

The Time Before

by wisp *Monday, Sep 4 2017, 9:10am*

international / poetry / post

before i incarcerated myself in pure text
i painted and so it flowed as easy
as rivers which power is easily represented
by pure text
though emotions and moods
render pure text a pauper
-- music and colour
prevail here
tones, colour
and shades leap, ease or slide
into being shaping the viewer
momentarily

art-forms are suited for their purpose
though none fit perfectly like the skin
which medium is also shed
in serpentine fashion

though a realm exists that only
the substrate of mind is able to apprehend,
consciousness evades capture/representation by any medium,
mind however is easily moved, trained and led
in any direction the artist chooses
as it is a product

in text we are culturally bound
as text demands decoding and we learn to decode
in culture -- schools -- that blot and coagulate
free running streams and rivers distorting
the pristine everlasting to the finite

though we all must express ourselves with the limited tools
on offer, you see now why and how text infiltrates,
as culture teaches that chicken tracks mean something
but meaning is lost to subjectivity
though clever magicians play with words/minds at will
and lead entire nations into captivity

the chains of social slavery are locked onto everyone
the instant the letter 'A' learned,
by 'Z' we are finished as free individuals --
no-one extinguishes a fire with gasoline,

a dog chasing its tail captures only itself

so i take my fine human hair brush, dip it into
the sea and move it effortlessly
across the sky though few are able to read
what is expressed

poetry and artistic prose are simply word tricks,
music endures only to the last note
and colour on canvas fades;
what is the medium and stylus that encodes messages forever?
i may have insinuated it by pure chance
though never forget that
meaning is lost to infinity

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2856.html>