

Obit

by uri *Monday, Jul 7 2014, 12:47pm*

international / poetry / post

it's raining in my mind
yet my eyes are dry

white clouds drift across
a crisp sky
like dream reveries
an assortment
of memories now etched
forever on the akasha,
as each ends another
begins
it's a conspiracy
like evil,
forever doomed
to chase and
assail good,
which it can never
obliterate

but for the notion ...
and u should know
the rest

one indeed begets the other

from the highest peak
the view is disturbed
by the viewer

vapours
that animate
the dead
also write this poem

thought cuts thru
the flow (of inspiration)
like a scalpel
sliced clean
to form a wound
or punctuation,
something that disturbs
meaning,

the meaning which
is ultimately meaningless

from this crag i see
a carousel in the distance,
seated on a wooden
pony is Eduard Shevardnadze -
he errs in that he imagines
it is the white inanimate pony
that transports him;
i turn his desperate attention
to a light on the horizon
behind which he will meet
himself

peace returns stealthily
like a prowler
in the night

<http://tinyurl.com/lhf9k2u>

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1213.html>