

## 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

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