## **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

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