

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>