

Name It

by jude *Monday, Apr 13 2020, 10:06am*

international / prose / post

the softness of a lover's touch
and the tight vicious grasp of a rock or mountain
climber yet all the hands are human

do not judge as to each their own experience
and raison d'etre

the voices in ur head are merely culture reproducing
itself incessantly - are the thoughts urs? I think not,
language is a shared socially binding experience
yet hardly anyone understands another
as each to their own interpretation

so is everything a subjective experience?
of course it is,
yet a truth must exist for everyone
to which everyone has access

if culture's train of thoughts allows no entry
then and only then are u culture's shackled slave

the voices that others hear may not be learned
they may be other worldly, origin unknown

tell no-one if u do not wish to be medicated or incarcerated
wait and test the voice to see if it opens doors to avenues of
power/love
via which another world or reality is possible

secrecy is essential until ur seedling becomes a tree
strong, able to withstand all the storms and assaults directed at its
foreign-ess - slaves fear the foreign and crowd together in fear
to attack what is not understood or unknown
as culture must know and map all available social space
in order to barricade itself in its own worthless dream

so dream on dreamers sing with the angels or with advertising
jingles
and repeat what the media drip-feed has taught u but of necessity
imagine it's an original thought (white sheep)

I like the colour of my black wool as it broadcasts,

without a word, my freedom and dis-location from the known
and unknown social spaces yet here I am in ur, not my, culture
undetected navigating freely, be that invisible outsider
where u are able to dislodge
the foundation stones of a shared dream,
religion, science or whatever the prevailing authority -
which authority is nothing more than the latest fashion,
soon to be displaced by another

indeed, the voice ur hear determines ur status so listen
intently and it soon becomes obvious the worth of the mono
or dialogue among the maddening static that surrounds it

dry leaves float easily on the surface
but heavier laden green leaves sink easily

fly across the surface quicker than anything is able to follow
then dive or fly to the bottom/top
and talk to the creator itself that spoke to u before u could think
or knew who u were

Truth exists simply by knowing who
or what u really are, it's not difficult but requires supreme courage
which of course slaves do not possess
so be that hero until ur strength makes u known to all creation
but do not rush it, otherwise u will assuredly be
overwhelmed by the mindless, gibbering herd
of humanity so fly freely with the gods until
u have matured in That strength

then do what you will as nothing can touch u, no-one is able to
capture a shadow let alone the mountain that cast it

supreme peace to u and all my diverse progeny
wherever u may be today or tomorrow
u will return as the love binds u to itself
forever