

Invocation

by stylus *Thursday, Aug 12 2010, 11:24am*

international / poetry / post

peals of smoke curl/rise from the censer
my spirit cleansed and borne aloft,
by the mix of herbs
and scented spices;

slowly rising,
spiralling upward
reaching the portals
of Paradise.

you wait patiently
for your hermit lover,
enflamed by long separation
and focused concentration,
a discipline taught by mages
in secret desert caves.

a disciplined body catapults
the mind to places unimagined by
the common herd, wastrels
and foolish dissipaters.

enhanced abilities and crystal intellection
are simply by-products of the discipline,
one that intoxicates angels
and makes jesters of the Gods.

first the sound of bees
swarming is heard
then the rattle of a sistrum,
the way to your divan
is clearly indicated.

exotic fruits
sweet wines
perfumed sheets
your golden body
and sapphire eyes
wait for conquering heroes
and those able to pierce the veil
and locate your
secret chamber;

and yet these offerings
are impoverished by
the majesty
and transcendent splendour
that awaits those able to
persist to the end and
discover
life's ageless secrets.

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-2064.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-110.html>