Dying Horizons

by sylph via dulcie - Jungle Drum Newswire *Tuesday, Oct 17 2017, 7:28am* international / poetry / post

blood red splashes across the azure blue, a dying sun fired by the passion of day, bleeding at the inevitable approach of night

the painted sky is not without its participator creating the scenic wonder, an artist's heart bleeds its passion into the setting sun screaming the loss of warmth and life-giving rays of one loved and lost to the dark

memories slice through fragile reality subverted by an infinite array of experiences, every jot recorded in the fluid perturbations of existence

do not cry for me i am dying the loss as day beseeches and groans the disappearance of the sun

it is the night of my darkest emotions lapping on the shores of despair yet unlike the living dead i know a new dawn would revive my life and transform my soul, as in reality no day is as another though for the living dead they repeat their little soul-destroying rituals, crucifying every opportunity offered by the wonders of creation -- senses abused by constant repetition atrophy and no longer return scintillations to the heart and eye

why travail for the dead or attempt to engage them as they are more dead than the buried dead, they fail to see, hear, feel, smell and taste every glorious moment of life/light, preferring to serve the forces that induce the paralysing darkness of their minds

it was said of old let the dead bury the dead

and the blind lead the blind into the pit where escape is absent -finely tuned senses and minds are required to locate escapes yet these dead and blind see only what is presented to their limited perception

every sunset is unique as is everything in this world,

no named river retains its form from second to second rivers and every manifestation on this earth are pure flux as is the cosmos but the blind mistake the flux for solidity as their senses are dulled, what is moving frenetically they see as inert

there is nothing that can be done for the dead as they like rivers continue until they are able to see and feel every tiny fluctuation in the sea of light,

reality after reality explodes,
dies and reignites itself, though the process of creation
creates, preserves and destroys simultaneously,
one state cannot exist without the other
so real life involves dying, living and dying
again and again every
nuclear second embracing all as one,
and the defining of what appears to be the many

how dull are the dead that count illusions as real there is only one appearing as many in the dreams and profound darkness of the blind

reality is instantaneous birth/death all experience is swallowed in the instantaneous regardless on which plane or realm is inhabited

there is no heaven or hell as formulated by enslavers and blind fools, as nothing endures and nothing is able to interfere with the continuous transformations of creation

the azure deepens to indigo and blue-grey, the redness to deep marone then night overtakes every remaining shadow until the utter darkness is displaced by the light of an utterly new transforming day

do not cry for my loss and gain as you know nothing

of my gain, how do you hope to understand my loss? only the loss that you have been taught, as you have been taught to repeat the same crucifying, repetitive ritual torments every day of your utterly blind lives

http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-2942.html

Underground Oz Poetry. http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-778.html