

## Coming Back

by wisp *Wednesday, Dec 11 2013, 9:09am*

international / poetry / post

from where i do not know  
to where i have a good idea  
like a ripening fruit  
becoming itself  
the redness of a tomato  
the sourness of a lemon  
a poet  
becomes a poet again  
but where did it go wrong  
or rather how was it momentarily  
lost?

perhaps while i was weeping,  
in between the tears  
a flash of joy, pure ecstasy  
guided me back  
home

or a rhythm guided me back  
we are surrounded by rhythms  
but remain deaf  
we are saturated in joy but  
somehow remain impervious

i have ceased to question these  
emotions that ebb and flow  
like the great waters  
of creation

no/yes  
it just now dawned on me  
but required this poem to induce  
the revelation

we re-collect -- it was never lost  
we remember -- we have a history  
locked deep in our sub-atomic structure  
a recording of the entirety of  
continuous creation

we are whole and part,  
whichever perspective we/you care to take

our view changes but nothing ever severs  
our connection  
to continuous creation  
a space of eternal inspiration  
beyond life and death  
and every other duality,  
a place of unfolding  
like time-lapse petals of a flower  
slowly revealing its sexuality to the sun

tribals in the red centre  
taught me that experience,  
all experience is never lost  
everything lives in the dreaming,  
memory is not separate from immediacy

when your face appears before my eye  
i feel the love i have for you  
i sense ur presence and  
become aware of ur scent and  
the moisture and taste of your lips

together we bath/ed in perfection  
momentarily in earth time but  
reality is timeless  
our love now overwhelms me  
though you have long since  
passed to other realms  
love transcends  
all limitations

i am weeping again  
tears of pure joy

it's good to be back

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-903.html>

---

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-443.html>