

Nectar Feeders and Shit Eaters

by sybil *Wednesday, Mar 27 2013, 11:34am*

international / poetry / post

rainbow lorikeets
raid flowering bushes
in my garden
pecking destructively
thru the flowers
retrieving nectar

shrill calls see
the group
of flower vandals
launch into the sky
and return to the safety
of their nesting palms
in the old hospital grounds,
such a raucous din

they seek sweet fruits
and nectar-laden flowers,
contented
they screech and
tear the peace of the evening
with mad intoxicated
cacophonies

parrots and other birds
of the air are easily pleased
on nature's abundance

i am not so easily
satisfied;
i have sought nothing less
than the origins of creation
and the realm of immortals

i have discovered
the hidden valley
where soma flows upstream
to the top of the mountain
to the crowning glory

at the junction of two rivers
where the elixir churns

i drink
and perform the ritual

before i am able to
surrender
i am gone,
catapulted
into the infinite expanse
where my love waits
to reward my efforts
with ineffable bliss
and other-worldly
joys and ecstasies

i hear myself emit sounds
of sheer joy

every animal is content to feed
on the fruits that sustain it
i am never able to satiate my
hunger or thirst
though i feast in the gardens
of paradise and drink
at the font that issues
from the source of all Creation

every creature according to
its taste and place

i look down on the earth
and wonder why so many
continue to consume shit
disguised as a banquet