

## 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>