

The love that durst speak its name

a light

to pierce the thickest hazes of obscurity

a cry

to wake us from the deepest trance

a hammer that can shatter

the cities of meaningless artefacts

a torrent to soak and expose false prophets

and a deluge to carry them away

awakening

the 2D fakery of our illusory prison revealed

a whispered clue to alert us

to the truth

behind even the cruellest

and most malevolent

games of trickery and pretence

liberating us

from the shepherds and slavemasters

but

without love the signs cannot be seen

the warnings go unheard

a loveless world is a silent movie

perpetual living death

a grey wasteland of

deaf and eyeless zombie clones

instead

the heart that wonders

“why do I see it?

(all that is horribly wrong)

when so many do not”

is a heart that is open to love

so when you’ve discovered

the emptiness of ‘making a life for yourself’

the hollow rewards of a career

the pathology of money and

the double-edged sword of comfort,

the battle is half won

but what comes next?

what IS there to live for?

purpose is yours to find or to share

yes, you will define it (in the meaning of shape)

but can you *divine* it?

alone can you answer the question of what to do

all these thought games

passed down from one philosopher to another:

yet more discarded relics of disconnected people

‘live for your pleasure’, some say

but what pleasure is there in a life lived apart from others?

who and where are your kin?

‘reach for enlightenment’ utter the mystics

but only what can be grasped can be truly nourishing

what is the areola of your vim?

so will you be moved

by love,

let it pull you into your body

and connect you with the love of others?