

The Game

by quinn Tuesday, Dec 30 2014, 9:18am

international / poetry / post

here u are always
enveloping, comforting
healing my bones

no mouth is able to utter
ur name so i shall call u everlasting,
i am lost and found
in ur limitlessness

but what cruel dance
and strange gyrations
fascinate u so?

is it perhaps the conflict u implanted
in humanity?
do u know the outcome of this binary opposition
between chaos and harmony?
of course not that would take the pleasure
out of unpredictability and ur entertainment

creating a rogue species that wages war
on itself was/is a master stroke,
the Gods never tire of
watching the myriad variations of
pure folly that humanity is able to create,
a cruel joke indeed

but we know better, don't we?
u allowed me and others before and after me
to share ur perceptions and total awareness
so the end is predictable
but not the manner in which it occurs
another master-stroke, a known outcome
but an unknown means/course of
reaching it!
truly a game fit for the Gods
and what better species to play
on ur game-board than humanity?

i'm sorry, but i know what u know
and see what u see
but i have an advantage as i am mortal

not yet finished/immortalised
i know the outcome
and so will spoil ur plan and perverse
pleasures

on the very edge of total annihilation the aware,
surrounded by billions of rotting corpses,
emerge from their secret places and
gather themselves from the four corners
to create a paradise on earth,
which will be/is the envy of the Gods

u forgot that a perfect God
is incapable of creating an imperfect being
and so we proclaim our humanity
and the perfect everlasting that created us
to prevail over the Gods
of chaos and perversity

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1410.html>