

## A taste of Paradise

by quill *Wednesday, May 14 2008, 10:00am*

international / poetry / post



### Return

Occasionally  
when intellection  
loosens its grip  
I return  
and realise the pain  
of separation.

My consort takes me to an  
altar  
and winds a rhythm  
around my brain.

A song sounds and echoes,  
it brings the sea laden with  
wetness  
and signals trees to  
cymbalize their leaves

Like a (mating) bird of  
paradise  
I quiver and swirl;  
but prior to release  
time intrudes bearing word  
chains and symbols

that finitize mind back to the  
unsures of men.

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-1058.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-22.html>