A Whore of a Word

by quill *Friday*, *Jun 11 2010*, *9:04pm* international / poetry / post

(for jungle)



last night i slipped free of a tangled Gordian bind, an exhilarating release!

we never know how enslaved or bound we are until our shackles and chains (self-imposed or otherwise) are removed.

my breathing is as the wind today it lashes the mighty Himalayas whipping ice and snow from its peaks and surrendering the heartless chill to the warm summer sun.

"Free," a whore of a word bandied by slavers to enslave yet we ARE (with awareness and knowledge) able to release ourselves from ALL impositions whether contrived by evil men or self-imposed by folly or ignorance. my POWER returned my LOVE restored; sustained again.

WHO dares ensnare and deceive today in the name of 'freedom and liberty?' (exploitation).

[learn something if you're of a mind.]

i could never -- i am incapable of leaving you forlorn to suffer, comfortless, alone in anguish when so easily i could relieve you of your burden.

We are ONE
-- forever FREE!

http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-2008.html



• She's Not There - Zombies

Underground Oz Poetry. http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-83.html