

## Poem

by tate *Sunday, Apr 21 2019, 9:07am*

international / poetry / post

flowers bloom on the sea  
the sky flashes gold  
it's not ur average day

blue lotuses carpet the waters  
until I realise it's me  
that is seeing what lies before and after,  
there is no beginning or end  
to this dream

i am the dreamer and dream,  
on it flows and spins fast or slow  
relative to the centre --  
why deprive experience, why relinquish reason  
for a dream of which I could describe much more?

it should be obvious  
the dream created by the dark ones is a nightmare  
it's called civilisation and drips with blood and poison  
its inhabitants are cowards that do not weave  
their own dreams they prefer the poison offered  
rather than delight in the food of gods though they are  
welcome at the table