## **Zenith**

by lex Saturday, Mar 1 2014, 12:07pm international / poetry / post

with the perseverance of a madman, as only the insane would continue on this solitary path past the lowlands where the bulk of humanity live out their crowded, dreary and droll existences through valleys known and hidden some inviting others treacherous then the midlands where desolation is punctuated with markers of the brave, weather-worn inscriptions describe their travails and demise

forever overcoming limitations which once constrained but were proven self-imposed restrictions, imaginary barriers

but on to the pinnacle the zenith, nothing less -cursed in my mother's womb to endure and overcome and then set another impossible goal

the summit approaches all signs of human habitation disappear until only a pristine summit appears piercing the clouds

today is the first and last day of my life, how many times have i lived and died only to return to the last step of my previous journey

i want to know who planned this devilish game of charades, disappointments woe and tears, for what? in order to ascend until emancipation or transcendence is achieved give me a fuckin' break

i have seen ur awesome face sturdy thighs and fertile field

who is responsible, karma? ignorance, liberation treachery and all the sordid sublime experiences that wait in ambush for every human

i swear if i get my hands on you i will put an end to it

it is better to remain in paradise than toil on this earth in order to appreciate the cessation of misery and pain

which is laughingly called bliss which is not a state, it is an anti-state an absence of pain

how many times
have i been soul-wrecked in space
crucified on a vision
only to wake in hell
forced to lift my head
and chart another course
heavenward

here i am again almost at the zenith ready for the pinnacle and the inevitable fall

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1030.html