

## Reality Crisis

by cyd Monday, Oct 27 2014, 5:48am

international / poetry / post

i was confronted with  
a blind leap into oblivion  
in a time of great personal crisis

an image of me standing precariously  
on the edge of a precipice  
that seemed to be bottomless  
presented to my mind,  
the deep ravine disappearing into a dark  
foreboding unknown

yet i was assured that if i jumped  
or sacrificed my life  
i would in fact regain my-self  
or the true person i am  
not the cultural fabrication that i was

i wish to make clear that the image  
presented to my mind appeared as reality  
in every respect - complete with the sound  
of howling wind, as it tortured its way through  
the abyss looking for an escape

in an instant of recognition and surrender  
to that higher something  
which has guided me faultlessly  
throughout my life  
i jumped, with my stomach in my throat  
and fell into blinding white light  
of which a lot could be said

u are probably wondering how  
it is i am writing this poem  
in the present tense;  
appreciate that my answer  
should not be hastily dismissed  
or refuted out of hand based on erroneous  
assumptions --  
indeed, i jumped and died that day  
and so today i am the phoenix  
that emerged from its own destruction  
but as a new free entity

i was carrying far too much bullshit  
for reality to endure,  
something had to give and it surely  
was not going to be reality,  
i broke down under the weight of  
what seemed like hundreds of tonnes  
of what i thought was important,  
which hindsight placed in proper perspective,  
a mountain of crapulous cultural creeds  
and social prescriptions designed to rob  
us of our most precious gift -- freedom!

of course culture can only replace  
reality with dreams and illusions  
and so our lives often reflect the condition  
of vacuous, meaninglessness --  
a very bad trade indeed

we've all heard about the con man  
that sold the Brooklyn Bridge, well  
he has nothing on modern western culture  
that debt-enslaves billions of people  
and trades our hard work  
for paper money printed from thin air!

that reality is the greatest con  
in all recorded history?

a far wiser and braver man than me  
once said in order to find your life  
u must lose it! i now know experientially  
what he meant

i have been free now for 30 years  
and have no regrets,  
i never use plastic cards, smartphones  
or other traceable technologies

indeed, the NSA possesses most of my communications  
including this poem but it is unable to attribute authorship  
to a valid identity, i have no need to be somebody,  
i am now in-valid according to society,  
which asks for plastic ID which it issues --  
remember, these are the people  
that print money from thin air and then require  
the population to slave and repay nothing with something,  
usually blood, sweat and endless tears

i have never looked back, u have no idea what life is like  
without the strain of carrying a semi-trailer  
on one's back

and so the bravery required to die to illusion  
and confront the real is repaid ten-fold daily  
with each exhilarating breath;  
without effort i have defeated a superpower  
and all its resources and technologies  
intentionally designed to trace, *capture* and oppress

where do you stand,  
with freedom, on the edge or shackled  
with real chains to nightmare illusions  
and perpetual lies?

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1324.html>