

Bush Fire

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international / poetry / post

fires release all the contained energy in forests
while allowing seeds that require fire to germinate
to begin their cycle
and so the charred smoking embers are replenished

my brain is burning glucose like petrol in a bonfire
which may account for bodily fatigue,
my arms are like lead while indefatigable fingers
bounce on the keys that unlock more than words
and the hopes/visions of green sprouting trees and grasses
contrasting the charcoal black of burned dead branches

there's also a fire in my belly that no agent is able to extinguish
tho this fire only burns the criminal injustice of States, which today
make mafia look like naughty children --
states kill millions, mafia kills only a handful in comparison

before anyone knew it nations became subservient to vipers
and now they require purging from the top down as there is no hope
for
criminal nations -- tho vipers are able to transfix their prey into
stasis
and inaction

green shoots form young supple trunks
but they hold tenaciously in all weather
bending with the wind and surviving storms
until tall and strong enough to withstand the worst
attacks the elements are able to mount against emerging resilient
growth --
and so the blackness is slowly overtaken with the vibrant green
of a new forest

city streets are always black revealing they are incapable of
sustaining life
tho various organic and inorganic forms race across them
continually
tho my transformed brain remains unaffected and continues to
pierce the night
sky like a lighthouse on a stormy coast

those other few species that require fire to continue their

germination cycle
have a special mission as they are immune to the ravages of fire
as my solar plexus swirls from the heat internally generated

the cool wind blows open the door allowing my saving love to enter
and quench my ravaging desires and purify my heated brain,
pour it on my one and only, pour urself into my every pore
while i inject fire into ur belly burning all possible conceptions
from ur mind

flow like a mountain river fed by glacial melting ice
which circles my flaming phallus tho still able to move the powerful
trunks
of full-grown trees now clasping branches to form a canopy
under which all manner of forest life dwell and survive

at various times fireflies live and die in minutes tho time is relative -
-
to them i am a statue tho moving in my own time
swiftly

the forest has become a jungle tho the eyes of vipers
are easily seen at night
making them easy prey for hunters that stalk the night
slipping between the seen and unseen shadows the moon
and canopy create on the jungle floor

until a lightning strike ignites another raging
inferno that eliminates slow moving vipers
frying them into a tasty eagle's breakfast

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-198.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-884.html>