

Webs

by stylus *Friday, Oct 8 2010, 9:25pm*

international / poetry / post

beware
little fishes
and breeze-riding butterflies

words spun by the accomplished
are nets/webs;
all manner of lures,
weapons and healing
salves they are.

reality is a servant
to a well-spun phrase;
word-chains form dazzling necklaces;
exclamations pick the locks of paradise.
words yoke the unwary
(into slavery)
beware my little pretties
words both save and ruin.

by design
i tug at ur heart
entwine ur soul
and capture ur spirit --
easily.

words dance on ur being
as invited hands dance around
ur secret places

slow-moving fingertips
release torrents
of pleasure, words
send spirits
soaring or terrorise
entire nations.

consummate artisans
are able to span
the entire length of existence
instantly --
electric kisses
on ur neck and

spine.

the most adept
and intelligent
are slaves to skilful code
more so than even
the dull or dense.

no one is immune
not even poets;

we are all defenceless.

culture rests on the pillars of language;
texts are the building blocks of 'reality/mind.'

so thrill or shrill,
whatever the case may be
and never forget to whose
rhymes and rhythms
you dance.

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-2144.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-146.html>