

Heart

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willows sway and weep
the breeze moves
through its draped
leaves
aquatic birds skim the surface
of billabongs and ponds
flying or skimming to rest
on the water

Being pulses
its eternal beat and rhythm
through every living thing,
few humans respond
to its rarefied scintillations
and indescribable beauty

ceaseless, it courses through
veins and nerves exploding softly
in the brain then returning
through channels of light to its source
only to rise again
in a never ending cycle
of flowing and ebbing tides
of bliss

pure Life, beyond seen and unseen
beyond cognition --
the dynamic of Being is
Life unqualified
though Being qualifies all Life

the dead concern themselves with
death interning their kind
in coffins of formality,
burying all that Life offers --
for the dead life is only
prescribed patterns of static formality

Eternity is without beginning or end
beyond the reach of formality,
the dead that inhabit a dead realm
know nothing of it,

the interned remain dead to Life

the sun's beam strikes a quartz rock
and explodes into colour
the living Australian desert
brims with Life though few
venture to its heart
where the moving rainbow serpent
dwells

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-1932.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-621.html>