

## State of Play

by quin *Saturday, Aug 28 2010, 11:49pm*

international / poetry / post

is it just a game,  
a dance?

One  
manifesting as many  
(facets)  
appearances,  
a children's playground

'only' a game,  
my dancing, Lover/God?

a game, perhaps,  
my consort  
but never a trifling matter --  
light spurts  
from the crown  
of my head!

swirl, dance and step  
with me;  
begin with  
moderation  
and culminate  
in blinding ecstasy -

watch the cosmos  
swoon,  
pulse and scintillate,  
is it just a game?

rhythmic,  
dancing  
whirling bodies  
moving  
[in] cyclic patterns  
weaving time  
back in/on itself  
forcing it to  
to destroy and create  
according to our design,  
my eternal companion.

never separate or break our embrace  
allow all things to pass without  
a remorseful sigh, second glance  
or sad regret;  
it's just a game  
spawning and destroying worlds  
a matter of play,  
a state of flux.

revive urself  
on my supine body,  
raise my trident  
in your spine  
stir/produce ambrosia  
in your sacred chalice;

are we not inseparable  
locked in perpetual bliss  
creating and destroying worlds,  
together?

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-2081.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-121.html>