

The Health of Nations

Boisterous naïve echoes
From the hypothetical moralist
Propagate atop a summit of optimism
Exclaiming undeniable assertions of saviour

Salvation is nigh
Eradicated is our suffering
Melancholy no longer wasted on relatives
A better world awaits

Disease has made its final departure
A cure
So irrefutably efficacious
Such an economically universal asset
To suggest a halt to its reign
would arouse even the most mundane of audiences

Physical and mental health flourish
But nothing is created
Merely reallocated
the industry
With such rudimentary
Function in economic health
Enters a lonesome intensive care unit

Unemployment accompanies
The unsettling claw
Of fear and anxiety
That foster a subtle grasp
On the limbs of the nation's fiscal
Integrity

After a successful, delicate assembly
Of industrial dominoes
The cure has taken the liberty
Of commencing their sequential demise

Hasteful efforts are attempted
With abysmal success
Few had seen the malevolence a mere cure could possess

Void is disease
But biology remains
Nutrition is currency
And farmers fail to locate inflation on the almanack

Love Love Love

While in solitude, happenstance finds his vision
Frequent a sight of utter wonder
Compelling an accelerated array
Of hitherto foreign
emotions to propagate

Now his view
Coerced by her subtle magnetism
Perpetually visits the vicinity
That her occupancy
Invites a vibrant perimeter of perfection into

So often
Too often
He chances a glance
To which she inevitably intercepts
Establishing the exchange
As a mutual endeavour

Concurrently, her attention is held captive
With a novel collection of intense emotion
She remains in awe,
Uncontrollably contributing glances
That too often
more closely adhere to the criteria of a stare

A delicate collection of acrobatics commences
Choreographed by their mutual infatuation
Swift precarious glances are dealt
Seldom mutual
And never enough to motivate one
To further cultivate the implied engagement

No words are stated
Yet dialogue is plentiful
Their emotions reach such decibels
It could trouble a giant's slumber
Nonetheless
Stalemate prevails

Hours bleed with the status quo unaltered
Their affection unable to surpass the barricade
Fortified by their mutual inaction
He vacates aware he left a particular belonging behind
She dreams whether he'll ever return to retrieve it

Fruit

I march along a narrow pathway
Carved by the plight of distant travel
My boots produces crisp cracks
Of leaves, roots and loose gravel

Trees coerce the jagged pathway of light
Swiftly before visiting my eyes
They curtain the expanse
Providing a canvas
For nature to paint
A lustrous array of intertwined
Fractal displays

I chance by a rather pleasant citrus fragrance
Emanating from a denser corner of forest
Enamoured by the aroma I dare a precarious left from the established trail
And approach

I reach the smell among its most concentrated form
And stumble upon a bountiful bouquet of fruit
Bursting with novel colours one could merely dream of
With great consideration I elect the most ripe candidate
Harvest it from its root
And pleasure my mouth with its flavour

Euphoria hastily holds me hostage
The plant's profile
Such an intricate balance
Of delicate texture and luscious taste
Transports my being to a unprecedented realm

A curious parrot enters my vision
With a colour palette emulating the creativity of the fruit
It produces a sound and I parse

With cunning rhetoric
The parrot compels me further
into the density of the woods
Promising an even more decorated collection
Than the offer I have happened upon

I follow the creature's path
Infatuated by the fruit's trance
And with negligence my final step is supported
By an unforgiving vacuous ravin

Through the Ages

Fractions of a length
Strategically positioned in the ground
A mere seed in soil
Births a life form witnessing without bound

It views the pleasures of youth
And blissful ignorance
Of jaguars and lemurs gambolling merrily
Among the fields of supple wheat
And towering grass

Many travel with four
But some are bipedal
A particular faction of those species
Begins to flirt with intelligence

As the seed fosters fractal branches
Balance begins to tilt
It notices an enslavement of the land
And the life that accompanies it

Little consideration is contributed
Towards the equilibrium enforced by nature
Soon the pendulum swings
Too close
And humanity's grasp is too firm to detangle

The seed grows wise
And notices the massacre afoot
Their conduct cruel and unforgiving
Hypocrisy tastes bitter
To the region that cultivated their origin
They wield to their
Personal benefit

Conflict accelerates consumption
And consumption motives strife
The seeds sees its brothers and sisters fading
Nature cannot be created

As a flame pursues the being that was once a mere seed
The humans follow closely behind
Their neglect
For where their intelligence fostered
Left nothing now but the march of time

Sinking

Treason is levied
On a ranking member's behalf
Among the loyal crew

An indelible act of dishonour
A captain with an ounce of pride
Could only proceed
With a gruelling punitive measure
Of Waterbound for him now

A plank is prepared from the side of the boat by the captain
Rope fastened with zeal
Jeopardising his circulation
Coerced to the edge
His body balances
Before the frigid liquid below
With current like arms eager
To tear one apart

Body shaking
His toes about to lose contact
With the comfort of the pliable beam

But an abrupt burst interprets his action
And then another
In cacophonous succession
The integrity of the ship
Vacant now
Just as is the crew accompanying it

Water summits the poop deck
A harmonica plays a sombre melody
futile attempts to swim are entertained
But the water is cold
Unforgiving
No prayers are answered

The fastened criminal
Now in bliss
Deals the captain a smug stare

They both engulfed now with hypothermia
The captain
And the haste of his decisions
Costed more booty than any pirate could bare