

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