

## Meanderings

by quill *Thursday, Sep 30 2010, 10:39am*

international / poetry / post

it's that time of night again,  
early hours  
between fatigue, sleep and reverie;  
nodding like a junkie  
a vulnerable time  
when love is  
released  
(all my) Love  
that was, is and could have been  
rolled into one  
giant emotion  
which floors me every time,  
a poet's ride  
a magic carpet.

where to tonight?  
never the same place or woman  
twice  
like a fresh page  
or virgin parchment  
about to receive  
the first letter of  
the first word  
of a new creation,  
it's endless ..

my life and death  
merged indistinguishably  
into a continuum  
of creation  
so easy yet so exhausting at times,  
my eyes roll in the back of my head  
as digital words automatically  
tap out  
of my finger tips --  
semiotic meanderings  
and the warm touch  
of your flesh beside me.

who am i to interfere  
with this process  
i am overwhelmed,

i have never produced  
like this before  
(astounding!)

a living vessel of  
bottled emotion,  
searing love, passion  
and surgical intellection;  
every shade and hue  
incorporated.

in close proximity to you  
i am able  
to tap a volcanic,  
tempestuous, reserve  
of explosive, emotional energy  
that frightens the living Christ  
out of you  
but revives my soul  
and invigorates my mind.

another stanza,  
another life sent reeling  
*c'est pas ma faute*  
it's the way i was born,  
purpose built.

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-2130.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-143.html>