

Scattered Pieces

by tamal *Wednesday, Mar 22 2017, 8:29am*

international / poetry / post

pieces scattered before me form an incoherence which
was/is my life

fragments scattered all around daring me to form
a coherent picture -- somehow the incongruities
must all harmoniously fit together otherwise
i am lost to the chaos of haphazard chance, the same pieces are gathered
and cast time after time like devilish dice foiling previous attempts
at assembly

it seems my life has become a plaything of the Gods
who are known to show no pity or mercy to mortals

and so i accept the challenge in order to vanquish
my tormentors, such arrogance must be challenged -
i have set conditions at great expense if i should lose
or fail to form harmony from chaos

i have chosen my field deep in the valley of the waters
on the banks of a river which carved
this valley from solid rock over the millennia

i lay out my weapons wrapped in the hide of an extinct
marsupial and light my fire close to the flowing crystal creek

sitting crossed legged incanting i light my pipe
packed with secret herbs and begin the battle of my life
while the Gods roar with laughter

the moving clouds cast shadows on the valley walls,
a mild breeze moves the leaves of trees and bushes some of which
are precariously perched in crevices on the cliff face;
i release myself into the valley and join animate and inanimate
life moving/vibrating with the rhythm of the day

first move to me, the Gods now watch intently as the first harmony
was achieved by stealth, secret knowledge and intonations;
the Gods do not possess all knowledge, each specialising in some form
of art, however, no such limitations are placed on mortals
but few bother to acquire the necessary skills and knowledge
to prevail against all adversaries

the smoke from my pipe suspends in mid-air
assisted by elementals;
a familiar face forms from the smoke
which assists in my battle with the Gods,
the face utters instructions which only i am able to understand

polished white river pebbles appear and fan out before me,
each inscribed with a character representing a facet
of my past and future life

i reach for my bamboo flute inside my vest
and begin to play slow notes which merge into octaves
that form a complimentary harmony with the natural sounds of the valley

second move to me, which strikes fear into the Gods as a second condition
would banish their influence on all human lives

they converge and murmur among themselves determined to defeat
this unusual mortal

the valley begins to quake and move violently, huge boulders tumble down
at speed grazing my clothes, i do not budge, my entire being remains fixed on
maintaining
the original rhythm of the valley

birds of prey shriek and dive, talons spread targeting my eyes
i dip my chin as each bird strikes but fails to gouge my eyes,
i maintain the original rhythm of the valley

the sun is blotted from view, silhouetted trees move their gnarled branches
releasing swarms of stinging insects which accumulate on my body and face
forming
living drapes; i maintain composure which prevents an attack frenzy triggered
by the scent of fear.
i maintain the rhythm and they eventually return to the trees.

unfazed i inscribe a sigil in the ground between me and the fanned river
pebbles which now move of their own accord and begin to form coherent
patterns until the geometric essence of my entire life is formed before me

the puzzle is completed, a three dimensional mandala spins in the air drawing
me into its centre, my centre

and so this little narrative could be reduced to a few words, three of which
would be integrity, will and courage, these qualities focused, vanquish any
adversary or obstruction.

the Gods retreat defeated and depart for another plane to torment lesser
beings until the tormented learn how to overcome their tormentors.

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2580.html>