

Consequences

by Lily Monday, Dec 3 2012, 11:37am

international / poetry / post

nothing interferes
with my joy
-- tho i lose it at times --

joy never fails me,
like the tide
it always returns
and washes over me
freeing me from
whatever pollution
made its unsuccessful attempt
to despoil and corrupt

u'd think they'd learn by now
but no, it's compulsive,
habitual, pathological --
the need others have
to drag u down
into the hole they
live in

how absurd,
why not emerge from the depths
and come up
into the full glory
of the sun
but i see how they fear light
they fear exposure,
constantly shirking, running
away from life's major challenges

they have no idea that true joy
and happiness are only found in
overcoming the many challenges
that confront us.

i watch the world falling apart
due to avoidance and denial,
climate adjusting dramatically
to pollution and other abuse

the best/worst is yet to come

but it promises to be drastic
with limited options for escape
and very limited tenable space
for the remaining few

a [genuine clairvoyant](#) (of all people)
got it right
he stated just after WWII
that Siberia and
the Arctic regions of Canada
would be the world's breadbasket,
no-one believed it at the time
who would?
"impossible," they all screamed,
permafrost prevents
agriculture in those regions
but look at those regions today!

it won't take long to fulfil
that prediction.

the same psychic
uttered numerous other warnings
and relayed messages
for the wise

catching a glimpse thru cracks
in time and space is not necessary
neither is the gift of second sight,
simple deduction is all that is required
to understand that calamity
waits for cowardly humanity
entranced en masse,
oblivious to the consequences of their actions,
lost in corporate lies, fabrications
and induced dreams.

the outcome won't be pretty,
of that be assured
no god or devil is responsible tho many
would shift responsibility from themselves
yet it is clear,
we are all responsible for our own
destiny and our
collective future.

so try in vain
to drag me down
to certain death and misery
i understand u seek comfort in
numbers, like lemmings

plunging to their deaths together.

but i am incapable of taking
such a course, my road is rough
and strewn with obstacles
but it brims with joy and the ecstasies
of defying the odds and overcoming;
i least of all knew the benefits
of dealing with life's difficulties
and taking responsibility
for one's own life and actions.

today it's easy to see
where denial and avoidance
lead.

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-273.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-295.html>