

Breach

by fray Friday, Oct 16 2009, 7:52am

international / prose/poetry / literature

Kindred

We are kindred you and I though eight hundred years of history and culture separate us.

Rather that I state it plainly; we ARE and have been LOVERS from the start, regardless of time, space or gender.

I was with you in my mother's womb singing praises to Creation; remember the soul-stealing song we sang, something reminiscent of the sea and the allure of sirens.

I remember it was God herself who set the metre to which I perpetually hum praises and gratitude.

You once stated that ***“our task is not to seek Love, but merely to seek and find the barriers within ourselves that prevent its free expression!”***

It staggers me to think of the HUGE resource of Love that every human being forgoes for no good reason.

Though I embrace Asian consorts it is for you (Jalal) that I pen my songs of Love and Devotion.

I have forgotten the order of things but need only remember that each component speaks of the whole regardless of order!

You left me with a stylus to inscribe in verse the soul's lament of love lost; please delay your request, I have need now; I have grown accustomed to Love's presence and depend on its powers of endurance and persistence.

You often remarked that given the option to fly people choose instead to crawl, perhaps it is time we awakened them to LOVE'S LIMITLESS POWER. We are able to heal the world overnight with LOVE only - a free resource wasted!

But there is a limit to how much a single poet can achieve - but no limit on the powers of Love expressed.

Sweet dreams for now, a new dawn will break and I promise to cover the skies with poetry - for Love's sake.

Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-1697.html>