

## Sounds and Signs

by wisp *Saturday, Feb 25 2012, 10:40am*

international / prose/poetry / literature

just before dawn they come  
vying with each other  
for a place, to be heard  
to make a statement  
an expression,  
a message perhaps for a lost love  
a pressing concern unarticulated  
at the time but now  
requiring urgent expression

so many souls with something  
to say and a single poet  
attempting to accommodate  
all

frantic spirits finally  
discovering a channel, someone able  
to hear and express their thoughts and wishes,  
deliver messages and sound warnings  
to loves left behind long ago  
but time is of no consequence here  
in this land of spirit dreams and visions.

ghostly cheeks press on my neck  
whispering to my thoughts all the while  
the sound of shattering crystal  
in the distance, faint tinkles, pings  
chimes and rings.

it becomes expedient to gather their desires  
and formulate a single message loaded  
with all their power and need,  
cutting through consciousness  
to reach the destination

making a lasting impression  
like the lasting images of lovers  
tattooed on mind  
forever young, vital  
and fresh  
never to decay in memory  
remaining eternally youthful

the cool of spirit against the warmth of flesh  
an odd sensation  
but i am here to inscribe not judge,  
to deliver from one world  
to another.

breasts warm against my body  
your unforgettable scent  
lingers like incense;  
some things do not easily translate  
into words,  
aromas are lost to semantics  
as reason is lost to modern man.

i need not continue,  
deaf ears and blind eyes  
are not of spirit  
but of flesh

waiting,  
soon to join the seething throng of souls  
that forgot to love  
and fulfil their destiny,  
now seeking out living poets  
to deliver their messages  
and warnings,

far too late for some.

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Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-3030.html>