

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>

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