

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>

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