

## Caught

by sybil Sunday, Jan 21 2018, 1:22am

international / poetry / post

this strange forest  
articulates its emotions  
which befits its location

vines hum as they throttle the entwined,  
slowly, each turn squeezing the life from  
the hapless captured

screaming leaves urge trees to reach  
higher and higher to escape  
the murder lower down  
but trees are fixed to the ground tho  
their sturdy trunks protect them from many attacks

winds whistle and shrill thru  
the canopy and higher branches  
whipping leaves mercilessly  
for daring to speak

clouds are caught in up and downdrafts spinning  
like wool in an invisible tube

the hissing and taunting  
is directed at the hapless fools beneath  
caught in every imaginable way,  
they cannot see the sky  
or ever see the sun,  
they read and consume the digital signs  
promising all manner of lies,  
leading all astray

the perpetual churning of people  
seeking release eventually liquidates them  
as they have no clear direction,  
few survive to tell the story  
of the created horror of the sinister few  
that delight in power, murder and torture

tho occasionally one or two escapees write warnings,  
and map escapes which they cast to the ground  
to assist the lost

and when found after being trodden underfoot  
by the churning masses  
they are unintelligible tho decipherable words hint  
at something inconceivable --

Freedom for All

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-3133.html>