

Discourse

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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>

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