

## Scattered Pieces

by tamal via dee - Jungle Drum Newswire *Wednesday, Mar 22 2017, 10:28pm*  
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pieces scattered before me form an incoherence which  
was/is my life

fragments scattered all around daring me to form  
a coherent picture -- somehow the incongruities  
must all harmoniously fit together otherwise  
i am lost to the chaos of haphazard chance, the same pieces are gathered  
and cast time after time like devilish dice foiling previous attempts  
at assembly

it seems my life has become a plaything of the Gods  
who are known to show no pity or mercy to mortals

and so i accept the challenge in order to vanquish  
my tormentors, such arrogance must be challenged -  
i have set conditions at great expense if i should lose  
or fail to form harmony from chaos

i have chosen my field deep in the valley of the waters  
on the banks of a river which carved  
this valley from solid rock over the millennia

i lay out my weapons wrapped in the hide of an extinct  
marsupial and light my fire close to the flowing crystal creek

sitting crossed legged incanting i light my pipe  
packed with secret herbs and begin the battle of my life  
while the Gods roar with laughter

the moving clouds cast shadows on the valley walls,  
a mild breeze moves the leaves of trees and bushes some of which  
are precariously perched in crevices on the cliff face;  
i release myself into the valley and join animate and inanimate  
life moving/vibrating with the rhythm of the day

first move to me, the Gods now watch intently as the first harmony  
was achieved by stealth, secret knowledge and intonations;  
the Gods do not possess all knowledge, each specialising in some form  
of art, however, no such limitations are placed on mortals  
but few bother to acquire the necessary skills and knowledge  
to prevail against all adversaries

the smoke from my pipe suspends in mid-air  
assisted by elementals;  
a familiar face forms from the smoke  
which assists in my battle with the Gods,  
the face utters instructions which only i am able to understand

polished white river pebbles appear and fan out before me,  
each inscribed with a character representing a facet  
of my past and future life

i reach for my bamboo flute inside my vest  
and begin to play slow notes which merge into octaves  
that form a complimentary harmony with the natural sounds of the valley

second move to me, which strikes fear into the Gods as a second condition  
would banish their influence on all human lives

they converge and murmur among themselves determined to defeat  
this unusual mortal

the valley begins to quake and move violently, huge boulders tumble down  
at speed grazing my clothes, i do not budge, my entire being remains fixed on  
maintaining  
the original rhythm of the valley

birds of prey shriek and dive, talons spread targeting my eyes  
i dip my chin as each bird strikes but fails to gouge my eyes,  
i maintain the original rhythm of the valley

the sun is blotted from view, silhouetted trees move their gnarled branches  
releasing swarms of stinging insects which accumulate on my body and face  
forming  
living drapes; i maintain composure which prevents an attack frenzy triggered  
by the scent of fear.  
i maintain the rhythm and they eventually return to the trees.

unfazed i inscribe a sigil in the ground between me and the fanned river  
pebbles which now move of their own accord and begin to form coherent  
patterns until the geometric essence of my entire life is formed before me

the puzzle is completed, a three dimensional mandala spins in the air drawing  
me into its centre, my centre

and so this little narrative could be reduced to a few words, three of which  
would be integrity, will and courage, these qualities focused, vanquish any  
adversary or obstruction.

the Gods retreat defeated and depart for another plane to torment lesser  
beings until the tormented learn how to overcome their tormentors.

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-2580.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-716.html>