

## 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