

## Talisman

by quill *Tuesday, Feb 7 2012, 10:09am*

international / prose/poetry / literature

a bleeding moon  
and crying sun  
is all u left me

solarised scenes from hell  
fill my mind with wonder and dread;  
incongruous colours,  
crimson grass, indigo skies  
spinning thru my brain  
loosening my mind  
strange sights but familiar scents,  
olfactory déjà vu.

i am ready,  
like a blindfolded neophyte  
for another initiation  
thru the fires of hell until  
i emerge stronger,  
tempered like fine steel

but steel  
does not easily handle butterflies  
without damaging fragile wings  
or causing more serious harm

i would rather be  
the innocent youth  
of my past  
unblemished,  
easily hurt but  
ever so sensitive --  
i could commune  
with spirits  
in those days.

the involuntary price i pay  
each time i am crucified,  
is to be reborn  
a little tougher, harder  
than before --  
fine steel makes superior  
swords and weapons for which

i have no use  
yet every injustice, cruelty  
and hurt hardens  
and prepares me  
for the next assault.

i have but one defence  
my verse  
poetic meanderings that  
maintain my sensitivity  
and humanity.

i must write  
frenetically lest  
i turn to stone,  
a petrified simulacrum of myself  
frozen  
lacking a heart,  
a granite prison of the soul.

we should think twice  
before trampling  
another's emotions  
we may inadvertently create  
a race of heartless, uniformed killers  
that suicide after laying waste  
to everything around them.

i am ready for the fires of hell  
and the ice of damnation/desolation  
but i harbour a secret  
i have constructed a raft of verse  
to safely span the black seas  
of the abyss

i will emerge intact  
making a ruin of treachery  
and You.