Dis-belief

by sylph *Thursday, Dec 12 2013, 9:27am* international / poetry / post



emerging from the night like an apparition, a ghost transformed by disbelief

dealing cards smooth
as silver
they imagine i conjure
but it's real
direct and honest
yet no-one believes
pure gold is rejected in favour
of tinsel and baubles,
truth ignored
displaced by absurdity

should i straighten a gnarled and crooked wood contorted by centuries adrift in a toxic, polluted sea -every twist marking a rejection?

if i perform magic and restore what is dead to life before your eyes you would say it's sleight of hand yet one hand is silver the other gold -- in flashes of turquoise and emerald a hummingbird twitches, blinks and darts from my palm, it lives but you say another trick

a robotic bird

u came to me in chains after a time i released you from ur bonds u are now able to fly but your disbelief keeps u earthbound in darkness and ignorance

if i jam my dick up ur arse in the hope u awaken you would say, 'O, that's not really a dick up my arse, it just feels like a dick in my arse'

i'm afraid it's to no avail what is bound remains bound and what is free revels and soars to heights u are unable to imagine

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-904.html