

Time-less

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international / poetry / post

there is nothing graceful about a human swimming
regardless of stroke or style
so out of place and awkward in water
is a terrestrial species
yet they continue to swim
out of their element

surely by now they should know
that the past and future are not
humanity's place
so why trouble urselves
in these purely illusory
projections?

u doubt?
where is the future? produce it,
or the past, try and retrieve it,
Impossible! so why allow ur mind to dwell
anywhere but the present
and if u arrive at ur place u would discover
everything outside the present is a dream/illusion,
a gigantic hoax or worse a contrived lie

but they insist on dwelling in nothing
which must be furnished with fanciful dreams and imaginings
or more often draped in fear and dread, as 'nothing' must be
filled externally by fantasists which lead dreamers
deeper into dream and illusion

waking dreams are more hazardous
than sleeping dreams as little harm arises
from sleep but waking dreams are responsible for war,
environmental destruction and every calamity
that plagues humankind,
the species awkwardly chases death imagining it is life,
persistent folly never makes anyone wise

u doubt, ask donald trump, or listen to his delusory rantings,
all the proof required issues from the mouths of deluded leaders
leading deluded people

and yet reality present-s itself in all its infinite

glory, saturated with the All yet few inhabit
reality which can only be located in the continuous now

beings out of their element succumb to the species
of that element, all ur dreams and aspirations become
nightmares when u dwell where ur neither welcome
or adapted to survive

i watch a swimmer foolishly swimming in the open ocean
from the south to the north end of the next beach; for what reason,
as it is an easy walk in the present?

the sea dispassionately rolls as he awkwardly swims
revealing a moving fin on the surface
a predator of this element is attracted by what seems to be
wounded prey
as the seas are populated with creatures that cut swiftly through
the water
or crawl between rocks on the bottom

foolish man offers himself as a sacrificial meal in a place/space
designed
to offer no solutions
yet no creature but man is able to dwell where he does not exist
or is able to survive

dream on until u realise u are chasing illusions of ur own making,
like a dog endlessly chasing its tail until it either dies
or resists stupidity

man, your name is perversity

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-2532.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-708.html>