

Rains

by sylph via quinn - Inverse Times *Monday, Nov 19 2018, 8:48pm*

international / poetry / post

words like rain fall
and form puddles
and streams eventually finding their way back to the sea
of fluid inspiration ready to re-enter the domain of the airy
muse and fall again onto paper and screen as poems,
articles, essays, discourse and more;
like the rain an endless cycle supports writers
of the past, present and future

there comes a time however, when limited words
fail to capture and express meaning, in fact words
only transmit what is already known,
and the known is not new

puddles of revitalising rain then form stagnant,
dark pools reflecting the morbidity
of failing cultures, which nevertheless promise
evolutionary change in their dying -- we live in those times

the abused signs and symbols that once cemented culture
are now frayed by abuse and over-use, they have exhausted
interpreters/readers/decoders, drying the ponds
of possibility and inspiration

we are left with no means by which to locate meaning in the post-
truth era
and so the proportionately growing entropy of meaninglessness
prevails
over truth, notwithstanding they (words) have never been able to
capture Truth,
but inference, intimation and allusion were once enough

at this daunting juncture between meaning and loss of culture
wise scribes put down their styluses, pens and keyboards --
divested of meaning words carry only subjective illusions, fictions
and dreams

today the author may have died but like the rain the future portends
a new revitalising rainstorm that would drown the remnants of the
known
and allow the unknown new to sprout and grow, all the while being
fed

by cyclic rains

readers/culture are momentarily abandoned to reflect only on their reflections

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-348.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-912.html>