

## Waves

by zed *Tuesday, Feb 7 2017, 1:22am*

international / poetry / post

sound permeates being  
triggered by the vibrating string  
of an acoustic bass  
all becomes vibration or sound  
expressed as the Word or Logos  
by some,  
however, i'm a purist, what need is there  
of Gods when reality dances in one's face  
and shudders every fibre of being,  
perfection indeed

sound/vibration continues forever  
all one need do is follow it to its source  
how profoundly simple,  
so simple the obvious is missed  
by the fussed, tortured minds of humankind,  
an almost failed species

to lose connection with the All is to extinguish  
the scintillating pulse of life and all the wonders/gifts  
it bestows, Freely,  
no conditions, tricks or catches,  
life shares itself only with the Living

i watch them travail and labour for nothing,  
baubles and glass beads seem to fascinate  
the overwhelming mass of the breathing dead

respiration is not an indicator of Life,  
awareness and a consciousness unfettered by a single  
thought flies forever in the cosmic stream  
of infinite creation, how easy, no effort is required to be  
natural, elevated and carried aloft forever

i once wrote as a youth when the world came very near,

'the fool walks over says he'll leave it,  
falling smiling he cares not for all those melancholy people  
chasing shadows, running circles'

resisting culture is not easy as it violently  
refuses to tolerate outsiders

or any consciousness not of its own making, and so  
i was forced to arrive at a solution,  
so i became a dream weaver, imitating culture  
but always dancing freely behind the dreams  
which give impressions, allowing morons to interpret and project  
according to the level of their ignorance and desperation

all is revealed to the aware, the crystal minded,  
never attracted or repulsed

binaries are prisons of the  
cultural mind; old Lao once wrote,

“if not for the notion of beauty  
there would be no ugliness,  
if not for the notion of good  
there would be no evil”

and while you oscillate frenetically  
in binary pains and pleasures  
remember, if u are able,  
the factor which unites  
everything as One frictionless,  
enduring state

but of course these words  
fall like raindrops on the scorched metal  
minds that insulate the ignorant from  
the ease and sublime peace of Reality

there is nothing that can be done but let them die  
the excruciating deaths they have chosen for themselves,  
a tragic, needless waste

old Lao knew that his poem  
would be understood by very few  
as i know my scribbles are only the vapours  
of a novice, intentionally insulting, to be disregarded  
by the offended

and so on we go ... knowing that some are not offended  
by Truth