

## Kicker

by quinn *Tuesday, Jan 27 2015, 10:59am*

international / poetry / post

star-dust kicked  
flashing hooves  
and shimmers  
on the night horizon,  
my sturdy steed  
that gallops across galaxies  
and through dimensions  
is only discernible  
by the friction its hooves  
create as they glance  
across primordial elements

i was dying on my feet  
after battling perversity over a lifetime  
but found myself mysteriously  
aloft aware only of a wild white mane  
brushing my face  
and the rhythmic movements  
of a particle-smashing neck

riding this beast from heaven's  
select seed  
is a sign of recognition,  
a correct and noble course

thundering and smashing  
across the universe

the most proficient poets are not able  
to describe or adequately deliver  
the magnificence of what i feebly  
encode here

it's not language that limits  
in this instance  
it's the subjected masses of the 21st  
century that have lost  
their connection  
to the greater cosmic harmony  
which leaves them mute, dumb  
and profoundly lost

the human brain and the consciousness  
that temporarily inhabits it  
are able to traverse the entire  
expanding wonder of creation  
as there is no disconnection  
other than that  
which COWARDICE creates

the name of my steed is infinity  
it is brighter than all the stars  
and suns in creation  
yet mole-men are unable to see  
the light of their own dulled eyes

so if ever you experience an odd  
sensation that something has brushed past  
you but is forever out of sight  
and the range of your remaining senses

just read this poem and allow your  
cowardly, enslaved minds to chase  
the dust of another lost opportunity

i have no words to describe the abject  
failure of humanity to utilise  
the precious gifts it has inherited  
from creation --  
and as has been written  
gifts wasted are gifts withdrawn  
and re-distributed  
to more worthy and deserving  
recipients