

## 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?

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