## Caught

by sybil *Sunday, Jan 21 2018, 1:22am* international / poetry / post

this strange forest articulates it 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

the 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

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