

The Forsaken

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waters rise to accommodate
the changes,
winds alter course affected by the sea,
the once hidden future becomes predictable

caught in the slow whirling cycles of change
dervishes dance, mystics shudder in divine bliss
there is no force able to disturb that irresistible flow

those given choice have erred and chosen death,
a slow death of torment, hollowing out life in stages
and yet they passively embrace their deaths as if harmonious
sustainable living is somehow impossible

sleepwalking to oblivion, the adversary triumphs
over the horde, too many forsake their gifts/options
allowing demons to dominate the halls of power

yet the immortal rose continues to unfurl its sacred petals
in sympathy with the pattern of creation --

harmony and truth speak loud to those that have an ear,
perfection and beauty reign supreme to those that have an eye
though cleansing purges are visible on the horizon,
once again the cycle is ready to repeat itself

while all the while infinity dances
whirling, swirling in the ecstasy of creation
though torment for reasons known
is now preferred by the majority on this plane

and so it will be