

## 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](#)