

Uncommon Thought

by stele *Saturday, Jul 3 2010, 9:22pm*

international / poetry / post

at times
even the most experienced
encounter
what appear to be
insurmountable obstacles;

hidden ice crevasses
fissures in the earth
that swallow the unwary;
dozens of bleached bones
form a scattered narrative of
failure and defeat.

trapped,
most seek escape via
the opening through which they
entered.

obvious options must be
explored, attempted and then abandoned
if proven futile.

faced with such dilemmas
the exceptional turn and seek
liberation in the most unlikely direction
by following the least agreeable course --
daunting trails
that appear to run
further into
a maze of narrow fissures
and dangerous precipices.

these routes may lead
deep into the earth,
and open into jagged
caverns, huge interior domes
decorated with wondrous
mineral forms
sacred to the earth --
breathable air indicating
the possibility of release.

again
the least appealing way
is to submerge
in underground streams
and hope that air-pockets
offer enough air
until another opening
is reached.

at each stage
another life-threatening
barrier
must be faced and overcome
if you would emerge from the herd;

by following the least likely path,
at times through total blackness,
a way may be discovered
that leads to the bright light of day
but there are no guarantees,
bones litter the ground at every turn.

i must leave you now
i hear
the faint sound
of the wind to my left.

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-2026.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-90.html>