

Sheila Nicholls

"Pointless Tackles Vision"

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she says 'this species doesn't know itself,
it stamps around like an arrogant child,
tiny, lonely and rarely humble in our minuscule
perspective,
swilling in a self assured perception,
much of which is flawed,
and most of which could be improved on,
amazingly we're still hoping, amazingly we're still
hoping.

and underneath we're writhing, as hopeless fights with
dreaming, as pointless tackles vision, as focus dilutes
screaming

the men are still all squabbling,
like hyenas on a carcass,
while science cries a blind spot, they still shit in every
corner, drunk on definition, of stagnant lack of vision,
responsibility avoided,
justified by faulty reason, made up while on the
playground
and lollypop rewarded like a tv cowboy coup,

and underneath.....

amazingly we're still hoping
for various and sundry,
suprisingly still faithful, displayed collective longing
for peaceful and fulfillment, for practical and useful,
collective loving kindness, the paths and how to get
there, existential beyond messianic
where everyone's a profit and ignorance is cured

and underneath....

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