

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>

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