

## 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