## Crying

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hear the clean desert wind free of urban impurities where ancient melodies are easily heard as the wind sings through various natural forms

no distractions exist to pull the attention away from the harmony and purity of the red centre

the desert is clean --

undisturbed it presents only itself considered worthless by avaricious men

the desert is the face of something larger that moves in splendour behind it, not hidden but not immediately detected

words learned in cities pour from my pen, crying for something lost and found reaching forever, seeking the purity and peace of the desert wind which washes through me and cleans the sticky impurities accrued in cities of the dead

smogged city wind does not agitate the flame eternal only the clean desert wind fans that flame into a roaring, all-consuming bliss

once experienced the desert wind remains, fanning the flame and creating a radiance that resists the darkness and pollution carried by the poison wind of cities

wild birds swim and sing in the desert wind moving in waves each course free tho remaining in harmony with the flock

city birds fight each other for scraps while desert birds drink from crystal clear waters

and feed from seeding desert grasses all provided naturally

what need do i have for a profession i am not infatuated with gadgets and baubles that bind one to perpetual slavery?

cities are cemeteries where corpses move as only the dead move blind, vicious, unaware

palms from aeons past continue to thrive in the desert sustained by red soil and clean rain filtered through mineral sands to emerge as springs and oases

today as before the desert wind carries the rain to the red centre and revitalises all life in season

only the clean desert wind surrounds, moves and enlivens everything it kisses

http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-3244.html

Underground Oz Poetry. http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-829.html