

## Blowing Desolation

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international / poetry / post

believe the wind blowing thru desolation  
kissing hot lava, frying cool seas

stepping on the highest mountains  
then returning to its secret place  
in the pulse of creation

the perfection, the real  
easily seen in the movements of the wind,  
fire, rain, heaving seas and the expanse of space

yet it is the same harmony expressed by each  
according to its uniqueness and character

the throat of a thrush moving waves in the medium  
which appears as song like the sound of blood rushing thru veins  
wet with whoosh-sing

the throb of heart and brain synchronised opens  
the gates of paradise but remains closed  
to the deaf, blind and insensitive

do you hear, do you see  
forever,  
or would u remain as culture-created gnats  
tugged this way and that by vile manipulations?

What! you do not see, hear or appreciate the harmony?

the only way to see the blueness of the sky is to  
look up with your eyes

die in awe  
then wait for the wind to reveal all it has touched  
on this earth since it became itself

u need not believe  
you have broken free  
you would see what is in  
pushing out and that  
which is out  
pushing in

the heaving of the universe until it finds rest  
in equilibrium then tires of its sleep  
to awaken once again as a New cycle of creation

imagine all the energy in creation exploding  
from the smallest indivisible point  
then moving eight more times to create  
everything that could BE  
and you stuck in front of your TV  
imagining that you see

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-454.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-919.html>