

The Standard

by lex *Sunday, Aug 10 2014, 1:31pm*

international / poetry / post

in my secret place
i waited patiently,
it seemed like
aeons passed
before u kept ur promise
and returned
to comfort me

how much pain is
man able to bear
alone?

is there an anatomical
region of the heart reserved
for agony and despair?
it is the same as that which
leaps for joy at the sight of ur
return

how easily is agony transformed
into ecstasy -- the diabolical twins
of human emotion
oscillating one with the other

u have returned to comfort me
in a time of great need
but u test my perseverance
and patience on every occasion

i sat like a rock
waiting only for u,
abandoning my spouse and child
momentarily
to satisfy the desire of humanity

i required something simple
so that all could understand
something easy and accurate
that did not lend itself to interpretation
something outside the reach
of abuse and corruption

and so by inquiry u reflected my dilemma
back to me
with questions:

is manifestation forever?
is perfection corrupt?
is the immutable stained?
is Love forlorn?

u forced me to arrive
at the answer myself

i now have a universal standard
by which to measure all things

if they kill in God's name
know that murder is the opposite
of Love
and they kill in their own vile names

if a State pursues war for reasons
of gain -- know that State
to be evil, perversity itself

measure each person,
State, belief, thing
by the amount of Love
it/he or she generates

Love emanates from the
living source
and creates all things;
perversity arises from
separation/selfishness
and leads to death

that which was given freely
must be shared freely

Love embraces all unconditionally
perversity rejects some in favour
of exclusivity,
infinity is not selective
or exclusive
it saturates all time
and all space
as Love

And so we have a measure
by which all things are known,
-- the degree of Love generated --

is the universal measure
and by way of anti-thesis
the degree of destruction, disharmony
and death define the perversity

how much Love, peace and harmony
have You generated?

nothing endures that is not
of the quality of Love

without Love there can be no peace
without Love there is no forever
without Love there is no perfection
without Love there is no Truth
and without Truth there is nothing

all humanity is able to Love
hate is chosen from the desolation
of lovelessness

bear ur standard high
and know that it leads
to Truth and
that Truth and Love
will set you free

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1248.html>