

Dying Horizons

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

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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>