

Morning Mist

by stylus *Saturday, Feb 4 2012, 9:42am*

international / prose/poetry / literature



elicit emotion,
navigate mind
thru time and space
using words
to guide u
thru foreboding caverns
deep
inside
(fertile) earth,
crevices
perpetually moist
dripping
subterranean water
wet, dark, warm.

would u move with ease
or resist the flow?

the art is to evoke
a sensation,
invoke mood
create passion
a reality where
previously
only
potential,
or anticipation existed.

should i accept responsibility
for ur love, frustration and rage,
my word-chains are not so deft,
surely?

should the taste
of the sea,
the sweet scent of ur/my body
or some nostalgic memory
impinge on our senses
via verse, rhyme and rhythm
ask,
does the power
reside in text,
structure, composition
or the reader's mind?

perhaps none or all of the above
with the addition of some
mysterious quality,
a component not readily
apparent but always waiting
for an opportunity to find expression.
yes,
it is that.

i take no credit
for words that magically appear
on the screen.

how is it that an uneducated oaf
with the vocab of a junkie,
after only six short years
is able to harness
every subtle nuance,
human emotion,
joy and deep melancholia?

i least of all, know.

it is a persistent force
continuously pushing
that seeks expression
a mysterious quality
that imbues life into
what was previously inert,
inanimate;

to that i attribute
your current longing
and desire.

i am not the messenger
or the message,
i am merely its medium

tho i have always wished
to pry open the mysteries
of the universe
armed only with a quill.

rest easy my love,
distance does not separate us;

a morning mist rolls
slowly over the battlefield
cloaking the hell of war.
a fog settles
around *our* mountain abode.

i hope these words reach
you,
daylight brings
the screams and thunder
of war and ruin.

this battle is ill-advised,
a deep foreboding grips the company.

Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-2980.html>