

Alt

by paul *Friday, Mar 9 2018, 12:34am*

international / poetry / post

a mist emerges from the forest
slowly spilling over my new field

as it moves it wipes dew over my young
sprouting crop as if lightening its load
to lift more easily skyward

mists appear and disappear often in this valley
in and out of season

this crop is the object of my hopes,
the potential fruit, or bud rather, of my labour
it should bring in a quarter million

i walk slowly among the small trees inspecting serrated
leaves for vermin attacks that delight in feeding from tender
leaves and stems

it should be a good harvest if things remain quiet and
undisturbed, my small clearing bordering a national park
seems a good choice though nothing is certain in this business

i return to my camp and reflect on my circumstances
and labour,
i have never been busted
though i have lost a few crops to natural hazards,
fires and flooding mostly

occasionally helicopters fly over
but the dense forest offers good
protection from above

it's so retrograde and petty the illegality, though without it
the crop would only fetch a fraction
of its current value,
social immaturity and lack of vision/sense
are always easily exploited

i have chosen not to lead a life
of real crime as a former respected officer (killer)
banker (thief) and politician (duplicitous liar)

they do not sell sprays to rid the world of that vermin,
it has to be done manually

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-3223.html>