

Closing In

by rhea *Tuesday, Jun 17 2014, 12:38pm*

international / poetry / post

solitary confinement
and the attic
share a lack of
human contact,
tho for writers it's
a blessing
it allows for pure focus
and reams of output
tho solitary is another story

enforced isolation
is designed to weaken
defences and break the spirit
it is fortunate indeed
that i have voluntarily
subjected myself to isolation

i am adept at confronting
what spews from the inner
recesses of being,
there's no hell like personal hell
and no heaven like impersonal
release

an escape from identity
and the weight of being
something,
someone/body
what a thorough bore

Inuit language is devoid
of personal pronouns,
the extremely harsh
environment
demanded the removal of all
impediments to
(group) survival,
there was simply
no room for 'I, me,
mine,' how refreshing --
"vanity of vanities
all is vanity ..."

with the exception of
Inuit society.

while i'm at it,
take note of the fake
Christian God, Jesus,
who clearly states that,
“.. ye have the poor with you always..,”
clearly this 'God' was ignorant
of Australian indigenous society,
everyone 'owned' everything,
everything was shared among the tribe
the poor did not exist as the welfare of
the individual depended on the welfare
of the group/tribe

'bewdy,' another exposed
ignorant 'omniscient'
God, just another fake in a long
line of man-made fake Gods --
you can lick my pussy, jimmy
Jesus Christ son of a Roman centurion
and raped jewish teenager

anything that interfered with
mutual aid and cooperation
(survival)
was eliminated
tho the decision was instinctive
not of conscious volition

there is an abundance of wealth
to be found in the inner recesses
of being if we allow it expression;
removing cultural obstructions
and trashing inculcated bullshit
assists in strengthening
the intuitive response

what culture has joined together
let every man and woman
put asunder

keep it secret tho
the police state could
track u down and imprison u
indefinitely for subversive 'thinking'
and blowing the lid off
'their' superimposed dreamworld
designed to enslave

i write this poem tonight
because they are closing in,
circumstance blew my invisibility
i may as well have a Facefuck account
or Tracebook as the pigs call it;
but what do i care
i have a secret weapon
that also resides
in the innermost
core of Being

apprehend me
and you will only have
a 'linen garment' to show for it

like the scribes of old
i also write fiction

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1189.html>