

## Aversion

by claire *Friday, Jan 6 2017, 9:53pm*

international / poetry / post

what becomes of the living  
when an aversion to life  
develops?

culture today is distinctly averse to  
life and its source, Love,  
all creation is a manifestation  
of nothing other

love is now a dirty four letter word  
never used in its correct context  
only to sell and lure humans  
to productions, paltry substitutes

devoid of its presence  
the species is lost and tumbles  
into darkness, loss and self-destruction

the signifier of everlasting life  
is today considered pathetic, weak  
who could pronounce it to the world  
as the source of all things,  
the harmony and bliss behind creation?

love is the essential nature  
of creation itself  
it is the sustenance of poets,  
the red of a rose and the glint  
in the eyes of a child not yet corrupted

artists drown in it gladly  
and lose themselves in its creative bliss,  
the more we are not, the more love is  
and the more it is expressed by this minority

without it the species falls into chaos  
which state offers only more chaos,  
misery, desperation and pain

palms sway in the cemetery,  
branches responding to the coastal breeze -  
the sea laps the shore and rolls over

coastal rocks effortlessly,  
marble headstones to the dead  
stand frozen in the warm sun  
immobile, advertising cessation  
yet life surrounds and overwhelms the dead,  
asserting the nature of love;

graves overgrown with wildflowers,  
dancing joyously in the breeze -  
monuments to the dead  
are overwhelmed by one of these little flowers  
but the dead know nothing of it

you would search in vain for a monument  
to the living in this age, though many remain  
from prehistory, all announcing the cosmic turning  
of cycles, the harmony of seasons  
but the time to love is no more  
there is no greater tragedy than to live a loveless life

the dominant cultural discourse is war, tribulation  
and despair --  
little wonder  
yet reality is splendour indescribable, which saturates  
all space/time

insulated by aversion humanity races to  
extinction for the want of peace  
and the harmony of L-o-v-e

a gull turns abruptly on the breeze