

Beyond

by wisp *Friday, Aug 30 2013, 1:34pm*

international / poetry / post

the blue dragon
curves, peals
toward the ceiling
slowly dissipating into
the ether
beckoning me to ride
its winged wonder

my thousand year ol'
chinese host places
another pipe to my lips
a smirk escapes from his
crinkled, mummified face

acridity veils
sweet
voluptuous dreams
as i suck in a million
poems/visions
fountains, images,
rivers of inspiration
my entire life flashes
before me
in slow motion

time is only
a quality of mind
and mind/time
do not exist
here or in reality
they exist only in culture
and culture has no place
here in this shaman's lair

wounds are healed instantly,
magically
life takes on a rarefied quality -
what is a life but a representation
that conforms to the laws
of a particular dimension,
a frequency of light

dimensions are continuous
forever bursting forth
unfurling like a flower
with infinite petals -
the process never ceases
it's life, creation

my dragon takes me anywhere
i wish
unrestricted by the laws of man
or terrestrial existence

ur face appears
among all the faces
i have known in a zillion lives
i am overwhelmed
momentarily
so i float, rising like a peal
(of smoke)

the acridty on my lips
reminds me that
bitterness defines sweetness
one cannot exist without the other
qualifying and defining its existence

life and death do not exist here
this place is continuous,
the womb of existence,
the dance floor of dervishes;
some call it paradise others heaven
to me it is home
it is where we first met,
we were always here
enraptured, entwined
in each others' arms
whirling in ecstasy

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-783.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-423.html>