

Belly of the Whale

11 July 2022

Consumed by the fool's errand of making life painless,
we could never be bothered to think
along lines that were not predetermined,
defined by the will of the faceless consumers
like us, who ran everything. Speechless,
we floundered through chaos and form,
but from time to time one had to wonder
what all of it meant, else succumb
to the roar of consumption
enduring through slogans and signs
and most firmly in minds made of mud
baked like stone. I was never a part of this,
never aligned with the spineless
who bear no weight, who will crack under any demand,
for demanding betrays their life's purpose.

Again, these are errands for fools, but of course
fools speak louder than thinkers and rule all
but auspicious places, those private lands
governed by men who will tolerate no more,
who instead choose to stretch themselves out before knowing
and learn what the gods have in store.

The beatings continue, morale doesn't care,
and one wonders how punishment ever was thought
to cure suffering, or how anyone stands it.
But stand it they do, if they must.
Deeper silence where agony once named a people.
How now to take heart and oppose this new ocean of troubles,
or else turn to brooding for future's sake?

I sing from the belly of the whale,
which pursues its perfection for all,
which leaves open no quarter for others,
which swallows each culture in all,
which cares nothing for time past or future,
whose whiteness is barely a memory,
whose grayness is given by all.

With the hour both hidden and late,
I cry out for the sea-foam to hear me.