

The Un- and True

by pipa *Saturday, Nov 30 2013, 12:53am*

international / poetry / post

a creature
with a million eyes
that see nothing,
a million heads that
think in convolutions
and inversions

senses designed to appreciate
existence
turn to self, hedonism

the creature is dying of perversion,
morbid self absorption --
killing everything of which it is part,
it unknowingly kills itself

slowly death approaches unseen
yet a haunting, palpable presence

many have attempted
in vain to save this perverse creature
not realising it is better
left to pursue its nihilistic course

born alive but trained to fear life
it embraces death, and destroys
anything that resembles life, harmony --
is there no hope for this aberrant
species?

it's a mathematical
not a philosophical
problem

the species propagates without
the least consideration;
very few born whole remain integrated
they suffer at the hands of the mindless herd,
which detects a difference and its own
vacuity

those that hold fast to the true

and endure the perversions
and relentless abuse
achieve the prize,
the golden chalice of immortality
and the clarity of perfect understanding

is it necessary
that so many are produced
and sacrificed
for a few enlightened souls?

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-889.html>