

Lighthouse

by rayn Tuesday, May 17 2011, 10:39am

international / poetry / post

standing high
over the sea
the lashing wind
howls
around my neck --
hundreds of feet
above crashing waves
and surging foam
i watch

it's a bitter night tonight
yet people continue to race
over the precipice of reason

from my solitary vantage
standing firm
against the prevailing wind
and stinging spray
a beacon,
a house without inhabitants
a shape, a silhouette
that manoeuvres mindless
hordes plunging to their deaths
unaware of their falling

vacuous expressions bereft of light,
toneless bodies devoid of vigour
dead eyes lacking
a soul to enliven them

i peer heavenward
at the stars
flickering in a
black sky

warnings and cries
fall on deaf minds
unheard
muffled by the howling
and crashing night

frantic motions,

desperate gestures
ignored, unseen
by a sea of humanity
pouring over the edge,
plummeting silently
to oblivion below --
the mute dance
of slaves and fools

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-2507.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-185.html>