

## Undulations

by juno *Sunday, Jan 18 2015, 9:54am*

international / poetry / post

the aurora spasms  
in iridescence  
variegated colours flashing  
in the magnetic polar skies

pulsing movement,  
colour fluctuations unmistakably  
orgasmic tho empiricists would do  
their best to sterilise the entirety  
of creation

the most tragic and perverse  
thing i have ever seen  
was a Muslim woman veiled  
from head to toe  
completely captured, her living hand holding aloft  
a dead book written by dead men  
and yet we all know  
there is more God  
in a living blade of grass  
than all the religious texts  
that have ever been written

creation is alive and does not hide behind  
cultural concepts or words  
written by men

the borealis advertises life,  
the living, pulsing orgasmic  
God of creation is forever in our faces  
yet no-one sees past the dead words  
of dead men in a dying world  
but it is their world  
a dead world of their own making

farther south the tide laps  
welcoming shores  
a smaller pulse of fluctuations  
but pulse nevertheless

the ingoing turns to become the outgoing

breath of life;  
the ascending and descending  
spinal current  
that never ceases until physical death  
indicates the imminence of life and the creative process of  
the universe  
yet few see  
things as they are

how does one find something  
one has never lost?  
what an utter absurdity to say  
i am searching for my Self or God  
when that search is merely a symptom  
of profound ignorance  
but not near as tragic as Christians  
that trade a living paradise for  
a dead promise  
described in a dead book  
written by dead men who glorify death --  
did not their savour proclaim,  
"I am the Life!"  
would you seek life in death?

fools search for life in cemeteries  
of the dead?

the mist ascends valley walls  
as the waters plummet to the valley floor  
clashing on rocks  
only to be taken up as mist  
then rain  
until liquid diamonds fall  
from the sky

only disconnected humanity  
exerts itself for no good reason

a cloud catches the illuminating flashing splendour  
of the aurora