

## The Land of the Dead

by ryall *Wednesday, Jul 2 2014, 12:21pm*

international / poetry / post

everyone is busy  
being dead  
in the land of the dead,  
not unusual, is it?

strictly speaking  
(something i've never done  
in my life)  
it is a misnomer  
to identify this realm  
as a land,  
it is more like a sphere  
within a sphere,  
a realm no less real  
than this dimension

the dead engage  
in all manner of activities,  
disputation,  
jealousies and war  
much like we do  
in the land of the living  
-- i am referring to  
the dead we once knew  
as the living --

do not speak ill  
of the living as they were  
once dead  
they may come with  
a one-way ticket  
to the land of the dead

do not speak ill  
of the dead as they  
are constantly searching  
for a convenient  
body to inhabit,  
hence the adage

the dead are closer  
than you think  
they are immediate --  
the necessity of soul exchange  
between the spheres  
demands it --

souls flow constantly  
in either direction  
each replenishing  
the population  
of the other

there is never  
a lack of souls in  
either sphere

i am haunted tonight  
the dead are confused  
they appear asking questions,  
which are easily answered,  
happy to receive instruction  
the other dead somehow realise  
that useful information is available  
and flock to my quarters,  
which are now a throng  
of jostling souls

the wind sweeps through  
poppy fields,  
marshes and  
across searing dunes --  
bleached human bones  
protrude from shifting  
sands that constantly  
ripple onward  
reclaiming lushness,  
replacing it with silica,  
this was once a war zone  
a fertile field of the dead

i have been blessed,  
to be reborn in Oz  
home of the Dreamtime  
where life and death  
merge happily  
to form a single realm,  
a place of haunted beauty,  
living myths and  
non-linear time  
that flows back and

forth like tidal waters;  
time here rolls in on itself  
it carries all there was, is  
and will be

i see the dead burying the living,  
and the living burying  
everything;  
it does not augur well;  
soft whispering and rustling  
frame a chorus of regret  
and tragedy  
neither the living  
nor the dead were  
able to resist the senseless  
cycle of living and dying  
when everlasting/undying was an  
ever-present option

the tolling of a bell  
is barely discernible  
in the distance

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1208.html>