

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.