

Flower

by tori *Monday, Mar 11 2013, 12:15am*

international / poetry / post

(a mystic's reproach)

bloom
blossom
like a continuous unfurling
rose
revealing layers of itself
with the expectation
that the fertile centre
will be reached
where it would stop
in all its glory
and brandish its hitherto
secret organs of reproduction

the beauty and scent
of the rose
is designed purely to
attract what it requires
to fulfil its existence

this entire spectacle,
the raison d'être of a flower
is reproduction
what is a flower saying?
'look at me, i am beautiful
fuck me!'

but the infinite/continuous
requires no second, replicas or
progeny
it is forever
it is perfect,
the only perfect thing,
flawless in every way
otherwise it would have failed

do u imagine existence to
be laboured or forced?
do not deceive urselves,
every aspect, every movement
is an expression of
pure unadulterated Bliss

the universe is a manifestation
of pure Love in constant motion

do u understand,
u contemptible turds?
u lost meandering
automatons,
existence is not
bereft of love, will and courage

if the sun were to doubt
it would shed no light
the same applies to the eternal
spark within us all
extinguished in the majority
by doubt, fear and cowardice

is universal creation ashamed of itself
or riddled with guilt/fear?
existence fears nothing,
how do u measure up
to its standards,
u cowering cocksuckers?
of what are you afraid,
you despicable chicken-shits?

the universe follows no prescribed path
every movement is unique, new;
no two grains of sand
on this planet are the same

it is not plagued by doubt,
fear, hope or promise --
Love impels it
perfect love ensures perfect
peace
perfect splendour
and perfect, uninhibited action
u tragic witless,
slaves

have u earned ur place
in paradise?
have u earned ur place
in its infinite glory?

*[rhetorical questions, u miserable
fit only for servitude, failures]*

