

It's Not easy being Human

by sybil *Thursday, Jul 3 2014, 12:48pm*

international / poetry / post

Primates are divided into two groups, those that have a conscious choice and those that are driven by instinct, which of course reduces all but one primate into the later group, only one primate is able to choose, though some would hardly believe it.

as i course thru
the great expanse i see
purity,
stainless, unblemished
pre-existence
universal creation before
the advent of man
-- Satan's revenge --
the greatest blunder of evolution
yet seen

u think this too harsh,
an appraisal?
not so,
i was recently listening
to a popular protest song
of the 60's, "It's Good Newsweek;"
it clearly described a woeful
world of mindless wars
and needless bloodshed

i thought how tragic until
i realised that nothing
has changed except the efficiency
of our weapons of death
and the sophistication
of modern methods
of mind control

emotive images of dead
women and children are
strangely absent
from news reports;
unflattering stories
-- to certain ruling parties --
are reduced to caricatures
of their former integrity,

distasteful material
is all but censored

last week's news is today's news
wars of previous millennia
continue to be
waged today
only the actors have changed

females continue to
commodify their crotches,
using their bodies
like brazen whores;
men continue to brutalise
themselves and others
for no good reason --
greed, hate and selfishness
have swallowed the world

and yet in an age (14th century)
that reflects all the above
insanities
a mystic poet, Rumi,
encodes the bliss of existence,
a single poppy emerges from
a field of death and ashes
and glorifies existence;
what is one to make
of this occurrence?

does it mean that the world
is 99.9999999% ruin and horror
and only an infinitesimal
percentage of good?

but the greater question
is, who should we believe,
the purveyors of death
and horror
or the poets of Love
and mystic fire?

I exercised my choice
after discovering
that mystic poets
are unanimous in stating
that no cowards
are able to enter paradise --
the reality was emphasised by the fact
that this unanimity extended across
cultural, linguistic, racial

and geographic barriers/borders!

today i imbibe the wine
of immortality,
-- which is produced from
the grapes of wrath

no person is able to achieve immortality
that fears death/mortality

i have become Life,
timeless;
i have jettisoned fear
and embraced perfection,
a quality unknown
to cowards, brutes
and killers

i have chosen life.

as i course thru
the great infinite
expanse
i exclaim 'for joy,
this real-m is a
manifestation
of unceasing beauty
and Love!'

who would *you* believe?

exercise Your prerogative
and make your choice

Peace

🔊 [It's Good Newsweek](#)

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1209.html>