

## 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

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