

Turning

by lux *Saturday, May 17 2014, 12:42am*

international / poetry / post

the great ocean begins
to churn
slowly at first
then deliberately gaining
momentum and speed
until vortices appear
whirlpools
reflecting immense power
roaring
unsynchronised

movement increasing,
accelerating until
immeasurable power
and light permeate
all space

limitless power moving
inward whirling
like a drunken dervish
that forgot to spin clockwise,
movement generating
expansion, ecstasy
but beware of anti-clockwise forces
that turn inward, contracting,
becoming
implosive and self-defeating

spin and whirl
lose urself
outside urself
imbibe the ambrosia churned from
the depths of the great sea,
the birth place of the Gods

be re-created impervious to
lesser tides and dragging rips

no mortal is able to enslave
harness or overcome
a God,
and what are Gods but humans

that have overcome?

be transformed daily
without blemish,
turn as the wheel
that moves galaxies
irresistibly turns

be the explosion
that creates stars,
submit to no-one/nothing
you are not foreign
to our domain

you are by choice God
or mortal

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-511.html>