The South Wind

by ryall *Friday, Jan 7 2011, 10:18am* international / poetry / post

the northern Aborigines have a name for cyclonic winds, 'the blow-everything-away wind.'

below the Tropic of Capricorn the gubbas (whites) label the Antarctic wind that blasts cities and towns clean, a 'Southerly.'

i have experienced both; one fills the air with debris the other cleans the muggy air, its chill enlivens the senses and re-freshes the soul.

so why do you need re-assurance? has not the wind blown previous experience into the past never to intrude in our present, or does the past perturb you still?

your insecurity is incompatible with your curiosity and your constant entreaties to reveal details of my past.

i do not live in the past why does it fascinate you so? is it the poetry the tender moments expressed in verse that trouble you?

never make the mistake of attempting to marry poetry with daily reality.

expressive verse need have no relation to the 'reality'

to which it alludes;
passionate stanzas
do not necessarily indicate
realised passions
or requited Love,
do not trouble yourself
over my Art;
poetry elevates the wise
and ensnares the vain and foolish
with its intoxicating wiles.

it is you who rests comfortably in my arms, *You* have unlocked my Gordian soul, no one else.

you persevered and discovered the person behind the persona; the others lacked character, the fortitude to realise their ambitions, and satisfy their desires; you have earned your reward you fret over nothing, the past is of no consequence –

like phantoms, ghosts in the night they came and went without making any lasting impression.

http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-2278.html

Underground Oz Poetry. http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-170.html