

ONLY TORMENTED PERSONS WANT TRUTH

by
Michael D. Curry

Is there but one truth for man, mutilated mind driven
Beyond animal state? Must we forget mammal man,
Mortal yet deceived with immortality?

If there is a God
Living or dead, dying or alive, must mutant be His wisdom,
What of whispers here along Soberanes Creek where I stand also,
Do deer alone hear and possess immortality all their own.
Truth is for each man to find,
Standing naked alongside the beasts below him,
Swimming naked in the heaven of fish, flying featherless
In the realm of the hawk and gull above stone canyons.

For man is animal, deceived with delusions of death
and not dying.

Here beneath the soil lay the minerals of mammal and man,
Millions mingled and inseparable.
Who are we to say that souls are ours alone?
Dickey has seen the heaven of animals, dogs roaming endless fields,
Mice living beyond each pounce of every sleek cat.

Granite cliffs have seen more truth than man's five thousand years.
Yet we must persist in the search for indivisible truth
In endless division of man.

Those man places beneath him have found truth far more simple.

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From LAST GRAVE AT DIMBAZA



"During the hour you have been watching this film, in South Africa...

six Black families have been thrown out of their homes
sixty Blacks have been arrested under the Pass Laws,
sixty Black children have died of the effects of mal-
nutrition and,
during the same hour the Gold Mining companies have
made a profit of thirty-five thousand pounds."