

Turning Wheel

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international / poetry / post

do not forsake me my love,
mighty rivers and bubbling
mountain streams all irresistibly return
to the sea

my heart pours its longing tears and love
to ur heart, the pulse of creation --
i am no match for ur irresistible attraction,
born in love and sustained by it eternally,
i cannot help but be drawn to it/You

storms lash the coast accompanied by
howling winds, do you hear my cries?
u know i am nothing without you to sustain me

the flowers of the desert, bush and forests
blush vivid in ur presence offering you nectar,
do you see my heart unfurl for only you
revealing my naked soul?

do not forsake me my love,
the perversity and pain of this world is beyond description,
they have strayed far from ur love and harmony
and now delight in their folly, murder and destruction

you know their time is short --
take the innocent souls into your arms,
the children, the wise and true, innocents slaughtered as collateral
damage
by the blackest evil that poisons everything it touches,
but you know Babylon and her wicked ways,
the Whore thrives only on the blood of innocents

yet the others watch tho they are able to right
all wrongs and put an abrupt end to the insanity;
they watch silent and passive, which inaction
costs them dearly but you know it all and see the consequences
before they appear in aware minds

i understand, but it breaks my heart to see such perversity
tho i also see the hidden perfection behind all existence
and why the delinquent require a hard lesson

to match how far they have strayed

destruction, death and misery on a scale not seen since
before our short history, when the dark and light fought
openly on the planet and destroyed all their marvels and wonders
leaving very few to begin again and end
exactly as before

i see the wheel of existence turn and know
harmony prevails,
but not before the complete and utter
destruction of the Whore and all her poisonous works

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-3311.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-855.html>