

## '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?

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