

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gifts wasted are gifts withdrawn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