

Driftwood

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international / poetry / post

wonder no more why driftwood's
gnarled contortions and bleached body
appeals to our aesthetic sense

it's no secret that a communication
that relates to the widest audience
is considered superior

it's the same with driftwood
every contorted turn, gnarled
twist replicates our lives
like a road map of pain

the elements attack everything with equal
zeal they do not discriminate between
the animate and inanimate, the living
or the dead

our once slender symmetry
becomes a twisted torment
of disappointments and mis-directions

the longer we are cast adrift
at the mercy of irresistible forces
beyond our control
the more aesthetically pleasing
we become to others

sucked dry until we are only
outlines of our former selves
we become famous