

## Dying Horizons

by sylph Tuesday, Oct 17 2017, 7:23am

international / poetry / post

blood red splashes across  
the azure blue, a dying sun  
fired by the passion of day,  
bleeding at the inevitable approach  
of night

the painted sky is not without its  
participator creating the scenic wonder,  
an artist's heart bleeds its passion  
into the setting sun  
screaming the loss of warmth  
and life-giving rays of one loved  
and lost to the dark

memories slice through fragile reality subverted  
by an infinite array of experiences, every jot  
recorded in the fluid perturbations of existence

do not cry for me i am dying the loss  
as day beseeches and groans  
the disappearance of the sun

it is the night of my darkest emotions  
lapping on the shores of despair yet unlike  
the living dead i know a new dawn  
would revive my life and transform  
my soul, as in reality no day is as another  
though for the living dead they repeat  
their little soul-destroying rituals, crucifying  
every opportunity offered by the wonders of creation --  
senses abused by constant repetition atrophy  
and no longer return scintillations to the heart  
and eye

why travail for the dead or attempt to  
engage them as they are more dead than the buried  
dead, they fail to see, hear, feel, smell and taste  
every glorious moment of life/light,  
preferring to serve the forces that induce the paralysing darkness  
of their minds

it was said of old let the dead bury the dead

and the blind lead the blind into the pit  
where escape is absent --  
finely tuned senses and minds are required  
to locate escapes yet these dead and blind see  
only what is presented to their limited perception

every sunset is unique as is everything in this  
world,  
no named river retains its form from second to second  
rivers and every manifestation on this earth are pure flux  
as is the cosmos but the blind mistake the flux for solidity  
as their senses are dulled, what is moving frenetically  
they see as inert

there is nothing that can be done for the dead  
as they like rivers continue until they are able to see and feel  
every tiny fluctuation in the sea of light,

reality after reality explodes,  
dies and reignites itself, though the process of creation  
creates, preserves and destroys simultaneously,  
one state cannot exist without the other  
so real life involves dying, living and dying  
again and again every  
nuclear second embracing all as one,  
and the defining of what appears to be the many

how dull are the dead that count illusions  
as real  
there is only one appearing as many in the dreams  
and profound darkness of the blind

reality is instantaneous birth/death  
all experience is swallowed in the instantaneous  
regardless on which plane or realm  
is inhabited

there is no heaven or hell as formulated  
by enslavers and blind fools, as nothing endures  
and nothing is able to interfere  
with the continuous transformations of creation

the azure deepens to indigo  
and blue-grey, the redness  
to deep marone  
then night overtakes every remaining shadow  
until the utter darkness is displaced by the  
light of an utterly new transforming  
day

do not cry for my loss and gain as you know nothing

of my gain, how do you hope to understand my loss?  
only the loss that you have been taught,  
as you have been taught to repeat the same crucifying,  
repetitive ritual torments  
every day of your utterly blind lives

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2942.html>