

## Morning Mist

by stylus *Saturday, Feb 4 2012, 9:42am*

international / poetry / post



elicit emotion,  
navigate mind  
thru time and space  
using words  
to guide u  
thru foreboding caverns  
deep  
inside  
(fertile) earth,  
crevices  
perpetually moist  
dripping  
subterranean water  
wet, dark, warm.

would u move with ease  
or resist the flow?

the art is to evoke  
a sensation,  
invoke mood  
create passion  
a reality where  
previously  
only  
potential,  
or anticipation existed.

should i accept responsibility  
for ur love, frustration and rage,  
my word-chains are not so deft,  
surely?

should the taste  
of the sea,  
the sweet scent of ur/my body  
or some nostalgic memory  
impinge on our senses  
via verse, rhyme and rhythm  
ask,  
does the power  
reside in text,  
structure, composition  
or the reader's mind?

perhaps none or all of the above  
with the addition of some  
mysterious quality,  
a component not readily  
apparent but always waiting  
for an opportunity to find expression.  
yes,  
it is that.

i take no credit  
for words that magically appear  
on the screen.

how is it that an uneducated oaf  
with the vocab of a junkie,  
after only six short years  
is able to harness  
every subtle nuance,  
human emotion,  
joy and deep melancholia?

i least of all, know.

it is a persistent force  
continuously pushing  
that seeks expression  
a mysterious quality  
that imbues life into  
what was previously inert,  
inanimate;

to that i attribute  
your current longing  
and desire.

i am not the messenger  
or the message,  
i am merely its medium

tho i have always wished  
to pry open the mysteries  
of the universe  
armed only with a quill.

rest easy my love,  
distance does not separate us;

a morning mist rolls  
slowly over the battlefield  
cloaking the hell of war.  
a fog settles  
around *our* mountain abode.

i hope these words reach  
you,  
daylight brings  
the screams and thunder  
of war and ruin.

this battle is ill-advised,  
a deep foreboding grips the company.

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-2980.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-215.html>