

## 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>

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