Riding on the Wind

by sybil via gail - Jungle Drum Newswire *Monday, Jan 30 2017, 5:30am* international / poetry / post

leaves hiss and pitch
according to variations in the wind
below the grasses
yield
while their pods that have been waiting patiently
release their gossamer-wrapped seeds
to be carried for miles
to fall and sprout

the wind works without effort and the seeds of plants that know the wind utilise it to spread themselves without effort and yet they say plants have no intelligence while man breaks his back and balls daily to survive and they say that man's intelligence exceeds that of plants

my exposed face and cheeks rub against it, my lips dry exposed to it yet it serves to carry my voice, incanting spells that circle the earth continuously

man insists they cannot be realised but i have been taught otherwise by the flowers and grasses of the field which speak to and learn from the wind, rain and sun, no university matches or teaches this knowledge?

easy becomes a life that harmonises and does not resist the environment.

the indigenous perform rituals and dance to it, sending their own messages around the globe for future generations while the sickness that is white man spews pollution in the air, earth and water not realising he kills himself

at night it whispers revealing much to the sensitive ear awake or in dream but few are listening

with a dry and knowing smile i articulate and entrust the remainder of this piece to the wind, which carries the message to everything on the planet it contains the secrets i have learned by listening to the wind

the sea below my vantage yields and rolls seabirds ride slip-streams for miles barley expending energy not one thought is required to understand the mysteries written on the wind though i know no white man is capable of listening

http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-2501.html

Underground Oz Poetry. http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-698.html