

## Stirred

by stylus *Tuesday, Sep 20 2011, 12:00pm*

international / prose/poetry / literature

i must be moved  
it flows only when stirred  
a smile  
a gnarled tree  
a contorted life  
a wisp of wind  
the sun on your face  
the scent of your skin  
and my ever present  
adoration of all that exists  
in life and death.

i sleep in streets,  
doorways, gutters  
and between the silk sheets  
of grateful women --  
always willing to help  
when no help is required.

i have stepped stealthily  
through the tangle  
of their minds  
navigated the warm love in  
their hearts  
i have thrilled  
their supple spines  
and churned ecstasy  
in their souls  
until  
i won their  
love, admiration  
and eternal companionship.

but u already know  
why test me time and again  
must we always  
produce our credentials?

would it be too radical  
if i was a humble  
merchant or banker,  
a servile politician

a soldier  
or sadistic policeman rather than  
a weaver of spells  
and rhymes  
a spinner of words,  
a fabricator of realities and fantasies.

what difference would it really make?

i have deflowered innocence  
and released an avalanche of frenzied  
emotion more times than i care to remember  
such are my ways, some say skills.

i have gambled with the Gods  
for my immortal soul numerous times  
and won,  
i have picked the locks of heaven and hell  
and released a thousand demon souls  
that run rampant in our world today,  
have you not noticed  
the chaos and destruction,  
the mute glances of the masses,  
the blank faces of slaves?

or would you  
that i write  
something more agreeable  
coherent and harmonious  
in future?

🔊 [Angel of the Morning - Juice Newton](#)

🔊 [Sand and Foam - Donovan](#)

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Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-2738.html>