

## Senses

by zed *Wednesday, Feb 8 2017, 1:22am*

international / poetry / post

the sky speaks visually  
the indigenous read it  
like a book  
such an inappropriate comparison  
as the sky is alive  
and books require a reader  
to give them a semblance of  
life but once put down  
books return to the dead

a foreboding hangs over the city  
like a floating blanket ready  
to suffocate its inhabitants  
but civilised citizens never read the sky  
they prefer dead books,  
written for dead heads

the horizon extends  
in a great arc  
only to reconnect with itself,  
it hides a fissure through which  
souls pass, those that know  
how to escape this world

i withdraw from my cliff vantage  
on the edge of the cemetery,  
a sculptured tombstone of a woman  
weeps in the rain, but few visit cemeteries  
in a downpour

senses and emotions are assailed  
though man is only capable  
of processing a tiny portion  
of the sensory onslaught,  
although the fortunate or unfortunate few  
are able to recall everything they have  
experienced

the autistic city  
cannot express itself  
it requires people to give it the illusion  
of activity/life yet it is set in stone and concrete

the weeping sculpture begins to animate,  
fluctuations in the light, dark and rain  
easily deceive the eye

souls continue to abandon this sphere forming  
clouds which disappear  
through the fissure the horizon provides  
few return as other worlds offer more sanity/harmony  
but not the freedom this plane offers, the freedom  
to walk in light or darkness  
only on this plane do we have that choice

do not reproach me because most people veer  
far from the light, i have tried to turn the dimmed eyes  
of the living dead toward the sun but to no avail;  
their blindness is profound like the eyes of bats,  
though bats have developed an acute auditory  
sense to compensate for their visual blindness

hordes of humanity continue to stumble  
in darkness where the real sun never shines --  
unaware of their world and the predicament  
in which they find themselves  
their tenure will soon expire  
and i need not pen another  
wasted word