

## Quality

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international / poetry / post

they glide miles without thinking or effort  
just above the water where air and sea meet  
forming a secret current known to the  
feathered few

a gull returning to the cliffs in a storm  
twitches its wings and body perfectly  
in almost cyclonic winds to land safely  
in its nest, a wonder to behold how  
wild creatures react perfectly to the  
elements without thought

the beauty and harmony of natural existence  
is unparalleled by anything produced by those  
that have mastered thought, a price too high to pay  
for losing direct connection with natural harmony

a screaming airliner rips the sky dragged upward  
by primitive polluting engines, the craft cannot  
twitch or manoeuvre its body fast enough to save  
itself when difficulties arise, down they go with  
all lives lost when they routinely fail

yet man governed by thought, thinks himself wonderful  
in his profound blindness

the wind moves the long grasses and whips waves  
on the sea, which yield and react according to  
their nature, hissing, murmuring and splashing  
songs while screaming man forces himself onto a  
natural world like some blind refugee from the  
depths of ignorance

it is absurd to worship the contorted, cumbersome  
creations of man, which the smallest living creature  
puts to shame -- such is the supreme intelligence  
of thoughtlessness compared to the continual failures  
of arrogant and inadequate imaginings

"I think therefore I am," is missing the most important  
qualifier: 'I think therefore I am Lost,' is far more  
accurate

learn harmony and respect from the tribals that have  
managed to survive the murderous onslaught of  
'civilised' men and perhaps you too would discover  
what you were really meant to Be

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-543.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-934.html>