

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>

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