

Silk Ears

by quill *Monday, Feb 26 2018, 11:09pm*

international / poetry / post

“the wind cries, mary ...”
sings jimi

yet mary is also contrary,
if u say right Mary says left
tho the seething mass of maggots
in the middle see neither direction,
they feast frenetically on the corpse of civilisation

they see a river which they name,
reinforcing the delusion that the river is
somehow mapped in time and space
tho we know we never step into
the same river twice

with silver bells and cockle shells ...,
thus mary’s garden grows

i’ve never had a girl called mary,
perhaps i am fortunate,
Felicity, Prudence and Virginia
are my true loves,
they each possess their own integrity

the silver bells tinkle in the wind,
the river remains in flux
and the seething mass of moronic maggots
feast on corpses and shit until they take wing
as developed blowflies

my grandmother once quoted an old folk saying
from the village she was born:

‘if you follow a blowfly it can only lead you to shit.’

and that defines the character of the seething masses --
would you waste ur time on a lost, impossible cause?

pig’s ears and silk purses are another story

yet mary was once a virgin pure
until the maggots despoiled her

with an impossible conception

wonder no more why mary is so contorted
and contrary today --

how does Your garden grow?

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-3207.html>