

Unexpected

by ryall Saturday, Sep 26 2009, 7:41pm

international / poetry / post



Geisha with Sword, simon lovelace

Bondi Orient

The coast walk meets horizon where open expanse greets sea.
Together sky and sea form an enduring partnership that has never been
perturbed by the unshures of men or the assaults of mighty empires --
such things are as nothing here.

The insignificant city, behind, reduced to a play
of pettiness and woe, is unable to intrude;
The Bondi track affords reorientation, a fresh perspective.

I am drawn to the coast when the agitation of mind
and anguish of heart require the soothing expanse onto which no pain or tribulation
could adhere.
Ebb/flow/Being synchronise, spirit is restored - all becomes One.

The beat of a tortured heart and the crimson passion it pumps through veins are off-beat
by waves crashing over soft rocks - worn smooth with relentless ease.

Afforded freedom and release once again, how is it I continue to see your face in wisps of
sky and your body in contours of the sea?

The salt air is overcome by your fragrant scent; the silken wind caresses me and moves
about my body like your flowing hair.

Who would have thought that Love would ambush me again then linger like an unwelcome guest or playful old friend?

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-1690.html>

🔊 [Sea of Love](#)

🔊 [Tin Soldier](#)

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-33.html>