

Instantly

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international / poetry / post

the deep imprints of experience
trace my prints to the present
looking behind counters the new,
cast vision forward
and see the teeming deep forests of the possible

mists rise above
some swirling, others dissipating,
some coming slowly to form though translucent
promising what? mysteries
far from actualisation,
indications only of a possible new course
which releases the bound from previous dreams
and illusions

leave what is behind be new, whispers the wind

a twitch indicates approval
a portend of rising, blossoming flowers
producing fruit
overflowing, voluptuous with colour
texture and taste, senses intoxicated
dazzling mind and delineating the past from the future
and yet only in between like an invisible diamond cleave
hides existence bursting from the insinuated, imperceptible
to fill all space and time
which realm evades the mundane, yet its fullness
is overwhelming

succumb, surrender or miss the opportunity
of freedom from the known past and projected future
die completely to everything, the lies and fabrications;
language is not necessary to communicate leave it
to the gibbering gibbons that adorn themselves in all
manner of delusions, false hopes and pretenses that never deliver
each failed hope replaced with another lie to rescue the lost
and morbid that unknowingly seek their own destruction
in order to escape their self-inflicted torment
how very sorry and incapable they are seeking death
in order to achieve salvation

never make comparisons with past experience

for good or ill as both lie and bind tighter than a constrictor
thus powerful buffalos become stuck in the mud
lured by water and insatiable thirst
becoming easy prey for cold-blooded crocodiles that slide easily
over mud and glide in/under water --
be aware and live

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-337.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-909.html>