

Burning

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international / poetry / post

the bush is burning
snapping synapses
crackling like neon wasps
revealing an open monologue
with God but it's me
doing all the talking as usual
which serves to increase the heat
turning red fire into white

ethereal smoke rises from thoughts
the bush has set tree on fire
burning with a heat that neither burns
nor sings flesh, an awakening perhaps?

this is no candle in the wind, it's furnace heat
moving up through layers of antiquation,
residual conceptions and failed ideals
no longer necessary or useful,
this fire dims the sun and immortalises being --
every book read and the opinions/theories therefrom
reduced to ash in an instant

uncoordinated synapses now fire in harmony
without thought to interrupt the flow that
answers all unasked questions like the swirls
of Van Gogh and the syntax/poesy of Rumi,
they also spontaneously combusted

the cool drear of the herd baying in the background betrays them as
servile,
mindless beasts, only this fire cleanses mind and reveals
what has been secret for millennia, that there is no secret
only ignorance and folly upon which meaningless cultures
are built leading nowhere or rather to sorrow, pain and despair

the time is always now, enter the white flame
and burn with me until the difference disappears
leaving only the distilled, pristine
ineffable perfection of One

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-768.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-970.html>