

## Presence

by manny *Sunday, Jun 25 2017, 4:16am*

international / poetry / post

in the quiet wilds of the red centre  
sculptured rocky protuberances  
emerging and returning from/to  
the red earth  
speak of their age, so ancient  
but time is an irrelevant construct here,  
tho it organises large societies  
into obedience

arbitrary scratchings on any medium  
do not mark time they only entrap fools  
and rob them of the presence --  
everything present is immediate,  
continuous and exquisite

huge nature-sculptured boulders speak to me  
of many wonders not past or future  
but now, they tell of their long lingering,  
emergence and decay  
weathered by sun, wind, rain and sand  
they stand in magnificent awe  
the indigenous recognising their  
quiet power view them with reverence

how to transmit the message of speaking boulders  
and landscapes?  
language fails yet again as it does when ineffable awe  
and beauty confront it

it is just as well i am a poet able to convey something  
of the magnificence tho no real attempt has been made  
as it would interrupt the continuous

my quiet longing in this art is that time be removed,  
the arbitrary scratching that ensnares,  
so that a mere mention of noble beauty and peace  
would transport everyone  
to that which i feel but cannot describe adequately --  
language lacks the essential ingredient, Life, it depends on the  
living  
to imbue it with emotion and meaning  
and there is nothing dead here

i see a shaded cool crevasse that flows  
with pure desert water  
and take a drink

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2731.html>