

Caldera

by jill *Saturday, Apr 14 2018, 1:34am*

international / poetry / post

hot desert winds
are creating discomfort
on the populated Oz east coast,
unseasonal they call it
30 degrees in April

the arrogance and hubris of men
only serves to increase the heat
with war the outcome

little thought is given to the immense power
of nature when men play their all-engrossing,
infantile, destructive games

the Rabaul caldera waits patiently
for the call, its family ring of fire
dwarfs the power of man-made technologies
it would devastate the west and east pacific
when aroused

a documentary on Pompeii revealed thousands killed
almost instantly by one volcanic poison gas eruption,
skulls of victims found hiding in sewers were displayed
with perfect teeth and screaming skeletons
displaying contortions of pain, panic and absolute subjection
to the power of nature -- an affluent Roman city
destroyed in a day

tectonic reminders are overdue today,
perhaps they will sing together in deadly chorus
sooner than people imagine though the possibility
rarely makes the media,
wars are more important, the imbecilic
rulers of nations playing their transparent infantile
games may be in for a shock

the spangled murderers constantly make illegal threats
of more wars/attacks while somnambulistic populations
passively watch the hands of the doomsday clock
moving faster to midnight

most fail to realise that radiation is from the earth,

the planet cares little whether it's released or remains buried,
it deals with its own body easily

a visual record of another documentary
is projected in future time
showcasing thousands of skulls discovered
in the tortured wreckage of cities
tho this group had bad teeth with clumsy
dental repairs,
skeletons wore marvellous ancient time pieces
recording the moment of death

tectonic and other natural forces have since swallowed
the poison and pushed new land to the surface,
the face of the earth is unrecognisable
tho it continues to support the living,
it remains forever unconcerned with the dead
of the past

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-3275.html>