## Kicker

by quinn via ryall - Jungle Drum Newswire *Tuesday, Jan 27 2015, 11:33am* international / poetry / post

star-dust kicked flashing hooves and shimmers on the night horizon, my sturdy steed that gallops across galaxies and through dimensions is only discernible by the friction its hooves create as they glance across primordial elements

i was dying on my feet after battling perversity over a lifetime but found myself mysteriously aloft aware only of a wild white mane brushing my face and the rhythmic movements of a particle-smashing neck

riding this beast from heaven's select seed is a sign of recognition, a correct and noble course

thundering and smashing across the universe

the most proficient poets are not able to describe or adequately deliver the magnificence of what i feebly encode here

it's not language that limits in this instance it's the subjected masses of the 21st century that have lost their connection to the greater cosmic harmony which leaves them mute, dumb and profoundly lost the human brain and the consciousness that temporarily inhabits it are able to traverse the entire expanding wonder of creation as there is no disconnection other than that which COWARDICE creates

the name of my steed is infinity it is brighter than all the stars and suns in creation yet mole-men are unable to see the light of their own dulled eyes

so if ever you experience an odd sensation that something has brushed past you but is forever out of sight and the range of your remaining senses

just read this poem and allow your cowardly, enslaved minds to chase the dust of another lost opportunity

i have no words to describe the abject failure of humanity to utilise the precious gifts it has inherited from creation -and as has been written gifts wasted are gifts withdrawn and re-distributed to more worthy and deserving recipients

http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-1451.html

Underground Oz Poetry. http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-558.html