

Dream Believers

by swag *Sunday, Aug 22 2010, 9:29am*

international / poetry / post

every leaf and blade
a word in nature's lexicon;
haphazardly arranged
yet forming tidy stanzas
to a poet's gaze,
an easily read narrative on creation.

the forest grove
is warm and easy tonight
soft
to my face and skin.

barely audible,
even to trained ears
is the laughter
of nymphs emerging
from their secret
hiding places,
they always come
and play before me,
a poet's haunting reverie.

soon the soft quiet will be displaced
by crowds of haunting memories
all vying for attention and
jostling for optimum position,
making vain endeavours
to regain life via
forced imaginings.

weavers of dreams, revolution
and everything in between --
beware the succinct phrases of poets
when roused from their quiet reflections;
the foundation stones of reality
easily re-arranged.

music bypasses the intellect
to directly engage emotion;
the visual arts
invite views only
but words must be read

to be understood
that process
affects the substrate layers of mind,
which in turn alters
our reality – whether we like it or not!

words capture
in order to be decoded, understood;

words strike terror, dread, awe
or exaltation in readers
the very act of decoding a text
becomes a process of reality
construction.

they fear given words,
structure and verse,
sky narratives and the thump of
jungle drums:

*“... close your eyes with holy dread,
for he on honey-dew hath fed,
and drunk the milk of Paradise” -- STC*

some are elevated, others
dejected;
each word a pill,
a poison,
a Dance.

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-2073.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-116.html>