

Nye

by wisp *Saturday, Dec 31 2011, 11:11am*

international / prose/poetry / literature

they call it 'new'
but there's nothing new
about it,
same wars, lies and thieves

a star-spangled demon wishes
to enslave the entire world,
just another sick empire
doomed to failure,
pursuing the same perverse vision

there is nothing new under the sun
in any social context;
the herd have always led lives
of panic and desperation;
hamster wheel existences,
same old rungs and tired feet

yet for the brave
there is the New;
it is found at the edge of existence
where raging Creation consumes limitless potential,
where kinesis devours stasis
where victory is not a hollow word
but a state of Being

entry is only permitted
if the correct sequence
is struck;
we all possess the keys
gifted us at the moment of our inception,
they are (need i say?)
love
peace
selflessness
humility
generosity
and profound courage,
the courage necessary to die
in order to live

the social new year is a cemetery,

a ferris wheel of the dead -- reject it;
come,
taste the edge of living existence,
the invitation is always open
the prerogative is yours
no outside force is able to prevent your entry

if you stand before the door bereft,
abandon all acquired cultural 'knowledge'
surrender the past completely
and plead helplessness,
the force that created you
is unable to resist such entreaties
it will rush to your assistance,
take you in its arms,
carry you aloft
and safely return you to
your rightful place
in the garden called
Paradise

Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-2914.html>