Spanda

by lex via sal *Tuesday, May 6 2014, 11:54pm* international / poetry / post

the Himalayas are on fire burn

frozen ice transformed into flickering flames licking the roof of the world

flaming ice descends to ground and kisses the navel of the earth

what omen or portend is this?

the swirling solar centre burns and moves from here to there and from there to here again pulsing in rhythmic creation

the universe throbs like a heart hear its muted beat and feel its frantic edge

what phantom world do we inhabit, destroy and re-create?

to what end all this commotion that veils a hidden peace?

time neither freezes nor flows,

existence is suspended momentarily for eternity

it has always been thus yet it is reborn anew with every pulse of creation

http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-1127.html

Underground Oz Poetry. http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-509.html