

Reluctance

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international / poetry / post

certain poems like bullets
pierce the brain of the
living dead but never awaken
the dead to the reality of themselves

a bullet shudders a reluctant poet
and drags him to the keyboard --
some poems are violent
interrupting peaceful rest
and pangs of joy
demanding to be expressed
caring little for the medium

they reach out disguised as tracks to those
that discover or are targeted

blood oozes from a small calibre temple wound
like unfulfilled desire until
the air arrests its slow seeping progress on bare floor and rug
forming coagulations that remain in memory
staining a future that could never be free
of the past

fires burn in the night reflected in dead eyes
but never warming a soul

the moon hangs precariously in the jet sky
buoyed by the blackness,
the stars keep a safe distance as they know
this planet of perversions and its paralysed moon
amount to nothing good

puddles of tears reflect only the stars
as tears contain the salt of bitter experience

this bullet fails to make a difference as the dead cannot die
twice,
bang, bang, bang

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-3027.html>

