

Sounds and Signs

by wisp *Saturday, Feb 25 2012, 10:40am*

international / poetry / post

just before dawn they come
vying with each other
for a place, to be heard
to make a statement
an expression,
a message perhaps for a lost love
a pressing concern unarticulated
at the time but now
requiring urgent expression

so many souls with something
to say and a single poet
attempting to accommodate
all

frantic spirits finally
discovering a channel, someone able
to hear and express their thoughts and wishes,
deliver messages and sound warnings
to loves left behind long ago
but time is of no consequence here
in this land of spirit dreams and visions.

ghostly cheeks press on my neck
whispering to my thoughts all the while
the sound of shattering crystal
in the distance, faint tinkles, pings
chimes and rings.

it becomes expedient to gather their desires
and formulate a single message loaded
with all their power and need,
cutting through consciousness
to reach the destination

making a lasting impression
like the lasting images of lovers
tattooed on mind
forever young, vital
and fresh
never to decay in memory
remaining eternally youthful

the cool of spirit against the warmth of flesh
an odd sensation
but i am here to inscribe not judge,
to deliver from one world
to another.

breasts warm against my body
your unforgettable scent
lingers like incense;
some things do not easily translate
into words,
aromas are lost to semantics
as reason is lost to modern man.

i need not continue,
deaf ears and blind eyes
are not of spirit
but of flesh

waiting,
soon to join the seething throng of souls
that forgot to love
and fulfil their destiny,
now seeking out living poets
to deliver their messages
and warnings,

far too late for some.

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-3030.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-223.html>