

Doom

by jess *Saturday, Mar 10 2018, 12:33am*

international / poetry / post

the earth sings and cries
not for itself but for a doomed species
that has disturbed its harmony
and so new adjustments seeking a new balance
are currently at play

such folly disturbing a paradise, now lost,
which new balance once struck may not favour
life for this perverse species and others
of its kind

but the earth/existence cares little for perversity
it pushes all its forms to greater
harmony according to the consciousness which
animates all things

what do billions of years matter to eternity?
another life form would supersede the failed species
and attain consciousness, the same consciousness now lost
to humanity as its spiral into darkness and oblivion confirms

do not lament the loss as many species have passed before it,
all failed to adjust to the harmony or new conditions
yet the earth persists and ensures the push as it has no choice,
it must conform to the greater cosmic harmony

note that the multiverse or existence is infinite
and if any imperfection or flaw were present that flaw
would have extinguished existence yet it persists forever,
it's real name is perfection that to which each plane
pushes in its own idiosyncratic way

and if any manifestation on any plane is counter the enduring
harmony then adjustments and new balances destroy it, tho in essence
the perturbation destroys itself, as no imperfection or perversity
withstands the enduring perfection of infinity and is consequently
eliminated

rivers flow, seas roll and myriad species come and go
infinity is clean and omnipotent --
it does not lament, regret or make mistakes
it does not tolerate perversity or anything that threatens
continuity

the pattern has proven itself perfect what need does it have for petty values

do the sun, moon and stars require beliefs or ideologies to shine? no, they express their individual character without thought, what need of finite thought does infinity have? NONE. all knowledge is contained in expressing itself naturally, nothing is excluded from the pattern except by choice and this species has effectively killed itself by choosing perversity

how feeble it truly is, yet it imagines itself lord of the world, not subject to it, it will soon learn the order of things in the throes of death and oblivion

and for those that doubt the species could endure i refer them to the group in Australis that expressed themselves as nature expressed itself enduring for hundreds of thousands of years until the white plague, which now infects all humanity, came with its disease and murdered the originals and destroyed the connection to the pattern expressed in the land -- note that the originals had no use for writing as written words are not able to express reality, they are finite, in polar opposition to the Reality of infinity, whereas Art expresses what is intended and unintended then continues; the originals painted, danced and lived easily off the land by seeing and expressing the harmony of which they were part

the 'white' disease/perversity, is terminal, as is evident -- nothing that rejects the greater harmony/continuity endures for long and today all humanity is infected, what need does infinity have for Gods and cultural fictions (expressed in written words) to live by?

and so it must go

[indeed this piece is utilising written words, which seems counter-intuitive; however, it is expedient to feed a poison addiction to addicts.]

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-3224.html>