing here  
among the suicides  
and walking dead  
perhaps i am one of them  
or a stranger sent to gather information  
and report back to sanity

i have duly made a notation

*"the earth should be avoided until  
the human species is no more,  
a prospect soon to become  
reality"*

a little patience and the wonder  
of this planet will blossom again  
and support a new non-destructive species  
a respectful, harmonious form  
supportive of life,  
harmony.

attraction and repulsion  
vie with each other here  
with cursed humanity in the middle

torn between polarities  
of love-hate  
joy-sorrow  
bliss-agony  
a world of oppositions  
and extremes  
what chance did feeble humanity have?

existence here is a cruel joke  
played by sadistic Gods  
that  
humanity worships  
with fear and trembling

though enlightened souls  
prefer fellatio/cunnilingus  
and virgin God/desses  
that offer themselves freely,  
in totality

but one eventually tires of fucking saviours  
and seducing virgin brides

the only redeeming factor  
in this terrestrial world  
of opposites is that humankind  
is split in two,  
male and female  
each forever seeking its opposite  
in the hope of recovering lost unity

however, the very nature  
of opposites makes unity  
an impossible dream,  
more often it ends in conflict,

wider separation  
though occasionally (rarely)  
Oneness is achieved

[hence]  
Peace is sold  
as heaven,  
a relief from tribulation,  
contradictions  
and perverse values;  
an escape from dreariness  
and the meaninglessness  
of social convention/prescriptions

my life tussles with my death  
and death/life will surely triumph

another plane invites my soul  
somewhere conducive  
to reason and harmony  
i hope  
after serving a life sentence here  
it would not be too much to expect --

but then expectation invites disappointment.

*["But I was so much older then  
I'm younger than that now."]*

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-2464.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-181.html>