

To heal/To live is to forget

This tread that ambitions fed
and across the span an endless dread
Should we be discontent to be woman and men

All who are borne were dreams once dreamt

Thus who taught you to loathe your flesh
and who ordained instead
you should fall to its e'ery yen

Listen
that the memory of they who wept
May be heard again
when you are prey once more to your own wreck

As the ancient tree that a'last bends
resounds in the jungle as it descends
Alhearing Alseeking to spy its titanic and climactic end
Yet how swift each creature forgets
You will be as It and them
Seething and bouting for heights among your kith 'nd against your ken
Till at the zenith of your stretch
Asudden as the mountain that cannot bear its head
You will rend

Shall pour forth longing and a great caterwaul will meet your breath

Many will swear they never forget

But it is only the graceful mushrooms
the blind and blitheful worms
the praying vultures
and the patient earth
that shall not sentence you to the past tense

Civilization as a man is an idiom and a bet

Such we can wallow in history and pretense
And be the tortured
that has forgotten his tongue
and just by his scream again learns to speak
Be the addict
whom has suffered the drug
to seek to steal to receive to indulge

and at the moment he partakes
he has no glee and is spilling tears
As the killer that cannot feel relief
haunted by rage that should he kill a million
it shall never cease

To know what is the divine
is to forget
It is to be the froth alive in the rapids surge
So swift to spring and so quick to disperse
It is to live the good although he yearns
It is to forget and be nought more than men