

Buffeting wings of Butterflies

by lexi Saturday, Feb 1 2014, 12:45pm

international / poetry / post



it is said that storms
are generated by
the buffeting wings
of butterflies

but it's probably a fancy
or the unrequited longing
of poets
searching for that soul-stealing
line --

didn't u know
poets write to steal souls
word craft is only
a means to an end
the medium may be the message
but the impulse is the captivator

the indescribable allure
i have yet to fathom,
though to depths blacker than
asteroid ice have i plunged
searching
only to surface for
air and sun again
but with a pearl from
the deep
which finds expression
in a poem
and presents as
a soft gleaming,

a comfortable sensation
or the haze of a hangover

sexual body spasms of
sacral/solar delight
are poor substitutes
for the bliss and ecstasy
of clear consciousness,
unfettered by thought
a continuous stream
of being/existence,
which defies everything we are taught
or that is known

Infinity - (elusive)

a word for some
but ineffable bliss for others

it's a crying shame that
it defies all attempts to encode it
so others are able
to appreciate or get a sense
of the experience

but perhaps a few
are moved to embark
on a journey
from which
there is no return