

The Pre-Noon Badlands of Impermanence

I stick a knee out
underneath the blanket
and feel the Northern Hemisphere

I wait things out;
the slow dissolvment of dark dreams,
the morning doubts,
the apprehension of a final blow
to this way of life,
a next of kin's last wisp of patience,
turning into wrath and desertion,
the Bible's cruel and jelaous god returning
from the confines
of the ridiculously thin pages
of closed situations,
a fabulously fit body
cracking all that good shape
like an egotistic demigod a clay amphora;

yes, the pre-noon's badlands
do contain the everyday Herculean twelve labours,

until the mature afternoon daylight saves you
with it's daylight saving's time,
offering a cornucopia's wealth
of glorious possibilities
on a reassuring backdrop of stability and strength
in a wide world's far-reaching formulas
and formulations;
the evil, crippled Hebrew Jehovah driven back
into the closed circuit
of the ranting obsessions
of the laws
of the male Mid East chauvinist pigs of old
and their inferiority complexes,
so well illustrated by the ludicrous divinity
they shaped

- and human creativity commences to breathe
through afternoon and evening
in good faith,
until next morning, again, casts its venomous doubts
over the psychology of the living
and their impermanence

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