

DIE!

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DIE! he roared

i had for a period, too long
to recall, sat at the feet of sages
and failed to understand

from one enlightened being i went to another
unsatisfied, always seeking,
however, the last and first sage
at whose feet i grovelled
beseeching, looked disdainfully at this pleading
thing, me
and slapped me so hard i almost lost consciousness,
'you worthless idiot, how many times must you
confront truth and deny it?'

'you have failed yourself so many times
it is a wonder you have remained sane
but here you are grovelling like a slave
at my feet, begging for enlightenment, Truth'

'ask yourself while you are still able,
how is it possible for truth to hide,
it can no more hide than the midday blazing sun?'

'you were born in and of the truth,
all existence is truth irrefutable
what is this seeking for something you already possess?'

He belted me hard again, 'Die you fool, just DIE'

with that shock i died to seeking and desire,
to the rational and irrational, to all binary oppositions
and false cultural values and lost what was left of my mind

to this day i feel the sting of that retort and slap on my face
yet I live in open, enduring glory

my sincere thanks to the first and last sage,
which i finally Realised was me

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-415.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-917.html>