

Progress

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international / poetry / post

forward against the prevailing wind
that buffets my progress -- i have
had these pillow fights before

yet neither is my physical or mental progress
disturbed, i can only move forward

so many last kisses some known to be final
others haunt my memories as they pretended otherwise,
but why should i now consider last kisses,
revisions, regrets and joys?

the wind is responsible, as it attempts to reverse my direction
but it should know, to no avail,
nothing has ever stopped me
tho at times some tracks appear deeper than others -- pauses,
times for reflection, revision and new visions

the new is the impelling force, new horizons, experiences
to satiate my unquenchable thirst for everything

at times i feel i could imbibe a universe and pick my teeth
with a comet's tail

those that pass me,
moving in the opposite direction,
struggle, yet the wind is in their favour,
they seem asleep cocooned
in their learned dreams, myopic visions
and pointlessness, they remain unaware
the wind assists their choice of direction

i am invisible to them as it does not occur to any
that there is another direction against the prevailing wind
which so easily herds and concentrates the many into
narrow passes until the only option is desperate plummeting,
the crowded force of others annihilates them all, each in their turn

i watch the grasses and trees yield in the wind
tho hissing against the force,
they remain fixed in their place waiting for change

in the distance ahead i see a solitary figure
proceeding in my direction, tho far in advance,
i wonder ...

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-311.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-905.html>