

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.

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