

The Race

by jess Sunday, Oct 23 2016, 2:45am

international / poetry / post

runners must keep running
as truth is difficult to bear
tho at this point in the race
the runners are almost spent

from the corners of their eyes
they see it approaching, fast,
all the fears associated with taking responsibility
for their own and the lives of their loved one's

so much effort is required to keep abreast of truth/reality,
so run they must, tho some stagger
at this stage

the sky cracks like a thin sheet of glass
but with the din of a million storms,
fire erupts from the land, the air
is poisoned and burning
but run they must

at various stages of the marathon
obstacles present themselves yet few see
the way clear
what is closing fast behind
serves to frighten, distract and cloud reason
so run they must, to their death,
as there is only one
prize for winning this race

i watch them dispassionately
as there is no way to reach them
and inform them the race is a lie
there was never a need to run
from anything, including oneself

but the masters of the race
have generations of experience
passing its knowledge down their bloodline

at certain stages the finish line seems to be close
so they run and push harder
only to realise later that it was a ruse

but no solution is available to a confused,
agitated and frightened mind
so they run to their death like the frightened,
dumb beasts of burden they are
in full knowledge of the outcome

how simple it appears to appeal to reality
but like a muddy, agitated pool
the truth/bottom is hidden
from view
and so they do not see
for want of stopping to look
and realise there is nothing to fear
but the enslaving race itself

if you do stop, look and think
you would realise the masters of the race
must be eliminated in order to put
an end to this needless and suicidal
pursuit

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2384.html>