Manifestation

by fray *Monday, Jan 6 2014, 10:02am* international / poetry / post

i watch
while it takes form
in this world
or on the screen
of my mind,
i cannot tell as the
impression
shares the same
sensory medium

it swirls like smoke in an updraft, its presence is strong, unmistakable but it struggles to take shape, it seems that it is linked to my desires

it emerges like a ghost in space to haunt and taunt as circumstances dictate

a magus at work
evoking demons and spirits
with strange incantations
prepared incense
and various objects of the art,
but this is no ordinary spirit
or apparition
it seems too familiar
as if i am confronting
a lost or hidden aspect of myself
yet it has a distinctive life of its own

i engage it seeking answers but it stubbornly refuses to impart any hint of identity it seeks union
and attempts without permission to
enter my being
i refuse,
it pushes all the more
not knowing
that my defences
are impenetrable,
developed over the millennia
in combat and love's embrace

i attempt to tame its childish impetuousness and futile persistence and indicate that nothing enters without my consent

it doesn't understand it appears dejected but its raw desire and resolve seem to gain in strength

i reinforce my auric shell in response and indicate again that nothing enters herein without my approval, it stops momentarily and eyes me with its feline eyes

it slowly turns and moves its face directly opposite mine and makes a hellish scream knowing that failure results in oblivion

its wet sensual lips and visibly moist labia are incongruous with its malevolent desire to destroy

it makes a mocking gesture
then adopts a childish innocence
but neither aspect affects my composure,
years of mastering the art
have taught me to maintain concentration
and adhere strictly to the ritual art

it shape-shifts again this

time it adopts an androgynous appearance and reveals its young breasts and youthful erect phallus protruding from vaginal contours

before me it stands again the perfect boy or girl depending on your orientation

i remain steadfast though somewhat affected by this strangely erotic form but know too well it is all illusion designed to weaken -behind the erotic appearance is a grotesque reality

it gyrates in sexual frenzy spinning and contracting its abdomen in pulses until its vaginal fluids flow freely moistening its inner thighs

i notice its phallus swollen throbbing and dripping with excitement

finally it spasms and spurts streams of life force until it is spent and becomes easy prey for me

it acknowledges defeat and becomes completely subservient to my will

i display then burn images of the enemy in the censor and incant secret rituals until my desire is completely understood

it responds to my will eager to carry out its new commission

it turns, spins and disappears to wreak vengeance on my enemies and the

evil ones of this world

Underground Oz Poetry. http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-452.html