Weeds and Orchids

by june via james - Inverse Times *Tuesday, Mar 19 2019, 9:26am* international / poetry / post



in the manicured garden -an anal retentive's delight
-- keepers go to great lengths
to produce and tend exotic plants not native
to Australia,
decadent French monarchs
were also obsessed with designed gardens
that only the cultured could appreciate -how very exclusive

tho my favourite walk is the roughly kept cemetery where flowering and non-flowering weeds flourish without the need for human intervention they rule in a place of human death

though that walk is fraught with natural difficulties the seeds of weeds cling to my socks and trousers as i pass others pop flowering seeds ready to be taken aloft by the wind and sprout in far off places

nothing special you say, brandishing an orchid that is so sensitive to environmental change that many tended by cultured men simply cannot survive in the wild, where i live with the weeds

it takes a different eye to see the victory of the weeds in time

who taught weeds to attach their seeds on passing animals and deliver them to other locations?

what intelligence do weeds possess to launch their seeds in the wind?

nothing special you say, which reveals your stupidity, u imagine weeds

do not possess intelligence

the victory of weeds where i live is certain
the wild overtakes all manicured gardens
weeds reign supreme unaided
and so it is with men in the wild that have learned
or acquired natural intelligence appreciating the intelligence
and sturdiness of weeds

these seeds hook onto minds that pass by, they launch their seeds in imaginations and push cultured fantasies from existence -- these seeds are victorious, as the fertile ground in which they flourish is their natural environment in which wild jungles eventually form wiping out every effort the decadent make to grow their fragile, manicured gardens which do not belong, as they all die when confronted by wild, winning weeds and the wild intelligence of poets

Underground Oz Poetry. http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-932.html