

## Pledge

by ryall *Wednesday, Sep 30 2009, 6:38pm*

international / poetry / post

### The Promise

Do you think it mere chance that you breached the fortified walls of Troy so easily and gained access to the city's secret vaults and treasure rooms, which have for millennia withstood the assaults of mighty armies and the tricks of the stealthiest thieves - do you really believe it was a fluke?

Do you not remember the pledge we made before the mists of time shrouded events and blurred memories of the garden we created; remember the giant Amazonian butterflies that fed from the nectar that glistened from your body; how they beat the air in delight as they probed your skin with their tubular mouths?

Do you not recall how we exchanged keys and secret codes to each others innermost sanctuaries and pledged to meet and dance the dance of FREEDOM and creation again?

When was the last occasion we met in body, soul and spirit? Was it Thebes or in hewn Asian palaces; we were never far apart though the sorceries of time have tainted some memories. Would you now pitch your tent in the sands of desolation and drudgery when our garden, teaming life, beckons and longs for our return?

How many million lives have we lived in delight and joy, do you not remember those shared moments when our bodies trembled and our hearts beat like the wings of hummingbirds in anticipation of each others' embrace? Awake from your drugged torpor and break the spell the dark angel casts to test us all. Did we not promise to free each other from his clutches?

Your last embrace released a mighty torrent that now courses through subterranean vaults and fissures, releasing great stores of energy as it goes.

Light softly emanates from the treasure room you opened (with ease). Radiance now surrounds everything I see; would you not allow me to lift the veil and remove the blind before your eyes? You need only accede; we are bound to that agreement!

Wonder not what your spirit hungers for; surrender willingly and be borne aloft - our jet-white steed will come for you and return you to your place in paradise.

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-1691.html>

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