

## Sky Diver

by lars Sunday, Apr 7 2013, 11:20am

international / poetry / post

the ground  
revolves  
anti-clockwise  
spinning, hurtling  
toward me motionless  
in the sky

it is the ground that races  
at me  
ready to overtake me

what does Newton know?  
it's a matter of perspective

i have been motionless all my life  
it is my immediate environment  
that creates the illusion  
of movement,  
a life in motion

but how could that be?  
people come from no-where  
spend their time doing no-thing  
and then return to no-where again

is that a profound dynamic,  
i ask u ?

i have never plumbed the length  
and breadth  
of just one thought impulse  
that produced a poem

the public withdraws in terror  
and screams in pain  
at the prospect of  
the slightest change --  
the public is stillborn  
all their efforts amount to nothing,  
they have no more impact than a scene  
etched on an amphora or vase  
housed in a perspex box

exhibited in a museum

motionless

yet the public mistakenly believes  
it is do-ing  
that its life is meaningful  
when in fact a frozen scene  
on a vase has no life at all,  
two-dimensional renditions  
in a three-dimensional world

silhouettes like phantasms  
are the impressions left  
by dynamic forces,  
traces  
left by living beings  
passing thru the necropolis

the city races toward me  
frantic with meaninglessness

the ground slams into me  
the shock awakens me  
from my dream

i rise, perform my morning rituals  
and head for work  
in the city of the dead

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-474.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-342.html>