

## Pushing Perfection

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international / poetry / post

if u can't see it  
u are blind and i do not  
refer to the eyes  
which are only apertures  
and lenses,  
the organ of sight  
is the brain which  
houses the mind

in the midst of the horror  
and besieged at every angle  
i am frequently asked,  
'what sustains u,  
does it not get to u?'

no it doesn't, as i see only  
the perfection, the love  
and continuous harmony -  
i see thru the horror,  
and beyond to behold the pristine  
shining its joy, hiding nothing of its  
ecstatic nature  
inviting everything into its  
perfect harmony and ineffable peace

so in the midst of the contorted reality  
of man perfection remains inviolate  
always

surely if a duck's feather  
repels water and remains dry  
do u doubt nature has not endowed  
man with similar attributes  
to remain untainted in the  
quagmire of unreason, poisonous  
ideologies and created cultural perversities

yet to be blind to the perfection  
removes the impervious layer and the  
filth then pollutes mind and being  
and enslaves with chains of fear,  
uncertainty and dread

finite words cannot encode or translate  
the infinite or perfection tho other means  
of communication are available but only  
to those able to see

and so not to leave u forlorn  
i am only able to infer and allude -  
u must be fearless, undaunted  
and true to ur innermost self  
ur real organ of sight  
would then blossom like a flower  
seeking the rays of the sun

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-2040.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-634.html>