

Brumby

by zeus *Sunday, Aug 31 2014, 12:26pm*

international / poetry / post

whenever anyone mentions
religion
i reach for my pistol;
history vividly highlights
that religion is a word
for division, violence
and conflict

'holy' texts are dead whereas
God is alive and is known
instinctively by those that haven't been
tortured and abused by religionists

i rear like a wild stallion protecting its mares
the opponents are pet food hunters
with automatic weapons mounted
on bush-bashing vehicles

i prance and pound the air
with my hooves
signalling my mares and foals
the herd takes flight
i guide them to the safety of alpine valleys
and hidden gullies beyond the reach
of motorised killers

tall alpine Eucalypts
offer protection from helicopter
killers

galloping for our lives
nostrils burning,
throats rasping
lungs ready to explode
but we evade the killers
through winding ravines
and reach sanctuary
in a hidden valley

i survey the herd and grieve
at the loss of a cherished mare
and her two foals

but we are intact as a herd
my blood runs through my foals
most of which compete with the wind
soon i will be challenged,
it is how it should be

i pick my way to high ground
watching over the herd
in the safety of the valley below,
snorting and shaking my head
i rear up again
victorious

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1269.html>