

Song Bird

by kwai *Monday, Dec 29 2014, 11:17am*

international / poetry / post

the night was silent
but the approaching dawn
is punctuated with
the melodious songs
of day-birds

whether their joyous greeting
of the day is simply chatter
is of no consequence,
to the sensitive human ear
feathered throats emit
aural joy,
it is as nature intended,
birds are governed by instinct
and mesh seamlessly into
the environment

but not so man
a creature that has lost touch
with his instincts -
so perhaps in the interests of
species survival
it would be well
for humankind to reconnect
with nature's perfection
and harmony -- not an easy task
for a contorted and perverse species
but not impossible, as nature
is ever willing to heal and welcome
humanity back into the fold

some months passed before my quiet efforts
bore fruit of the most unexpected kind --
i imagined humanity to be gentle
when governed by instinct
but results were not as expected;
raw energy began to course through my being
and to my surprise that energy/power
was not as religious texts would have it, meek
it was roaring and shattering but inaudible

it seemed as though the heavens

coursed through my veins,
a raw power animated
my being,
what was once dead
had come to new life as the natural
man -- a polar opposite of culture's
anxious and subjugated
creation

fear had left me
leaving me with a heroic
will, abilities and a passion
that i scarce knew i possessed,
the fearful, anxious, meek
creature had been displaced,
i was restored

the roar to which i referred
was an irresistible, relentless push for Justice,
as only Justice is able to restore
the harmony and perfection
of nature in our species

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1408.html>