Fallen Feather

by toby via shaz - Inverse Times Thursday, Jun~13~2019, 10:24pm international / poetry / post

to be
a fart in the night
that nobody hears
not even the farter
is the life of a poet, this poet

a bugle fashioned of brass
emits the sound of fart
how inappropriate an instrument
to play in remembrance of young
passionate fools dying
for foreign monarchs and their
bungling generals that feed boys
to machine guns while they sip tea
and discuss cricket

poems are not read in silence like farts in the night they are symphonies of delight, horror and meaning where no meaning previously existed, a space always exists for poems not yet written;

some thunder, others whimper but the message remains in the lost aspirations of readers projecting everything except what was/is intended

the sound that claws its way thru ur soul, the stomach punch which numbs the diaphragm momentarily an Olympic swimmer that interjects tho this time I recorded the intrusion as it makes no difference to the outcome

so I write this screaming silently in the night confident that no one will hear or see what it is to be completely misunderstood

snow leopards
do not exist in the tropics
it's simply a case of the wrong
place, time and wrong everything else
yet it remains a poem
written in the sparks

and smoke of my campfire

	https://inversetimes.ho	opto.org/news/st	ory-667.html
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Underground Oz Poetry. http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-960.html