

## Digital Wind

by lynx *Wednesday, Jan 16 2013, 12:07pm*

international / poetry / post

i learned from the wind  
how to touch everything  
on the earth;  
not one blade of grass  
or leaf from the tallest tree  
is overlooked by the caresses  
of the breeze

but it is not the air  
of which i speak  
but the binary flux  
irresistible particle waves  
the leaves and blades  
are digital

the wind has much to teach  
poet-coders and artists alike

it's a new age, new medium  
and new dimension  
(our) art is not static  
to be viewed or created to adorn walls;  
our art lives and moves,  
at speeds which make the wind  
seem stationary

our creations are task specific  
searching, hunting and entering  
the secret places --  
laden with booty they return  
bearing treasure  
beyond our wildest expectations

the most secret, the most hidden  
spaces are easily breached and  
the prize delivered  
to the progenitor  
which in turn re-educates the progeny  
and broadens the field of play

the digital wind  
touches and caresses  
its target until the essence  
is delivered into our receptors  
then the entire process is repeated

the new art lives, thinks, learns,  
replicates itself until  
every foreign digit  
has been seduced

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-348.html>