

Tears from Heaven

by sybil Sunday, May 28 2017, 12:49am

international / poetry / post

it's raining again
tho rain today is tainted
by the earth
on which it falls and rises,
each cycle tainting the rain
further

i long for the pure rain
of my childhood
that nourishes, not the acid,
toxic rain of today

my soul rises from the veins and pools
of the earth that course with poisons,
the rising like pure rain cleanses --
heavy toxins remain below
like brown clouds

rain is the crying of angels
i was told as a child, of course
when mature i ceased to believe
though now belief is appropriate
as metaphor tho that word
should never be mentioned in a poem
rather, vapours, disembodied souls
that weep for themselves for mankind
from above it is easy to see what is below
whereas the gross see nothing but the gross

lightning cuts the sky as i write punctuated
by thunder, reaffirming rain drops/words that fall
onto paper and ground and the cycles of life and death
tho below there is little awareness of either

as i rise then fall (again) i see a lily
pounded by rain on the waters
maintaining its imperviousness
to wetness -- this plant lives and dies in water
though it never gets wet

ducks on the same pond repel the drops
without a thought knowing that thinking

would allow the soaking of their feathers
leading to death,
it pays to preserve an
unblemished consciousness,
the feathers of men

of what use is spinning thought? the line was encoded
with the lilies of the field aeons past
all nature has use of what it requires without thought
the relationship is perfect if undisturbed

i am the white clouds Above the highest mountains
fertile with pure drops
that some reject and some accept
according to their kind

exertion and toil are not required
tho the great lie of Jews,
'blood, sweat and tears'
persists on the ground
tho it cannot ascend, it remains
with the heavy toxins below

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2680.html>