

## Instantly

by jan via nell - Inverse Times *Saturday, Nov 10 2018, 11:46pm*

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 teaming 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>

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