

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