

A Few

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international / poetry / post

yesterday i was poor,
one meal a day
was an abundance

today i have gold, fine silks
and all manner of desired
things which i would sacrifice
without hesitation
for one day of the simple poverty
i once had

ask me a question, any question
and i would answer correctly,
my life has been wasted acquiring the knowledge
of men, which an illiterate shepherd boy
puts to shame

wild finches come to my window
to feed on the seeds i keep for my bread,
the birds became so accustomed
to the seeds i offered
that soon they gladly took up
residence in a cage

fish cannot be tamed or trained to
perform tricks because the sea is too vast
to measure

pearls are formed from an irritation,
the oyster covers the irritating grain
until a precious pearl forms

i have taunted existence for the Truth
as long as i can remember, until it finally
covered me in its most precious essence

i wandered the country as a boy

lost for the most part --
as a man i sought directions
and became profoundly lost

today i ignore road signs and advice,
now every road i take leads me home

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-237.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-899.html>