

Pact

by fray Sunday, Jul 18 2010, 9:08pm

international / prose/poetry / literature



on those infrequent occasions
i recklessly
release my heart and soul
as an offering
and it is rejected,
abused
regarded as a curiosity,
a trifling
not as the precious,
fragile essence of a Being
open,
raw to the world --
i am forced to reflect on
why
i left my innermost being exposed,
to be indelicately prodded,
probed
and suffer the most insensitive,
brutish abuse
and callous disregard,
even from those held dear.

i wince and twist in pain
while they/you remain unaware
that boots are not required
to walk the corridors of my soul.

nature deemed it
appropriate to
endow
the few that would otherwise be

ruined, crushed, left desolate
with a curious ability
to revive on the shimmer
of a hummingbird's wing,
the clean scent of a sea breeze
or the joy and smiling face of a child

LOVE is re-generated for ALL existence
to every quadrant, in all directions;
may all sentient beings
be peaceful, happy and blissful.

the sun disappears behind the sea
leaving a work of wonder in the sky --
i am unable to
describe the sheer beauty,
awe and splendour of it.

perhaps a pact was made before
my inception;
if I dared bare
my innermost being
to an aberrant world
i would be granted
an abundance,
more Love than hurt
more bliss than pain
and the ability to turn every
tragedy
to advantage (into a poem)
a blessing perhaps.

a gift bestowed;
Love increases the more we Love

i offer myself daily for sacrifice
on that alter

tears flow easily;
the flutter of
a moth's wing
fills me with hope
and joy
my tears transform into
tiny gems
glistening
in the soft moonlight

dawn approaches ...



Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-2039.html>