

## Circular

by serge *Wednesday, May 17 2017, 12:21pm*

international / poetry / post

compound texts swirl  
in circles  
fictions feeding fictions  
serving the priests of old  
and the ruling elites of today  
all weaving fantasies to believe in

scribes scratch lies onto mediums  
of choice once papyrus  
now digital

yet nothing has changed but the mediums,  
false narratives persist unchanged  
elites harnessing hordes maintaining  
illusions, implanting behaviours  
and nose-ringing almost all

the scribes of today know their art well  
spinning lie upon lie until truth is smothered  
but not extinguished, never extinguished

as of old some scribes adhere to truth, reality  
which few read and those that do refuse to believe  
such is the power of repetitive inculcation,  
fantasies are more comfortable than hard reality,  
reality demands people take responsibility  
yet the masses feed like babies from the poison breast  
of a whore, preferring it so

since before man could read or write those that rule  
spun myths and legends to enthrall and terrify  
their subjects maintaining their hold with fear

time is irrelevant it repeats itself, its ticking oscillations  
refer to nothing of significance, no measure, no progress  
only contrived notches on a circular face going nowhere  
to which people remain fixated

clocks and texts lie as the body performs according to its own  
rhythms,  
its eternal pulse  
but man has lost connection and is buffeted by fabrications,

illusions

so what would rebel scribes do in vain  
whisper or shout truth from the mountain tops  
and valleys and listen to their own echoes?

the ears and eyes of humanity have ceased to function  
as they were intended, only the words and designs  
of ruling elites are heard as their message deafens and blinds  
everything except the poison dreams of madmen

believe nothing, test the lies of contrived narratives  
and realise that the beginning point is also the end point  
just more meaningless movements on a circular face  
endlessly repeating itself  
going nowhere

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2664.html>