

Predetermination

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international / poetry / post

(A prose poem)

a dead branch cuts into the sky
forming a visually contorted, erratic series of curves
and abrupt angles
shedding its bark and revealing its smooth
white wooden flesh in its dying
though the branch of this conifer remains fixed to the
tree while other smaller branches lay scattered
on the ground, returned to nourish more life

the mixed incongruous shapes of this dying leafless branch
defies predetermination as does the rest of the natural world,
nature never repeats itself, everything is unique
though it may belong to a genus, unique from others of its kind it remains

its shape advertises and confirms that existence was/is
beyond the anxious and fearful attempts of
conservative minds to impose formality/uniformity on existence
and the human world, we are all unique though susceptible
to lies, imposition and domination

'our' omniscient god planned everything
including the future, existence is his predetermined design, they say --
so why is everything in the natural world unique, never replicated?

this 'minor' reality seems to have escaped these book-learned/enslaved dictators
that seek to impose uniformity in appearance and behaviour on the slaves amenable
to their absurd fantasies, misinterpretations and dictates

good luck, as the real 'book' of creation, cosmic existence
is the book of truth directly offered by creation itself for all to see/read and learn,
only a fool and the profoundly lost would defy the obvious much to their
great cost, climate catastrophe, mass extinctions and future famine

Fools!

find me the life in any man-made book which is able to compete
with one little living weed, flower or living blade of grass,
you cannot; all living things hold secret a direct route
to the living creative force, which necessarily supports by its nature ALL things,
including the profoundly lost human race, though the option to return/know is always available

nothing knows in advance how many veins and pores a leaf will have
or the shape of the branch that supports it, the creative force leaves final outcomes to chance

in order for the new and unexpected to emerge, in which process Life delights
though an inherent pattern exists but not a fixed outcome, which is always new and *unique*
like creation itself

the pattern is always harmonious at its heart, it doesn't stray from its inherent
harmonious push into existence, yet what it produces is ALWAYS new and unique --
show me one grain of sand on the earth or snowflake that replicates another.

reach out feeling and absorbing the living with all your senses,
there is nothing dead, static (uniform) in this or any other universe

infinity is unable to repeat itself as it would then cease to exist as infinity,
the very difference impels it to continue, if god has a name
Flux would be appropriate, not the appellations given by men

marvel at chance, which has produced everything that is,
unique, ecstatic and pleasing, and realise the peace within you
from which you too are able to create
and contribute to the greater harmony,
not the death that ALL religions spread like a plague
on the earth

theologians must lie as they have no truth, plain to see,
so they replace the harmony/truth of reality and continuity
with the discord and death of absurd destructive fictions
that only feeble minds and children believe,
beings that fly in the sky,
have you seen a pig or cow fly with wings or without that match
the beauty of the smallest flying insect
which nature produces effortlessly by the trillions?

storms strip the leaves and weaker branches
from trees yet the tree stands firm already recreating anew what
was lost, marvel at the profound simplicity of nature's intelligence
which is evident in the seeds of some Australian plants
that require fire in order to germinate, which adaption they learned
after man and his hunting fires invaded the land

what do humans learn? how to kill things faster and faster,
"subdue the earth" their biblical perverse
and genocidal god commands, the god of lies, death and destruction

all man made gods encoded in man made texts are devoid of the harmony
that pervades existence -- sell your death and lies to each other,
as you have done since you recorded your commands and fictions designed to enslave
humanity

predetermination is proof of the lack of spontaneous creation and chance,
you lying, demented fools -- nature's outcomes are never pre-designed,
existence is not a clock

the push is forward, undetermined, chance is the mother of creation/evolution -
where is the life and joy of surprise in predetermination?
creation is not prediction, the tiny particles/energies of existence live and dance
in harmonious chaos that produce the new, never reproducing the old

deal me a card
I am ready to win, lose or draw
and play/dance again,
this game is a game of chance
everything continues in one form or another forever --

only fools are fascinated by dead fictions of a fixed, predetermined universe.

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-917.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-986.html>