

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

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