

## 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