

Carried on the Wind

by stylus *Wednesday, Jul 28 2010, 9:57pm*

international / prose/poetry / news report



Prayer Flags and Chorten

i struck myself (into the ground)
beside the track
overlooking the sea,
FREE in the Bondi breeze

like a Tibetan prayer flag
i unfurl my
sacred text
to be carried by the wind
to the teeming millions
behind me.

a flag to protect against
the treacherous passes
and dangerous tracks;
like sacred Buddhist
Sutras of Compassion
that ward off
the evil that pervades the world.

[*Compassion*, a most foreign word
in today's star-spangled Occident.]

what need for
Hollywood Bin Ladens
when REAL warriors
from the South
Land run the wire like
Mongol conquerors
never retreating at the death

of their Khan;
always
expanding their seized
(digital) territory?

our sacred text is inscribed
and carried on digital winds,
disseminated to every land
do you see/hear our flags
whipping in gales,
gently lolling
in mild summer breezes?

[forever vexing and taunting
the failing, evil powers.]

we seek out
star-spangled tentacles
and slice them from
the body of the demon whore
watching them writhe,
twitch and curl
in death spasms;
one less hold that evil whore
is able to maintain
on hapless, innocent victims.

every step
gained ground
toward
the inevitable
final Victory
and the restoration of
Justice,
Peace and Harmony.