

Madness

Jihad madness

This Jihad business needs to be talked about.

Everybody has been intruded into the world.

Everybody has been born from a woman.

Everybody feels this mixed pain of departure.

This soldiers way is just an illusion.

A holy war outside or inside still is war.

A Jihad philosophy is a male answer to a female challenge;

The question of birth is answered by killing.

From my childlike perceptions,
the woman who bore me, pushed me out,
separated me from her presence and closeness.

We were all pushed out to this world,
this is the pain we are talking about,
pain of living, dying further piece by piece.

In my defiance I have started to fight life;

To fight the witch and win to subdue.

I tried love to win and subdue.

I tried submission without winning.

I tried not winning and submission.

I tried this idealized Jihad approach,

but I still failed to love the witch.

It is the same battle but in a higher plane,

but I still failed to love this mother.

The real question is whether or not.

The magical woman who bore me?

Can I see the love that bore her

and made me come here?

My Jihad is just another insurrection

that separates me from You.

I will now sit next to my beloved witch.

I will study her inside and outside;

Her magical madness of separation,

her magical transformation to life.

Can I really love my sister?

Can I stay present within madness?

Can I bow to this erratic frenzy?

Can I really bow to my queen?

This madness is all around,

this is not an easy bow,

among all these soldiers

and unloved witches.

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