

Wild Wind

by jaxie *Monday, Jul 8 2019, 9:07am*

international / poetry / post

completely pointless it is
to dwell on our pain, suffering
and the injustices we experience,
call our entry fee to this fucked up
earth plane a debt or tax for the
privilege

so what is it that compensates
for all the hurt and madness?

we have choice,
a choice to ride the wild wind
or accept tortuous subjection
and the life of an abused dog

for me to choose the wild and unpredictable
was instant as my time as a whimpering dog
was over come hell or high water

to dare where others imagine angels
fear to tread exhilarated every aspect of my Being,
to dare and succeed is beyond description,
to finally spit in the eye of fear
and rage against the forces
that once subjected me
led me to the creator which infinite
intelligence informed me
that I had finally understood
the challenge of human life
on earth and had overcome MY
particular handicaps and obstructions
to ride free on the wild whirling wind of
All Existence

 [fotheringay__nothing_more.mp3](#)