

## Discourse

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international / poetry / post

there are many,  
the mind speaks via the tongue  
but the heart's eloquence  
can only be appreciated  
when the mind is mute

a summer shower drenches the hill  
and ceases as abruptly as it started  
remnant drops of rain drip from  
the needles of a solitary pine  
and thunder as they hit the ground

i quiver in the breeze  
sparkling like a wet crystal star  
in the sun waiting to splash to earth

a predatory bird alights from the  
tree-top its piercing cry slits the air  
and fractures the tortuous monologue  
of culture

it has been said that it is easier for a rope  
to pass thru the eye of a needle than for  
a rich man to enter paradise

yet i have seen thru that eye  
it opens into infinity,  
the minuscule and gargantuan  
meet there

the constraint that prevents the rich  
from liberation  
is folly born/e of ignorance  
promoted by culture's perverse discourse

my abode has no door, walls or roof,  
in which cultural location do you place  
an open space?

the tiny eye that prohibits entry for most  
opens into fields of dancing  
flowers, towering ranges

and sapphire skies  
for the few struck dumb  
by the discourse of the heart  
and the silent thunder of freedom

the heart's discourse is continuous  
tho it speaks in silence  
to the ears of deluded men

to be or not to be is not a question  
it is a choice

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-3251.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-830.html>