

## The Pond

by reg *Wednesday, May 2 2018, 12:26am*

international / poetry / post

a natural pond in close proximity  
to the slums of Darlo  
adjacent to the SCG once thrived,  
few aware that the site was once a water catchment and swamp  
before it was drained as a sports and show ground

early sydney settlers used it as a tip  
tho nothing toxic existed in those days  
and so a natural pond with rushes  
frogs, tadpoles and dragonflies flourished  
as a favourite place of play and adventure for slum kids  
that made rudimentary rafts and played pirates on  
on the Moore Park pond -- left to its nature through  
the middle and later decades of the 20th century

huge figs and other trees surrounded the pond  
their buttressed sturdy branches making excellent climbing,  
very few televisions or the enslaving digital technologies  
of today existed then so kids grew closer to their wild  
independence,  
their abilities honed by wild and playful games in one of inner  
sydney's  
last vestiges of the natural

i returned recently much older and experienced  
to witness its ruin, gone are the frogs, rushes and dragonflies  
it had been dredged and concreted a 'modern' metal  
sculpture set in concrete in the centre of now dead waters,  
the shore all bricked and concreted  
nice, neat and anal to the extreme

lost is the vibrancy of natural life -- the scene devoid of playing  
children

fear, the 'modern' and anal, grip our cities today --  
kids deprived of real play, adventure and natural learning play with  
enslaving digital devices, shaping their brains to accept slavery  
in modern sterile cities as a manageable, expendable, drone  
labour force --  
modern cities now stand witness to the soul-less  
living dead

yet the wild survives deep in the psyches of men  
that plan wars and wanton destruction not appreciating  
that the destruction of civilisations becomes the victory  
of nature, which has no problem dealing with (modern) man's  
poisonous nature, which always succumbs to the subtle victories  
of the natural tho hidden and deep within

so wage your wars, fools, and destroy your diseased civilisations,  
the now tamed majority offers no resistance, their complacency  
verifying yet again that nature remains victorious over all  
-- what drives perversity to suicide?

perverse man has failed to appreciate the seeds of its own  
destruction which  
nature implanted long before humans existed

humans are and remain forever powerless before its awe  
and persistent harmony

so, do your destructive best, you tragic, pathetic  
losers