

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

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