

## Production Line

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international / poetry / post

squeezed, contorted to a pre-designed formulated,  
uniformity/shape, which above all  
mark the production line,  
it necessarily must produce duplicates of itself ad infinitum

consider sausages, chocolates, and a multitude of molded  
products then ask yourself how broad ur perceptive abilities are?  
ur ability to think creatively outside the formulated,  
prescribed patterns, which you share  
with millions of other products

the key i offer opens new worlds, seeing what few see  
from 1 degree perceptive awareness to 360 degrees  
of increased awareness  
that blooms into continuous elevation lifting forever  
the spirit of freedom the prime ingredient/requisite  
of true creativity, which spews volcanically from the unknown,  
undiscoverable spaces as they disappear once their progeny  
is delivered, notwithstanding that many new spaces open  
when each aperture, revealing the flux of existence, closes  
all of which unmapped spaces are not detected  
by myopic society which is subverted  
by simply venturing into the unseen giant pores  
of the breathing, living body of existence

formulated/confined products ask,  
how did u or could u think of the twist in that poem  
or transmit what is usually incommunicable linguistically?

indeed, all-encompassing views do not allow for repetition or the  
routine  
which are death to creativity --  
one does not think about an outcome the outcome guides  
the medium to itself breaching time and space in the process  
such is the exhilarating beauty of the unknowable  
and so my honest answer is, I have no idea, it's simply  
a matter/symptom of true freedom  
which each creative work verifies

there is no mystery regarding how sausages are made  
but ever mysterious, though totally satisfying are  
the unknown processes of creation

give up walking in step, walk to ur own unique rhythm  
and u would have no need to ask ur questions as ur questions  
attempt  
to locate, map and categorise and to where does that process lead?  
the production line of living death

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-195.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-882.html>