## 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