

## Bye

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international / poetry / post

the high and the low  
reflect ...

sea grasses move underwater  
like the hair of angels floating and swirling  
in the clouds

mountains, tired of the heights  
diminish and seek the depths

corals grow like crystals saturated in solution  
piercing the surface reaching for the sky

the wind howls high above the ground  
but whistles in the trees  
reach out, strain to break the barriers  
be more than u are in another space  
un-mapped by culture's jail

the look of the un-guessed  
captivates until it is understood  
like your face in heat  
draped in desire, dripping  
love

beyond articulated speech is the pulse of creation  
forever beating like your heart for my embrace --  
love is a bankrupt word that cries for what it implies  
which reaches from the bottom to the top  
and rises from the top to reach the bottom

who or what could categorise u outside  
the known -- are u so easily enslaved that u prefer  
the prescribed?

a vortex forms in the middle of an ocean  
draining it into the sky where fluids form  
inverted solid ranges towering below --  
what goes up does not necessarily come down  
but what is down must ascend

break that which enslaves all

by entering the un-known  
un-mapped places --  
make ur own unique space/place  
without the walls and confinements of the expected

smell the scent and imbibe deeply  
of the sweet nectar of Freedom

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-20.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-857.html>