

## 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 impetuosity  
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

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