

INHERIT THE WIND

By Harry Jivenmukta



Who Is This Man?

So who is this man
Who sits in judgement?
Who gave him the nod
To decide whether
To slice a baby in half
And give one half each
To two mothers?

Who said Solomon
You are the judge?

Who laid the law down
And how could he
Say what was what?

The stupid and sick people
Who are too afraid to
Make their own decisions
Beg down low to some

Half witted great man.

Solomon.

And he, the idiot of the drama
Played the role of judge.
In ignorance he stated
That the unbelievers
The ones that broke the law
Would inherit the wind.

He is dead now
Solomon.

Good job really,
Talking out of his ignorance.
Followed by the stupid
And applauded by
All the fools.

Ignorance

The Nazis, friends

Of Solomon

Knew what to do

And did it

Whilst thousands

Of idiot citizens

Clapped along.

The Nazi will

Always be with us

Until people can

Decide for themselves,

Can pull away from

The idiocy of their lives.

Blooming Flowers

When the flower blooms
And the breeze catches
The petal
And the flower dances
In a warm breeze
Who tells it
It can dance?
Who points out
The dance steps
And who judges
Which one was the best?

Lost in ecstasy
The flower doesn't care
Who Solomon was.

Whistling Wind

The whistling wind
In it's majesty
Or is it rage?
Turns round the
Corner of the hillside
And cleans out
Every nook and
Blows the weeds and
Dead leaves into
A frenzy of death.

The child sings about
Humpty dumpty
The kings horses
The crushed skulls.

In The Moment

In the moment
The head is raised
To see the infamy
Of life.

A judge, a guru,
An angry crowd.
Blossoming into action
The flower reaches
Into the sky
To see
To want
To be part of the beauty
Of nature in all
It's magnificence.

Early Morning

Early morning
And the sun touches
The hillside.
Warm.

Warming ever so
Slowly
The colours stretching
To reach the sunlight.

Peace.

When people sleep and
The sun creeps
Silently across
The land
Tip toeing in case.

It wakes the
Ugliness of life
And the flowers
Turn and reach
Yearning to reach
The warmth of life.
To begin the day
Silently
Warmly
Into a day
Of innocent honesty.
The sun creeps
Across the hillside.

Taste

She tastes the first taste

Of the day.

Her lips close around

A spoon.

She sips the morning tea

and the sun kisses her face.

And she kisses it back.

Lazy, with eyes still

Full of the sleep

Of the night

She closes her legs

Into her dressing gown

Toes curl

Fingers tighten

Around the cup.

Hair draggles

Around her neck.

The breeze washes

And raises the hair

On her arms.

The sun warms her

Into consciousness,

A silent treatment

That brings her to life.

Routine

The routine of everyday

Tick tick tick

One click into another

Habit that brings

The mind back to

The reality

Of the present.

The clock doesn't tick

Because it doesn't

have to.

She ticks by herself.

The routine of everyday.

Waking

The grog of waking

Pure

Impure

Drugs of the night

Still encircle

The consciousness of life.

Wait

Wait for the engagement

Of the day.

Another engagement

With the inevitable

Stomach turning and tight

Limited until then

When it's OK to breathe.

The Silence Of Loneliness

There is a silence
Of loneliness
Waiting for time
When it's OK to go
To bed.
Clocks tick out the hours
In the night when
It is OK to sleep.
The clock ticks
Until waking is
Eased into waking.
Sleep to waking
Or is it the
Other way round?

It's OK

Solomon says it's OK

To wake up.

Solomon says it's not OK.

To go to sleep.

Don't ask or tell

Just follow the judgement.

Tick tock.

The watchmaker,

Solomon

Is hard at work

Spinning out tiny

Workmanship

And tying together

The cogs of life.

Big hands winding

A tiny mechanism

Just for me.

A huge voice

Booming out across

The evening landscape

Telling me

When I can sleep.

Drug filled eyes

And time filled ears

Tired,

Tired body.

Solomon and time

Are the same

The same arrogant

Rulers of lives

Careless

Curled into the warmth
Of the bed
Careless in sleep
No one can come in
To disturb these dreams
Of innocence.
Sleeping on the hillside
Under a plastic sheet
Embers of a small fire
Ashes to cold.

Sitting In a Box

Sitting in a box
Edges are clear
Don't pass out of here
Don't climb out
Of the box.
There is no lid
And so there
I can see
The stars in the sky
Bounded by the
Walls of the box.
Comfortable,
Living in a box.

Pages Of A Notebook

Pages of a notebook

Walls of a box

Skin on a skeleton

Woven into life.

Creeping madness

Of life

Yet a hole is there

In one corner.

A bird peeks through

To nip at a morsel.

Surprised, it flees

Flapping into the sky.

Where Can It Go?

Where can it go?

Fly to where?

In its own box

Bounded by the sky

Bounded by the trees.

The hillside.

Where can it go?

A gilded cage.

A gilded sky.

Wolves

The wolves don't

Cry in the night.

They howl

For themselves

Not for our amusement.

We howl for ourselves

Not for the wolves.

When The Wind Blows

When the wind blows

No one can tell it

Where to blow.

How can Solomon

Judge about

Inheriting the wind?

A sign of stupidity.

House, money,

Fame, reputation,

Can all be blown

Away by the wind

Against The Wind

Only Solomon stands
Against the wind.
Trees sway to the
Music of nature.
Even the smallest flower
Dances to its tune
And birds flap
And throw themselves
Through the sky
On a windy day.
Turn back the waves
And defy nature to flow.
Only one man can do that.