

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>

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