

Everlasting

by fray *Saturday, Jan 22 2011, 10:56pm*

international / poetry / post

how did u initially *see* me,
with the eye of a clinician,
the acute senses of the blind
or with the other-worldly
gift of a psychic?

perhaps a mix of the tangible
and intangible,
a keen 'nose'
with the intuition of a clairvoyant.

whatever caught ur 'eye'
u did not hesitate;
u approached unerringly,
fearlessly,
guided by ur undisguised need
(for Love) to relate, embrace and merge.

u cast ur invisible net
instinctively -
i have always been fascinated
with the bewitching
wisps that women possess
which easily transform a plain appearance
into an alluring, desirable, beauty,
something pedestrian
into something exotic --
pure magic.

i always surrender to those 'vapours,'
'lights' and allures
long ago i abandoned all notion of
cultural propriety and learnt aesthetics
to return to the satisfying
realm of deep human instinct/emotion,
that strange mix of physical
and psychic energies
which produce
the most rarefied visions
and 'musical' strains
inherent in every human Being.

whatever a man possesses
that draws women
to his presence
was sufficient for the task;
the attraction was mutual.

human attraction works beneath the reach
of language and consciousness
where limitless Love, Power
and the sweetest Peace reside.

never obstruct these gifts
with imposed cultural
impediments, perversions
or deluded notions of power,
we were Beings long before
we were 'products' –
we are not Americans;
we do NOT compete,
we interact freely, in Harmony,
together as One.

whatever u see (in me)
that inspired ur Love and Devotion
hold fast to that
and be aware of a tendency
to segment or
separate the whole;
rejecting one characteristic
affects the entire symphony.

you cannot love the Art and Poetry
and deplore what appears to be
'coarse verbal expression'
without jeopardising
our connection.

i do not come in pieces
what induces sensitive creation
also produces 'coarse' language
i do not differentiate,
nor would i disturb
a rare and unusual process.

it would be well
to free urself of learned 'values,'
leave your 'mother and priest'
in their respective domains,
they certainly have no place Here
where We work, create
and evolve as One.

do not look back in sorrow,
regret or false obligation,
view the past only with
the joy that it produces today

-- we are One --

if u would hold fast
to what is most precious

our rare, ineffable Love ..

We do not come in pieces

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-2292.html>

🔊 [Elites in fear of Global Political Awakening](#)

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-171.html>