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

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