

Shifting

by stacey *Saturday, Nov 12 2016, 9:47am*

international / poetry / post

i followed an animal track
which led to a river
that flowed to an uneasy sea

after a while it became my favourite track
i used it often to reach the river
although i made the track more human than animal in character

i would sit for hours and watch the water gurgle and murmur
depending on season

rivers are never the same, reborn each moment.
if you blink or are distracted by thought
you miss countless new births that flow
eternally

it was the time by the river i realised
that human endeavours at permanence
are futile -- though drowning men continue to clutch at straws

the plateau of Giza is surrounded by shifting sands,
three weathered pyramids remain aligned with the fixed
constellation
of Orion though the purpose of the structures has long been
forgotten

stars move constantly in the sky and the term fixed is relative
it's simply another desperate attempt by man to anchor to
something
constant

my track to the river has grown over
i changed direction a long time ago --
and small brush animals prefer their own tracks