

Rivers

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international / poetry / post

do rivers stress or strain
to reach the sea?
No, they take the path of least resistance
as do all nature's forces
with the exception of one species -- man!

the body groans,
my neck could be used to support
a bridge, such is the level of stress and strain

did i stop when my body sent
alarms that i was over-reaching my capacity,
cease this bullshit or suffer?

so now i suffer like a dog
or rather a human that failed to heed nature's
warning

i've been there before
the place that specialises in pain
and self-inflicted suffering,
a crowded place brimming with my
species

the wind hisses through the grass,
i watch stems and blades move
in waves with the wind
an idiot suggests relaxation classes,
could they top the message of the grass and wind?

the sea effortlessly laps the shore,
the moon is full
suspended in the night sky
like a tarnished silver plate.

as it moves around the earth and sun
it tugs at the sea which responds
without a thought

it is thought that interferes with the voice of nature
and its sublime harmony -
i feel my neck release, accompanied by

numerous clunks of my vertebrae,
what a sorry species -- i am not alone

we forfeit harmony for permanent war
and are taught to like it;
"look what your country is doing for you"
the media says - though the truth is
an elite group of sociopaths and criminals
do it for themselves and could care less for nature
or humanity

all bad habits, destructive behaviours
and perversities are easily overcome
simply
by listening to the message our loving mother
whispers constantly, ease up,
flow like a mighty river on the plains
winding its way inexorably to the sea -
you will achieve, without blood, sweat
and waterfalls of tears

my personal folly is great as i know better
but continue like one of Pavlov's dogs
to play robot to the perversities of culture,
"life was not meant to be easy,"
says who, a bunch of avaricious slave drivers
and their criminal political puppets?

i inhale the sweet wind and feel my diaphragm
letting go,
follow your course nature whispers
ignore the rantings of murdering
psychopaths
revive yourself in me
live harmoniously,
i never forsake my progeny

i am
restored

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-1356.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-541.html>