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.

http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-423.html

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