

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?

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