

Mongolian Eyes

by rayn *Thursday, May 31 2012, 11:38am*

international / poetry / post

i could never resist
those portals to heaven
and hell

ur rich aunt introduced us
her desire fulfilled thru our
relationship

she worked tirelessly
to make that match
dragging the reluctant,
desperate and joining together
what should never have been joined.

she had the patience and skill
of ancient Chinese artisans coupled with
the predatory instincts of a serpent,
an acute eye for detail and balance
and a rare ability to harmonise the disparate.

i remember watching her closely
while she admired her porcelains
and jades,
appreciating what is not perceived
by occidental eyes

refined, subtle --
stroking the cool,
green,
polished stone
charged and smoothed
by countless hands
over the millennia;
yet she gifted me her most treasured
piece,
you,
a living work of Oriental art.

[fond of caresses
enticing,
stealing the attention
of men with a repertoire

of moves her aunt
taught her
she finally landed her prize,
me.]

i was difficult prey
but captured nonetheless;
she always gave slack when required
allowing the baited to foolishly
believe it continued to enjoy its freedom;
[but constantly] reeling in her line and
tightening the perimeter
until all resistance ceased;
the prey having become familiar with captivity
and learning to enjoy
the certainty it offered.

it was long ago
we watched the passing moments
together
we had no doubts that existence
was made for our pleasure and enjoyment;
however,
time proved that assumption incorrect
we now know we created existence together
at that moment our breathing synchronised
and our hearts beat as One.

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-3277.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-244.html>