Reality Crisis

by cyd *Monday, Oct 27 2014, 5:48am* international / poetry / post

i was confronted witha blind leap into oblivionin 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