

## Aquaglide

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international / poetry / post

birds of the sea and waters  
broaden their wings and allow natures  
air currents to carry them for miles  
just above the water without the slightest effort,  
such is the power of instinct that reads  
what man cannot see or sense as he is divorced from his  
nature

there are times when it -- confined cultural life --  
becomes tedious and painful,  
so divorced from the real is culture  
that it now tortures those that subscribe to its fictions, lies  
and separation

its media dribbles this and that, mostly lies and  
propaganda, so it becomes necessary to glide  
on nature's many avenues of freedom -- ever available to those  
that see, feel and sense

wherefore art thou romeo?

never mind juliette,  
i am skipping above the waves in this expansive sea/see

what do you see romeo?

it's not so much seeing as feeling and allowing sense to guide/glide

to where do you fare romeo?

destinations are a dream, juliette  
as i have already arrived from where i departed so long ago

please take me with you romeo

who or what prevents you from flying, juliette?

my family and place here in my abode

indeed juliette, where is your real place,  
what is your real home?

what binds you is the known -- the perversity  
of men

answer from your heart juliette, spread your wings of your own  
volition  
and you would join me in paradise in an instant

'To be or not to be' is not a question, it's a proposition

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-29.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-859.html>