

Hearts of Darkness

by zed *Thursday, Nov 4 2010, 9:17am*

international / poetry / post



artwork, Sarah Howell

from the depths of memory
it emerges
faint at first, a whisper
then louder
until it echoes
through the valleys
of my mind

like a mad
monk
with prayer wheel
and mala beads
i intone ur name
and thumb each bead
counting the matras,
shifting dimensions

strange magic,
censers burning,
sound
and vivid imaginings
evoke ur presence

u turn your head
and make eye contact
surprised to find urself
in my circle

an unwilling guest
the focus of ceremonial

i should have informed u
of my abilities,
sorceries learned long ago
at the feet of Mages
but rarely used to evoke
a lover's presence;
distance is no barrier
for an art that defies space and time

smoke rises from the censer
like a slow-dancing ballet
serpentine coils
offer an easy medium

shapes morph
until a familiar body
appears;
i wait until animation
is complete,
until i feel
the texture of ur hair and skin
and detect the familiar scent
of ur body
it is done

do not be perturbed
by an occasional sense
of dislocation
or strange thoughts and images
intruding on ur mind
they
are not ur own

produced from residual energy,
unfinished business
and given form
by secret Arts

it is not by accident
you find urself
in this position



Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-157.html>