

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>