

Waves and Foam

by lex *Friday, Jan 5 2018, 9:32pm*

international / poetry / post

'you will never be recognised publicly,'
gwen the astrologer advised,
you have neptune on the IC
which among other things
makes you invisible to society at large

how handy i thought, extending her
analysis of my chart to all manner of
pursuits

i could run amok and never be identified
i could subvert while remaining invisible
-- it has worked perfectly to date --

indeed, fame/notoriety/discovery would always be evasive

i mused over the countless possibilities
of a career as the invisible man
and what, with my abilities as a specialist
i would always be tempted to exploit, tho thankfully
that loathsome, common trait has never stained my psyche

tho that astro placement makes establishing permanent
relationships
insanely difficult, 'you're different, i can't put my finger on it,'
all the time wishing the prospective lass would put her hand on it;
damn you amorphous, intangible neptune, i'm 'here,' for christ's
sake,
but no-one sees, and that has applied all my life

so with a vengeance i embarked on a career of subversion,
subverting political lies, media propaganda, upsetting the balance
of
power, to great success, dear ol' gwen was right
tho she had much more to say,
she also taught me how to calculate and read the stars
which gave me another edge over the common herd and their
agencies,
timing is everything, isn't it? i am tempted to laugh out loud
knowing
not a ripple would be heard by the herd, so i roar instead

but to what end? is this a blessing or curse,
is this piece a rant or a poem, more rant atm?
tho i feel the silicon white sands stinging my cheeks and taste the
salt on my
lips tho thousands of miles from the 100 mile beach which ends
disappear into infinity/mist

i see the sea deep blue and menacing as the wind whips
the tips of breaking waves into foam, a dark, swift, finned silhouette
moves fast in the bellies, it is impossible to net a 100 mile beach

and so like the flashing deadly killers that ride behind/in the waves
i ride behind the social net that captures/enslaves and easily pick
off prey,
too easily

small fish and other creatures are fascinated by the waves and so
my invisibility beneath/outside is assured

so catch me if you can, tho first you are forced to identify
what you cannot see or locate

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-3093.html>