

Quality

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international / poetry / post

they glide miles without thinking or effort
just above the water where air and sea meet
forming a secret current known to the
feathered few

a gull returning to the cliffs in a storm
twitches its wings and body perfectly
in almost cyclonic winds to land safely
in its nest, a wonder to behold how
wild creatures react perfectly to the
elements without thought

the beauty and harmony of natural existence
is unparalleled by anything produced by those
that have mastered thought, a price too high to pay
for losing direct connection with natural harmony

a screaming airliner rips the sky dragged upward
by primitive polluting engines, the craft cannot
twitch or manoeuvre its body fast enough to save
itself when difficulties arise, down they go with
all lives lost when they routinely fail

yet man governed by thought, thinks himself wonderful
in his profound blindness

the wind moves the long grasses and whips waves
on the sea, which yield and react according to
their nature, hissing, murmuring and splashing
songs while screaming man forces himself onto a
natural world like some blind refugee from the
depths of ignorance

it is absurd to worship the contorted, cumbersome
creations of man, which the smallest living creature
puts to shame -- such is the supreme intelligence
of thoughtlessness compared to the continual failures
of arrogant and inadequate imaginings

"I think therefore I am," is missing the most important
qualifier: 'I think therefore I am Lost,' is far more
accurate

learn harmony and respect from the tribals that have managed to survive the murderous onslaught of 'civilised' men and perhaps you too would discover what you were really meant to Be

Inverse Times Open Publishing. <http://inversetimes.lingama.net/news/story-543.html>