

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>