

## Liquid Fire and Brittle Light

by jas Tuesday, Sep 13 2016, 12:06pm

international / poetry / post

heat  
nuclear heat,  
how it scorches the ignorant  
yet to the wise the sun is neither hot nor cold

life flows away like water tracing a path  
thru roaring falls, tiny trickles  
to a drop of rain that falls from the sky,  
but it's all water  
regardless of appearance

a garden cannot grow without water and light  
which emanate from the same eternal source --  
a man cannot live and evolve  
without the fire that burns  
away ignorance  
or tortures his soul  
until he wakes to light

i have lived in a garden of delights and horrors,  
strange plants that grow nurtured by actions and inaction,  
each tree and bush producing a flower and fruit after its own kind,  
bitter or sweet whatever the case may be

eventually the overwhelming variety becomes tiresome,  
meaningless  
as everything is reduced to dust  
yet from dead ashes life  
emerges anew transformed by experience --  
flying at times higher than the sun only to return  
to the tallest tree in the garden  
the germination and nurturing of which  
i have long forgotten

atop this tree a strange fruit ripens  
its flesh, food for the body,  
its juice quenches a thirsty soul

but it's the seed that confounds the mind;  
prismatic, geometric, spiraling to the ground below  
only to germinate as a different species that produces  
a fruit of a different kind

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2357.html>