

## Lily Pads

by stacey via shirl - Jungle Drum Newswire *Saturday, Aug 1 2015, 11:13am*

international / poetry / post

the rains came  
pelting the ground and every  
growing thing

foliage is battered by  
the assault,  
flooded billabongs spill  
onto the plains creating an  
inland sea  
crocs stir from their hidden places  
to find a mate

pouring as if Noah had completed his ark  
yet the lily  
remained impervious to every tiny  
water bomb

words pelted down onto the page  
from the stormy fury of my keyboard  
yet made no impression on the lily people  
nothing, not the most forceful word-string,  
thunderous metaphor or allusion  
made the slightest difference

the season opened with a raging storm  
yet lilies remained as they were  
surrounded by water but as dry as bleached desert bones

my weathered skull picked clean of every vestige  
of tissue sat amid the words and rain  
hollow eye sockets see more than impervious tissue eyes

thunder explodes and rolls around the heavens  
like a battle waged against an invulnerable foe  
impervious minds remain unchanged  
yet for all its power, might and devastating floods  
the lily's dish rafts float unperturbed in the wetness  
all around

far away in the red centre a blind desert mole  
sees the sound that insects make as they scurry across  
the sands,

following this sound-trail the tiny mole  
erupts from under the sand and snatches its hapless victim,  
what need of eyes when other senses are tuned to such heights?

the tiny mole is almost as old as the land it inhabits  
yet sees nothing with its remnant eyes  
what need of eyes in a world devoid of light?

the stereo announces a song  
muffled by the rain,  
it's George's guitar weeping  
while my keyboard is screaming

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-1752.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-597.html>