

'Straction

by jacob *Wednesday, Jun 7 2017, 5:59am*

international / poetry / post

it is bright in the withering
clasping at hope
vassals wait tho chaos directs
nothing

going forward tho moving backward
hordes lost in implanted memories
and fabricated realities

bees, trees are dead
weakening further the lost
vacant drones of humanity,
the fallen leaves of dead human trees

this is not a nightmare but the reality
we have created in the denseness
of ignorance tho the light is never extinguished
except for the blind, the created blind
with mute eyes unable to see the seas
or hear the coloured songs of long dead forests
where deafening silence now pervades

slime covers everything, once touched
it infects causing horrible deformations and
an excruciating death

yes, this is a nightmare which has replaced the
pure dreams of children, also absent,
no life is able to reproduce except
those that saw and saved themselves

turbid darkness overhead hangs tempting
everything to breathe
promising another excruciating death

where is the light or avenue of escape?

wake up into another dream of your making
see with eyes closed or open
the light is unaffected by externals

pierce the darkness with clarity

to emerge in the light or hesitate
and remain in death's tangled claws

indeed, it is all a dream or nightmare
of your choosing
but it's your nightmare
and my dream

i am the 7
stages, rungs
of escape
leading to the light
tho few ascend,
you must be equipped and able
before undertaking any task

the useless subterranean walking dead
that travail for demons in their
kingdom are only fit for slavery

while
another dawn approaches

but for whom?

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2695.html>