

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