

Beat

by sybil *Thursday, Sep 28 2017, 10:02am*

international / poetry / post

hear it before it manifests
as form,
there is a beat, throb, pulse
that is the source of all sounds
which is the substrate of all things

do u hear it in the rustling leaves
of a forest or the crashing of waves
on the shore?
all sound is synchronised
to the original beat/vibration and like waves
it rolls forever in the forever

the hissing of the wind thru long grasses
the symphonies of nature are all expressions
of the perfection and inviolable purity -- what do u hear
and feel with ur body and mind, or r u fussed out
of ur tree in the garden of life
where
the drone of wasps and buzzing of bees
express the beat after their own kind?

listen without distraction

well past the expression of a particular sound
and the primordial throb/pulse of life would
seize every particle of ur being and synchronise
u with the original beat/logos, which is creation,
incomprehensible to a mind drowned in static --
notice that sound is never static it is pure kinesis
as infinity has no end or beginning

it saturates that which was not
into that which is
forever filling the void with life

how childish ur silly man-made gods that claim
they are the beginning and end
as creation is beginningless
and endless

when do waves cease in a fluid medium?

they do not, even tho ignorance would give the appearance
of stasis -- nothing ceases in reality, it cannot,
as all exists in flux in a medium of light

close ur eyes and surrender everything including thought
to the voluptuous vibrations of sound within u,
hear it with ur mind's eye
not the auditory organ which is gross and only responds to gross
stimuli

where would u? everywhere or nowhere, which expressions
share the same meaning/quality

u cannot see me if u do not hear me first
u cannot feel me until u hear and see me,
who am i?

if u answer anything but you,
u are mistaken

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2902.html>