## **Lily Pads**

by stacey *Wednesday*, *Jul 29 2015*, 11:19am international / poetry / post

the rains came pelting the ground and every growing thing

foliage is battered by the assault, flooded billabongs spill onto the plains creating an inland sea crocs stir from their hidden places to find a mate

pouring as if Noah had completed his ark yet the lily remained impervious to every tiny water bomb

words pelted down onto the page from the stormy fury of my keyboard yet made no impression on the lily people nothing, not the most forceful word-string, thunderous metaphor or allusion made the slightest difference

the season opened with a raging storm yet lilies remained as they were surrounded by water but as dry as bleached desert bones

my weathered skull picked clean of every vestige of tissue sat amid the words and rain hollow eye sockets see more than impervious tissue eyes

thunder explodes and rolls around the heavens like a battle waged against an invulnerable foe impervious minds remain unchanged yet for all its power, might and devastating floods the lily's dish rafts float unperturbed in the wetness all around

far away in the red centre a blind desert mole sees the sound that insects make as they scurry across the sands, following this sound-trail the tiny mole erupts from under the sand and snatches its hapless victim, what need of eyes when other senses are tuned to such heights?

the tiny mole is almost as old as the land it inhabits yet sees nothing with its remnant eyes what need of eyes in a world devoid of light?

the stereo announces a song muffled by the rain, it's George's guitar weeping while my keyboard is screaming

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1752.html