

True Confessions of a Poet

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international / poetry / post

the most accurate measure of any human being
is whether they are guided by Love or self-interest,
in other words, how much unconditional Love issues from any
person
is the best judge of worth?

and so a confession, i have been deprived, maltreated and horribly
abused (sound familiar?) my lack of personal Love to share with
another
throws me into utter despair at times;
however, nature which is universal Love manifest, if you have the
eye
and heart to See, is also fair, if one lacks or is deprived of a certain
quality/experience other qualities compensate for this lack, which is
the result of previous actions in the continuity

at times i am driven to distraction
but not for long as Love is always available and embraces All,
the everything, not solely the particular

a swooning sunset, a bird cutting through the air
explodes my heart and my soul is annihilated in bliss;
how is it that the flutter/shimmer of a leaf or flower petal
in a strong breeze sends quivers up and down my entire being?

Love is ever present, in fact existence is an expression of it

i have reconciled myself to the lack of the personal but i would
never
exchange the ineffable bliss of the universal, those experiences and
events that send me soaring, for anything else on offer

perhaps i am indeed fortunate as the vast majority of human 'love'
relations
fail miserably, clearly, respective parties seek more from the other
than they are prepared to give, it's all about me, isn't it,
millennials? the alienated, loveless generations that have no
concept of 'WE' -- the everything applies to all, not 'i detest this
person because ...' in fact you are detesting an aspect of yourself,
which misdirected emotion ferments into self-loathing, entropy, self-
destruction and probable suicide

i have realised finally, due to the fact i am rather dull and an extremely hard learner that a Lover of All requires another of the same disposition as a lover, which prospect in today's world is almost non-existent and so reconciliation with this reality effects a cure for despair and that forlorn feeling

only perverse humans reject true/real love for baubles, tinsel and very cheap thrills, consequently when the flame of this life is extinguished the next life is predisposed to depression and vacancy, however, love always offers a way out -- humans may not be fair but the universal harmony cannot be otherwise

universal love not only compensates for personal loss it carries everyone/thing forever
in its blinding, indescribable bliss, whether people know it or not --
the cup is always full and overflowing

this piece is how i write poems tho what is here encoded are the impulses that create the poetry -- this piece is a letter to myself if i should stray though soon enough it will manifest as artifice in lyric verse saturated in allusion and metaphor that communicates far more effectively than dry prose

so do not/never despair, simply allow THE Love to flow and carry you to paradise

i am now struck by how indulgent this piece is -- my apologies for publishing a highly personal note to myself but i felt the need to open my innermost condition/thoughts -- this piece is actually medicine for a aching heart, an affliction today in plague proportions.

And rest easy, the necessity for me to write this prevents a recurrence -- i naturally prefer poetry over every other textual genre.

Peace, Love and Joy to All.

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-3184.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-813.html>