Mine for a Time

by ryall *Sunday, Oct 24 2010, 10:19am*
international / poetry / post

what price a pearl
a lifetime of searching
fails to obtain?

what value do we place
on such a prize?

something not found
in the deepest sea
or the farthest reaches of space
though every possible
location searched a dozen times.

how to value such an elusive prize?

what subtle means do we employ
to unlocked the gates that protect it;
to navigate the labyrinth that surrounds it?

perhaps an
easy, soft approach
affords direct access,
always
careful not to frighten
angelic sentries,
guardian spirits.

when confronted
by lethal protectors,
which combination of words
or crafted verse
allows access
to secret rooms and
hidden vaults?

for a fleeting moment
(an eternity it seemed)
i held it in my hands
and marvelled at its exquisite
beauty; its ghostly phosphorescence,
and intoxicating magic.

i remember with some difficulty now
the question i posed at the time,
"Who do you Love?"

i received a bodily response
a jolt from the entire frame,
but no adequate answer
was forthcoming.

how was it possible that
such a prize became convinced
to dim its hypnotic lustre
to mute its mesmerising song?

demon trickery won the day,
the prize slipped once again
from my grasp.

so near that time
a torrent of verse erupted,
expressions of love and sorrow
a gamut of emotion
in rhyme and rhapsody
to mark every minute,
to measure every
ecstatic moment.

words now etched forever
in time
for others to read
and fathom,
perhaps to locate
and unlock that secret chamber
and delight in life's fulfilment.

a verse required,
perhaps a poem
to open the portals of
my soul
and set it free.

do not be my jailer
write your verse
again
and be a
Liberator.

give freely that you may
be filled with joy;
fulfil your (desperate) longing,
satisfy life's

expectations.

a Love song that
transmutes existence --
transform my world and yours ...