

## 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

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