

## Invocation

by stylus *Thursday, Aug 12 2010, 11:24am*

international / prose/poetry / literature

peals of smoke curl/rise from the censer  
my spirit cleansed and borne aloft,  
by the mix of herbs  
and scented spices;

slowly rising,  
spiralling upward  
reaching the portals  
of Paradise.

you wait patiently  
for your hermit lover,  
enflamed by long separation  
and focused concentration,  
a discipline taught by mages  
in secret desert caves.

a disciplined body catapults  
the mind to places unimagined by  
the common herd, wastrels  
and foolish dissipaters.

enhanced abilities and crystal intellection  
are simply by-products of the discipline,  
one that intoxicates angels  
and makes jesters of the Gods.

first the sound of bees  
swarming is heard  
then the rattle of a sistrum,  
the way to your divan  
is clearly indicated.

exotic fruits  
sweet wines  
perfumed sheets  
your golden body  
and sapphire eyes  
wait for conquering heroes  
and those able to pierce the veil  
and locate your  
secret chamber;

and yet these offerings  
are impoverished by  
the majesty  
and transcendent splendour  
that awaits those able to  
persist to the end and  
discover  
life's ageless secrets.

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Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-2064.html>