

## Dream Believers

by swag via lyx *Monday, Aug 6 2012, 8:09am*

international / poetry / post

every leaf and blade  
a word in nature's lexicon;  
haphazardly arranged  
yet forming tidy stanzas  
to a poet's gaze,  
an easily read narrative of creation.

the forest grove  
is warm and easy tonight  
soft  
to my face and skin.

barely audible,  
even to trained ears  
is the laughter  
of nymphs emerging  
from their secret  
hiding places,  
they always come  
and play before me,  
a poet's haunting reverie.

soon the soft quiet will be displaced  
by crowds of haunting memories  
all vying for attention and  
jostling for optimum position,  
making vain endeavours  
to regain life via  
forced imaginings.

weavers of dreams, revolution  
and everything in between --  
beware the succinct phrases of poets  
when roused from their quiet reflections;  
the foundation stones of reality  
easily re-arranged.

music bypasses the intellect  
to directly engage emotion;  
the visual arts  
invites views only  
but words must be read

to be understood  
and appreciated;  
that process  
affects the substrate layers of mind,  
which in turn alters  
our perceived reality – whether we like it or not!

words capture  
in order to be understood;

word-plays strike terror, dread, awe  
or exaltation in readers  
the very act of decoding a text  
becomes a process of reality  
construction.

*they* fear given words,  
structure and verse,  
sky narratives and the thump of  
jungle drums:

*“... close your eyes with holy dread,  
for he on honey-dew hath fed,  
and drunk the milk of Paradise” -- STC*

some are elevated, others  
dejected;  
each word a pill,  
a poison,  
a Dance.

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-31.html>

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-2073.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-251.html>