

Crying

by jase Sunday, Feb 5 2017, 7:59pm

international / poetry / post



monsoon tears flow creating rivers
of regret
generated by loss, O how i detest
losing anything
and when it cannot be retrieved
something overwhelming
and uncontrollable
possesses me and i begin to cry
but not the simple pedestrian crying
of morons

cloud-bursting tears of sorrow
and disappointment,
not remorse which plagues alcoholic poets
and not Orbison's 'crying over' some person,
god forbid i would be so completely captured
by a rag, no i'm not a misogynist
but after a million women, most of whom were/are on the make,
the tediousness of such relationships barely make an impression

there's so much more to existence than a relationship
with a never satisfied, irrational, emotionally-driven being,
give sanity, peace and harmony a break!

so acute is my sense of harmony and rationality
i couldn't help admire the writers of a science fiction series
that created the perfect female character, one that prizes
logic, rationality and objectivity over her non-existent need
to procreate like any dog, cat or rat, which species
make far better parents than our own;
neither the male nor female drive each other nuts for the sake of it

though i do not envy arctic wolves on small islands
where game is scarce, the male wolf running itself to death
to catch one of few arctic rabbits that have not yet succumbed
to predators; the female, driven by nature, must feed her pup,
and so rips the trophy from the male's mouth before it can replenish
its spent energy reserves, but what use is a male
in those circumstances?

no, i cry for other reasons the sum of which create cloudbursts
which circle the earth to drench rainforests and replenish myriad
life forms
now threatened by corporate palm oil plantations, a million species
go under for profit -- but what does it profit humanity when
irreplaceable species
disappear?

There are many reasons to cry tho listing them all would
create a flood of biblical proportions

my words fall like raindrops and hail making no impression on the
sea,
the parched dust of deserts or on the minds
of humankind, if ever there was a greater reason to cry
for a social species

an arctic wolf pure in its snow whiteness lies
exhausted on the ground, its misunderstood tongue
fallen, dangling from the side of its mouth -
it lies panting until its body suddenly relaxes
and it pants no more