

Riding on the Wind

by sybil Sunday, Jan 22 2017, 9:38am

international / poetry / post

leaves hiss and pitch
according to variations in the wind
below the grasses
yield
while their pods that have been waiting patiently
release their gossamer-wrapped seeds
to be carried for miles
to fall and sprout

the wind works without effort
and the seeds of plants
that know the wind
utilise it to spread themselves
without effort and yet they say
plants have no intelligence
while man breaks his back and balls
daily to survive
and they say that man's
intelligence exceeds that of plants

my exposed face and cheeks
rub against it, my lips dry
exposed to it
yet it serves to carry my voice, incanting spells
that circle the earth continuously

man insists they cannot be realised
but i have been taught otherwise
by the flowers and grasses
of the field which speak to and learn from
the wind, rain and sun,
no university matches or teaches this knowledge?

easy becomes a life that harmonises
and does not resist
the environment

the indigenous perform rituals and dance
to it, sending their own messages around the globe
for future generations
while the sickness that is white man spews
pollution in the air, earth and water

not realising he kills himself

at night it whispers
revealing much to the sensitive ear
awake or in dream
but few are listening

with a dry and knowing smile i articulate
and entrust the remainder of this piece
to the wind, which carries
the message to everything on the planet
it contains the secrets i have learned
by listening to the wind

the sea below my vantage yields and rolls
seabirds ride slip-streams for miles
barley expending energy
not one thought is required to understand
the mysteries written on
the wind
though i know no white man is capable of listening

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2501.html>