

Origins

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international / poetry / post

i threw three polished river stones
onto the ground again and again
until a sequence became apparent,
i threw again and from each successive throw
formed letters from the patterns

at last an alphabet, which i arranged into words,
soon a phrase then a sentence, narrative and the known world
was created/recorded encircled by my words of power

the little mothers (letters) soon delivered the entirety of the known
to me, well done father, they said,
with your artifices you have captured
all humanity and chained them in bondage with written language,
every literary artifice that exists verifies your power over all

what would you have us do/translate next?

what is power without LOVE, i thought? nothing!
indeed, without Love there is no-thing whatsoever
and so i gathered my little mothers
and instructed them to hide the real meaning
of this word as it is the key that unlocks the gates
to paradise and everlasting joy/peace/freedom

with that accomplished i took my treasured
magic three pebbles from my silk purse
and threw them into a raging river
making this world a prison with
only one avenue of escape

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-158.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-876.html>