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