

## 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