

Oz Poetry

by lark *Saturday, Nov 21 2009, 7:53pm*

international / prose/poetry / literature

Enveloped

how far is it possible to soar on these wings of wax and string?
yet i have (already) touched countless moons, skipped stars and traversed galaxies.

what trick is this?
i asked not for Love but Love, uninvited, ambushed and enveloped my soul; it refuses to diminish or release its hold on my Being, I am captive, swirling, intoxicated in its splendour and wonder, constantly soaring higher and higher.

i am dissolving in nebulae where suns are destroyed and re-created ready to bring forth new planets teaming with Life - for Love's, All for Love's sake.

like some insatiable, cosmic junkie that can never get enough my spirit cries for more,
more sweet ambrosia
but i fear these tattered wings may fail me.

who would have thought after so many encounters that a simple touch would send me spinning? A bloody *touch* for Christ's sake; a simple hug, one among thousands of hugs in my life and i am catapulted to the outer reaches of the cosmos - forever, it seems!

YOU went straight through me
without warning,
not the slightest hint.

fair fuckin' go!

 [Mona](#)