

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 pens 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>