

## Obsidian

by snow *Tuesday, Aug 17 2010, 9:51am*

international / prose/poetry / literature

stepped Mayan pyramids  
lay in ruins  
desolate,  
unnervingly quiet --  
thriving cities  
have become undergrowth,  
jungle again.

fruit trees  
are bearing bitter fruit  
this season,  
orchardists are at a loss.

ruins  
in Central America  
bear witness to  
a violent past  
reminding us  
that conflict,  
bitterness and acrimony  
become convenient weapons  
serving only unscrupulous invaders  
that utilise divisive forces  
to devastate  
and destroy  
cultures and  
lay waste to  
entire civilisations.

a slow  
steady gait to the top,  
each stone step counting  
minutes, years, centuries  
of pliable time;  
a climbing procession  
to the high priests of the Sun.

the chill in your demeanour  
today  
pure frost  
ice,  
an incongruence in this tropical

heat.

i remember  
the jagged obsidian knife,  
bloodcurdling screams  
and my pulsing heart  
in your bloodied hands  
which you offered to an impartial  
[Sun] God --  
a gaping wound,  
a cavity without a beating heart  
is all that remained of my life.

oscillating time  
now finds me offering  
your heart to  
that same dispassionate  
Sun  
under which countless  
atrocities have been committed;

today  
only inarticulate stones,  
remain  
as mute witnesses  
to the glory that once was  
our lives.

i turn my face  
away from the burning sun  
to the cool blue [sky] -

acrimony and bitterness  
no longer find  
a home  
in this (renewed) warm,  
beating heart;

frost and ice  
are unable to form  
or exist here.

🔊 [Moonlight Mile - The Rolling Stones](#)

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Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-2070.html>