

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