

## Hue

by wisp *Saturday, Mar 17 2012, 12:02pm*

international / prose/poetry / literature

whenever the flow  
slows  
or creation  
dims its light  
i reach for a poem  
to make things (b)right

there is no stopping it  
i am not in control (thankfully)  
just an old/new rhyme  
to pass the night

fuck!  
i hadn't planned to rhyme  
yet simple metre intrudes  
from where  
i have no idea  
just semantic voodoo  
from endless  
seas of creation

would i defer to culture,  
American dreams/nightmares  
and deprive myself  
the pleasures  
of roaming endless oceans  
of delight?

no earthly pleasure compares,  
no physical sensation  
approaches the bliss  
of continuous creation

girls offer themselves  
freely in an effort to  
gain some measure of control  
or experience a little of the secret  
the magic that attracts and  
fuels this creature of the night

i surrendered  
long ago

i have breathed Life into the dead  
many times  
the modern wa(l)king dead  
constrained by fear and doubt  
bereft of any sense of being  
not knowing  
who they are,  
without knowledge  
direction  
or dreaming,  
enslaved by lies and thieves.

completed poems trigger release  
but shattered verse  
creates incomplete  
broken narratives  
tumbling through space  
constantly seeking fulfilment,  
harmony,  
that elusive prize  
pulsing with Life  
Love and ineffable wonder

just up the road  
from the tram tunnel,  
i spent my youth  
until my father abruptly  
ended himself and our  
tenancy

it's of no consequence today  
though trauma should not be  
underestimated  
it surely helps fashion  
weapons that fight injustice  
and defend those unable  
to defend themselves.

a child's joy and sorrow  
is able to destroy  
the most powerful rulers  
and lay waste to corrupted capitals  
restoring balance  
where once was only chaos  
and crime;  
human dew able to  
annihilate all the wrongs  
of the world

you do not believe  
but then you are neither a living poet

nor a dead dream  
just an apparition  
a passing shadow of the night

tonight i shall trace the future  
back to my past  
imploding time and meaning,  
it is how i enter the dreaming

pathways i learnt to traverse  
in the central desert,  
in the red centre  
of my mind  
where the sun  
forces the spirit from the body.

so, you're a South Bondi girl  
you say,  
over the old tramway tunnel  
and down to the bogey hole  
for a swim in the see;

perhaps i will meet you again  
one sunny day.

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Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-3085.html>