Falling like Snow ...

by nadine *Tuesday*, *Dec 12 2017*, 9:04am international / poetry / post

words, letters, signs, symbols arrange themselves in coherent and incoherent patterns guided by something other, but drawn from the accumulated experience of an editor/artist whose task is as easy as the breeze that swirls up from deep recesses and spins down again caught it seems in a magnetic ellipse until the message, meaning is transmitted

the same force drives all fluids in bodies, internally and externally, separation is myth

new zoos populate once green and flowering fields, the animals on spectacle captured completely in steel and glass towers engage in the tricks taught them by their keepers

click, click, click, frantic keyboards arrange designs, markets, mediums of exchange also caught in a magnetic ellipse but the specimens are unaware they are kept though they have no choice but to appear and perform in their penns daily

nothing replaces the wilds from which these animals were captured

now breeding in captivity their offspring know no other existence but captivity but have been taught to believe they are free though confinement determines every action, movement and thought, but what would a specimen born in captivity know of the real freedom their once wild forebears experienced?

a sea hawk hovers over the cemetery where wild flowers grow over graves, it twitches and dives like a bullet capturing its prey, so efficient are its wild instincts the human dead lay buried with stone markers, names and captions comforting nothing but memories of things past

the new zoos have killed every vestige of life, the cemetery is in fact a second death, a necropolis that does not mourn the living dead in the cities/zoos of annihilation

the glass towers are on show for the keepers and those that have wild eyes to see or the ability to arrange snowflakes on the bitumen city streets of a scorching summer day

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-3049.html