

Human Spirit - a poem

by Alim Ramji

A small pocket,
of static matter
wakes from the sleep
of the immobile.

Hidden within a lattice,
of nerve and organ,
it feels for an exit.

Scraping the edges of a fluid maze,
it collides with others,
like itself,
forming an identity
of impression and
necessity.

Tap.
Tap.
Tap.

It begins to pulsate -
walking to the beat
of success,
dancing to the beat
of failure.

Rising,
it forms an ever growing thread,
connecting what it can be,
with what it was.

It enters a layer,

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saturated by a pseudo atmosphere,
of ill-founded pleasures
and distractions.
It forces itself to remain blind,
but not sightless.

Emerging, it accelerates and laughs.
Fueled by a powerful vigor,
known only to beings
who live in the world
of zenith-denied peaks,
and black swans.

It stops,
when it reaches
its home
made of tessellation
and kaleidoscopic infinities.

And it is here
where it remains,
its thread intact.
Watching its host
worlds below,
walking in a life
dictated by law.

Its host feels the thread
and smiles,
knowing full well what it means,
to live in a world of tessellation
and kaleidoscopic infinities.

