

## Fallen Feather

by toby *Thursday, Jun 13 2019, 8:02am*

international / poetry / post

to be  
a fart in the night  
that nobody hears  
not even the farter  
is the life of a poet, this poet

a bugle fashioned of brass  
emits the sound of fart  
how inappropriate an instrument  
to play in remembrance of young  
passionate fools dying  
for foreign monarchs and their  
bungling generals that feed boys  
to machine guns while they sip tea  
and discuss cricket

poems are not read in silence  
like farts in the night  
they are symphonies of delight, horror  
and meaning where no meaning previously existed,  
a space always exists for poems not yet written;

some thunder, others whimper but the message remains  
in the lost aspirations of readers projecting everything  
except what was/is intended

the sound that claws its way thru ur soul,  
the stomach punch which numbs the diaphragm momentarily  
an Olympic swimmer that interjects tho this time I recorded  
the intrusion as it makes no difference to the outcome

so I write this screaming silently in the night  
confident that no one will hear or see  
what it is to be completely  
misunderstood

snow leopards  
do not exist in the tropics  
it's simply a case of the wrong  
place, time and wrong everything else  
yet it remains a poem  
written in the sparks

and smoke of my campfire

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Inverse Times Open Publishing. <http://inversetimes.lingama.net/news/story-667.html>