

Sands

by wisp *Wednesday, Aug 11 2010, 11:27am*

international / prose/poetry / literature



Luxor

i often find myself in
ancient capitals
with towering statues
and stone monoliths
cut and erected with
sound
harmonic sequences
that cause stones to float
and minds to relocate ..

perhaps that is how
i am pulled
from the present
into the past
a concordant note,
a familiar chord
and i am gone
or come home
to Egyptian sights/sounds,
hot sands
and a strangely familiar Sun.

boats and barges ply
the Nile
busy with trade and transport.

i sometimes wish
it was a reverie,
a waking dream but

one image, the lucidity of which
makes a beggar of any 'reality,'
declares emphatically
the authenticity of the
experience,
Your face
beaming
as you greet me
each time i return.

i am gladly haunted by
your eyes and smile
a vivid recollection.

i recall
the Love we shared,
the promises made
and kept;
your constancy
dependability --
more enduring than the pyramids
-- and your strength,
able to defy time
and steal me
from my century.

on each occasion
i return home
your presence grows stronger
than my ability to
return to this world.

you were/are my first
and last Love;
your father
a magician,
keeper of the mysteries
gave you a spell
on papyrus
able to defy time and space,
which you incant
whenever you wish to
see me.

i have come to the realisation
that these lucid reveries
are your way of shaping
our reality
and closing the distance between us.

countless incarnations

since --
today, it is not difficult
recognising you in
a crowd.

Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-2062.html>