

## 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

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