

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.

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