

## The South Wind

by ryall *Friday, Jan 7 2011, 10:18am*

international / prose/poetry / literature

the northern Aborigines  
have a name for cyclonic winds,  
'the blow-everything-away wind.'

below the Tropic of Capricorn  
the gubbas (whites)  
label the Antarctic wind  
that blasts cities and towns clean,  
a 'Southerly.'

i have experienced both;  
one fills the air with debris  
the other cleans the muggy air,  
its chill enlivens the senses  
and re-freshes the soul.

so why do you need re-assurance?  
has not the wind blown  
previous experience into the past  
never to intrude  
in our present,  
or does the past  
perturb you still?

your insecurity is incompatible with  
your curiosity and your  
constant entreaties  
to reveal details of my past.

i do not live in the past  
why does it fascinate you so?  
is it the poetry  
the tender moments  
expressed in verse  
that trouble you?

never make the mistake  
of attempting to marry poetry  
with daily reality.

expressive verse  
need have no relation to the 'reality'

to which it alludes;  
passionate stanzas  
do not necessarily indicate  
realised passions  
or requited Love,  
do not trouble yourself  
over my Art;  
poetry elevates the wise  
and ensnares the vain and foolish  
with its intoxicating wiles.

it is you who rests comfortably  
in my arms,  
*You* have unlocked my Gordian soul,  
no one else.

you persevered and discovered  
the person behind the persona;  
the others lacked character, the fortitude  
to realise their ambitions,  
and satisfy their desires;  
you have earned your reward  
you fret over nothing,  
the past is of no consequence –

like phantoms, ghosts in the night  
they came and went  
without making  
any lasting impression.

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Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-2278.html>