

## Refractions

by stylus *Friday, Feb 22 2013, 11:15am*

international / poetry / post

it's a re-collection  
(fuck the 're,'  
i like the collection part)  
a waft of spring flowers  
on a breeze  
and gone  
leaving me to piece together  
a scent, flowers,  
triggering memory  
until u return,  
a full recollection --  
your wetness  
lips-saliva, body-sweat,  
cunt juice  
flowing  
like the waters  
of the entire earth

ur the only one i re-call  
via the olfactory sense,  
blame the breeze  
laden with Spring's fertility  
everything fucking  
leaving traces in the earth  
wind, sea  
and sky

like frenzied shooting stars  
across the black screen  
of my (fertile) mind

the night sky  
is dwarfed here,  
a zillion messages etched forever  
on this surface,  
some hurriedly scrawled  
others etched more deliberately,  
some elaborate  
like illuminated scripts  
every possible manner of encoding  
every sense exhausted  
in their manufacture

the indelible tracks of experience  
not one comma missing  
everything recorded  
for those able to read it  
a book,  
a narrative of continuous life  
through various bodies  
which nothing  
is able to suppress

every time we fucked you  
created avenues  
doorways  
through time;  
sometimes by the sands of the Nile  
egyptian faces and laughter  
other times the bleak  
and windy steppes  
asiatic eyes, hard spirits  
then wild mountains  
storms seas  
ur eyes steal a man's sense  
of being  
ur cunt, a tunnel into  
a myriad worlds  
of delight,  
what magic do u possess?

i didn't create this chemistry  
i wallowed in it  
u never could fathom the reaches  
of ur power over me  
no more than i could anticipate  
which dimension u would open next

few could handle this transformative  
conjugation,  
u eventually ran faster than  
a frightened doe,  
can't say i blame u  
i've never experienced  
anything like it since.

sometimes i wonder if ur happy  
with ur accountant  
and tennis on Tuesdays.

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-321.html>