

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

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