

Refuge

by reece *Thursday, Apr 10 2014, 12:07pm*

international / poetry / post

who would offer sanctuary
for my soul?

tied to a masthead
and lashed by
ice, wind and the
biting seas of the roaring forties,
my desperate screams
drowned by the incessant
roar of rain, wind and sea

or lost in searing desert
sands unable to swallow,
choking on my own
parched throat,
who would give me refuge
from my agonies?

i have known only extremes
and torture on this earth

when does it cease?
i will expire before
they review my case,
this sentence will kill me
before i am released,
what did i do to be
discarded on this plane of
murdering liars
thieves and perverts,
who or what in this universe
did i offend to land here,
on this earth?

there is no shelter
or rest in this place,
the inhabitants know
only perversity
war, conflict, avarice,
selfishness
any one of which defeats
an entire species

fools, you are not
ur brother's keeper,
u are your brother!
what u do to another
u do to urself
i have learned this much
and yet i writhe in
exquisite agony,
who would relieve
my torment?

yes, i know
u burdened me with
understanding
but not the ability
to remedy the perversity --
why do u torture me with knowledge
and the impotence to effect change?

ok, i submit u bastard
u invented this game
of pain, pleasure
and rest-lessness,
what evil artifice
and sadistic streak
urged u to create this thing?

don't shit me with ur karmic
laws
they involve pain, pleasure
merit and demerit
i am sick of ur binary oppositions
forever in struggle,
never at peace

i have seen ur face
and appreciate ur
perfection
but u made a mistake with me
what error or folly did
i commit before i came into being?

perfection admits no imperfection
so wherefore this folly, pain, joy
and perversity?

how is it you cover ur perfection
with chaos and perturbation,
how much more could
a koala bear?
do not torture ur own

what manner of creator are you?

if all this is ur handiwork
then u have made a blunder
a gross mistake
therefore ur perfection is a lie,
u are just another fraud
a perversity that must be
corrected
and i am just the man
for the job;
by torturing ur own
u have created ur nemesis
did u not think that one day
one human would turn
the tide against you

please enjoy the ride
compliments of every human
that has needlessly suffered
for ur perverse pleasure

tell me,
how does it feel
now?