

Pushing Perfection

by jasmine *Thursday, Dec 24 2015, 9:14am*

international / poetry / post

if u can't see it
u are blind and i do not
refer to the eyes
which are only apertures
and lenses,
the organ of sight
is the brain which
houses the mind

in the midst of the horror
and besieged at every angle
i am frequently asked,
'what sustains u,
does it not get to u?'

no it doesn't, as i see only
the perfection, the love
and continuous harmony -
i see thru the horror,
and beyond to behold the pristine
shining its joy, hiding nothing of its
ecstatic nature
inviting everything into its
perfect harmony and ineffable peace

so in the midst of the contorted reality
of man perfection remains inviolate
always

surely if a duck's feather
repels water and remains dry
do u doubt nature has not endowed
man with similar attributes
to remain untainted in the
quagmire of unreason, poisonous
ideologies and created cultural perversities

yet to be blind to the perfection
removes the impervious layer and the
filth then pollutes mind and being
and enslaves with chains of fear,
uncertainty and dread

finite words cannot encode or translate
the infinite or perfection tho other means
of communication are available but only
to those able to see

and so not to leave u forlorn
i am only able to infer and allude -
u must be fearless, undaunted
and true to ur innermost self
ur real organ of sight
would then blossom like a flower
seeking the rays of the sun

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2040.html>