

Waves

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international / poetry / post

sound permeates being
triggered by the vibrating string
of an acoustic bass
all becomes vibration or sound
expressed as the Word or Logos
by some,
however, i'm a purist, what need is there
of Gods when reality dances in one's face
and shudders every fibre of being,
perfection indeed

sound/vibration continues forever
all one need do is follow it to its source
how profoundly simple,
so simple the obvious is missed
by the fussed, tortured minds of humankind,
an almost failed species

to lose connection with the All is to extinguish
the scintillating pulse of life and all the wonders/gifts
it bestows, Freely,
no conditions, tricks or catches,
life shares itself only with the Living

i watch them travail and labour for nothing,
baubles and glass beads seem to fascinate
the overwhelming mass of the breathing dead

respiration is not an indicator of Life,
awareness and a consciousness unfettered by a single
thought flies forever in the cosmic stream
of infinite creation, how easy, no effort is required to be
natural, elevated and carried aloft forever

i once wrote as a youth when the world came very near,

'the fool walks over says he'll leave it,
falling smiling he cares not for all those melancholy people
chasing shadows, running circles'

resisting culture is not easy as it violently
refuses to tolerate outsiders

or any consciousness not of its own making, and so
i was forced to arrive at a solution,
so i became a dream weaver, imitating culture
but always dancing freely behind the dreams
which give impressions, allowing morons to interpret and project
according to the level of their ignorance and desperation

all is revealed to the aware, the crystal minded,
never attracted or repulsed

binaries are prisons of the
cultural mind; old Lao once wrote,

“if not for the notion of beauty
there would be no ugliness,
if not for the notion of good
there would be no evil”

and while you oscillate frenetically
in binary pains and pleasures
remember, if u are able,
the factor which unites
everything as One frictionless,
enduring state

but of course these words
fall like raindrops on the scorched metal
minds that insulate the ignorant from
the ease and sublime peace of Reality

there is nothing that can be done but let them die
the excruciating deaths they have chosen for themselves,
a tragic, needless waste

old Lao knew that his poem
would be understood by very few
as i know my scribbles are only the vapours
of a novice, intentionally insulting, to be disregarded
by the offended

and so on we go ... knowing that some are not offended
by Truth

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-2529.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-705.html>