

## White Light

by zed *Friday, Oct 19 2012, 10:55am*

international / poetry / post

i lived in a crystal cylinder  
for over a decade,  
the best years of my life  
some say, insulated  
and wasted

borne away  
separated  
carried to realms euphoric  
beyond description  
on the snow white wings  
of my faithful unicorn --  
ride me to ecstasy  
save me from the irrational,  
cruel and senseless violence  
of this world

i have stolen the moon  
from the night sky  
and offered it to u;  
but its cool marble  
paleness  
did not please u

i returned on my winged steed  
with diamonds/stars  
from the farthest reaches  
of space  
sparkling  
when i produced them  
but hard facets  
and ice-cold clarity  
did not appeal

intravenous dreams  
and melancholy recollections  
attract and addict  
only fools underestimate  
this magic powder

the central pillar of the temple  
is able to support the entire structure

but not your desire  
for the impossible  
or ur insatiable thirst for experience

there is nothing warm here,  
though the chiselled  
frozen beauty  
of this desolate landscape  
remains irresistible to u

this terrain is not  
for the faint of heart  
or those thin on courage,  
it is the realm of the vanquished  
and victorious  
only heroes and heroines  
return to tell of their experiences,  
enslavement or liberation

had they let me be  
i never would have returned  
but they found my corpse  
in its hiding place  
and revived it with  
violent embraces;

they killed my white wonder  
and doomed me  
to a life on terra firma

in response i have dedicated my life  
to exposing their rotten corruption,  
deception and lies;  
every breath i take is punctuation  
in a narrative of vengeance

words of advice i offer future regulators  
in another time and place --  
leave addicts to their dreams  
allow them to die young  
or suffer their wrath and  
unrelenting revenge  
if u disturb their dreaming

i could barely put a sentence together  
before i was violently thrust back into this world;

now my words and phrases  
are honed weapons,  
devastating grenades  
and lethal darts

be wary of 'good' intentions  
do not dare disturb wayfarers  
in their dreaming

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-187.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-273.html>