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Images flickery spinning calling

All our voices chime to define them
Gods of our vision force our language to define them

There's a gap between perception and what is real
Mind the gap!

Why are our chained heads meant to move?
What are these muscles trying to prove?
Deprives of physicality our mental world alone is free
To love and idolize this trouping.

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Flowing, bleeding, loping seeding.
Imaginations, thoughts are breeding.
Life is proceeding, debates are reeling.

Genius revealing handicapped lives
Ignorant of emotion, no sexual potion.
 No laving potion of inspiration.

Fully human, but forced to be imprisoned.
Within their minds to be shackled forever.

Grinding, blinding . . .

 The word freedom is like a bowl of freshly picked strawberries
Mauled over by the claws of ancient, toothless lions.
Freedom manipulates, mangles, and mauls goodness,
It's a mess.

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No matter, never minding
What they cannot know.

No matter, never mind,

Till one person is slowly slipped from the chains,
And led past the fire,
The objects in front of the pyre of flames . . . Creating

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We all work so hard, dragging and pushing ourselves,
To the point where we can peek out for the first time in our lives
And don't dare open our eyes when we get there,
I swear it makes me chuckle some times with impatience,
We're just peeking out with our eyes closed.

Led farther up to he opening of the cave,
After days of pain and insane raving,

Eyes finally seeing, ultimately gazing,
On the fire of them all.

The nuclear pyre that lights the world,
So bold that its power must leave as the Earth
Hurls round to rest from its might.

Our soldier is led back,
Blighted by knowledge,
To sit with peers in
Scandalous squalid.

Knowledge is not becoming; it is being.
Ignorance obscures insight.
That's why people get confused.
no matter, never mind.

Impaired vision permanently sundering
A once nimble interpreter of objects.
Now blundering when sharing the truth
About what is real.
Only rips the seal of respect
Once enjoyed from the others.
Replaced by their zeal to smother
These false ideas, and kill their brother.

Or sister . . .

Who knows in this blister of heated exchanges.

Denial, survival,
Unacceptable.

Dangers lie in facing uncertain truths.

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Where are the painters, writers, composers, exciters?
painters, writers, composers, exciters?
painters, writers, composers, exciters?
painters, writers, composers, exciters?

It’s cooler out here than in the shade.