

## Mongolian Eyes

by rayn *Thursday, May 31 2012, 11:38am*

international / prose/poetry / literature

i could never resist  
those portals to heaven  
and hell

ur rich aunt introduced us  
her desire fulfilled thru our  
relationship

she worked tirelessly  
to make that match  
dragging the reluctant,  
desperate and joining together  
what should never have been joined.

she had the patience and skill  
of ancient Chinese artisans coupled with  
the predatory instincts of a serpent,  
an acute eye for detail and balance  
and a rare ability to harmonise the disparate.

i remember watching her closely  
while she admired her porcelains  
and jades,  
appreciating what is not perceived  
by occidental eyes

refined, subtle --  
stroking the cool,  
green,  
polished stone  
charged and smoothed  
by countless hands  
over the millennia;  
yet she gifted me her most treasured  
piece,  
you,  
a living work of Oriental art.

[fond of caresses  
enticing,  
stealing the attention  
of men with a repertoire

of moves her aunt  
taught her  
she finally landed her prize,  
me.]

i was difficult prey  
but captured nonetheless;  
she always gave slack when required  
allowing the baited to foolishly  
believe it continued to enjoy its freedom;  
[but constantly] reeling in her line and  
tightening the perimeter  
until all resistance ceased;  
the prey having become familiar with captivity  
and learning to enjoy  
the certainty it offered.

it was long ago  
we watched the passing moments  
together  
we had no doubts that existence  
was made for our pleasure and enjoyment;  
however,  
time proved that assumption incorrect  
we now know we created existence together  
at that moment our breathing synchronised  
and our hearts beat as One.

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Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-3277.html>