

Crying

by jess Sunday, Mar 25 2018, 2:59am

international / poetry / post

hear the clean desert wind
free of urban impurities
where ancient melodies are easily heard
as the wind sings through various
natural forms

no distractions exist to
pull the attention away from
the harmony and purity
of the red centre

the desert is clean --

undisturbed it presents only itself
considered worthless by avaricious men

the desert is the face of something larger
that moves in splendour behind it, not hidden
but not immediately detected

words learned in cities pour from
my pen, crying for something lost and found
reaching forever, seeking the purity and peace
of the desert wind
which washes through me and cleans the sticky
impurities accrued in cities of the dead

smogged city wind does not agitate the flame eternal
only the clean desert wind fans that flame into a roaring,
all-consuming bliss

once experienced the desert wind remains,
fanning the flame and creating a radiance
that resists the darkness and pollution
carried by the poison wind of cities

wild birds swim and sing in the desert wind
moving in waves each course free
tho remaining in harmony with the flock

city birds fight each other for scraps
while desert birds drink from crystal clear waters

and feed from seeding desert grasses all provided naturally

what need do i have for a profession
i am not infatuated with gadgets and baubles
that bind one to perpetual slavery?

cities are cemeteries where corpses move
as only the dead move
blind, vicious, unaware

palms from aeons past continue to thrive in the desert
sustained by red soil and clean rain
filtered through mineral sands to emerge as
springs and oases

today as before the desert wind
carries the rain to the red centre
and revitalises all life in season

only the clean desert wind surrounds,
moves and enlivens everything it kisses

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-3244.html>