

## Face

by stacey Sunday, Oct 20 2019, 12:06am

international / poetry / post

a solitary black figure on a hill  
face turned up toward the sky  
in contrast to the down-turned faces  
of western metropolises

such noble contours cut against the sky I thought,  
fully aware I was projecting my own interpretation

an aboriginal on a jutting rock outcrop in the 'red centre',  
spear and woomera in hand with one foot propped against  
the opposite knee though perfectly balanced by the held spear  
upright firmly placed, surveying the landscape,  
at least I thought

but I was wrong on both counts -  
the African in despair was grieving the loss  
of his wife and children killed in a western instigated  
tribal war for resources, the Aboriginal was simply  
standing traditionally living in his dreamtime reality  
un-fussed by western greed and mass murdering politics

and yet my own projections are somehow relevant  
as my reality is shaped by what I see/interpret, though shared with  
the African and  
Aboriginal as fellow human beings with a common emotional  
pattern and physical survival needs

why then must western corporate obsessions for profit  
be so poisonous to others?  
we have no business interfering elsewhere  
all in the name of filthy lucre

the disease is western in origin,  
"subdue the earth" the false western god says  
with no notion of universal harmony -  
interference, genocidal wars,  
environmental destruction in the name of subduing  
the earth for profit and 'progress,'  
or so we have been led to believe

but if this destruction and mass murder are progress  
then you can have it, Jehovah/Jesus/Mohamed

don't cry for me or the traditionals,  
cry for your own inevitable ruination -  
divorced book cultures are suffering a malaise  
which is terminal, however, this malaise also  
blinds the eye and mind  
though other eyes see clearly  
in grief, joy and disaffection  
to the inharmonious gods of the west,  
destruction, murder, profit and ruination

a crammed, storefront window catches my reflection as I pass

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Inverse Times Open Publishing. <http://inversetimes.lingama.net/news/story-863.html>