

## Effortless

by reg *Tuesday, Apr 1 2014, 1:30pm*

international / poetry / post

### A Psalm

with the wind at my back  
the rigging full with sail  
my ship creaks and rolls gently  
as it cuts through  
the swell --  
boards contort and groan  
from the forces applied  
by the wind

the entire world is circumnavigated  
with only a breeze as fuel

why then do u ask, how is it possible  
that my output is ceaseless?  
my answer is i have the wind at my back  
and my actions are effortless  
why should i strain and stress  
when infinite energy and inspiration  
saturate all existence?

"Whenever the Dharma is threatened  
I incarnate" -- Vishnu

that incarnation is manifest by many,  
is truth forlorn?  
it originates in the heart,  
my heart therefore serves as the wind  
that propels me  
onward and forward to my destination

i know why i am alive, my innate  
soul/character and course are unique

unlike you i cannot tolerate a liar  
or injustice, murder, cruelty or filthy  
money, which u worship above all else  
i wipe my arse with your paper money  
and assist you to confront urself,  
you have made an enemy of Truth

we share the same Self

that immortal spark,  
i am familiar with ur offences.  
that spark which enlivens all humanity,  
is friend to me --  
the way shines as clear as the sky

i do not wear the tinted glasses  
of modernity that distorts reality,  
nor do i live in a box of someone else's  
design

which dead book of rules would you that i  
defer my living sovereignty?  
i shall never defile the eternal  
spirit that guides and sustains me;  
when i am no longer able to lift a finger  
i am enlivened  
my phallus stands like a mast

i call and instantly light abides  
and restores my soul,  
what are u able to offer,  
an iPhone?

you make a very bad trade  
for your soul and  
forfeit ur freedom  
for a farthing

should i simplify?  
slave or free -- the  
choice has always been yours

in one effortless draft this  
piece was produced  
in answer to your inquiry