

## 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>

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