

Senses

by zed via gail - Jungle Drum Newswire *Thursday, Feb 9 2017, 9:24pm*

international / poetry / post

the sky speaks visually
the indigenous read it
like a book
such an inappropriate comparison
as the sky is alive
and books require a reader
to give them a semblance of
life but once put down
books return to the dead

a foreboding hangs over the city
like a floating blanket ready
to suffocate its inhabitants
but civilised citizens never read the sky
they prefer dead books,
written for dead heads

the horizon extends
in a great arc
only to reconnect with itself,
it hides a fissure through which
souls pass, those that know
how to escape this world

i withdraw from my cliff vantage
on the edge of the cemetery,
a sculptured tombstone of a woman
weeps in the rain, but few visit cemeteries
in a downpour

senses and emotions are assailed
though man is only capable
of processing a tiny portion
of the sensory onslaught,
although the fortunate or unfortunate few
are able to recall everything they have
experienced

the autistic city
cannot express itself
it requires people to give it the illusion
of activity/life yet it is set in stone and concrete

the weeping sculpture begins to animate,
fluctuations in the light, dark and rain
easily deceive the eye

souls continue to abandon this sphere forming
clouds which disappear
through the fissure the horizon provides
few return as other worlds offer more sanity/harmony
but not the freedom this plane offers, the freedom
to walk in light or darkness
only on this plane do we have that choice

do not reproach me because most people veer
far from the light, i have tried to turn the dimmed eyes
of the living dead toward the sun but to no avail;
their blindness is profound like the eyes of bats,
though bats have developed an acute auditory
sense to compensate for their visual blindness

hordes of humanity continue to stumble
in darkness where the real sun never shines --
unaware of their world and the predicament
in which they find themselves
their tenure will soon expire
and i need not pen another
wasted word

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-2530.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-706.html>